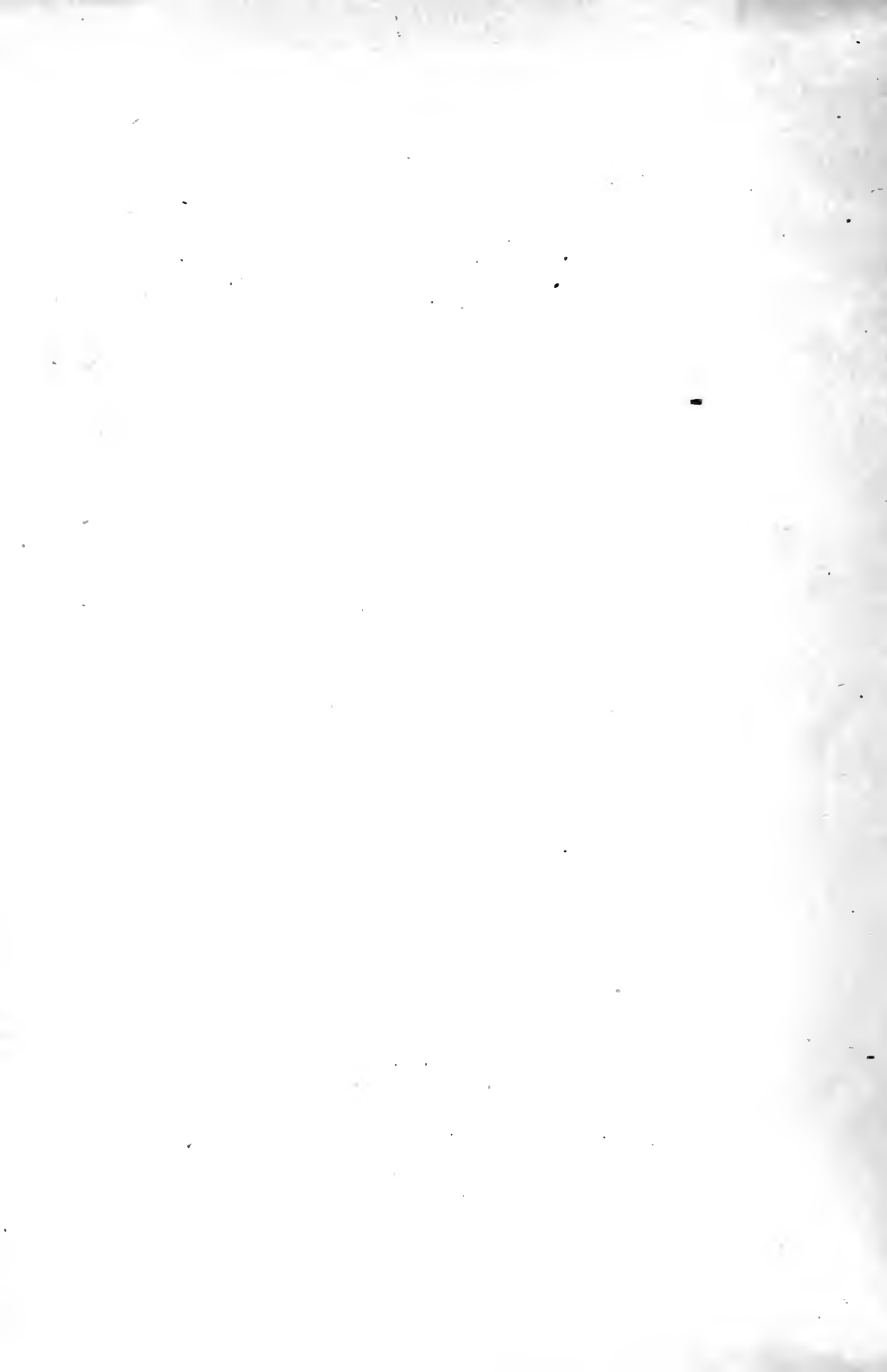


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THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
(Raibolini.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

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Freedom's Fortress.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

FREE men alone are they who do the right,
For liberty obedience is to law;
And they who from this service sweet withdraw
Are made the slaves of a stern tyrant's might.
To serve within our place and in God's sight,
To keep our lives unstained and without flaw,
To walk in humbleness and holy awe
Is to be clothed with freedom as with light.

The truth, the blessed Saviour said, makes free;
And they who do the right the truth shall know,
And only they are sons of liberty.
No laws of men the heavenly gift bestow;
The soul is freedom's fort by God's decree,
Which naught but our own deeds can overthrow.

Our Lady in the Missal.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.



AT the time of Holy Mass God comes on the altar. You believe it. What preparation, if that be true, are we to make for Him? What ceremony or ritual are we to follow when He comes, that we may worthily receive Him?

Everything has its ceremony, and that ceremony is peculiar and suitable to the thing to be honored. If we go into a court of justice, we find that the judges have a ceremony proper to themselves. If we were in countries where kings or queens hold their courts, we should find that there a special and intricate series

of court-ceremonies is followed. But who will institute a ritual for the great God, or does He need one?

There was a party of men—laudable, undoubtedly, in one respect,—and those men taught that God needed no ritual. But, turning to His revealed word, we read that when God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, He not only did not deprive Him of ritual, but He surrounded Him with magnificent ritual. "And Mary brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And, behold! an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."*

Now, every good child of the Catholic

* St. Luke, ii, 7-14.

Church believes it is the only-begotten Son of God, the Blessed Mary's first-born Child, that comes on the altar during Holy Mass; and there is not a devout heart all over the world that would not willingly, if it were possible, receive Him with the same magnificent ritual,—“the glory of the only-begotten Son of God.”

God teaches us a second time. He teaches us many times in ways that are not sensible—that is, perceptible to our senses; sometimes in ways that partly are and partly are not sensible; but on two different occasions—once at His birth, as we have seen, and another time at His death—He gives us most sensible ceremonies. We turn again to the revealed Word and read: “It was almost the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.... Now, the centurion, seeing what was done, glorified God, saying, Indeed this was a just man. And all the multitude that were come together and saw the things that were done, returned striking their breasts.”*

This being so, what ritual does the Church observe that it might honor Christ worthily? From the human race it selects, sets aside, and ordains ministers; from the many localities on the face of the earth it selects some where it builds its house; and from the wealth and treasures of earth it selects, consecrates for His service the richest and the choicest. The walls of His house and the very stones of the walls it anoints and dedicates.

Another question now presents itself: If the material temple be so rich and sacred, blessed with oil and consecrated with prayer, what will be the dread Victim and Sacrifice, and what the mystic rite that shall accompany it in

this dreadful place; for it is no other than the house of God and gate of heaven? The Victim and Sacrifice we know; the ritual of that divine Victim and Sacrifice we are going to examine. It will help in this examination if a matter that is a very great difficulty to those outside the Church be first explained.

When a Mass of the Blessed Virgin or of one of the saints is said, what does the priest that offers it mean and do? Catholics know that it would be an act of idolatry to offer sacrifice to any but to God; that therefore when a priest says a Mass of Holy Mary or of one of the saints he is far from offering sacrifice to our Blessed Lady or to the saint; and still further from offering up in worship to them the adorable Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ mystically slain on the altars.

But what, then, does he mean or do? This: he means to offer the adorable Victim to God, and thus to give Him the highest and sublimest worship that could possibly be offered by any creature or by all creation. And on the feast-day of Our Lady or of one of the saints he is particularly urged to offer that worship to God and to glorify Him, because He has been so bountiful as to bestow favors and graces and privileges on the Mother or on the servant of our Divine Lord. The priest knows and acknowledges that God of Himself is in the highest degree worthy of supreme honor, and he offers it to Him; but the heart of the priest is warmed and his memory rendered grateful and his words made tender and his movements reverent by the recollection of the sacred benefits bestowed by God on the saint whose feast is celebrated that day.

The Church, knowing the ignorance and utter inability of mortals in word and act to fulfil worthily such an office of praise, lays down in its sacred and,

* St. Luke, xxiii, 44-48.

it might be said, inspired ritual the words that the minister is to use and the ceremonies he is to observe. I think that no priest would venture to say Mass if a liturgy and ritual were not laid down for him; for no one could be found rash enough to think that he could officially "give truly meet and just thanks to God, fitting and salutary."

It is the Church, then, that lays down the ritual for the priest in the Masses of Holy Mary, as in all Masses; and it is guided by these words of the Preface, *æquum et salutare*. The word *æquum* (equal) means that we give to Almighty God praise which, as far as possible, strives to be equal to His divine Majesty or to what would be His "due"; that, in a word, we endeavor to give what is "owed" to Him. The word *salutare* (salutary) means that we would offer such praise as is calculated to bring blessings from heaven on ourselves, and therefore "salutary" to us.

These two ends, it need not be said, form the chief and principal purpose of Holy Mass. But each day of the year brings to the priest, as he approaches to the altar, a new and additional reason, urging him to do his part, as far as in him lies, that the great sacrifice he is going to offer be *æquum et salutare*. One morning he will have some sacred mystery of divine condescension—Corpus Christi, Christ remaining on our altars; Pentecost, the God of Love coming down upon the faithful; the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Feast of the Precious Blood—to cast, as it were, a side-light of heavenly beauty on the work he is about to put his hand to. Again it will be the feast of an Apostle or the feast of a martyr, when some one thing in the life of the saint will rush to his memory. Christ making St. Peter, after he had denied Him—making him for all that His own second self upon the earth; St. John resting on the bosom of the

Saviour; Paul crying out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—these rush to his memory, urging him again and earnestly to do well that which he has set his hand to.

And—oh, doubt it not!—the Church rejoices beyond measure at these sacred thoughts in the mind of her minister; she encourages them, fosters them, and, forestalling, sets down in her ritual thrilling and divine language that gives sacred expression as well as additional unction and fervor to these blessed recollections, even if they came from the heart of a saint.

God bless the holy priest that comes to Holy Mass on Holy Mary's feast morning! Set the love and worship of Holy Mary in his heart, let him come forth in his "robes" thinking of her, and you and I will willingly do what St. Catherine professed herself willing to do—we will kiss the ground on which he treads. Shall holy Church fail this priest on Holy Mary's feast morning? Shall the sacred bride, "decked as a spouse to meet the Bridegroom," be wanting in worthy ritual when earth rises up to bless the Mother of the heavenly Bridegroom? Oh, how could it be? Is there no abiding presence, no indwelling of the Holy Ghost, in the Church? Or has the God of inspiration that inspired the prophets and Apostles, the Spirit of Truth sent by the Saviour, ceased to teach the truth, and to "speak those things whatsoever He hath heard, and to glorify the Lord Jesus"?

This holy priest, with his heart full of love and veneration for Holy Mary, begins Mass; and, after preparing by humility and public confession at the foot of the altar, he now ascends the steps and opens the sacred book. Listen to the thrill of blessed joy in his voice:

"Thy face [O Daughter of Sion] shall the nobles of the people beseech.... After her shall virgins be brought to the

King.... All who are near *her* shall be brought to Thee [O Lord!]; they shall be led in gladness and joy.... My heart hath sent forth a good word. I speak my works to the King."

These words of the Introit do not speak all at once to the lay reader as they do to the priest celebrant. It is not the duty of the laity to read and ponder on the words of the psalms, as it is that of the clergy. Some few things, then, are necessary to premise at this point.

(1) These words are from Psalm xliv, and they form the Introit of the Mass said on Blessed Mary's feasts from Christmas till the Purification. The word *Intro-it* means "he enters." In olden days an entire psalm, appropriate to the feast of the day, was sung; while the celebrant (or celebrants, for the people's Mass was usually a High Mass) advanced from the sacristy to the altar. In more recent times a portion of the psalm that would then have been sung was put in the Introit, and is read now by the priest himself.

(2) The Introit, Collect, Epistle and Gospel give us the particular intention of the Church in instituting a feast; so that if we desire to know what end the Church had in view, or what special thing it sought to praise God for and what lesson it wished us to learn, we shall find it by reading the Introit, Collect, Epistle and Gospel. These and some other portions of the Mass are variable; and thus a new mystery of God, a new virtue in His saint, and a new lesson for ourselves, are every day inculcated in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar.

(3) There are Masses of the Blessed Virgin peculiar to her several feasts, as her Immaculate Conception, her Nativity, the Annunciation and Assumption. And there are Masses in her honor for the several ecclesiastical seasons of the

year; for instance, there is a Mass for Advent, when we look upon her as the expectant Mother, and the Church in the Introit cries out: "Distil your dew, O ye heavens, and ye clouds rain down the Just One!" There is a Mass from Christmas till the Feast of the Purification; from that till Easter, and so on. In these last feasts Our Lady is brought before us always as the Mother of the world's Redeemer, but looked on, as it were, from different points of view.

In the Mass from Christmas to the Purification she is the young Mother. The gladness of the face of the Divine Child is rejoicing shepherds and kings; and therefore we see at once how appropriate is Psalm xliv here. The Psalmist, seeing in vision the face of the Divine Child, cries out: "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men. Grace is poured abroad on Thy lips.... Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows. Myrrh and cassia and stacte perfume Thy garments; and the daughters of kings have delighted Thee in Thy glory. The Queen stood on Thy right hand, in gilded clothing."

It is King David that has prophesied all this. He has seen it in vision; he has seen that his own daughter, Holy Mary, is the Mother of Him who is "beautiful beyond the sons of men." And all her beauty is from within, he says, "in golden borders, clothed round about with varieties." And, seeing, he continues: "Hearken, O daughter, and see and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty; for He is the Lord thy God."

Now we come on the words of the Introit: "Thy countenance shall the rich among thy people entreat." Then, turning away under the impulse of a

new thought, as we frequently see in the psalms, the inspired writer adds, as if Holy Mary's grace and attraction had been shown to him in a new light: "After her [that is, by her example] shall virgins be brought to the King. Those near her shall be brought to Thee; they shall be led in gladness and joy.... My heart hath sent forth a good word. I speak my works to the King." "Speak my works" is a singular phrase. Cardinal Bellarmine says it is merely another way of saying, "My heart hath sent forth a good word"; and is, he explains, "just as if the Psalmist had said: I claim nothing for myself, but freely attribute all my acts to God my King." Now, no one, of course, could do that so humbly and reverently as our Blessed Lady.

The Collect next calls our attention. In Latin the word is "prayer" (*oratio*); and the priest begins it with the word *Oremus* (Let us pray); but in old English we find the Latin word *oratio* translated "collect"; and it is kept up with us still. Some have thought that it was because all said the prayer together or collectively, or because the priest offered this prayer for all the wants of the people in one collected form. The name *collectio*, or *collecta*, is found in the Mozarabic Liturgy in Spain, and in several of our old sacramentaries.

The prayer of the Blessed Virgin's Mass reads as follows (and it must be remembered that she has recently brought forth her Son; for the time we are considering is from Christmas to the Purification):

"O God, who, by the virginal fecundity of Holy Mary, hast bestowed on the human race the blessings of eternal salvation, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may ever experience her intercession, through whom we have been favored to receive the Author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, who liveth and

reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, forever and ever."

The Epistle comes next. It is to be well borne in mind that we are only shortly after Christmas, and that we have just confessed in the Collect that the "blessings of eternal life" and "the Author of life Himself" have come to us through Holy Mary. The Church, then, taking from that other wonderful psalmist, the psalmist of the New Law, whose tongue indeed was as "the pen of a writer that writeth swiftly," and whose heart truly uttered "good works to the King," breaks forth into this magnificent description of the graces and blessings that came to us by the Divine Babe of Christmas:

"But when the goodness and kindness of our Saviour God appeared, not by the works of justice which we have done, but according to His mercy, He saved us, by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost, whom He hath poured forth upon us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by His grace, we may be heirs according to the hope of life everlasting."*

The Gospel is still the beautiful story of Christmas: "It came to pass that after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child. And all that heard wondered, and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things

* St. Paul to Titus, iii, 4-7.

they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."*

After that what wonder that the Church cries out at the Offertory: "Blessed art thou, O Holy Virgin Mary, and worthy of all praise; for of thee is born the Sun of Justice, Christ our Lord!"

During Mass, at the Consecration, the Sun of Justice, born of Blessed Mary, comes down on the altar and rests there, as He appeared in the stable and was laid in the manger; and when Holy Communion is over and He retires the Church exclaims: "Blessed is the womb of Mary the Virgin, that bore the Son of the Eternal Father!"

The Church finally concludes the Holy Sacrifice with this prayer:

"May this Holy Communion, O Lord, cleanse us from all sin; and may we, by the intercession of Holy Mary, Mother of God, become sharers in the heavenly reparation [made for us by Thy Son], our Lord Jesus Christ!"

I will suppose that priest and people during Holy Mass have been thinking on the Divine Mother and Child, have been meditating "on the kindness and pity of God our Saviour that have been manifested to us"; have borne in mind "the outpouring of the Spirit of the Holy Ghost *abundantly* upon us"; and then I think I can see them returning home like the shepherds, "glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen" at Holy Mass.

* St. Luke, ii, 15-20.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—MR. HENRY MORAN IS INTRODUCED.

A LOVELY spot it was, in the heart of the Jerseys, where the Blue Ridge Mountains, stretching away over the border, only to be dwarfed by the mightier Alleghanies, lent dignity and variety to scenery which had else been monotonous. Here, in a suburban town scarcely rising above the dignity of a village, Mr. Henry Moran had his dwelling,—not a palatial one by any means, as some might have expected, but massively built and encircled by a very respectable bit of ground, having a large, well-kept lawn in front. This lawn was shaded by exceedingly tall and exceedingly ancient trees, sparsely scattered toward the front of the house, but gathering into groups at either side, so as to form shady retreats.

In spite of the sylvan character of this dwelling, the working hours of Henry Moran's life were spent in the very heart and centre of commercial struggle and strife. He was a Wall Street operator, a financier of prominence, a maker and unmaker of fortunes. He was unmarried, though he had reached his thirty-fifth year; so that his clean-shaven face, keen hazel eyes, and closely-cut hair of chestnut brown were looked upon with favorable attention by spinsters old and young.

He had chosen, however, to remain as he was, a bachelor, living in this comfortable and even luxurious abode, under the care of an efficient housekeeper named Martha Finney. He entertained in princely style the men who belonged to his exclusive world, driving them in his four-in-hand to see the sights of that charming region: the sylvan nooks, the running streams, varied by the sudden

RUSKIN once sent this New Year message to Blackfriars Bible class: "My own constant cry to all Bible-readers is a very simple one: Don't think that Nature (human or other) is corrupt; don't think that you yourself are elect out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying."

uprising of great mountain heights from tranquil valleys. It was all very restful to jaded minds; and the men who came out to spend a Sunday there were wont to say that Moran knew what he was about when he elected to live out of town; that there he kept his nerves cool and his head steady, and could take, whenever he desired or when business permitted, a vacation of a week or a month without the fatigue and disquiet of hotel life.

Whatever was his motive in making the selection, the little town suited Mr. Moran excellently, and he managed to enjoy there a total immunity from all the inconveniences of rural neighborhoods. The spot he had chosen was almost entirely isolated. He visited no one; he knew not the names nor the occupations nor had any sort of communication with the residents of the place. He took the train every morning at a certain time, making connection with the boat which carried him to the metropolis; and he returned, generally speaking, about sundown, save when business or pleasure detained him in New York. Many men might have objected to this constant coming and going, this rushing to catch a boat or the continual boarding of trains. Not so Henry Moran. It gave him just the change and variety he required after the day spent in the office.

Mr. Henry Moran's personality was, in fact, one which immediately arrested the observer and held it. For, though not altogether an uncommon one in American life, and moulded considerably by its varied surroundings, it retained a strength and an individuality which marked it apart from all others. It seemed an anomaly almost to meet him on that local train proceeding to so secluded a corner of the earth. And yet it was there that his story, in so far as it concerns the reader, actually

worked itself out. Even the strongest do not always choose the theatre for their actions, and what is called destiny often waits not on the thoroughfare but in the bypath.

Henry Moran, it is true, had never regarded the rural solitude which he had chosen in any other light than as a resting-place, where he might escape all the conflicting currents that made up his life, and where it was impossible that anything of moment could await him. No one entered at his gate whom he did not bring there himself; no letters nor telegrams were delivered to him once he had entered that region of repose. These were to be delivered at the office, and never in any event whatsoever to be forwarded to him. He was, therefore, secure from any intrusions of the unexpected. He had not even any amusement out there save an occasional drive; he did not expect or desire it. He could find amusement elsewhere. All he asked of the suburban town was a comfortable home and a rest. He threw off care when he reached there, and he lounged and he smoked and he relaxed as far as possible his overstrained nerves. It was rather strange that he never felt lonely in the profound solitude, nor missed from his home any of those softer elements which ordinarily lend it all its charm.

He had lived there contentedly off and on for several years; varying the life, it is true, by months of travel; or there were occasional seasons when he frequented dinner-tables or clubs in New York with spasmodic sociability. But these moods never lasted long, and he returned to his oasis as from a desert with renewed zest. He usually sacrificed his Saturdays and Sundays, as though an offering to the gods he served, by the introduction to his solitude of noisy sons of Adam. He gave them an excellent dinner, made them free of his stables

and his cellar, and talked to them in the jargon which they best understood, and drove away with them again to the train on Monday morning. But they knew little of the real Henry Moran, of the mind or the heart or the capabilities behind the mask-like exterior which best served his work-a-day purpose.

The reader, however, who may be privileged to get behind the scenes and to know him presently in an intimate and confidential fashion, need scarcely be told much more about him in this initial chapter, and can picture him, each after an individual fashion, occupying his leisure hours in the silence and gloom of his mansion, with Martha Finney and her host of servants in attendance. As to his neighbors and what they thought of him, some there were in the pretty town who knew not even his name; others had it on their tongue in season and out of season, replying to many a questioner with such stock phrases as the following:

"Those horses? They belong to Mr. Henry Moran."—"That house standing apart in grounds, with lawn shaded by trees? Why, that is the residence of Mr. Henry Moran."—"Those lamps on yonder dark stretch of road? Put up by Henry Moran." Upon which, if the inquirer were an American, arose the invariable query: "What, *the* Moran, the great financier!"—"Yes, sir: *the* Moran has done more for this town than any other man. Goes to New York every morning. Wonderful man, sir!—a wonderful man; yes, with an international reputation, a mind inconceivably active, and a manner at once reticent and magnetic; plain of speech, yet ever forcible; invincible hitherto in the arena of commerce, and indifferent alike to social success, to friendship, to sympathy, to love; Henry Moran, it may be said, in many directions, unconquered and apparently unconquerable."

II.—SOME NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within speaking distance of Henry Moran's dwelling was a low, rambling, and, it must be confessed, ramshackle edifice, but which had been for a very long time untenanted. Perhaps it was this latter circumstance which had given it so very picturesque an aspect. It rejoiced, like its neighbor, in a bit of ground which had run wild in the absence of caretakers. It was sheltered all the more effectually from the road in that the hedge, too, had been for some years untouched by the pruning-knife. Cherry-trees overhung it with their delicious clusters, hitherto village plunder; while maples flamed scarlet and yellow in autumn, and lindens and willow-trees were alike turned to nothingness by the winter storms.

All of a sudden this house was taken, and it was a serious annoyance to Mr. Henry Moran when he heard the news. He accused himself, and very justly, of procrastination; for he had always intended to buy the place and turn it into a park or pleasure-ground of some sort for himself and his chosen friends. In that way his privacy would have been forever sacred; but now he felt it rudely invaded, and knew that not for a considerable period at least could it ever be all his own again. It was at a time, too, when Wall Street was shaken from end to end by one of the periodical disasters, and Henry Moran had all the more need of quiet. He knew nothing of the people who were coming there. Whoever they might be, their presence was intolerable.

It was, in point of fact, a widow with four grown-up daughters who, quite unwittingly, had invaded the hallowed precincts which Mr. Henry Moran chose to consider as consecrated to himself. The new inmates had exhausted themselves in family consultations and in repeated visitations, before deciding,

with the utmost misgiving, to establish themselves there and make the best of what was really a bad job. Time and neglect had worked their will upon a once exceedingly comfortable dwelling; so that the tenants, though people of infinite resources, felt that they had undertaken a Herculean task in the effort to bring order out of chaos.

"We could have got nothing better for the same rent," said Mary Raymond on the first evening of their arrival.

"No," said Pauline, "we couldn't get anything better for any rent that we could pay; and now that we are here we had better make the best of it."

"I wonder who lives next door?" inquired Kate, who had been gazing dreamily out of the window. "It's all so trim and smooth and the house is so big and solid-looking!"

"It looks as if no one lived there," said Elinor, who was very observant.

"We had better get to work," said the mother, rising from her chair with sudden determination. "We'll never be settled if this goes on."

"I wonder if the paint is dry in my room upstairs?" said Mary. "If so, I will put down the rug at once."

"I must finish sand-papering those chairs!" exclaimed Pauline. "Because then I can get them painted quickly."

"And I presume," said Kate, "I must ascend to my chamber and continue my paper-hanging."

The girl struck a theatrical attitude, pointing up the stairs as she spoke.

"I will go on unpacking and storing away the linen," said the mother; "for of course the press must be dry now."

"I washed the shelves yesterday," said Elinor, "and left the doors open."

"Where did you put that package of sweet lavender?" asked Mrs. Raymond.

Elinor having found it, the mother proceeded to stock the large linen-press, and the whole family went to work

like a swarm of very busy bees. The effect of their labors was magical, and resembled nothing so much as the transformations popularly ascribed to good fairies.

When all was done, and at comparatively little cost, a party of very tired but well-pleased women sat or stood about, viewing the result of their labors with satisfaction.

It was an exquisite moonlight night upon which they first felt that this dwelling had taken on such a semblance of order and beauty that they could now rest with a quiet conscience and enjoy themselves.

"Let us go out into the garden for a while," said Kate. "The air will do us good, and it is far too lovely a night to stay indoors."

So they all trooped out and took up positions under the trees which bordered their neighbor's ground; and there the moon shone down upon their glowing cheeks, their bright eyes, their varying styles of beauty; but its soft rays actually transformed Kate, who was fair and slender and statuesque, into a thing of marvellous attraction.

There was a great deal of laughing and of merry nonsense as the girls discussed the work they had done or what was still to be done; and in the midst of it Kate stepped lightly onto the stump of a tree, which she had early noted as disfiguring the lawn and had resolved to clothe with vines. From that vantage-point she made a mocking curtsy to the big house, lightly kissing her finger-tips in that direction.

"Solid as you are," she said, "and big as you are, you will not be one bit prettier than our house and not half so homelike." Her sisters watched her carelessly and laughingly. "As for you, sir, who are, as we learn, the solitary possessor of all that grandeur, why, you are only an old, old gentleman!"

"Kate," cried Elinor, who was timid, "what are you saying? Suppose he should be on the lawn and hear you?"

"Oh, he's always in New York, when he's able to go at all, which I suppose isn't often! And even if he is at home, he is far too old and rheumatic to be out on the lawn in the moonlight." And she resumed her address to the invisible neighbor: "Don't you wish, sir, you were young like us? And wouldn't you rather be poor, with no servants at all, and have youth, youth?"

"Kate!" protested Elinor.

"I suppose he has the gout, poor old gentleman!" went on Kate, unheeding. "I imagine him paralyzed on one side and groggy in the legs, with perhaps a wig and a squint."

"You wretch!" cried Pauline, giggling convulsively. "His housekeeper might hear you."

"She is deaf,—I am certain she is deaf," decided Kate; "and, to be sure, he's deaf,—the old gentleman I mean."

"He couldn't be in Wall Street if he were deaf," said practical Mary; "and I don't believe he's paralyzed either. He's more likely fat and strong and very red from eating good dinners, and has probably a husky voice."

"I shouldn't wonder if he were one of those wooden-faced old gentlemen, with petrified wrinkles and eyes dull fish-color," cried Pauline.

"I cling to my ideal," said Kate, still on the tree stump. "Venerable Age, I salute you!"

And again she kissed her finger-tips lightly in the direction of the big house, and descended rather suddenly as Elinor whispered in alarm:

"I thought I saw something move!"

As this proved to be a false alarm, Kate began to execute a species of dance, flying over the moonlit paths and the greensward which bordered them with indescribable grace and the very

poetry of motion. Overhead, the trees waved in harmony, the dew glistened like pearls upon her slippers. She looked the very spirit of youth; full of the soft enchantment of the moonshine, innocent and gay, with the exuberance of a child, the sprightliness of Titania herself.

"I wonder if we should be happier if we were rich!" she said, sinking down, the centre of a group and resting her chin upon her hand. "I wonder what it would be like to have money jingling in one's pocket, to be able to spend it royally, and have horses and carriages and servants?"

"We would get tired of them all, I'm sure," said Elinor.

"Yes," assented Kate; "for perhaps it is really more fun making things ourselves and managing and contriving. And, then, I suppose it is better for the other world. We might get too worldly and selfish if we were rich."

"But it's the bills," exclaimed Mary,— "those wretched bills, that can never be paid and that worry mother so much. And they always seem so big, no matter how little we get."

"I wish I had been born a man!" cried Elinor, at which all the others laughed; for she was a tiny mite, fragile of frame and the most helpless of the four.

"I don't," said Kate, clasping her arms behind her neck and staring up at the moon. "I like the softness of life best,—its poetry, its charm."

"Don't be sentimental, Kate!" cried the others in chorus. "We can't afford it. It's a luxury for the rich. Remember you have to do the ironing to-morrow and to put down the hall carpet."

"I know," said Kate; "but I want to forget a while." And she was silent, still gazing as if she sought to penetrate that lunar world, with all its dimness and mystery, which has successfully baffled investigating man. "I wonder," she resumed, "what that old man next

door does with his money? Of course he has a fine house and they say he drives fine horses,—that is, his groom does. But I wonder does he use his possessions for anybody's good? Does he help any people or give to hospitals or churches or schools? Or is he a regular Dives?"

"In that case he has Lazarus just at his gate," said Pauline.

"Well, we are not exactly begging," replied Kate; "but I am really curious about that old gentleman. Somebody said he was a financier. Financiers in books, at least, are represented as being very hard in money matters, spending a great deal on themselves. Then there is usually a crash and exit the financier."

"There are bad and good amongst

them, I suppose, like other people," said Mary; "and I ought to know, for I am the financier of this family."

The burst of laughter that followed this announcement was good to hear. It fairly rippled over the grass and lingered in the hedge, and penetrated even to the group of tall trees shading that portion of the neighboring lawn which adjoined the cottage. It reached the mother, who sat in the window, and smiled and sighed.

"No care, no privation, or no toil dampens their spirits as yet," she said to herself. "That will come, though—the weariness, the sickness of spirit,—when the elasticity of youth is gone."

It reached her, that rippling burst of laughter; and it reached another.

(To be continued.)

In the Temple.

ALMOST human seemed the shadows that had gathered in the years
 When poor Israel, bent in bondage, spoke her longings deep in tears;
 In the Temple arches lingered echoes of the Advent song,
 And the shadows seemed to whisper, "Oh, how long, dear God,—how long?"
 When a sudden tremor started and the darkness turned to light,
 And a wave of holy gladness put the echoes sad to flight.
 'Twas a Mother and her Infant bade the grayness to depart;
 All the light was from His glances, all the music from His heart.
 Hosts of angels clustered round them as the first red drops of life,
 In a gush of love and mercy, stained the sacrificial knife;
 And the world, with sin aweary, felt new peace that holy morn,—
 In the Blood of Christ, the Holy One, was time for men reborn.

But forgot are love and mercy in the passing of the years,
 And again sin's heavy shadows gather o'er this vale of tears;
 And again there rise the pleadings of a heart-repentant throng,
 Their soul-cry like the olden one: "How long, dear God,—how long?"
 But a Mother and her Infant come again to take earth's part,
 And glad light is in His glances and sweet music in His heart.
 Fast before them flee the shadows and the angels gather near,
 As again His Blood is shed for us to bless another year;
 And the drops of ruby splendor, all athrill with life and love,
 Plead for earth and bring forgiveness from the courts of heaven above;
 And our hearts, with sin aweary, feel God's peace each New Year morn,—
 In the Blood of Christ, the Holy One, is time for us reborn.

A Remarkable Mother and Son.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

I.—GERMANY.

IT is rather strange that no times should have differed from one another more widely than the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. We feel more in sympathy with, say the fourth or fifth century, that produced a Jerome, an Augustine, and a John Chrysostom—an age of decadence, no doubt; and yet one of intense intellectual activity, of deep heart-searching, of vehement thirst after truth,—than with those days so comparatively close to our own, when all seemed so cold, so colorless, so shallow; when the very first need of man—his need of God—was as though it had died away.

Then came the French Revolution, succeeded by the terrible Napoleonic days, when apathy and indolence had perforce to be shaken off, and men were roused to the consciousness that there was still such a thing as patriotism in the world; that noble enthusiasms needed but the strong winds of adversity to fan them into flame. And yet how deep-seated were the nervelessness and indolence of the children of an effete civilization! Had the Corsican tyrant worn his laurels with one degree less of insolence, had his despotism been a little less brutal, German princes and Russian statesmen and Italian diplomatists might have gone on obligingly handing him over crown after crown.

An age barren in patriots is also an age barren in saints. The man who can not be fired to a lofty enthusiasm, to heroic self-sacrifice for his country, is not made of the same stuff as those blessedly violent ones who carry the kingdom of heaven by storm. Hence we see a lamentable dead level in the

religious life of the eighteenth century. The gentle Anna Emmerich was almost persecuted by good men for having the stigmata; anything abnormal, anything like direct interference on the part of Heaven with the ordinary jog-trot of human existence, aroused suspicion, even resentment. There was indeed faith, beautiful and deep-rooted, among the Catholic poor; but the wise of this world had not only lost faith, but lost all respect for faith; it was looked upon as something obsolete, useless, no longer capable of exercising any power over the lives of men. Bound, as they said, to die out among the lower orders of society, the upper classes had already flung it aside, as soon as the fashionable French philosophy had won the day.

It was at this period of spiritual darkness, as yet showing no signs of the grand revival to come, that Amalie von Schmettau was born in Berlin, in the year 1748. Field-Marshal Count von Schmettau, her father, was a Protestant; but, as her mother was a nominal Catholic, Amalie was to be brought up in the old faith. She was sent at a very early age to a convent school in Breslau, from whence at fourteen she returned good and innocent but with a very imperfect education. "I felt," she wrote in later years, "as though I had dropped from the skies, to find myself abruptly removed from the atmosphere of an enclosed convent to that of my mother's house, one of those most frequented by the gay world of Berlin."

Frederick the Great had received Voltaire with open arms at his court, and the French infidel had taught fashionable German society to sneer in the most approved style at all things great and holy. The grand old language of their fathers was no longer tolerated; in polished circles only French was to be spoken and written; and with the

old language the old beliefs were to go too; and, if possible, that which has been well called the glory of the Teutonic race—its hunger and thirst after God.

Amalie von Schmettau, whose rare abilities fitted her to shine so brilliantly in her mother's salon, was now sent to an educational establishment in Berlin, conducted by an avowed French atheist. The girl remained there about eighteen months, to return home once more, still innocent and in one sense unspoiled, but with no faith whatever left. Her beauty, her great talents, her musical accomplishments, and a certain innate refinement and distinction, quickly made her a great favorite at court.

In 1768 she went to Aix-la-Chapelle as lady in waiting to one of the German princesses. Here she met Prince Gallitzin, the Russian Ambassador to France. He was a man considerably older than the interesting young girl, but perhaps all the quicker to discern and appreciate her many fine qualities. After a short acquaintance, he made her an offer of marriage that was accepted both by Amalie herself and her relatives, though for very different reasons. It was a brilliant marriage; this recommended the Prince to her family. With Amalie this side of the question had not the least weight. In after years she wrote to an intimate friend: "My heart did not feel the need of what is generally called *love*. But an affection that would lead one to desire and seek the perfection of the person one cared for—this I felt myself strongly capable of; it was an idea that had taken deep root within me and had become necessary to my happiness. Such an ideal was quite independent of externals. I believed the Prince could be everything to me, if he but shared these views."

Alas! so far from sharing them, he was not even capable of comprehending them. He proved himself in many ways

a kind husband and father; but he was a disciple of the new school, which owned Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and the other Encyclopedists for its leaders; and in their philosophy poor Amalie's idealism had no place. Indeed, proof does not seem wanting that the evil tree—French philosophy—brought forth evil fruit in the moral conduct of Amalie's husband, which explains the long years of their separation. But over this the high-souled wife has thrown a veil, which it would be useless and ungenerous now to draw aside. At the time of their marriage the young wife was indeed as little of a Christian as her elderly husband; but while she was groping toward the light in a darkness that oppressed her, he was content with his own shallow views of life.

Shortly after their marriage Prince Gallitzin took his beautiful bride to St. Petersburg. She was presented to the famous Empress Catherine, who soon after appointed Prince Gallitzin Minister to the Hague. In Berlin, on their way to Holland, Marie Anna, their only daughter was born; and a year later, in December, 1770, at the Hague, their only son, Demetrius.

Amalie's life was now seemingly a brilliant one. Rich, young and beautiful, highly gifted, blessed with two dearly loved children, she was not happy. "In vain," she writes, "did I throw myself into the distractions and amusements of the great world. I brought back after these entertainments, visits, dances, theatricals, and other frivolities, only an increased, fruitless longing after something higher, something better, which I could speak of to no one. It was seldom that I did not cry myself to sleep. I felt like one of those actors who have to amuse others on the stage while in secret they are shedding bitter tears."

She felt a great longing to lead a quiet, retired life, devoted to study and

the education of her children. But the obstacles in the way of such a plan seemed insurmountable. And now we can but admire how God Himself leads onward the soul that is unconsciously striving after Him.

Diderot, one of the French atheist philosophers, was for a time living at the Embassy as Prince Gallitzin's guest. Amalie opened her heart to him, and he approved of her wish to devote herself to "philosophy," and to give up the world and its frivolities. He undertook to obtain her husband's consent, which he did; and in future, whilst keeping on cordial terms, corresponding regularly, and meeting occasionally, the Prince and his wife pursued their very different ways apart.

Amalie never did things by halves. She took care quickly to burn her ships behind her. She cut herself off from all society, save that of a chosen set of intimate friends of like mind with herself. Every luxury of dress, which then was at its height, was rigorously renounced. Her beautiful dark hair, in which splendid, costly pearls had been wont to gleam, and which had been particularly admired, was shaven off, and a black flat wig worn instead. The gay Embassy was abandoned for a plain little country-house situated between the Hague and Schevelingen; and, as a warning to visitors, over the door hung a sign-board with the strange device, *Nithuys*—"Not at home."

Amalie was now exceedingly happy. "Soon I felt such comfort in this new life, in constant intercourse with my children, in gradual advance in knowledge, and above all in the peace of conscience with which I every night retired to rest, that still higher thoughts found room in my mind. God and my own soul came to be the usual subjects of my reflections and investigations."

That Amalie Gallitzin's young children

received a very strange education her most ardent admirers would not seek to deny. It must be remembered she was really educating *herself*—trying first one system and then another, anxious to put what she read into practice, and making many an experiment with the poor little boy and girl. Mimi, the daughter, being somewhat of an amiable nonentity, was affected comparatively little by the educational vagaries of her mother. At one time she and her brother were made to run about barefoot, at another to plunge into the cold river from a bridge, to "harden" them and make them fearless.

But with Mitri (Demetrius)—clever, impulsive, sensitive, refined—mistakes were likely to be fraught with evil consequences. That his mother, who loved him so dearly, and whom he resembled so much, later on, in his splendid spirit of self-sacrifice and utter unworldliness, sorely misunderstood him seems certain. From the first she had an impossibly high standard for the poor boy, who, naturally spirited, was forever being checked and veered round like a pony in a game of polo. This led to an apparent indecision and weakness of character very foreign to his real nature. If you do not know where you stand, it is difficult to "put your foot down." Now, to his mother, who was all fire and energy, anything like weakness and half-heartedness was of all things most intolerable. His father, who saw the boy but seldom, judged far more correctly when he said: "That lad has really a tremendous will of his own, and will always go counter to the stream."

And yet all the different systems of philosophy and education (some absurd enough) that were tried on herself and her two children by the Princess, were adopted and abandoned with such earnestness of purpose, such a single-eyed desire to do not only right but

the *best*, that we feel the Sacred Heart must have been touched; and we do not wonder that our generous God should have made all things co-operate unto good to that favored mother and son, who were by and by to love Him with a love nothing short of heroic.

Demetrius had a prodigious memory, and in his old age could still describe how when he was four years old he was taken to see the Empress Catherine, who petted the pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, and then and there presented him with that ensign's commission in the Russian army which was destined to be the source of so much trouble. He remembered those early days and their sumptuous elegance, in which, as to the manner born, he had been the little tyrant, ordering about servants and serfs in most lordly style. But soon all that was changed: he was required to live in quite a poor way, to wait upon himself, and not to be spared the rod for childish misdemeanors.

In a memorandum from the Princess to the children's tutor we find the following: "Keep a sharp lookout on the children's chief faults. Mimi is talkative, vindictive and quarrelsome; and Mitri gives me much pain by his inveterate laziness and absurd want of pluck." Very serious are her letters to her son, who was, after all, but a little boy. On his fourteenth birthday she wrote to him:

"My thoughts to-day are a mixture of joy and dread. My first thought on awaking was certainly one of joy, love and gratitude that God had given you to me,—that He had granted me the grace to bring a soul into the world, destined, perhaps, to eternal salvation. But, oh, this 'perhaps'! Here came another cruel thought, fraught with fear and great uneasiness. To-day I said to myself: 'He has lived fourteen years, and he is still, alas! quite will-less and

colorless, creeping along life according to the lead and will-power of others.' This terrible thought suggested the doubt whether this being I had brought into the world could ever grow up into a man pleasing to God, an heir of salvation; or whether, in spite of all the excellent gifts bestowed upon him by an all-good Creator to enable him to be one of the best and happiest of men; whether in spite of my anxieties, prayers, entreaties, he would continue to hasten on toward destruction.

"For a while I had been full of better hopes, which I gladly own have not altogether left me; but they have all grown dim since I have seen the ever-recurring signs of the slavish way in which you sink back into your dreadful sloth and want of energy. . . . Have mercy on him, Heavenly Father,—have mercy on him and on me! Hear him, help him, and strengthen him when he prays with sincerity and a firm will. Lord, Thou who knowest all things, Thou knowest that I care nothing for the praise of men, for riches for honors, either for him or for myself; but only for the honor of pleasing Thee and for the happiness of both together drawing nearer and nearer to Thee, till we shall be united in that love and blessedness which Thou hast promised us for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

But in quoting this remarkable letter we are anticipating. In the year 1779 the Princess began to think of a change of residence. Her little retreat did not afford the necessary means of education for children beyond a certain age. At first Geneva suggested itself as a likely place; it was in the heyday of its reputation as a city of culture and modern "enlightenment." Moreover, Prince Gallitzin owned a small property in its neighborhood, and readily gave his assent to a family migration. But

it was not to be: God was about to lead the eager, earnest, groping soul surely and sweetly into His pleasant paths of peace.

Before Geneva had been finally settled upon, Amalie was told wonders of a new educational system introduced by Franz von Fürstenberg, as minister of Prince Maximilian of Cologne, into the town of Münster and other districts of Westphalia. This holy and enlightened priest was greatly in advance of his age, and had devised such an excellent scheme for public education that even infidel philosophers were forced to express wonder and admiration.

The Princess was far too eager to investigate anything likely to benefit her two children not to decide upon a visit to Münster as soon as she had read one of Fürstenberg's pamphlets. From their first acquaintance this truly great man made a profound impression upon her. In her letters to her husband she always speaks of Fürstenberg as *le grand homme*. This admiration soon ripened into a friendship which made her feel the priest's counsel and support necessary to her in the great task of her life—the education of her children. Moreover, Fürstenberg did not stand alone: at his side was the saintly Overberg, who devoted his time and talents to teaching the teachers of the poor. She felt, and with reason, that she now lived in an entirely new world.

Her new friends did not *talk* religion to her—that would at once have repelled her,—they *lived* religion. Their lives were obviously the fruit of an unseen deep root. Amalie asked no questions, she but basked in this sunny atmosphere of light and life, from which she felt it impossible to tear herself away. She rented a small country-place, known as Angelmodde, in the neighborhood of Münster; and now at length the days of real education had begun. To her own

children, Mimi and Mitri, were added Amalie von Schmettau, who afterward became a nun in Vienna; George, a son of the celebrated Jakobi; and the Droste-Vischerings, one of whom became dean the other bishop of Münster.

The Princess, in her anxious search after truth and goodness, had lost none of her old sprightliness and charm. Her society to the end was eagerly courted by all the best and most distinguished men of her time. But, strange to say, even yet Amalie continued to believe she was attracted to Fürstenberg and her new friends in spite of, rather than because of, their religion. "I could not," she once wrote, "blind myself to the great views and principles of Herr von Fürstenberg; but I felt I must forgive him his Christianity on the score of early education and prejudice. I had started my friendship by frankly asking him kindly not to convert me, as in all that concerned Almighty God I could stand no meddling; that I did not fail to pray to Him for light, and at the same time kept my heart open to receive it." Hence even then there could be no question of definite dogmatic Christian teaching in the education of her own and her adopted children.

Later she mourned that her want of faith had deprived the children's earlier years of the blessed knowledge of Christ. Once, when speaking of a family singularly fortunate in the way the sons had turned out, she unhesitatingly ascribed it to their early training in piety and devotion; adding that what she had obtained only through infinite pains and labor, these Christian parents had effected with comparatively little or no trouble.

But a practical difficulty now arose: What were the children, no longer little children, to be taught about religion? It was the very last subject she would entrust to the teaching of a stranger;

yet what did she herself know or believe about it? But at length she solved the vexed problem by resolving to teach them "historical Christianity," as she called it, leaving them free to choose their own religion as they grew up. But even for this she had to qualify herself, and with her usual whole-heartedness she threw herself into a most careful and conscientious study of the Bible, especially of the New Testament.

And then there arose before her, dim and shadowy at first, but ever gaining in strength and light and beauty, the blessed picture of the Incarnate God,—of Him who is not only the light of the New Jerusalem, but the sunshine, the glory of every faithful soul in this vale of tears. "I resolved," she says in her memoirs, "to obey our Saviour's touching advice: 'My doctrine is not Mine but His that sent Me. If any man will do the will of Him, he shall know of the doctrine.' Consequently I began to act as if I really believed in Him. I at once compared my principles and actions with His teaching; and how much did I not find that required attention,—many things that before had hardly seemed to me to be faults! I had prayed before only rarely, now I began to pray frequently; and so often were my petitions answered that I became incapable of doubting in the efficacy of prayer. Certain doubts against Christianity also were gradually cleared away."

During this time of spiritual growth she was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, during which she was forbidden to exert herself in any way; even the children's education had to be entrusted to other hands. Hence she had plenty of leisure for quiet reflection, self-examination, and above all prayer. And so it came about that on the Feast of St. Augustine, which happened also to be her birthday, Amalie's eager,

troubled spirit found joy and peace in a very humble confession—her first since the old days of childhood. In the saintly Dr. Overberg she found not merely a confessor, but a spiritual father,—“some one who,” as she so well expresses it, “would care for me sufficiently in spite of all my unlovableness, out of pure Christian zeal; one who would look after me spiritually, train me, correct, comfort and exhort me.”

Soon afterward she wrote to Mitri, somewhat wistfully: “Dear child, I am obliged to grieve you so often because I must wish and will for you what till now you have not known how to wish and will for yourself; and I have had to keep you from what you most eagerly desired. Believe me, my dear son, this constant thwarting of your wishes is the hardest of my duties; for it seems to me as though thereby I might lose your love and confidence. And yet some day—perchance only after I am in my grave—you will learn to bless me for this strictness.” And the day did come; for in far-distant America the grand old missionary would at times, with tears in his eyes, talk by the hour in glowing words of his “glorious mother.”

Amalie's children soon followed her example in submitting themselves to the Church. On Trinity Sunday, 1787, they were both confirmed; they were now seventeen and eighteen years of age.

Prince Gallitzin seems to have manifested no displeasure at the religious conversion of his wife and children. As his son was receiving the liberal education befitting a youth of his rank—an education that included French, music, riding, fencing, dancing, and the more serious studies requisite for the military profession,—the father was satisfied, and had sufficient good taste and feeling to be glad that to all these things should be added innocence of life and high principle. Seven years earlier Amalie had

considered the children old enough to profit by travel; and Demetrius in later life would recall with interest the visits paid with his mother to the Stolbergs at Eutin, to Jakobi at Düsseldorf; above all to Weimar, the Athens of Germany, where Herder seems to have attracted the lad more than the great Goethe himself; though Goethe was a sincere admirer of the Princess.

There is an account of an interesting interview between Amalie and Goethe in after years. She, full as usual of her beautiful, earnest zeal for souls, invited Goethe to her house at Münster,—an invitation gladly, though perhaps a little timorously, accepted. The great man probably guessed what he was “in for,” and showed no resentment when the Princess began, after the manner of St. Paul, to speak to her guest “of justice, chastity, and of the judgment to come.” The next day, when he departed, she accompanied him a stage or two of his journey, still speaking to him with that wonderful absolute conviction which invariably commanded respect, often admiration, and not infrequently brought about conversion. Alas! in the case of Goethe it was to bring forth only the first two of these fruits.

But such pleasant journeys in the fatherland were considered insufficient for the liberal education of the children of the upper classes of those times. As Demetrius grew older, Prince Gallitzin did indeed talk of sending him straight to St. Petersburg to join the army; but his mother was opposed to this plan. Her Catholic heart, no doubt, shrank from exposing her son, whom she considered very unformed, very young for his age, very “infirm of purpose,” to the corruption of Russian high life. Moreover, her motherly vanity wished to see him more polished, less angular; and so a distant voyage was discussed.

Till now there had been but one place

where “golden youth” could receive its extra coat of gilding; but, unhappily, Paris, the gilder’s shop, could not then be thought of,—it was in the throes of that terrible revolution of which no one could foresee the end. An alternative was decided upon, in which we can not fail to see the guidance of Providence. The Gallitzins determined to send their son to America for two years,—*why* it seems a little difficult to say. Probably the Princess, who looked upon Mitri as an idle dreamer and somewhat of a weakling, judged that having to “shift for himself” and stand alone would strengthen and develop his character.

A young priest named Brosius, tutor in the Droste family, had just decided to go to America as a missionary. This would be an excellent escort for Demetrius, whose two years in America were to be spent in making himself conversant with the language, laws and habits of this interesting and most flourishing country. Prince Gallitzin was an admirer of Washington and Jefferson, and in his letters to his son bids him try for familiar intercourse with such great men. His mother, too, furnished him with an introduction from the Bishop of Hildesheim and Paderborn to the celebrated John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore,—indeed in those days the only Catholic bishop in the whole of the United States.

Demetrius set out on his long journey in August, 1792. His departure furnishes a curious anecdote. Had the sensitive and high-souled youth of twenty-two summers some presentiment that, once gone, he would never return; that this was a last solemn farewell to home, to friends, to country,—in fact, to *all* human brightness? At any rate, his resolution failed him; and, with what his mother considered characteristic indecision, he began to discuss whether the journey had not best be given up,

after all. The moment was certainly ill chosen: already his mother and he were walking arm in arm to the quay at Rotterdam, whence a little boat was to take him on board the great ocean vessel. For a few minutes Amalie said never a word; then, with flashing eyes, she exclaimed, "Mitri, I am most heartily ashamed of you!" and the next moment Demetrius found himself floundering in the water. He was quickly picked up by the laughing sailors, who at a sign from his mother rowed him swiftly away.

The dear old priest, Father Gallitzin, when he merrily told this tale against himself forty-two years later, would not be positive that the "accident" had not perhaps been occasioned by a quick, involuntary movement on the part of his mother, causing him to stumble and so fall into the sea; but he very much inclined to the opinion that she had purposely given him this wholesome ducking.

(To be continued.)

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—A FRIEND WHO DOES NOT COME.

"MEN," said the Lady of the House, "*must* like to live in a blaze of light. Will somebody please put out the gas, and let the lamp with the pink shade do all the work?"

"Women," answered the Convert, "are always thinking of their complexions—and *they* will not always stand the light."

"Men," said the Lady of the House, taking all the cushions from the Critic's side of the sofa and putting them where the Young Priest generally sat, "hate exertion; they would rather see a rug fade before their eyes or sit in a glare of white light than move. Give

a man a cigar and a soft seat, and he will suffer anything rather than stir."

"Women," answered the Convert, "hate to see a man comfortable in his own way for any length of time. But I observe, Madam, that you take very good care of the Young Priest,—you expect him, of course. I see that silver bowl of yours is piled with lumps of sugar; *he* likes plenty of sugar in his tea."

"Priests should be looked after very carefully, especially when they've just come from seminaries," said the Lady of the House.

"All bachelors should receive equal attention when they visit their friends," said the Critic. "And a man has just as hard a time at a boarding-house as in a seminary."

"It isn't that," observed the Host. "Besides, a lonely bachelor can always improve his condition by matrimony, but—"

"Improve his condition!" interrupted the Convert. "*You* may think so; there are others—"

"Pardon me!" said the Host. "But priests strike me as very lonely men. And I think that a very false estimate is made of them when it is imagined that the giving up of family ties is no part of their sacrifice. As a rule, we take it as a matter of course that they should make such a sacrifice. I fancy that good women, who are always mothers at heart, feel that they must be lonely in spite of all spiritual helps. It is not the way of God to deprive a soul of the merit of a sacrifice by letting the soul believe that it is making none."

"Now, I like to hear the amateur in spiritual things talk of 'the ways of God,' as if he were a mystical expert like St. John of the Cross," remarked the Convert, pleasantly. "As a convert—"

"Oh!" said the Critic, "if you are going to tell the story of your life—"

"I am not in the habit of doing that sort of thing—except by request. As a convert, as I was about to observe, I have been frequently struck by the lack of apparent sympathy which Catholics have for their priests. I do not mean in the sentimental way. I have no regard for Tennyson's point of view of St. Thomas of Canterbury in Act V. You remember it? Becket says to John of Salisbury:

How much we lose, we celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of child!

This just before his death."

"John of Salisbury's reply always struck me as rather comic, at such a time. 'More gain than loss,' he begins, with real Anglo-Saxon stupidity;

For of your wives you shall
Find one a slut, whose fairest linen seems
Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it,—one
So charged with tongue that every thread of
thought
Is broken ere it joins.

"My child," said the Critic, with a virtuous air of self-repression, "what you call 'Anglo-Saxon stupidity'—the Irish, of course, are never stupid—is just the modern Catholic view of it. You do not seem to think that a priest has given up anything worth having,—a home, with the never-ending circles it implies, for instance; you console him after the manner of the matter-of-fact John of Salisbury. As a man grows older he feels the need of something more than friends; friends, as a rule, are fond of you only when they think you're right. But a man's home circle is always with him, even when he seems to be wrong—and everybody is sometimes wrong. And the best thing in life, after religion, is to know that there are some persons who are loyal to you, not only through duty or logic, but because you belong to them."

The Lady of the House silently put three lumps of sugar into the Critic's cup of tea.

"Logic has nothing to do with love," she said.

"That's a woman's idea," returned the Convert.

"And why shouldn't a woman be right?"

"Only because men have not acquired the habit of thinking so," said the Critic.

"Or because they can not approve of her ideas until they have borrowed them and tried how they will work," said the Young Lady from Across the Street.

"I hope," added the Critic, "you will not mind my saying that I do not think *you* could have borrowed the idea of making an edelweiss bloom in—"

"Have you read my poem?" asked the Young Lady from Across the Street, delightedly. "It was so good of you! I had to find a rhyme for 'mice,' you know; and I found that 'edelweiss' gave the right color and rhyme. You know I am a symbolist."

"You are young," said the Convert, stirring his tea. "As I was about to observe, Catholics seem to take the sacrifices of their priests as matters of course. I can not imagine any one liking to give up all study at a certain hour for the confessional. Yet the priests act as if you conferred a personal favor on them by going to confession; and you come to think so yourself, after you've been in the Church a while. If he makes 'a particular friendship' within the parish limits, how everybody rages,—everybody within the church limits must be alike to him."

"*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," murmured the Critic. "All—"

But the Convert paid no attention, apparently.

"I am serious, which few are," he went on. "A priest becomes, like St. Paul, a slave for Christ's sake. There is no question of that. Still, in my opinion, there are too many overseers not appointed by the good Lord. Why

do they not look out for the man's welfare, instead of saying half the time, 'He ought not to do this or that'? What are you all doing for the priests out in poor places that barely yield them subsistence? Think of a man having to look after five parishes, some fourteen or fifteen miles apart. He lives in his buggy summer and winter. Sometimes the nearest priest is twenty miles away, and the people of his cures unlettered peasants, with whom he can have little in common. He ought not to be above his people? Did anybody say that?"

There was silence.

"As an educated man, he needs congenial acquaintances. He can not afford to buy even books. Books! Why, a decent coat is an unusual luxury. It seems to me that the richer parishes might help to mend this state of things. Most priests ordained in this country, where a man's patrimony is his own pair of hands, are dependent on the people; and you, in a city, can hardly imagine how poor some of these scattered hamlets of Catholics are. You'll never appreciate your advantages until you are persecuted. Ever since Catholic Emancipation, the English Catholic has been waxing fat, but less *Catholic*."

"You will have to define your terms," said the Host. "What do you mean by 'less Catholic'?"

"Ah, there's a ring at the bell,—the Young Priest!" said the Convert. "Put some more coal on the grate of course."

"No: it's only a messenger boy," said the Lady of the House. "He can't come: his pastor has unexpectedly gone away. Never mind the coal: it's warm enough."

It was Sydney Smith who said that the hardest thing he knew was for a man to fall down on the ice and then get up and praise the Lord.

A Thought for the New Year.

THE New Year is one of those minor epochs in life when most persons bethink themselves of the advisability of effecting certain reforms in their personal habits, or more frequently, perhaps, in their religious affairs. The 1st of January seems to be generally considered an excellent time for turning over the proverbial new leaf. There is something very gratifying in the thought of a fresh start, with a perfect detachment from all that hinders progress, and a taking on of anything that is likely to promote advancement. Those who are disposed to wait for some special occasion to carry out good resolves, and are always looking forward to the most appropriate seasons in which to begin their undertakings, ought to be well satisfied with the present epoch. The opening of a new century is an occasion the like of which most of us are not likely to have again. If there is anything to be done, now, surely, is a good time to make a beginning.

That a tithe of the good resolutions formed on the first day of January are not kept beyond a few weeks is undoubtedly true. Somehow or other, our resolutions go all to pieces—small pieces at that, sometimes,—before the month is well over. The January thaw marks the breaking up of other things besides ice. This fact, however, although unfortunate, should not deter any one who is conscious that self-reformation is desirable from promising himself that he will effect it. A thousand times better is it to have made an effort and failed than to have made none at all. In fact, effort is all that is required of us. Failure, humanly speaking, is often the inevitable. And there is this consoling fact about good resolutions—they can be mended as often as they are broken.

In a great many cases failure to

keep good resolutions is due to the extravagant number or nature of these resolves. The ardent self-reformer who heroically makes up his mind that during this initial year of the century he will utterly abandon all his pet vices, great and small, is pretty sure to discover that a brief period of strenuous exertion will be followed by utter collapse of his will-power and subsequent drift into the old currents of thought and life. The saner individual, whom experience has taught that to attempt too much is to court failure, will content himself with a promised serious effort to bring about the reform of some one tendency or habit. This is the wise course. The victory over self in any important particular ensures a general mastery. Getting rid of one's vices, as the Venerable Curé of Ars used to tell his people, is like driving the intruders of the barnyard out of the flower-garden. Chase the pigs, and the chickens will fly over the fence of their own accord. A homely saying, but as sensible as homely. We know what causes the flowers of Christian virtue to fade and die; and when a garden of the Lord becomes desolate the cause is not far to seek.

At a time when everyone is disposed to repair his fences, to put on new armor, to clothe himself with the garments of justice and holiness and truth, or whatever the annual renewal and renovation may be called, it is well to remember that things of duty and precept should have precedence of all that is devotional and supererogatory. It is better to be faithful to one's morning and night prayers and in attending Mass on holy-days of obligation, for instance, than to join all the pious confraternities in existence. A fervent Communion once a month, or even a few times a year, is to be preferred to the frequent reception of the Sacraments without adequate preparation.

There is nothing like simplifying the problem of life. The creed we are bound to believe is in reality a short one. Our cross is always light if we know how to carry it. The obligations of the Christian life are few and easily understood; and its crowning virtue, let us not forget, is expressed in those words of Our Lord at the Last Supper,—that saying so memorable and, alas! so little heeded: "This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

Notes and Remarks.

In a paper read at the Catholic Scientific Congress recently held at Munich the Rev. Father Grisar, S. J., insisted on the need for a vigorous reaction against many errors upheld by unenlightened piety, in spite of history and criticism. It is gratifying to learn that this timely paper has attracted considerable attention. Sober criticism of many things to which we have become accustomed is unquestionably one of the needs of the time. To make no efforts to check a destructive fire is almost as criminal as to have started it. Things that are upheld by imposture of any kind, by any one, had better fall, and the sooner the better. As the London *Tablet* remarks, "True piety can not suffer from a fearless investigation of the truth. Hyper-conservatism, too, has its dangers."

The venerable Father Thomas Abbot, of Lancashire, England, has sent us a picture and a historical sketch of an old missionary altar which, he says, "has been in our family all through the days of persecution from the time of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, to the present day. At this altar three of our glorious martyrs under the cruel penal laws said Mass just before their apprehension." It is a relic of the brave days of old when

almost every Catholic mansion had its "hiding-hole" for the priest, and when many devices were employed to conceal the sacred vessels from the soldiers. This altar, for instance, looks like an ordinary oak wardrobe, and, so far as appearances go, could be completely secularized in a few minutes. The three martyrs referred to by Father Abbot were the Blessed Edmund Campion, the Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith, and Father Martin of St. Felix. Among the interesting traditions preserved in Father Abbot's family is one which tells how Blessed Campion was saved from capture by the quick wit of a serving-maid, who, seeing the soldiers approach, proceeded to attack the astonished priest with tongue and arm, denouncing him as a "lazy cowman." The soldiers laughed at the plight of the supposed cowman and passed on. Father Martin was standing vested before this old altar, waiting for the stroke of midnight to begin Mass on the eve of the Assumption, when the alarm was given and he had to flee. He was apprehended a mile from his father's house and cruelly murdered. The story of the old altar is of absorbing interest, and the relic itself is a graphic reminder to "Catholic-minded" Anglicans of what really happened in England at the time of the so-called Reformation.

A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* enters a dignified protest against faulty translations of the Pope's encyclicals. We quite agree with him that they sometimes lose all life and reality and become utterly turgid and perfunctory. Anything less like literature can scarcely be conceived. "The English of Johnson at his worst," so often represented in our versions of encyclicals, certainly leaves something to be desired. More regrettable, however, than their style is the ineffectiveness of documents of this sort when given out from the pulpit. The

congregation naturally become weary and inattentive, and a scarcely disguised sense of boredom is sure to prevail before the end is reached.

In our opinion, Papal encyclicals are not intended to be translated and read from the pulpit, and for some years past it has been our custom to present only a synopsis of them. They are formally addressed to the hierarchy, and the admonition and instruction which they contain are supposed to be recast for the faithful at large. If this supposition is incorrect, it only emphasizes the importance of official translations and the necessity of rendering them as vivid and readable as possible.

The world does move, after all. Time was when attacks on the Church—calumnies against her head, her clergy and her members, gross misstatements of Catholic doctrine, and travesties of Catholic practice,—were part and parcel of almost every daily newspaper in this country. A belated reply from some obscure Catholic weekly was about all that could be expected by the injured and aggrieved. But all that is changed now. Any one who indulges in abuse of Catholics or in misrepresentation of their faith can no longer escape rebuke, prompt and stern, from his own coreligionists. It is a sign of the times; and, as an Hibernian friend expresses it, "the sign does be on" now everywhere.

We notice—gleefully, we admit—that two bigoted speakers at the convention of the Methodist church, held some time ago in New York, have been "catching it" on all sides from their own. One indignant Brother sent this communication to a leading metropolitan daily:

Permit me to express through your columns the mortification of myself and many other Protestants at the unchristian attack of Bishop N— and the Rev. Dr. N— [the names were called right out as is done in meetin', but we will conceal them] upon the Church of Rome yesterday

at the Methodist missionary convention.... Those of us who have worked side by side in charity and reform with the Catholics know what good work their Church is doing, and can not help feeling angry at this discourtesy and injustice from our side. There is sad need of all of us doing the best we know how, whatever our religion may be, without maliciously attacking an organization that is patiently and efficiently working to make men better.... Bishop N— and Dr. N— will have to have different motives behind their work if they wish to retain the respect of their followers.

Another influential journal of the same city recently published a severe rebuke to a preacher, administered by a Protestant of the Protestants. It concludes with these stern words:

Why is there this deep-rooted, this inflexible, persistent and absolutely implacable hostility of our Protestant clergymen to Catholics? Why their anxious pains to keep the name of the Catholic religionist out of sight?... Ultra-Protestant as I am, I abhor such conduct.

Yet again, when the editor of one of the ablest reviews in the language published an article in which it was stated that the Pope "bestowed upon Josef Mayer a pardon not only for all his own sins, past, present, and future, but also, with a truly lavish generosity, for those of all his children," another Protestant editor lost no time in publicly giving his associate some needed information as to what an indulgence is and what it is not. Yes, times have changed, and we hope they'll keep right on changing.

It is pleasant to record that the Sisters in charge of the French hospital in Pekin owe their narrow escape from the fury of the Boxers to the heroic courage of a Protestant friend. One of the Sisters writing to her family in Marseilles states that this gentleman, accompanied by his wife and eleven of his employees, all armed like himself, fought his way to the hospital, and at three o'clock in the morning succeeded in conveying the inmates to one of the legations. Hardly had they left the hospital when it was invaded by a swarm of Boxers shouting,

"Let us kill, let us burn them all!" So intent were these fanatics on discovering the whereabouts of the Sisters that they fell on their knees and besought their devils to help them in their search. "We should all be dead were it not for Mr. Chamot, who bravely rescued us, and has also fed us during the two months' siege."

A zealous and well-known layman who is a convert to the Church wants us to protest against the liquor advertisements appearing in certain Catholic papers. As many as five advertisements of this sort are prominent in one half of a small journal sent to us. We can not spare time now to examine the other half; but if it contains as many more, then we have only to say that the paper in question publishes ten liquor advertisements too many. Anything further by way of protest or criticism would be useless. The surest way to reform the Catholic press is to cancel one's subscription to any journal that repeatedly offends against truth or charity or decency. If everyone were to act thus, only the fittest papers would survive and thrive. We can assure our convert friend that there is no obligation to support anything of which his conscience disapproves.

We feel constrained to utter another protest on behalf of the reverend clergy. They are never heard to complain of being deluged with publishers' advertisements—circulars of new books and new editions, specimen pages, etc. Interest in literature on their part is supposed to be deep, active and abiding. But circulars of every description come in every mail from liquor dealers. It would seem as though they were all possessed of the notion that the clergy are always thirsty or always suffering from weak digestion, imperfect circulation, incipient pneumonia,—forever in need of tonics

and stimulants and cordials. If those enterprising merchants were to solicit trade personally, they could easily be repulsed by any one who has adopted the up-to-date proverb: "If a wily agent enticeth thee, flee from him as from an automobile driven by a novice." But there is no escape from the confidential letter or the artful "dodger" or those seductive offers of samples. The only thing to do is to let them come until the liquor dealer has learned wisdom from the publisher, who knows that one advertisement sent to a man who reads is better than a thousand in the waste-baskets of the illiterate.

The Cuban commission appointed to adjudicate the status of various church properties seized by the Cuban government and devoted to public purposes has decided that the confiscated properties must be returned to the Church, with full rental from the date of American occupation of the island. Regarding the ecclesiastical property alienated by the Spanish officials before the coming of the Americans, the court holds that the Church has no recourse except against the government of Spain. It is said that this decision will restore several million dollars' worth of property to the diocese of Havana. The commission which rendered this eminently sane and just decision was composed of three judges of the Cuban supreme court.

According to the cable dispatches, the French government has politely declined to grant the request of the American and British ambassadors who pleaded for the exemption of the Passionists' church in Paris from the heavy tax imposed on the property of the religious orders. The church is frequented chiefly by English and American residents of the capital, and for their sake it was

hoped that the tax would be remitted. But the government which makes an international rumpus whenever a missionary is killed in China, and which demands a new coaling-station for every mission looted by the Boxers, is persistently "holding up" the missionary within its gates, and bidding him hand over the money contributed specifically for his support and the maintenance of his mission.

At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey the gratifying statement was made—and established by statistics—that more than half of the avowed Christians of the State are Catholics. During the last ten years the Catholic population has increased fifty-five per cent. It is an interesting fact that those denominations which seem to be most rigidly set in their opposition to the Church—the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians—have done little more than hold their own in New Jersey during the past decade.

It is worthy of note that the number of Popes in the first half of the nineteenth century was twice as large as in the second half. And Leo XIII. is still "gloriously reigning." His predecessor, Pius IX., was elected in 1846. The occupant of the Chair of Peter at the beginning of the century was Pius VII., who was succeeded by Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI.

Looking back on the last century, many persons, we think, would be disposed to regard Cardinal Newman as the greatest man it produced, and his conversion as the most important event of the nineteenth century. The centenary of the birth of that great father of souls occurs next month. There ought to be a fitting commemoration of it in all English-speaking countries.



The Gifts of the Magi.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THREE Wise Men come from the far-away East,
The golden East where the sun is born;
And what do they bring to the Infant King
Whom all adore, this Epiphany morn?

The first, old Melchior, proffers Him gold,
In sign that the Babe is of royal birth,
Is a King of might, with the absolute right
To worship and tribute from all on earth.

Young Gaspar lays at the Infant's feet
An odorous present of frankincense,—
An Eastern sign that the Babe's divine,
Though puny and fragile to human sense.


The last, Balthazar, brings gift of myrrh,—
A token this that the Babe will die,
That 'tis truly man, and in Heaven's plan
One day in the cold, dark tomb will lie.

And we who visit the new-born King,
What gifts at His humble Crib shall we lay?
Ah! love that's gold, prayer sweet of old,
And self-denial from day to day.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.—THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.



CHILDREN, I do not know what we shall do," said Mrs. Degler, as the family gathered around her one evening about a month after the father was buried. "I can not work with my poor crippled hands; Mary is needed at home to take care of the house and do what little sewing and mending we have; Genevieve, at twelve, can do nothing. Robbie, I am afraid the burden will fall on you."

She smiled in the midst of her tears as she spoke.

"I am fourteen," said the boy stoutly, drawing himself up with a confident air. "I am tall for my age, too, mother; I am sure I could get something to do; and I am willing to work. Who cares for the old school, anyway? I don't."

The mother smiled again.

"Poor papa!" she said. "How it did vex him to see that you cared so little for your books! But you are like your Uncle Robert, and yet he made a success in life."

"That's what I should love to be, a sea-captain," said the boy. "Some day perhaps I may be one. I like some books, mother,—sea-stories."

"That won't help much yet," said Mary, the eldest girl, just seventeen, her mother's mainstay and counsellor. "I wish you could get into the navy, Robbie. That would be fine."

"But boys who aspire to the navy have to study hard," said her mother.

"That isn't what I want," replied the boy. "I'd like to be the captain of a merchantman and carry all sorts of rich goods from one country to another. I'd see much more of the world that way; at least I would be my own master. But just now maybe I could get a job carrying papers. That pays pretty well—fifteen dollars a month."

"And it means getting up at daybreak summer and winter. How would you like that, my sleepy-head?"

"It isn't a question of *liking* now," said the boy. "It's the best paying thing for a boy of my age. Fellows get tired of it, too. Most of them don't last longer than a month. Rey Morton told me he was going to give up soon."

"They're going to move to New York."

"Very well," assented his mother. "It might be a good idea to go down to the *Mentor* office to-morrow morning."

"I'll do it!" cried Robert. "And, mother, why couldn't I be doing some other work all day? The paper route won't take up more than three hours every morning."

"I thought if you could sleep for a while in the morning after you get home, you might go to school in the afternoon. Don't you think I could arrange it with Father Brown?"

Rob frowned.

"Must I go to school, mother?" he asked. "If I have to, I might just as well go *all day*."

"You could never do it," said Mrs. Degler. "You will have to be up every morning at four to begin your rounds. You will not be back till half-past eight; then comes breakfast, and school begins at nine. You would be falling asleep all the morning."

"Maybe so," rejoined Robert. "And then I'd be worse in Father Brown's estimation than I am now. But I haven't got the place yet."

"Mother, won't you have the five thousand dollars' life-insurance?" said little Genevieve, nestling close to the invalid's chair. "Five thousand dollars ought to last a long time."

"That will have to be invested, dear," answered her mother. "And it will bring in perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars a year."

"What do you mean by investing? Why don't you put it in a bank and take some out when you need it?"

"In that way it would soon be gone. But by investing it—that is, lending it to some one who will pay interest on it,—we shall have so much money out of the principal every year."

"We have this house," said Mary. "We shall not be obliged to pay rent."

"Your father had a good library. Doctor Newcome told me it ought to realize at least five hundred dollars," observed Mrs. Degler. "We would need all that to pay our outstanding debts."

"Suppose we should get two hundred and fifty dollars from the investment? With Robert's wages, it would amount to—to nearly six hundred a year."

"Yes, provided he gets the situation," said the mother. "But he may not."

"Well, then, I'll find another one somewhere," said the boy. "Everyone liked father, you know. I'm sure to get something to do."

"Six hundred a year to feed and clothe five persons is not a great deal," said the widow.

"I think it's lots," said Genevieve. "We're such good managers."

Everyone laughed.

"Where did you hear that, Genevieve dear?" asked her mother.

"I heard Mrs. Walker say so the other night when she came over to see if she could do anything to help you," replied the child. "She told Mary Burns that you could make good, rich, nourishing soup out of what another person would throw away. At first it made me mad to hear her, but afterward I decided she meant it for a compliment. Do you think she did, mother?"

"She really did," was the rejoinder. "She is always telling me I am very 'forehanded.' Indeed, if I could count on a monthly income of fifty dollars for this family I should not be discouraged. It would keep body and soul together and leave a trifle to spare. But I had so wished that Mary might go to the Normal School; and that you, Genevieve, might continue your music, and have singing-lessons later."

"And perhaps I shall—who knows?" said the child.

"The Normal School is now full and running over," put in Robert. "Besides,

they never give a position to a Catholic when they can help it. I heard Mr. Farris say they are weeding out all the Catholic teachers from the public schools as fast as they can."

"That isn't fair," said Genevieve. "'We pay our taxes,' Mr. Farris said; 'and we are entitled to some teachers.'"

"Well, I wouldn't want to teach in them," said Robert. "I should think if Mary did teach she would rather go to a Catholic school to do it."

"In that case she would have to be a Sister," said Mrs. Degler. "How would you like that, Robert?"

The boy pursed his lips.

"They're fine, in their own way," he answered. "But we wouldn't give our Mary up,—no, we wouldn't."

Mary laughed.

"There is no danger of your being called upon to do it at present," said the girl. "My place is here and my preference is here. You will never get rid of me so long as mother needs me."

"I should think not," said Robert. "We couldn't get on without 'the prop of the household.'"

There was a significant silence. It was thus their dead father had been accustomed to designate his oldest daughter. The clock struck nine.

"It is time to go to bed, children," said Mrs. Degler. "To-morrow, after Mr. Winston has been here, I shall make arrangements to sell the medical books and surgical instruments, as well as the office furniture. Then Robbie can go to the newspaper men and see what they can give him."

"Why couldn't we rent the office to a doctor?" asked Mary.

"Perhaps we might be able to do so," said her mother. "I have been thinking that if we were to give up this house and take a smaller and cheaper one nearer the suburbs, we might add a little to our income in that way."

"Mother!" they cried in concert.

"O mother, *don't* leave this house, where we were all born!" said Robert.

"And the garden and the old swing!" chimed in Genevieve.

"And the creek at the foot of the garden!" said Mary.

"And Rob's boat that it took him a year to make!" added Genevieve.

Dr. Degler's illness had been contracted through exposure to a severe storm which had occurred one night when he was called into the country to see a patient. He had been a model husband and father,—an excellent man in every relation of life; taking every burden possible on his own shoulders, and living, perhaps, more generously than his limited means would allow. But he had not anticipated this sudden call to give up all that was dear to him in life, and had not made much provision for his family.

Janet, the old servant who had been in their employment many years, was as much concerned as her mistress with regard to the future. Mrs. Degler had been crippled from rheumatism for some years. At times she was able to walk, but never to perform any work with her hands. Still, she was a patient sufferer; her greatest regret was that she could not lighten the labors of those who loved her by assisting in the duties of the household.

On the morning after the conversation above related Janet came into the pleasant little sitting-room, into which her mistress was daily wheeled from her own chamber.

"The washerwoman is here for the clothes," she said, in the grim, terse manner natural to her, which did not in any way indicate the rare kindness of her heart.

"Very well, Janet," rejoined Mrs. Degler. "The clothes are sorted and counted, I believe."

"Most likely," said Janet. "I never knew Miss Mary to forget 'em yet."

"What is it, then?" asked her mistress.

"I come to say there ain't no need of her takin' 'em away. How much does she charge for the work?"

"Two and a half for the washing and ironing," was the reply.

"There ain't a bit of need of it," said Janet. "I've just been askin' her, and she says she can come half a day every week; and by gettin' up a little earlier Monday mornin's I can have a good start on 'em before she comes. And I can iron 'em myself—easy."

"But, Janet," remonstrated Mrs. Degler, "can you do it?"

"Can I do it!" sniffed Janet: "I should think I could." Gulping down something in her throat, she continued in a subdued voice: "Seven shirts and as many collars, and double that of cuffs, is a good deal off a washin': we ain't got *them* no more, missis. And the runnin' to the door answerin' the bell is all done with. We are just like other folks now. That's the hardest part of workin' in a doctor's house. But the good Lord knows I'd be willin' to trot twice as often as ever I did if we could have the Doctor back again. But that can't be; and I don't see that the *income* warrants an *outgo* of two and a half a week for washin'. Six shillings will cover the washerwoman's pay, starch, soap, and fire one half day in the week. That reduces expense considerable. And if Miss Mary will give me a lift with the luncheon, I'll do the ironin' easy."

Mrs. Degler was deeply touched. The arrangement was made. Janet retired to the kitchen to tell the laundress she might return on Monday morning. When she had gone the widow gazed thoughtfully out of the window. Though her lips moved not, she was offering a silent prayer of thankfulness to God, who had given her so faithful a servant

and such devoted children to be the consolation of her widowhood.

The days and weeks went by, but prospects did not seem very bright in the Degler household. The newspaper carriers held on to their "jobs" with unusual tenacity, and Robert sought vainly for a situation as messenger-boy or shop-boy. Decatur was not a large town; and though any of the merchants in the place would have been glad to give a situation to the boy if there had been a vacancy, none had offered as yet. The medical library and surgical instruments had been sold at a sacrifice, and winter with its many needs was drawing close on the chances of a very slender income. Mrs. Degler's malady was growing worse, and a cough had developed which alarmed her. Indeed, it seemed to the little family that with the departure of the father who had cared for them so tenderly everything good had been taken away.

(To be continued.)

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.—THE ARMLESS PAINTER.

"If I were only rich or strong or of a fine family, I might succeed," many a youth has said; not knowing that men often climb higher and more easily when they have difficulties to conquer. Perhaps a recital of various instances where Genius has laughed at Misfortune may help some boy to trample upon obstacles which otherwise might seem insurmountable. But before looking back for our examples, we will glance at the wonderful success achieved by a man who had the extraordinary ill fortune to be born without arms, and who died only the other day, so to speak, after seventy years filled with calm joy and honorable industry.



He was a Belgian; his name was Charles François Felu. His father was a retired French officer, and his family one of breeding and distinction. At first the parents of the armless lad were inconsolable when they thought how ill he was equipped for the battle of life; but after they discovered what wonderful gifts he possessed they became reconciled, and in time were even glad that he was different from other children.

The first thing that Monsieur Felu remembered was grasping with his toes some bright flowers that attracted his baby eyes. Soon his feet learned to do the work of the hands that nature had denied him, and his toes became very flexible and what is called "prehensile." He was given a fine education and carried off the honors in most of his classes. It was expected that he would take a certain high official position; but, when circumstances prevented that, he joyfully turned his attention toward art, and began his studies at Antwerp when about twenty-five years old.

From the first it was evident that he was destined to be a sympathetic copyist of the great masters, but it was the canvases of Van Dyke that gave him the greatest delight. He was known as the best reproducer of the works of that artist. It is said that only the most finished experts can tell the difference between one of Van Dyke's masterpieces and the reproduction by Felu. He copied hundreds of the best paintings, and his work is to be found in all parts of the civilized world. The Queen Regent of Spain was one of his patrons, and her admiration of him was so great that she bestowed upon him the insignia of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. The King of Portugal, not to be outdone, made him a Chevalier of the Order of Christ.

When he worked he held his palette

and paint-brush with his feet, and wrought with great rapidity as well as precision. In other things he was equally skilful and independent, managing his knife and fork with ease and grace, and even dispensing with the services of a barber. It is said, too, that, although he shaved himself he rarely met with the slightest accident.

His manners were charming, and those who knew him well declare that there was nothing uncanny or unpleasant about his singular way of adapting himself to unfortunate circumstances. He used his feet so naturally that one forgot that they were put to strange employment. He had a kindly and attractive face, and was especially fond of children, who loved him in return. His gentle dignity always prevented any undue jests at his expense, or any familiarity from either old or young. He was, in short, a gentleman, and a very fine gentleman, too, in spite of trying circumstances which would have conquered a less resolute and gifted man.

Strange to say, no one ever thought of pitying Monsieur Felu. He was above pity and beyond it. He was always helpful to others, both in deed and example; and those who knew him were better and wiser because he lived.

He had many gifts, being a poet of no mean merit and a creditable writer of a number of comedies, one of which was performed to admiring crowds in his beloved Antwerp; but he was never able to manage a button-hole, which was something of an annoyance and regret to him. He was the greatest copyist of Van Dyke, but he could not button his coat. Thus are talents unequally distributed.

When Monsieur Felu died all Belgium mourned, and the world was poorer for the passing of the man whom nature had so heavily handicapped.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A volume of the series of "Heroes of the Nations" (Putnams) is devoted to "Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland." The author is Mr. Robert Dunlop.

—Thackeray, in one of his delightful "Round-about Papers," writing of the circulation of the *Cornhill Magazine*, puts the number of readers at ten times the number of copies printed. On such a basis of computation, the readers who peruse the New Year issue of THE AVE MARIA would number two hundred and sixty thousand.

—Many wise suggestions to writers for the press and some useful information not to be found elsewhere are afforded by Mr. William Stone Booth in a dainty brochure which he has compiled for the Macmillan Co. Especially valuable are the original sections of this exquisitely printed booklet. The fine taste, rare painstaking, and wide experience for which Mr. Booth is distinguished are in evidence in every page of "Notes for the Guidance of Authors."

—Few recent publications have been more welcome received by Catholic readers than Father Kennedy's little book on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, happily entitled "A Morning Paradise." It seems to supply a distinct need of a great many devout persons. We are happy to announce the third edition of this excellent booklet, which will be found more convenient and attractive than the former edition. The work has been carefully revised and is printed from new plates.

—A beautiful little volume, which we regret not to have received a week sooner, is the new illustrated edition of "Christmastide," by Eliza Allen Starr. However, the holy season continues until the Feast of the Purification, next month; and those who are in search of appropriate gift books will be glad to be reminded of a work so full of charms as this artistically published volume. The paper, printing and binding leave nothing to be desired; and the illustrations, besides being admirably chosen, are skilfully printed. Of the letter-press it will suffice to say that the author has written nothing that is more creditable to her. Published by Miss Starr.

—It is especially interesting at this time to recall that the contributions of Dr. Brownson to this magazine comprised a series of articles showing that all heresies, each one in detail, consist in the direct or indirect denial of the Incarnation; and that devotion to Mary, fostering faith in that

mystery, cuts them all off. We learn from the concluding volume of Brownson's life, just published, that nothing he ever wrote gave him more labor and required more thought than his articles in THE AVE MARIA. But the labor was well bestowed, since he was able to say: "If my articles have been profitable to no others, their preparation has been profitable to me, and has given me much peace and serenity of mind, quickened my love for Mary and the saints of Our Lord, and rendered dearer both the Catholic faith and the Catholic worship."

—It is said that John Wesley would never advise a young man to marry; in fact, he once plainly warned a young fellow against taking a wife. The probable reason for this singular course is amusingly suggested in Mr. F. T. Snell's new life of Wesley in the series of "The World's Epoch Makers." The author quotes one John Hampson as saying: "Once I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head; and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked up by the roots." One can not help feeling that this was a very undignified position for one of "The World's Epoch Makers." Nor do we wonder that the founder of Methodism did not recklessly advise young men to marry; our wonder is rather that Wesley did not insist on the celibacy of the clergy.

—What a different idea most people would have of the pre-Reformation period if they knew more about the literature of the so-called Dark Ages! A collection of rare old books recently offered for sale in London included a fifteenth-century encyclopædia of Natural History, by one John de Cuba. It contains 360 leaves, printed in double columns, and is embellished with hundreds of woodcuts, large and small. The title-page reads thus:

Ortus Sanitatis. De Herbis et plantis. De Animalibus et reptilibus. De Avibus et volatilibus. De Piscibus et natatilibus. De Lapidibus et in terræ venis nascentibus. De Urinis, et earum speciebus. Tabula medicinalibus cum directorio generali per omnes tractatus.

There was also an illustrated copy of the celebrated encyclopædia of Bartholomæus, translated into English by a Franciscan of the family of the Earls of Suffolk. This important book dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, and its popularity remained in full vigor after the invention of printing. There were as many as ten editions in

the fifteenth century of the Latin copy alone, with eight translations. This book is said to have been much used by Shakespeare. In the ages called Dark there were also guide-books, "contynnyng very necessary matters for all sortes of Travailers, eyther by Sea or by Lande"; and "herballs" and dictionaries. Witness this telltale title:

Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clericorum, Dictionarius Anglo-Latinus Princeps, auctore F. Galfrido Grammatico dicto . . . Circa 1440.

In every large collection of books like the British Museum one may see Bibles and concordances galore, printed before the world had ever heard of Martin Luther. The century will not be much older when only the ignorant will refer to the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen.* \$6.25, net.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

A General History of the Christian Era. *A. Gugenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* \$1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* \$1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$2, net.

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Barry, V. G., of the Archdiocese of Westminster; the Very Rev. James M. Quinan, V. G., Diocese of Antigonish; the Rev. John Brennan, Diocese of Syracuse; and the Rev. Henry M. Calmer, S. J.

Sister Mary of St. Secunda, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother Seraphine, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Mary of the Ascension, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. Robert L. Neal, of Millersburg, Iowa; Mrs. J. C. Heywood, Rome, Italy; Mr. John Miller, Boston, Mass.; Mr. W. G. Wolfe, Wellsville, N. Y.; Mr. Peter Beal, Mr. S. T. Haverty and Miss Mary I. Haverty, Huntington, W. Va.; Mr. Bernard Benzinger and Mrs. Joseph Schwertman, Covington, Ky.; Mr. Patrick Coady, Pana, Ill.; Mr. W. P. Purcell, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Miss Margaret E. Moran, Washington, D. C.; Miss Annie E. Seitz, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Dennis Finnegan, N. Adams, Mass.; Mr. Richard Lister, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Bridget Clancy, Genesee, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Thane, Patrick Barron, Jr., and Mrs. Mary T. Griffin, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Otto Winter and Mr. Frederic Liemann, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Paul Sweeney, Mr. Daniel McNickoll, and Mr. M. A. Gorman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Maher and Mrs. Elizabeth McEnerney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. M. Gorman, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. George Boylston, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, Torrington, Conn.; and Mrs. J. E. Valin, Ottawa, Canada.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 2.

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The Coming of the Rain.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I.

T**I**RED of the shimmering gold
Of sunshine, hot and bold;
Of flowers and trees shrivelled and wan,
Of an earth that a fiery dragon seems to have
breathed upon,
We turn our longing eyes
From the hard, blue skies
To the sharp horizon line. Listen!—a hum,
A whir, and the wild geese come
Flying from winter. Welcome are they!
But soon they speed away;
And still we watch in vain,—
Yet the wild fowl scents the rain!

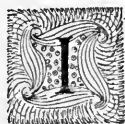
II.

Weary of dust and drouth,
Joyful we hail yon cloud floating up from the south,
Gray and threatening, hiding the sun:
Another still, and another; and heavier every one.
Slowly they spread their sails aloft till the wind,
Stirring first the top of each patient tree,
Lashes the drooping boughs with a fiercer mind;
And the breath of the newly white-capped sea
Twangs, wet and salt, through the air; the day
grows dark;
The wing-folded birds are still, and hark!—
A thud, a clash on the roof—a splash, a dash on
the pane,—
The rain! the rain! the rain!

It is a law of science that sound can not travel through a vacuum,—the sound waves require the atmospheric conditions for their vibration; and this may serve as an analogy that through the spiritual vacuum made by unfaith no divine aid can pass.—*L. Whiting.*

Clergy and People in Medieval England.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.



TIS with great satisfaction that we see applied to the English Middle Ages the same analytico-critical methods that in the hands of a Taine have revolutionized the history of the French Revolution; in the hands of a Janssen, that of the German people before and during the Reformation; and in those of a Pastor, the beginnings of modern papal history. Among the ablest and most useful chapters of the first volume of Janssen is that which deals with ecclesiastical teaching and preaching in the generation that preceded the appearance of Luther. Eusebius-like, the great historian does scarcely more than link together the numerous contemporary and public evidences of official concern for the religious instruction of the people. Whoever peruses those pages must admit that, whatever else was wrong in Germany, there was then no dearth of religious instruction, either oral or printed.

In his learned and timely book, "The Eve of the Reformation" (London, 1900), Dom Gasquet comes back on the same subject, and demolishes for England the same old calumny—viz., that the Catholic clergy were so sunk in vice and ignorance at the time of the Reformation that the latter epoch may well be called a very sunburst of religious knowledge.

In his "Essays on the Reformation," Dr. Samuel Maitland, himself an Anglican, had already shown what lack of veracity, what unprincipled literary methods, one might suspect in all the earliest Protestant writers on the English Reformation, such as Strype, Fox, and Bishop Burnet. In a general way, Mr. James Brewer, the scholarly editor of the papers of Henry VIII. and historian of his life, concludes as a result of documentary labors at first-hand that "the sixteenth century was not a mass of moral corruption out of which life emerged by some process unknown to art or nature; it was not an addled egg cradling a living bird; quite the reverse."

In Germany, England, and the Northern Kingdoms, the Reformation was a work very largely of cupidity and avarice; were it not for the fat revenues and the well-tilled lands of churches and abbeys, the old religion would not have seen arrayed against it those kings and princes who made the fortune of the Luthers and the Cranmers. Nowhere, except in the Peasants' War—and that was a social rebellion—do we see any general voluntary upheaval of the people against the venerable figure of Catholicism; brute force, the treachery of its own agents, and a torrent of calumny were the chief weapons of the first memorable campaign against the authority of the Church. It was reserved for a later period to justify the vast rebellion by pleading, among other attenuating causes, the universal neglect of their pastoral duties by the Catholic clergy, secular as well as regular, in every land of Europe.

If the accusation were true for England, it could only mean a general violation of the English Church law as established in many synods and promulgated in numerous manuals of clerical duty. Thus the Synod of Oxford in 1281 decreed:

We order that every priest having charge of a flock do, four times in each year—that is, once each quarter, on one or more solemn feast-days—either himself or by some one else, instruct the people in the vulgar language, simply and without any fantastical admixture of subtle distinctions, in the articles of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Evangelical Precepts, the seven works of mercy, the seven deadly sins with their offshoots, the seven principal virtues, and the Seven Sacraments.

This means that the whole cycle of Christian doctrine had to be expounded to the people every three months; and, lest the parish priest be in doubt as to the character of the instruction, the synod insists in considerable detail on each of the points mentioned. As late as 1466 a synod of the province of York reiterates this decree and its comment. These regular and homely talks were, of course, more efficient than formal discourses; though the latter were not wanting, as may be seen by the numerous MSS. volumes of mediæval sermons yet preserved. Neglect to assist at these instructions was a matter of confession for the penitent, as the carelessness in delivering them was a reproach to the parish priest. "If you are a priest," says an old pre-Reformation manuscript in the (Oxford) Harleian Library, "be a true lantern to the people both in speaking and in living.... Read God's law and the expositions of the holy doctors, and study and learn and keep it; and when thou knowest it, preach and teach it to those that are unlearned."

So great was the concern for popular religious instruction that this duty was placed above that of hearing Mass. Richard Whitford, the Monk of Sion, writes in his "Work for Householders" (1530) that "if there be a sermon any time of the day let them be present, all that are not occupied in needful and lawful business. All other occupation laid aside, let them ever keep the preachings rather than the Mass, if perchance they may not hear both." That most

popular of the fifteenth-century manuals of religious instruction, the "Dives et Pauper," says that "by preaching folks are stirred to contrition and to forsake sin and the fiend, and to love God and goodness.... By the Mass they are not so; but if they come to Mass in sin they go away in sin, and shrews they come and shrews they wend away.... Both are good, but the preaching of God's word ought to be more discharged and more desired than the hearing of Mass."

Similar advice is found in such works as "The Interpretatyon and Sygnyfycacyon of the Masse," by Robert Wyer (1532); in "The Myrrour of the Church"; in Wynkyn de Worde's "Exornatorium Curatorum"; and in the "English Prymer," printed at Rouen in 1538.

It has often been said and written, very falsely, that the Catholic clergy of the Middle Ages fostered ignorance and superstition in order that they might make pecuniary gain therefrom; hence, for instance, their encouragement of the devotion to images, particularly to the crucifix. What better refutation could we ask than the apposite words of the blessed martyr, Sir Thomas More?*

The flock of Christ is not so foolish as those heretics would make them to be; for whereas there is no dog so mad that he does not know a real coney from a coney carved and painted, yet they would have it supposed that Christian people that have reason in their heads, and therefore the light of faith in their souls, would think that the image of Our Lady were Our Lady herself. Nay, they be not so mad, I trust, but that they do reverence to the image for the honor of the person whom it represents, as every man delights in the image and remembrance of his friend. And although every good Christian has a remembrance of Christ's passion in his mind, and conceives by devout meditation a form and fashion thereof in his heart, yet there is no man, I ween, so good and so learned, nor so well accustomed to meditation, but that he finds himself more moved to pity and compassion by beholding the holy crucifix than when he lacks it.

How maliciously the first reformers dealt with the common people is strikingly put in a discourse of Roger Edgworth, a preacher of the reign of Queen Mary:

Now, at the dissolution of the monasteries and friars' houses, many images have been carried abroad and given to children to play with; and when the children have them in their hands, dancing them in their childish manner, the father or mother comes and says: "What, Nase, what have you there?" The child answers (as she is taught): "I have here my idol." Then the father laughs and makes a gay game at it. So says the mother to another: "Jagge or Tommy, where did you get that pretty idol?"—"John, our parish clerk, gave it to me," says the child; and for that the clerk must have thanks and shall not lack good cheer. But if the folly were only in the insolent youth and in the fond, unlearned fathers and mothers, it might soon be redressed.

In the very popular fifteenth-century religious manual already referred to, the "Dives et Pauper," the devotion to the crucifix, and especially the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday known as the "Creeping to the Cross," is explained with admirable correctness and terseness. Few modern English books of devotion can boast a language so chaste and idiomatic, or so much clearness and conciseness of statement, or so much unction and pathos. And are not the following lines a noble paraphrase of the great medieval hymn to the dolours of Jesus Christ Crucified, notably the *Salve Caput Cruentatum*?

When thou seest the image of the crucifix think of Him that died on the cross for thy sins and thy sake, and thank Him for His endless charity that He would suffer so much for thee. See in images how His head was crowned with a garland of thorns till the blood burst out on every side, to destroy the great sin of pride which is most manifested in the heads of men and women. Behold and make an end to thy pride. See in the image how His arms were spread abroad and drawn up on the tree till the veins and sinews cracked; and how His hands were nailed to the cross and streambed with blood, to destroy the sin that Adam and Eve did with their hands when they took the apple against God's prohibition. Also He suffered to wash away the sin of the wicked deeds and the wicked works done by the hands of men and women. Behold and make an end of thy wicked

* "Salem and Bizance." A dialogue betwixt two Englishmen, whereof one was called Salem and the other Bizance. London: Berthelet, 1533.

works. See how His side was opened and His heart cloven in two by the sharp spear; and how it shed blood and water to show that if He had more blood in His body, more He would have given for men's love. He shed His blood to ransom our souls and water to wash us from our sins.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries manuscript manuals of instruction abounded among the clergy, as the inventories and wills of the period show. Among these were the favorite "Pars Oculi Sacerdotis," with its "Dextra" and "Sinistra Pars"; also the "Pupilla Oculi Sacerdotis," of John de Burgo. Similar manuals are among the precious incunabula of the English press. In his valuable essay, "The Old English Bible" (London, 1898), Dom Gasquet has gone over in detail many other evidences of popular religious instruction in pre-Reformation England. The written sources of religious edification were accessible not only to the common people of England but also to those of Wales and Ireland.

Vernacular prayer-books continued to be published in Welsh down to the end of Henry's reign; even later, says the Rev. J. Fisher.* "It is rather a curious fact," he adds, "that nearly all the Welsh manuals of devotion and instruction, of any size, published in the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century were the productions of Welsh Roman Catholics and published on the Continent."

The researches of Janssen and others have clearly shown that originally and for a considerable time ecclesiastics considered the printing-press as a most desirable means of religious propaganda. Bibles, prayers, sermons, catechisms; spiritual exhortations, examinations of conscience, reprints of popular hand-

books of religion, woodcuts of saints, and religious art-works, issued in great numbers from the presses of Cologne, Paris, Venice, Rome, and other cities. Their titles may be seen in the repositories of Hain, Copinger, and Panzer.

What modern journalism does for the artist of the twentieth century as bread-giver, that was done in the olden times by churchmen, who have ever looked on the illuminated page, the decorated book, the ecstasied saint, the patient martyr as true "helps" to religion. King Ethelbert beheld and was touched by the picture of Christ that Augustine bore at the head of his procession of monks that famous day in Kent. And we are told that the rude Bulgarian kings were first moved by a picture of the Last Judgment. In the judicious words which follow, Dom Gasquet emphasizes for pre-Reformation England a similar spiritual preoccupation on the part of her clergy and a corresponding earnestness on the part of the Catholic laity.

In taking a general survey of the books issued by the English presses upon the introduction of the art of printing, the inquirer can hardly fail to be struck with the number of religious or quasi-religious works which formed the bulk of the early printed books. This fact alone is sufficient evidence that the invention which at this period worked a veritable revolution in the intellectual life of the world was welcomed by the ecclesiastical authorities as a valuable auxiliary in the work of instruction. In England the first presses were set up under the patronage of churchmen, and a very large proportion of the early books were actually works of instruction or volumes furnishing materials to the clergy for the familiar and simple discourses which they were accustomed to give four times a year to their people. Besides the large number of what may be regarded as professional books, chiefly intended for use by the ecclesiastical body, such as missals, manuals, breviaries, and horæ, and the primers and other prayer-books used by the laity, there was an ample supply of religious literature published in the early part of the sixteenth century.

In fact, the bulk of the early printed English books were of a religious character; and as the publication of such volumes was evidently a matter of business on the part of the first English printers, it is obvious that this class of literature

* "The Private Devotions of the Welsh." London, 1898. For similar literature in Irish see Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland," New York (Scribners), 1899; and the *New Ireland Review*, passim.

commanded a ready sale, and that the circulation of such books was fostered by those in authority at that period. Volumes of sermons, works of instruction on the Creed and the Commandments, lives of the saints and popular expositions of Scripture-history, were not only produced but passed through several editions in a short space of time. The evidence, consequently, of the productions of the first English printing-presses goes to show not only that religious books were in great demand, but also that, so far from discouraging the use of such works of instruction, the ecclesiastical authorities actively helped in their diffusion.

In the Middle Ages the principles, spirit, ideals and aims of the Church had so interpenetrated the popular life that only the smallest part of her actual teaching was represented by the spoken and the written word. All the phenomena of social life were colored, transfigured, by the spirit of religion. The public square—no longer *forum* or *agora*—was like an enormous open-air vestibule to the cathedral, parish or abbey church. On it the dramatic “mysteries,” processions, “penances,” and other popular forms of religious life were enacted with every recurring festival of high or low degree. To a great extent it was the church of the people, in which they executed, not without love and piety, the offices of their own rude and fantastic liturgy. Within the churches another free and large liturgical worship displayed its charms, more orderly and traditional, yet endlessly new and universally artistic; natural, too, like the flowering of a mountain side in spring.

The churches themselves were huge folios in stone—“the books of the unlearned,” easily read by people, yet accessible to the old patristic mysticism that culminated in a St. Bernard, yet looking to the desert as a refuge from the cosmic sin and shame of life, and whose native sense for symbolism was undulled by the scholastic formalism of a later time. There was everywhere a picturesque and plastic “public prayer” understood of all, whose multitudinous social influences Dom Guéranger and

his Benedictine school have admirably illustrated for the last forty years. Painting and sculpture and music—all the Muses, in fact, began anew their careers in the shadow of such great minsters as Strasburg, Freiburg, Reims, Westminster and Chartres. A hundred minor arts, the *Kleinkünste*, acted as ordinary skilled tutors to eye and hand and brain, potently and sweetly drawing forth every latent capacity of race or family or surroundings or traditions. Something holy and soulful they infused into every product of man’s handiwork; something highly personal and unique, stifling in every raw material the coarse and deathly grossness of it, which else had led the Middle Ages, as all others, into idolatry. Let the Catholic reader, especially, meditate deeply on what John Ruskin has written concerning the artistic life of medieval Florence and Venice.

In these and many other ways the medieval peoples enjoyed a religious teaching, at once living, pleasing, artistic, manifold; the outcome of a deep and universal conviction that this world and life, though good, were transitory; that man had an immortal soul for which he was responsible to a beneficent but just Creator; that society had its end in God, its savior and ensample in Jesus, its nurse and guide in the Church. Folly and turbulence and grossness and ignorance there were, of course. But those peoples were not, like us, incapable of hearing or appreciating divine warnings. The passion of gigantic wealth was not in them; they would not if they could, turn the world into one workshop and poison the pure air of heaven with the filth and the darkness of the breath of avarice. We may well look back to them as we meditate on the probable issue of the principles and forces that are idolized to-day—Plutus and Mammon and the minor gods that serve them.

The mediæval people, though violent and narrow, because young, were not draped in a stoical self-righteousness nor sunk in a practical atheism; neither had they our Judaic stiffness of neck and hardness of heart. *Sanabiles fecit nationes* ("It is possible to heal the fevers of life") they thought. But it could be done only by a divine Physician, working at the true roots of evil and misery,—the mind's darkened eye and the heart's perverted inclinations. This is why they all held so firmly to the heavenly pedagogy of tears, contrition, compunction, satisfaction, and lifelong sorrow; why they produced those good works of art and charity whose splendor yet attracts and consoles us. All told, are we more moral and holy than the men of the age of Saint Louis of France and Saint Francis of Assisi?

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—MR. MORAN ASKS A QUESTION.

MARTHA," said Mr. Henry Moran next morning, as he stood upon the steps drawing on his driving gloves preparatory to setting out for the station and the eight o'clock train, "we have some neighbors now, have we not?"

He was addressing his housekeeper, who tossed her head with a significant gesture as she answered:

"Oh, indeed and we have, sir!"

Martha Finney was lean of figure, severe of visage—indeed Severity sat enthroned amongst her wrinkles,—and acid of tone. But she was an excellent housekeeper, directing and controlling the household with consummate skill; and faithful to her employer in word and deed so long as he succeeded in giving her satisfaction.

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Moran.

Careless as was his tone, the inquiry gave Martha Finney a shock. Her master had never asked a question concerning any soul in that town; and, though she knew he had heard that the house next door was taken and had been annoyed by the circumstance, she could not understand why he should ask this question. Martha felt an immediate distrust, and it accentuated her instinctive antagonism to the people next door.

"Who are they!" Martha repeated, with marked acidity. "It would be hard to tell that, I reckon. One thing I know is that they do their own work. And such a screechin' and laughin' as they keep up for hours,—wakin' honest people and makin' game of folks and the like!"

A faint but unmistakable smile passed over Henry's face as he struggled with a refractory glove button. Martha, perceiving, hoped it was a contraction of the muscles. But, in truth, Henry Moran heard just then not Martha's vinegar accents, but the sound of a laugh rippling through the moonlit atmosphere, and the musical ring of a girl's voice; and, though he looked at Martha Finney, he saw a young girl, in some light, flowing garments, muslin or silk, or he knew not what, standing on the stump of a tree and kissing her finger-tips to his sombre mansion. He glanced at the walls now, as if his estimate of them had somehow changed, while he listened to Martha's fearful pronouncement:

"Mr. Moran, sir, in the short time they've been here they're in debt to the grocer and butcher."

"Well," he replied, looking grimly at Martha, with a swift return to his ordinary manner, "how does that affect me? They don't owe *me* anything."

"No, sir—no, of course they do not," Martha admitted grudgingly, as if she

almost wished they did owe him something that he might have a substantial grievance against them. The woman, indeed, felt utterly discomfited. She had ventured beyond all bounds in thus repeating gossip to her master, who not only abhorred it, but who chose to live, so far as his home life was concerned, totally apart from his neighbors, knowing nothing of them and being as far as possible unknown to them. She had been led on, it is true, by that unwonted inquiry on the part of her employer; but she had an underlying motive in what she had said: in the first place, the jealous dislike which age—such age as Martha Finney's—often has for youth, especially when combined with beauty. Those happy peals of laughter had disturbed her, as not only jarring upon the quiet, but as pointing a contrast to her own more than middle-aged spinsterhood, and reminding her of the distance she had gone upon the journey since her own laughing days.

Deeper than all this in her consciousness was an unacknowledged fear. Mr. Moran was, after all, not a sphinx—though he chose to play that part,—but a man ever in danger from the lightning of young eyes and the poison, from Martha Finney's view-point, which lurked in the bloom of rounded cheeks. Even had Henry Moran been old, Martha would still have thought him in peril. But he was really young, only thirty-five; and there were those beings, arrayed in muslin and lace and such fripperies, brought to his very door, where he could scarcely avoid hearing their jests and their laughter.

She had no doubt whatever that these people were adventurers; and by the time Henry Moran had jumped into the dogcart and had taken the reins from the groom, she had convinced herself that they had taken the house next door for no other purpose than that of

entrapping the millionaire stockbroker. Such was the ferment excited in poor Martha Finney by that single inquiry.

"It's only on your account, sir; I know well how you dislikes to have the quiet of the place disturbed by noisy folks like that."

Henry Moran gave her a strange look as he replied:

"Don't you worry about me, Martha. I am not easily disturbed."

There had been only one grain of comfort in the whole interview: her employer had given her the following instruction:

"I should feel obliged if no questions concerning me, as to my age, pursuits, or anything of the sort, would be answered. Let the other servants know this."

Martha nodded.

"You may depend on me, sir,—you may depend on me," she repeated two or three times, as if to emphasize the statement. And as Mr. Moran, with a careless "Good-morning!" drove away she looked after him jubilantly.

"Ah, he knows them!" she muttered to herself. "He's taken your measures, my young madams!"

And she gave a nod and a bitter side-glance toward the rambling cottage, where the little family were assembled around the breakfast table, looking very rueful over a bill which had just come in, and which, the mother said, there was no means whatever of paying.

Martha went back to her work; for it must be owned that she was scarcely ever idle, and she had been doing a great deal of extra cleaning since the spring had brought fine weather and she had been able to throw open windows and doors, and to put curtains and rugs and cushions out in the warm sunshine. But, work as she would, she was haunted all that day by a phantom evoked by that one short sentence in the mouth of an uncommunicative and

certainly uninquisitive man. Every once in a while the feather duster dropped from her hand or the broom stood idle as she posed, a turbaned figure,—for a cloth was wound round her head to save it from the dust. This gave her a venerable aspect, as though she were some Eastern mystic pondering on the course of the stars. And once or twice the servants caught her thus and snickered among themselves, wondering what was up with old Martha.

Tremulous with some hidden emotion, she turned once or twice furiously upon these intruders and sent them flying with their pails and their mops in various directions, as a general might send invading detachments into besieged towns. Soon the secrets of long-unused cupboards were laid bare, but from every one she opened a hollow voice seemed to repeat that portentous question:

“Who are they? Who are they?”

The passages re-echoed it; it rushed down the stairs and in at the window, where the saucy branches of trees were protruding themselves; and the sound of the broom on the carpet and the slopping of water in the pails were voiceful with it. For what did not that inquiry portend? Martha asked herself to what lengths might it not carry that silent man, after years of reticence? She told herself over and over again that the matter had got on her nerves; and that if Mr. Moran had asked the question, it was as much in condemnation, in displeasure at the intrusion upon his privacy, as in either interest or admiration.

But it was of no use. The more she thought of the whole incident the less she liked it; and she hurled defiance from every window which overlooked the cottage; pausing occasionally for an inquisitive stare at the figures she could perceive moving about in the rooms, or at the arrangement of the furniture.

And each time she resumed her work with a contemptuous sniff, brushing or polishing with a concentrated energy, as though she were revenging her fancied wrongs on the inanimate objects around her. And as she brushed and as she polished, she muttered ever and anon to herself: “Who are they, indeed? I wonder who are they?”

IV.—KING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

That day was an unusually hard one for Mr. Henry Moran in Wall Street. All week long an undertone of heaviness had pervaded the stock market, in spite of ineffectual efforts to shake off the dulness. Mining shares had been particularly “soft,” and there had been a decided drop in railways and in bank shares. But this was the day of fluctuations, which try even the most practised nerves to the utmost. Stocks rose rapidly, only to drop as speedily; every moment the excitement grew and the battle of Mammon raged with ever-increasing fury. Keeness, firmness, coolness, endurance, probity, were matched against the more ignoble qualities of shrewdness, cunning, avarice and commercial dishonesty.

Intellects met and flashed against one another, scintillating like sharp swords. Warm and generous hearts grew cold with the fierceness of the tiger; nerves were strained to a fearful tension; every physical ailment was forgotten for the moment only to be intensified later on; faces grew gray and haggard, eyes shone luridly, hands trembled, limbs became palsied. The old fought with a more desperate rancor than the young, to whom the game was but beginning, and for whom other encounters and other chances might be in store. On these old faces the lines and scars of many such engagements stood out prominently in the rage of contest, and told of victories which had sometimes meant moral

defeat, and of failures which signified ultimate success.

Men hurried along that narrow and crowded Wall Street, as though pursued by phantoms, giving silent nods or curt sentences to the passing acquaintance; or they gathered in eager knots on the corners, or perhaps thronged the Stock Exchange itself. There, high-pitched, straining voices, jostling figures, uplifted faces distorted by fear or avarice or anger, offered a fearful commentary on human civilization. Loud and angry words were heard occasionally; groans, altercations, with the deep and anxious breathing from panting chests; then the sudden silence, the terrified inquiries, the awful announcements, which meant death-sentences to some, fortunes swept away, ruin, and sometimes dishonor and despair.

A mere outsider could hardly describe such a scene or interpret its significance. Shades of feeling, modes of action, and happenings which may be triumphs or disasters, must be lost upon such a one for want of the key to the cipher. He beholds the outward results only, and trembles as in presence of some elemental disorder.

In the thick of it all was Henry Moran, a noticeable figure. Eyes were turned upon him anxiously, as the arbiter of many a destiny, holding the thread of tangled skeins, and himself heavily involved in so many operations. He stood imperturbably calm when the excitement was at its height, his face giving no clue whatever to his thoughts. If he won, it was without elation; if he lost, his countenance changed not at all. He heard of the ruin of men and the downfall of firms which amounted to financial cataclysms without the quiver of an eyelash. He possessed the rare faculty of perfect concentration, and he fixed his whole powers in one resolve—the controlling of the situation; in other

words, the preservation, by unparalleled knowledge, prudence and self-control, of his own interests, and those of others with which his own were involved.

At one instant during that day he was disturbed by the vision of a young girl standing upon a tree stump and kissing her finger-tips to the venerable neighbor of her imagination; and this vision was so tangible that he brushed his hand abruptly across his eyes as though to drive it thence; whilst clear above the clamor about him he heard the musical tones and the laughter. It was a very senseless thing; for Henry Moran had travelled much, and had studied men and women as students study books; and he had been smiled upon, courted and lionized by women of many social grades. Therefore it was very absurd; and in his vexation this man of action cried out to himself that he regretted not having purchased that property next door, so that in his own precincts, at least, he might remain undisturbed.

But *did* he regret? With a curious feeling of astonishment he suddenly discovered that, so far from regretting the circumstance, he was particularly glad of it; and that the renting of that house by just such neighbors gave his own a new aspect altogether. He was very angry when that moment's diversion of his thoughts permitted an opponent to score a point against him. His trained intellect had for a moment strayed; his penetrating eye had missed that which it should have noted. The animated scene about him was not so intolerable to this veteran as it would have been to a tyro at this game, at this battle of the gods. But he caught himself more than once, aware of its feverish restlessness, contrasting it with another scene, whitened by moonlight, to which a soul and a meaning had been given by those human personalities on

the other side of the hedge from his lawn,—or rather by one of them. Henry Moran was honest with himself and never shirked an issue. It was not those girls next door who interested him: it was one of them—that one who stood upon the tree stump, who danced over the lawn, who addressed him with mock respect,—that one of the musical voice and ringing laugh.

Once, when the din of battle rang the loudest, he fancied he could hear that singular query: "I wonder if we should be happier if we were rich?" Oh, the ignorance of the world which those words betrayed,—the blissful, innocent ignorance! Or was it a profounder wisdom? Then he seemed to hear himself sharply and suddenly arraigned, as before some mysterious tribunal: "I wonder what that old man next door does with his money? Does he help any people?"

At this stage he called up his ideas with a jerk, and after that he kept himself pretty well in hand; for he had so disciplined himself as to be able to control his thoughts and feelings, much as trained horses may curb and subdue several restless animals and keep them at a given pace. But those words so far took root in his inner consciousness that he was influenced to perform one or two generous actions that day, and to help or to spare some who, unaided, must have been crushed. On the whole, Mr. Henry Moran came out of that "panicky" day remarkably well. He stood when the day was done as a tower amongst the fallen. Many wrecks strewed the plain,—fallen fortunes, blasted reputations, ruined lives. Some, it is true, would rise again, phoenix-like; others go downward, ever downward, to that financial abyss which becomes at last bottomless.

His few fellow-survivors clapped him on the shoulder, laughing exultantly,

and inviting him to drink champagne, which during business hours he invariably refused; and he was at all times singularly abstemious. They greeted him with such exclamations as:

"Moran's luck again! I say, old chappie, you must have made a pile. You did Snooks & Company up brown in that deal."

"It's beastly tiresome work upon a hot day," Moran responded, carelessly.

It was his rule after such a victory to talk it all over with the others; to spy out reasons for defeat in this case and failure in that; and, from the clashing of sharp intellects, to learn more of the inner science of that strife in which the men of his world were engaged. And if he did not drink champagne, he paid for it for others; and sat with them among the popping of corks and the smoke of cigars, watching them thoughtfully, and wondering betimes at the traits of character he saw revealed.

They were a curious lot of men, these frequenters of the Stock Exchange,—a type apart, and yet varying widely among themselves: from the "chappies" with blue-ribboned hats and flannels, to the grave and respectable bankers or substantial brokers, sober in dress and sententious in speech; from the cosmopolitan who returned from wanderings about the world with the stamp of the world's originality and many-sidedness upon him, to the gilded youth who had just run over to England and returned an Anglo-Saxon.

Henry Moran had only one thought upon this occasion—to get away from all of them; to sail across the water which divided him from the Jersey shore and to board the train which should convey him home,—home, which had never been so dear and so attractive before. He was impatient of these men, with their jargon, which, though intelligible, was at the time repulsive to him.

He hated the Anglo-Saxon in particular, and had a fierce desire to snatch the monocle from his eye and to beg him to speak in honest American speech, and to refrain from calling attention to the cut of his clothes. But none of these things he did; and serenely allowed himself to be called "old chappie," and to hear New York apostrophized as "a beastly hole" and London as the centre of the universe. He heard himself congratulated over and over upon his success, and his name whispered from table to table in the restaurant whither he had repaired, in company with the other victorious ones; and through it all, like an echo, rang those other words which represented the reverse side of the medal: "I wonder does he use his possessions for anybody's good?"

"Confound it all!" he said to himself. "I shall have to get away from here. I can't stand these fellows an instant longer!"

Then he rose with scant ceremony, bade them a curt farewell, and took a parting shot at the Anglo-Saxon by telling him to put off those cockney airs and to cease making "a confounded ass" of himself,—not a very complimentary way of parting from a fellow-combatant in a successful fight. It was received by all the men who occupied that and the surrounding tables with a shout of laughter and a jingling of glasses; while a few enthusiastic diners, into whose heads the champagne had mounted, began to call out for three cheers "for Henry Moran, the King of the Stock Exchange!" These were given with gusto, as the brokers had the place pretty much to themselves; and Henry Moran passed out hastily, with an expression approaching contempt upon his face, and yet a certain thrill of elation in the plaudits which thus greeted his new victories.

(To be continued.)

Trust.

WHAT matters it, dear God,
How fast the years
Are borne away?
What matter that our feet have trod
The path of tears?—
Thou art our stay.

Our footsteps falter, God,
And follow slow
The way divine;
But we will walk where Thou hast trod;
Thy voice we know;
Our hearts are Thine.

A Remarkable Mother and Son.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

II.—AMERICA.

IT is strange that Gallitzin's sudden immersion should have effected as sudden a change in his character. Up to then he was the refined, romantic, purposeless youth; henceforth he is a man of energy and action—devoted, self-sacrificing, ready to do and dare anything in the great cause to which he was about to give his life. Almost the first news received in Germany from our traveller was the very astounding intelligence that he had resolved to leave all things and settle down in America as a poor, despised missionary of the Cross of Christ.

Mitri, her own beloved Mitri—dear and good, it is true, but somewhat of a "softy," a purposeless dreamer,—now a priest, and above all a missionary! His mother could hardly believe her senses. This was the son to whom but a few years before she had written: "It is a wretched thing that a youth of eighteen should be a child. He can not, of course, as yet be a *man*; but he must be a *youth* and no longer a *child*, if he ever means to be a man."

And now Princess Amalie had a hard

time of it. She was a chronic invalid, a great sufferer. With all her seeming harshness toward Mitri, she loved him dearly and well. Yet she had to bear not only his loss, but to be blamed by her husband and all her relatives for being in the secret,—for having known “all about it” throughout. And when able to disprove this assertion, she was still accused of having, through her exaggerated piety, been the means of putting such high-flown ideas into the young man’s head. The Prince was the first to recognize his mistake and to write a generous letter to his wife, freeing her from all blame; which, considering his grievous disappointment, was most creditable to him.

The Gallitzins were indeed in a very awkward position. As Demetrius held an ensign’s commission in the Russian army, and was due in St. Petersburg at the end of two years at the latest, his father now wrote to him commanding him, almost entreating him, to return; for he foresaw clearly enough what a refusal would entail. According to Russian law, he would be disinherited for becoming a Catholic priest; but besides this he would, because of his neglect to take up his commission, be looked upon as a quasi-deserter, and be banished from the empire as a rebel.

It was now that the full beauty and magnanimity of Amalie Gallitzin were seen in their true light. Her absolute unworldliness, her reverence for the slightest whisper of the Divine Voice were so great that never once did she seek to turn Mitri from his purpose, beyond quietly laying the state of the case before him for his own judgment. In spite of worry and opposition and a good deal of secret heartache, in the depths of her great soul she rejoiced and gloried in the vocation of her son.

When the Princess had given Mitri the Bishop of Hildesheim’s introduction to

the Bishop of Baltimore, she no doubt imagined him one of those dignitaries of the Church, such as they were in Germany—a temporal lord, a man of weight, who lived in a palace and had a large seminary and other ecclesiastical establishments under his control. How different was the real state of the case!

John Carroll had been named Bishop in 1790, two years before Gallitzin’s arrival. He belonged to one of those honorable families that had come over to America in Lord Baltimore’s time and settled in Maryland. His relative Charles was a true-hearted patriot, who had signed the treaty of American Independence. Demetrius found Bishop Carroll living a life of truly evangelical poverty and hardship. Beyond a small private fortune, he possessed no means except such as, with some difficulty, he derived from Europe; for no endowment went with the episcopal dignity.

Carroll had received his ecclesiastical education in France, where he had formed many friendly relations. Hence when the revolution broke out several distinguished French priests came to America and offered him their services. Among these were the Abbé Dubois, who founded a celebrated educational establishment at Emmitsburg, and died in extreme old age as the first Bishop of New York; Flaget, Bishop of Louisville; Bruté, afterward Bishop of Vincennes; and Nagot, president of the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. When first this little band of devoted men came to the new country, they had to earn their daily bread by giving French lessons; and only after mastering the difficulties of the English language were they able to help Bishop Carroll in the care of souls.

The Abbé Nagot soon founded an establishment for training youths for the priesthood; it was on so tiny a scale and so humble in its beginnings

it could hardly be called a seminary. Among its candidates for the priesthood, Mr. Badin was the first and Demetrius Gallitzin the second.

At first, of course, Gallitzin took up his abode in the quasi-seminary simply for convenience' sake—as a visitor,—for Brosius, his travelling companion, had been sent off to another mission; so he was alone. But he had hardly been Abbé Nagot's guest for two months ere he wrote a letter to Münster, in which he said that he had dedicated himself, soul and body, with all that he had and all that he was, to God's service and the salvation of his neighbor in America; and that what had led him to this resolve was the urgent need of workers in the Lord's vineyard. He saw that priests in this country had often to ride for forty or fifty hours or more to administer the Sacraments to the faithful. He could scarcely fear that any one would doubt the sincerity of his vocation, considering the prospect of very hard work which it entailed.

This was indeed true. Mitri had well counted the cost; for was he not living in the heart of the painful but glorious self-immolation which characterized those first Catholic missionaries? There was nothing feverish or spasmodic in his resolve: the sacred fire had been quietly kindled in his heart; little was *said* by him at any time, only much was *done*.

The young man was to receive no outward encouragement. The letter to which I have just referred was written to his confessor in Münster,—a good man, a Franciscan friar, *but* a man of the eighteenth century. He seems to have been too much alarmed to reply. Only after a second letter from Mitri had made it clear that his advice was no longer needed, and that the decisive step had already been taken, did he pluck up courage to write. In a long-

winded Latin epistle, full of platitudes, he, a son of St. Francis, dared not positively say, "Give up this high-flown nonsense and return to your family"; but he said that it was Mitri's duty to consult his father, and to do nothing till he obtained his consent. Alas for the friar if *his* blessed founder had followed such advice!

Demetrius had, of course, written to him in confidence, with the express recommendation to say nothing even to his mother for the present; for he had made up his mind not to proceed in the matter till he had waited a reasonable time for a reasonable answer. The reply failed to come; and when at length the friar did write, it transpired that Demetrius' first letter had been handed him by the Princess herself, who said she had received but a short, unsatisfactory letter from her son; and as the Father's seemed to be a longer letter, she asked him if he would read it and tell her what her son wished or was doing.

"As I had forgotten my spectacles," the worthy man writes, "Dr. Overberg, who was also present, offered to read the letter aloud, which he did from beginning to end. How I felt during the reading and how overcome the reader himself was you can not well imagine. What deep sorrow filled my heart as I saw your mother look so sad and anxious! Herr von Fürstenberg was absolutely silent. Oh, how I sighed when I noticed that I had been the innocent cause of so much sorrow!"

The poor young student, so far from receiving encouragement, was disturbed by long letters from all sides, seeking to change his purpose. Even good men could not appreciate the heights of such a vocation as this. Such a new experience in the even tenor of the dear old Münster existence puzzled the saintly Overberg himself,—who, however, soon

came to Gamaliel's conclusion—"If it be of men it will come to naught; if it be of God no one can resist it,"—and contented himself with merely exhorting his young friend to prove his own heart earnestly, and not to be in too great a hurry to take any irrevocable step.

The excellent Von Fürstenberg winced at the scandal of the Cross,—at the trials and humiliations of an unknown missionary in a strange land. If Mitri really wished to be a priest, he wrote, why not return to Europe, where such a vocation could at least be carried out in a manner suitable to his rank and position? It can, therefore, be no matter of surprise that Mitri's Protestant relatives should be furious. His uncle, a Russian general, wrote that he considered certain enthusiasts must be to blame for making his nephew forget his rank and family, as well as all sense of fitness and propriety, to embrace "a state of shame and disgrace."

In the meantime, as Gallitzin's German biographer writes, "his mother, though she was the hardest hit and had to bear the brunt of the storm, behaved much the most sensibly. She wrote immediately to the Abbé Nagot, the Bishop of Baltimore, and Herr Brosius. And when, through their answers and the letters of her son, she felt assured that it was a true vocation, she was unconcerned as to the worldly consequences of so unusual a proceeding, and exulted in the happiness of being the mother of a young man so superior to the colorless, commonplace personalities of these times as to have been capable of choosing such a state of life."

Prince Gallitzin (or Herr Schmet, as he was called) was all the while quietly pursuing his studies in Georgetown, to which place the little seminary had been removed from Baltimore. Humility had doubtless much to say to the ugly *alias* to which Gallitzin persistently clung;

but in the first instance it had been motivated by a little human prudence. A prince is often fleeced; and Mitri's father had wisely suggested that the American tour could be made equally pleasant at half the expense if the young man travelled as plain Herr Schmet.

In 1793 his mother writes: "The greatest—nay, the only happiness that can rejoice the heart of man here below is to be able to put himself just there where God would have him be, and then to fill that post worthily and well." She goes on to assure him that all the reproaches and unpleasantnesses she may have to bear on his account will be accepted cheerfully; and that she can conceive no greater delight, no more splendid reward for all her sorrows and cares than to see the son of her heart standing at God's altar. Only two things would she ask of him: first, not to hurry—carefully to examine his own heart before taking the irrevocable step; secondly, to promise her to keep his freedom—not to bind himself by vow to the American mission; for, though determined not to keep back anything in her sacrifice, she could not as yet face the thought of never seeing her only son again.

Gallitzin's friends were of opinion that by a timely, merely temporary return to Europe, some settlement might be made with the Russian government so that at least part of his inheritance might come to him. However, a request for his return had been anticipated by Demetrius, who had at once written to say that he renounced every claim to his inheritance. In a letter to Amalie the elder Gallitzin explains that the mere fact of their son having become a priest disinherited him according to Russian law. And he adds:

"All that I have will consequently go to Mimi, whom, however, I know to be honorable and generous, so that her

conscience would never allow her to rob her brother in order to enrich herself. . . . If you wish you may send on this letter to Mitri. It will save me the pain of writing to him myself. I must add, however, that, in my opinion, if a nobleman renounces the profession of arms to which he is destined by his birth and enters the Church, he can do no less than become either a missionary or a monk, if he wishes to prove to the world that the career to which he was entitled was abandoned neither through cowardice nor ambition."

(To be continued.)

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.—AN ELOQUENT MAN.

"A GOLDEN night," said the Young Lady from Georgetown. "The moon has turned the front of the Capitol yellow, not silver-white as usual. We walked to the end of the street just to look at it."

"It goes with the general tint of politics," said the Critic. "Everything is gold now."

"Silence is golden," put in the Convert. "I can't say that you've ever shown a tendency toward—"

"I confess that I am a bimetallist," answered the Critic, easily, "with a tendency to gold."

"We are under the reign of the rich. If I may make a pun, there is a veritable rain of gold for the few," observed the Newspaper-man, with awful seriousness. "The plutocrat is hiding the sun of righteousness from us; he is darkening the earth; he is ravaging the corn-fields of the people; he is destroying the harvest."

"I used to be a preacher myself," the Convert said, "but I never made a metaphor like *that*. How can a rich

man destroy the harvest in order to increase his wealth—if you mean—"

"I mean what I say," responded the Newspaper-man. "It is not a question of metaphor: it's a question of life and death. The poor are growing poorer; the rich, richer; the strident cries of the oppressed classes are invoking the unappeasable vengeance of Heaven."

"I thought eloquence went out with the last campaign," murmured the Critic.

"Eloquence will never go out of fashion, except with the effete slaves of capital," answered the Newspaper-man. "Let cynics sneer,—the truth must prevail."

"He is very earnest," whispered the Young Lady from Georgetown to the Lady of the House. "We might all do more,—but I imagine that the rich generally think themselves too poor to do more than they do. The richer you are, the poorer you think you are."

"The rich are always poor in spirit," said the Newspaper-man, catching the whisper and looking on the Young Lady from Georgetown with approval; "which in their case means that you are to promote the virtue of poverty by keeping other persons poor."

"Do you really think that the rich are so bad as they are represented to be?" asked the Host.

"Worse—they are worse!" retorted the Newspaper-man. "The fact that the poor are becoming poorer is patent; the result will be a revolution to which the French Terror will be a trifle."

The Lady of the House shuddered.

"Another cup of tea—"

"Tea!—luxuries!" exclaimed the Newspaper-man. "These are the things that are offered us. 'Why don't you eat cakes,' inquired the Princess de Lamballe, 'if you haven't any bread?' That's modern philosophy,—unattainable luxuries offered to the starving!"

"That poor Princess de Lamballe!"

said the Young Lady from Georgetown. "She is always accused of anything dreadful just because she was a friend of Marie Antoinette."

"If it was not Madame de Lamballe, it was somebody else of the same kind," said the Newspaper-man. "Out of this seething, multitudinous discontent will come a hideous monster. The poor will rise; the revolt of the submerged tenth is at hand; economic conditions must be changed; the French Revolution is an example of the ruin wrought by heartless plutocracies. The result was that the poor swept all before them."

"I beg pardon!" the Host said. "It was not the poor that made the French Revolution, but the well-to-do middle classes, and—some persons say—the intrigues of the House of Orleans. The very poor do not revolt effectively: they die of famine."

"Oh," continued the Newspaper-man, "when I sit here in comfort and think of what the rich might do for the poor, I writhe,—actually writhe! I feel that they ought to go out into the darkness and call for their brothers, entreat them and embrace them,—that never from the gloom of the future may come the appealing voice of Lazarus."

"After all," said the Young Lady from Georgetown, "the rich—if you can lump any class of people under that title—do a great deal of good. Even those whose diamond tiaras are noted in the newspapers, and who cover the walls of their houses, at a dinner party, with American Beauty roses, do very much; and they are, as a rule, willing to assist in the realization of any great idea. The American millionaire is of all men the most susceptible to the influence of great ideas."

"Except one—that he may make the poor richer!" cried the Newspaper-man.

"Your great idea is," said the Convert, pleasantly, "that the poor should year

by year become richer, and the rich poorer, until they are equal."

"Exactly!" said the Newspaper-man.

"A second Daniel come to judgment."

"And when they are equally well off?"

"The saner laws of economics will be applied, and they will remain so."

"Everybody will have a cup of tea with exactly two lumps of sugar in it, whether he likes two lumps or not?"

"The matter is too serious to joke about," said the Newspaper-man, with dignity. "The rich have forgotten their duties—"

"No, no!" protested the Lady of the House. "Your accusation is too general. Women in society—I suppose you mean that sort of people when you speak of the rich—are not unmindful of their responsibilities. Some of them, perhaps, wait to have them pointed out; and there are almoners of the poor who do not hesitate to do it."

"You women do not understand the evil effect of alms on character: a bone cast as it were to hunted dogs. Tea!" cried the Newspaper-man; "tea and talk! And the world plunging forward toward a bottomless abyss because the plutocrat will not realize that under the celestial dome all men are equal. Here we sit—we who are not rich—dawdling over moth-eaten problems."

"Moth-eaten—" began the Convert.

"But, according to your theory," said the Young Lady from Georgetown, in her interest, forgetting the Convert, "we must be rich before we can begin to have duties, since it is only the rich that seem to have responsibilities. Therefore let us all form stock companies."

"A second Portia," said the Critic, convinced.

"I think," said the Lady of the House, "that you had better join the St. Vincent de Paul Society—and have a cup of tea."

"Thank you!" answered the Newspaper-man, meekly.

A Protestant Tribute to Catholic Missionaries.

THAT was a stirring "talk"—to use his own modest word—that Mr. Charles F. Lummis made at the last monthly dinner of the Newman Club in Los Angeles. It was a generous and scholarly tribute to the old Spanish priests who braved danger and hardships among the aborigines before white vice, white civilization, Indian agents and sectarian evangelists went West,—“in those days,” as Mr. Lummis says, “when the missionary field was occupied by crusaders and scholars, and not given over to gentlemen who found the occupation of waiter tedious, or who were unable to command a salary of \$40 a month.”

What seems a shade of bitterness in these last words is in reality only the indignation of an honest man at the narrow insensibility of most people to the heroism and self-immolation of the Spanish priests. “By 1543,” he says, “they had industrial schools for Indians in Mexico. Think of it!” And he cites the words of Benavides from a book published in 1630 (of which there are only four copies extant), to the effect that “these Indians are well instructed in the arts, reading and writing,” etc.; this result being due, as Benavides records, to the “great industry of the religious who converted them.” And so these brave and saintly *padres* went up and down the land, building beautiful churches in the wilderness, establishing schools in which head and heart were symmetrically trained, subsisting on a pittance and pushing on to distant and more savage tribes.

Mr. Lummis opened his lecture with an apology for “speaking from the hoof,” which is the Western phrase for unstudied simplicity of diction; but we

think that the plain speech of this transparently honest man and scholar will be more welcome to all lovers of truth than the polished unveracities of the Prescott school of history. We quote some paragraphs from the report in *The Tidings*, of Los Angeles:

“I want to call attention to the fact that it was not a call to a fashionable pulpit. The pay of those missionaries was \$150 a year; afterward raised to \$330, payable every three years; and their fare from Mexico (which meant the privilege of trudging along the King’s road) was \$266, which left the Fathers “out” something like a year’s salary. I do not think I need draw for you a picture of all that one of those men faced when he got from Mexico to New Mexico, say in 1608–10, when the great tide of work began. The first missionaries came with Coronado, but the first permanent ones in 1598, with Oñate. Imagine yourselves setting out and walking from here to Kansas City, and then suddenly arriving at the middle of the Sahara, we will say, with a cannibal tribe thrown in! Where are you going to sleep? What are you going to eat? How are you to ask for what you want? If your parishioners wish to poison you, you can’t help it. If they wish to let you starve to death, what are you to do? Suppose the nearest white man is 300 miles away, and but few of him, and he as badly bedeviled as you? It would take too long to draw a picture of a missionary’s life in New Mexico; and over forty of them endured martyrdom in that one territory.

“Those missionaries were men! I have often thought, as I have wandered over those countries with the tribes, with whom I manage to get along well (because I can pass for either a *padre* or a bull-fighter),—it has often occurred to me what a strange thing it is that

here are those hundreds of tribes, all Catholic and speaking Spanish more or less; and then in self-defence I have tried to think of a Methodist tribe. I am sure my grandfather, if he had got there, would have left converts or sore heads. It is a sad matter of fact, but not a tribe speaks English, and there is not an Indian tribe which belongs to any Protestant denomination. I have known a great many Indians of a great many tribes and countries. I have never known a Protestant Indian. I have known several that thought they were Protestants, but never knew one that really was.

"There was one who went to Carlisle. That man when he came to die sent for my good friend, Father Docher, whom he had abused and traduced. This Indian was the paragon of Carlisle. An able and good scientist has published several works for which that boy furnished the information. When the National Convention of Indian teachers was held here last year, in which there was only one voice—and that a poor woman's—that dared to speak out against the prevailing system, the most brilliant example to whom attention could be called was Henry Kendall. I could not refrain from expressing my views in opposition; and the secretary of the convention, after coming down and trying to smooth me over because I was incensed at the scientific ignorance and inhumanity of the convention, expostulated and objected to my holding that Indian children loved their mothers and should be allowed to love them.

"He said: 'There is Henry Kendall, and how much better he is off for being weaned from his mother's influence!'—I said: 'Yes, Mr. Gates; do you know Henry? Where did you see him?'—He said he had talked with him several times for a few minutes. He asked: 'Do you know him, Mr. Lummis?'—I

said: 'I think I do. I knew him when he was a little boy, before he went to school; and knew him when he came back, a grown man. As every hand was turned against him, my wife and I got him to come and eat with us and talk with us. I saw this poor boy, the best educated Indian I ever knew,—saw him carried away by the current into which he was thrown; and we wanted to see if we could not keep his head above water until he could adjust himself. But we could not. He could not stand the pressure: went to pieces, made a terror of himself; was a scandal and a danger, and finally died in a horrible way. But before he died he sent for this priest whom he had abused.' I said this, and Mr. Gates said: 'Oh! are you of the Church of Rome?' As if I could not tell the truth if I were! 'No,' I said, 'Mr. Gates, I am not; but I hope I am a man.' Mr. Gates had no more to say; but it seemed to me strikingly characteristic, the thinking that if a man is a Catholic he can not be right. You know the saying, 'If ma says so, it is so, even if it isn't so.' The reverse seems to be the case with these people: 'If a Catholic says it is so, it isn't so, even if it is so.'"

The work of Mr. Lummis in the field of early Spanish-American history is surely familiar to our readers. He is fulfilling a mission which no Catholic author can hope to fulfil; for, as his experience with Mr. Gates demonstrates, whatever a Catholic may write is likely to be received with suspicion. We are, therefore, the more grateful to Mr. Lummis for devoting his strong pen to a duty in which we are deeply interested, and we admire him as a man with an eye to see the truth and a heart to love it.

Books are good dry forage: we can keep alive on them; but, after all, men are the only fresh pasture.—*Lowell*.

Notes and Remarks.

Two illustrations of the usefulness of protesting whenever the honor of our faith is involved are found in the *Nineteenth Century*—to be known henceforth as the *Nineteenth Century and After*—and the *Review of Reviews*. The former announced an article on indulgences by a competent Catholic authority as an offset to the absurd statement concerning Josef Meyer made by one of its contributors. And Mr. Stead, in answer to the charge of seeming to minimize the divine aspect of the tragedy of Calvary in his guide-book to the Passion Play, writes these luminous lines:

The whole drift of my introduction was to insist upon the "miracle of miracles," that a martyrdom, which from the standpoint of Christ's contemporaries was "merely a passing episode in the unceasing martyrdom of man," should have actually transformed the world. 'Why,' I ask—I do not use the phrase, but my meaning is clear—"if it only differed in degree and not in kind from the sufferings of other good men, did the Crucifixion have such immense results?"... This reversion to fact inevitably drives the mind of the spectator to see the Divinity not in any sensuous show or fantastic outward label, but where alone it can be found—in the moral and spiritual personality, clothed as it was in "the form of a servant" and "in fashion as a man." It is precisely because the play recalls with intense vividness "the form of a servant" and the "fashion as a man" that it forces us to realize what power and grace resided within that lowly exterior. For, as I said in the "Introduction," not until we start low enough do we understand the heights to which the Crucified has risen. It is only after realizing the depth of His humiliation we can even begin to understand the miracle of the transformation which He has wrought.

His Excellency Wu Ting-fang has graciously taken the trouble to inform us that his recent address on Confucius was not fully reported. He desires to correct the impression that he had condemned the spirit and the work of Christian missionaries in China. He knows that there are missionaries and missionaries, and in an address delivered

some months ago in Philadelphia he gave credit where credit is due. "I said *some* of them were crying for vengeance." Mr. Wu's explanation of the unpopularity of foreigners in China seems to us perfectly reasonable; it is the most satisfactory one that we have seen from any source. We should be sorry indeed to misrepresent Mr. Wu Ting-fang. He is a man of estimable character, and his able and honorable representation of his country should command the respect of every American citizen. He is not a Christian, but a disciple of Confucius; however, we will pay him the compliment of saying that if all Christian countries had foreign ministers like him, there would be more peace in the world than there is, more honor and justice among nations.

The use of hypnotism in medicine has become so common that the careful editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* deems it necessary to direct attention to the danger involved in all hypnotic experiments. Dr. Robert T. Morris, a New York expert, declares that the employment of hypnosis "requires more caution than the administering of chloroform or similar anæsthetics. It has a tendency to weaken the subject's resistance to external impressions for a long time—it may be permanently; and the incautious hypnotizer may be the cause of a serious impairing of the will faculty." The Doctor has been led, by observing the results of suggestive therapeutics, to sound a public warning against this "dangerous resource"; and a well-known medical journal of Philadelphia so far seconds his warning as to say that hypnotic treatment is of "very little value to the medical practitioner, but it will always be a method of the charlatan and the impostor; hence its associations are neither agreeable

nor beneficial." Suggestive therapeutics, it is well known, has been warmly commended by a few high authorities; but priests, and people would do well to be cautious regarding a method which, on the testimony of experienced and conscientious practitioners, results in a "lot of more or less damaged brains."

Physiologists and scientists have for years been warning the people of France of the incalculable evil effected by the drinking of absinthe, of the violence of the craving it engenders, and of the progressive steps in its victims' career until they reach the inevitable climax—insanity. Despite the warnings, the absinthe-drinkers have increased to so alarming an extent that legislation is now being invoked to repress the sale of the beverage. The "absinthe-fiend" has not made his appearance as yet on this side of the Atlantic; although his almost, if not quite, equally degraded brother, the victim of opium, morphine, and cocaine, is far too conspicuously in evidence. The new century has on its hands a temperance problem still more difficult of solution than the old-time question of controlling the consumption of whiskey and its cognate liquors. Great as are the evils of ordinary intemperance, they are outclassed by the horrors attendant upon the habitual use of the drugs to which so many have become victims.

At the time of his death, on the 12th ult., Father Dominic du Ranquet, S. J., was the oldest priest in Canada, having ministered at the altar fifty-nine years, nine months, and six days. His family was of the old nobility of France, and, at least in modern days, was prolific in religious vocations; for we learn from the *Northwest Review* that it gave six members—the father and five sons—to

the Society of Jesus. For over half a century Father Dominic's life was that of a missionary among the Indians; and during the greater part of that period he lived in a place so remote and inaccessible that his fellow-religious only learned of his death fourteen days after it took place. Until the infirmities of old age prevented him a few years ago, he followed the bands of wandering Indians about, travelling on snow-shoes in winter and carrying his portable altar on his back. (What a theme for the brush of a Corot or the pen of a Parkman!) The influence of the holy missionary over his savage flock is said to have been unbounded; while his prayerfulness and the privations he endured were an inspiration to his brother priests. May he rest in peace!

In a review—not a very favorable one—of Lord Roseberry's recent book on Napoleon, the *Athenæum* takes exception to an allusion to "St. Francis" as not being definite enough, and characteristically proceeds to inform the distinguished author that there are other canonized bearers of the name, giving a partial list of them. "Here is no case of the relative greatness of disciples or of saints," remarks the *Tablet*: "it is one of convention. St. Francis of Assisi has seniority. He is *the* St. Francis, and no doubt of it. Every other Francis must be further denoted by his surname or his town; St. Francis of Assisi alone can dispense with the Assisi and yet be fully described."

An enterprising reader of newspapers a few years ago compiled a series of reports descriptive of the various forms of entertainments provided by different churches throughout this country during a period of twelve months. The compilation made interesting, if not especially

edifying, reading. As we remember it, however, it contained nothing quite so grotesque and glaringly incongruous as the closing scene of a fair recently held by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Atonement in Brooklyn. Church fairs have in the past been attended with scenes and acts about as much opposed to the idea of religion, piety, or even innocent mirth, as can well be imagined; but it remained for some Brooklyn Episcopalians to introduce a feature that caps the climax of the irreverent and absurd. A gentleman of the congregation got upon the stage, where he was joined by a young woman—a Sunday-school teacher at that,—and this “up-to-date” devout couple proceeded to go through the graceful, elegant and uplifting evolutions of what they call a cake-walk. It is an anticlimax almost to add that this exhibition was followed by a pie-eating contest, in which half a dozen young men took sides as swine are wont to do. The twentieth century is with us, verily!

One of the advantages with which the twentieth century starts out is a distinctly better understanding of the nature of malaria and the media by which it is communicated. “Few human diseases are so widely spread and few so much paralyze the vital forces of man,” says the eminent Prince Kropotkin. Millions of acres of fertile land in Italy and elsewhere are rendered uninhabitable by it; and the malaria of Caucasia is said to be a better protection against invasion than even the inaccessible mountains that wall the country in. So many careless accounts of recent experiments have appeared that Prince Kropotkin’s summary of the exact findings of science is valuable and timely:

Such is the present state of these researches. They certainly do not prove that there are no other causes of malarial infection save the bites of insects, but they strongly militate in favor of the

assertion that insects’ bites are the main agents in spreading the infection; and that all measures should be taken for the destruction of gnats in small pools and marshes near human dwellings, as well as all measures of protection from gnat-bites. With the plague at our doors and the certitude that rats, mice, flies, gnats, fleas, etc., are active agents in its propagation, this discovery acquires a wide importance.

A word of gratitude is due to the silent, patient workers in the laboratory to whom the world owes all the benefits conferred by science. How patiently and conscientiously they toil to enlarge human knowledge may be judged from the case of Dr. Ross, of the Indian Medical Service. For two years he spent his time in cultivating mosquitos, feeding them on the blood of malaria patients, and afterward hunting in the epithelial cells of their intestines for the malaria parasite. He had already dissected thousands of the brindled and gray mosquitos without results; one can imagine the work involved in searching with a microscope for parasites on the intestines of a mosquito. It is never these patient, everlasting workers who find conflict between real religion and real science.

One’s regret on hearing that new persecutions are devised against the Church in France is tempered by the reflection that missionary countries are nearly always the gainers by the persecution. Priests banished from France during the Revolution have left glorious memorials of their stay in this country; and the persecution of Catholic Ireland has yielded such superb advantages to the Church in many lands as to seem almost providential. In the same way we are reminded of the services rendered by the German Kulturkampf to the Church in America by the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration to the United States. In 1875 six Sisters from the mother-

house in Olpe, Westphalia, desirous of carrying the work of their Order into a country where there was no hampering Kulturkampf, accepted Bishop Dwenger's invitation to open a hospital in Lafayette, Indiana. Unknown and penniless, they arrived in a country the customs and language of which were strange to them; and to-day fourteen hospitals in cities wide apart have been established from the original house. The Sisters have also taken up the work of teaching with excellent results; and he would be a brave prophet who should set a limit to the development they shall have reached when the time comes to celebrate their Golden Jubilee in America.

The correspondence between the late Col. Ingersoll and Gen. Charles Collis regarding the religious belief of Abraham Lincoln has been republished as a handsome brochure, the better to circulate and preserve a document that is believed to be important. The Colonel having asserted that the religion of Lincoln was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine, the General replied that Lincoln was a Christian and a firm believer in the doctrine of prayer, which he frequently practised. Ingersoll retorted that the practice of prayer is not conclusive; that "Voltaire was not only a believer in God but even in special Providence"; and that Paine wrote his creed in these words, "I believe in one God and no more, and hope for immortality"; Lincoln may have prayed, but he was not a believer in the Divinity of Christ. Collis affirms that Lincoln regularly attended the Presbyterian church in Washington, though he was not in the technical sense a member; he quotes many sentiments that are markedly Christian; and recalls that to some colored men of Baltimore who had presented him with a Bible, Lincoln said:

"In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated in this book." This surely looks like belief in the Atonement; though, according to Ingersoll, Lincoln held the doctrine to be "an absurdity."

The correct deductions from the published correspondence would seem to be these: Lincoln's religious beliefs were very different from those of Voltaire and Paine; a firm believer in immortality, he also believed in the power of prayer and often prayed; he attended a Christian church, and uttered phrases that imply belief in the Divinity of Our Lord.

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We think many proofs of strong Christian faith on the part of Lincoln might be adduced. The following incident was related a few years ago in the *Homiletic Review*. It may be new even to General Collis:

Mr. Lincoln prepared an address, in which he declared that this country can not exist half-slave and half-free. He affirmed the saying of Jesus: "A house divided against itself can not stand." Having read this address to some friends, they urged him to strike out that portion of it,—if he would do so, he could probably be elected to the United States Senate; but if he delivered the address as written, the ground taken was so high, the position was so advanced, his sentiments were so radical, he would probably fail of gaining a seat in the supreme legislative body of "the greatest republic on earth." Mr. Lincoln, under those circumstances, said: "I know there is a God and that He hates the injustice of slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me—and I think He has,—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right; for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

Direct proof of Lincoln's Christian faith may not be conspicuous in his published writings; however, no one who has seriously studied the religious side of his character will ever think of classing him with men like Voltaire and Paine.

Notable New Books.

The Last Years of St. Paul. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by George F. X. Griffith. Longmans, Green, & Co.

Six years ago the Abbé Fouard made all lovers of religious literature his debtors by his valuable monograph on the missionary journeys of St. Paul; and now from the same learned and graceful pen we have a delightful volume dealing with the last years of that great Apostle. It is safe to say that no other writer has made the personality of St. Paul so vivid, or reconstructed with such nice scholarship the variegated scenes and peoples among which he labored.

Endowed with a noble heart, he was ever impetuous and rash, while always sensitive in the extreme. This alone would explain certain contradictory traits which we encounter during the first years of his ministry. We have beheld him then, when the whole man was uplifted by his feelings of what was right and just, sweeping away every barrier in order to pursue and defend the mission confided to him from on high; spurning John Mark; breaking with Barnabas; reproving Peter,—like one who was, indeed, no "respector of persons." Yet again and we have seen this lofty enthusiasm fail him in hours of trial, in the crises of his bodily ills, in hours of loneliness and grief. Then Paul proves himself once more a man like the rest of us poor mortals—trembling, weeping, beseeching of God His pity and His grace. And yet, whatever may have been the emotions which shook that great heart of his, one passion alone dominated it—one only—his love for Jesus.

How St. Paul's enthusiasm and love for Christ made him welcome privation and toil, and flee from earthly rewards, is beautifully told in these pages. "The Apostle had vanquished the Gentile world, creating in every land churches and episcopal sees: not one of them did he retain as his own." Thus the saint as well as the missionary stands out in strong relief, while in every chapter there are exquisite historical vignettes—the character of Nero, his persecution, his advisers, and the portrait of St. James,—which make the reading of this fair volume a delight. No one who had not mastered the literature of the subject, and who had not meditated lovingly on it for many years, could have produced this work. The translator's labors are entirely worthy of the original.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

The Rev. Charles Blount, S. J., in his preface to this work outlines its scope and purpose admirably. It is made up of texts or short passages from the Old Testament, arranged in such an order as to serve for subjects of meditation. The illustrations

are especially noteworthy, and should help the purpose of the text. Those exemplifying the part Our Lady played in the Redemption are most beautiful. The make-up of the work is everything one could wish; though the underscoring of words, sentences and even paragraphs is hardly an improvement to the looks of the page.

The Monitor and the Navy under Steam. By Lieutenant Frank M. Bennet. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An efficient officer of the U. S. Navy has written *con amore* this cursory account—so he modestly describes it—of the origin, career and influence of the ironclad steamer *Monitor*, so famous in the Civil War. The volume, however, amounts to a compendious account of the growth of steam power in our navy, with a brief naval history of the Civil War, and a somewhat fuller record of the recent quarrel with Spain. The author has the power of investing the most technical portions of his narrative with an interest that charms even the lay mind. We have only pity for any reader who finds this book dull. The vicissitudes undergone by Fulton and Ericsson in developing plans which the public and the press stigmatized as folly are as interesting as a drama; and so, too, is the account of the famous engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. In his review of the Spanish-American war, the author is dispassionate and exceptionally well-informed; and it is interesting to note that as a naval expert he has the highest admiration for Dewey and Sampson. Altogether, Lieutenant Bennet has produced an informational and interesting account of an important subject.

Memories of the Tennysons. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. MacLehose & Sons; the Macmillan Co.

Tennyson's Memoirs by his son, Mr. Henry Van Dyke's studies of the Laureate, and Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Life of Tennyson," not to speak of other biographical and critical works on the great singer, have covered about all that can be told of him and his songs; and yet these "Memories" by Canon Rawnsley have interest of their own. They do not, it is true, tell us anything new; but there is a reverence for the poet shown in every line, and to those that love Tennyson this gives a charm to the book. The descriptions of Lincolnshire and of the church at Somersby, and the word-pictures of the gardens at Enderby Manor, where the sunflowers still "ray round with flame their disks of seed," make one think of Mr. William Winter and his "Shakespeare's England."

As in all works on Tennyson, special stress is

laid on the poet's attention to technique, on his accuracy of observation, and on his sensitiveness to criticism. The account of the death and burial of this "Laureate Lord of Song" is very beautiful, though some may find it rather out of proportion by reason of its length; while the sixth, eighth, ninth and tenth chapters take from the unity of the work. But the part devoted to Somersby and its neighborhood more than makes up for the defects noticed; for instance, this interesting bit:

At Somersby the gold lichens, bred of the salt sea wind that came up the steeping river valley, showed upon the mouldering tower and walls; and many a generation must needs have taken time of day from the quaint old sundial.... Nevertheless, but for the holy water stoup at the door, and one other monument of eld, it would not have been guessed that the church was coeval with the sister church, Bag Enderby.... There, unspotted by the hot hands of the Reformers, unmarred by the fingers of time, the churchyard cross-shaft, fourteen feet high, bore upon it, beneath its little hood of stone, on the one side an image of the Crucified, and on the other an image of the Virgin Mary and her Holy Child. The Harrington churchyard could show only the socket of its cross-shaft; Bag Enderby could boast a broken shaft still upright in its socket; but the Somersby church cross, within one hundred yards of their father's door, was a thing of beauty and a solemn monition,—perfect as when it left the sculptor's hand.

Shakespeare's Life and Works. By Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Co.

This edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" is an abridgment for students of a work that won universal commendation. It gives concisely the main features of Shakespeare's life and methods of work, and summarizes the best criticisms of the great dramatist. Little of importance is omitted from the original volume; and yet the complete "Life" was so well proportioned that we can not take the same pleasure in this abridgment, though we recommend it heartily to students. There is an air of finality about Mr. Lee's conclusions that gives efficacy to his statements; and, what is of moment, there is reason for the authority which the biographer exercises.

Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Originality is written large over every chapter of this strange story of life "in northernmost Kentucky," with its grotesque mountainfolk, its weird Negro superstitions, its inherited feuds, and its simple processes of justice. Whether Mr. Lloyd intended it so or not, the hero of the story is old Cupe, *alias* Cupid Hardman, a black man whose devotedness to "Ol' Ma'se" and his family is equalled only by his preposterous faith in omens and incantations. The story, indeed, chiefly relates

the working out of the ordinary hoodoos of the primitive Negro through a series of highly dramatic episodes, in which all the characters come to an evil end except Susie, who, having been received into the Church during a prolonged stay in Canada, retires to a famous convent in Kentucky, "where neither taint of birth nor dishonor rests on any soul; where purity of heart and love of God are one and inseparable; where ascend the prayers of those who live not for themselves but to work in humanity's behalf."

It is not easy to classify Mr. Lloyd's book. It lacks humor, and in places there seems to be too much writing; but it is remarkably clever, it is steeped in pathos, it is a fresh subject with unique treatment; and as a kinetoscopic view of the "creepy" superstitions of the old-time Kentucky Negro it has permanent value. It is wholesome enough in spite of the blood-letting; and, though colorless as to religion, is reverent and pure.

Guy's Fortune. By M. B. Eagan. B. Herder.

This story begins and ends with "two souls with but a single thought"; and between the introduction and the *dénouement* there are plots and counterplots; a stepmother without scruple, a stepbrother two removes from an earldom; spies, murders, a secret marriage, paralysis, shipwreck, and suicide. What more could one ask? What happened may be gleaned from the opening paragraph of chapter second, which also illustrates the style of the book:

The sound of revelry had died away on the scented summer air; the guests departed with kindest wishes for their noble hosts, or retired to their several luxurious apartments. Night's ebony wings shadowed the castle, while angel-eyed stars seemed to keep sweet vigil o'er the slumberers. All was still in the spacious halls and blooming gardens, lately instinct with mirth and laugh and song. Yet not all reposed in sweet dreams and refreshing sleep: two hearts beat in a very tumult of passion; two faces, black with hate and disappointed ambition, peered into the darkness. A stealthy step—

In Faith Abiding. By Jessie Reader. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This is a pleasant little love story, with an Anglican curate (High Church) and a bright, amiable Catholic young woman as the characters of interest. He, in love abiding, finally gives up his charge as an Anglican minister and becomes a Catholic. The *dénouement* is inevitable: he finds her, "in faith abiding"; and, as she has in the meantime fallen heiress to a convenient fortune, there is a slight suspense because of his hesitation to ask her to accept his devotion; but all ends happily enough.



The Snow-Stars.

DID you ever hear the reason
Why the soft white flakes of snow
Fall in shape of stars from heaven
On this earth of ours below?

Once, it seems, a shower of raindrops
Gathering up in heights afar,
Caught within their hearts of crystal
Bright reflections of a star.

'Twas the Star of Bethlehem, children,
Shining through the wintry air;
And it seemed a living message
To the wondering raindrops there.

As they paused in admiration
Came a cold wind from afar,
Freezing in each drop of crystal
Its reflection of the Star.

And since then the snow has ever
Come to earth as star-flakes white,
In remembrance of that Christmas
When they saw the Star's pure light.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.—WELCOME NEWS.

RT was a bright, frosty day in November. The sitting-room looked very cheerful with the sunlight streaming in through the deep bay-window filled with Mary's plants, making a semicircle about the aquarium, where the gold-fish swam about nimbly in the sparkling water. Robert was filling the wood-box, which stood behind the large Franklin stove in a little niche, hidden from sight by a red curtain.

It was Saturday. Genevieve came running in from the kitchen, where she had been polishing the silver, with the shining soup-ladle in her hand.

"Guess what, mother!" she said. "Old Mrs. Armstrong is coming up through the vegetable-garden. She has her bag. Maybe she is going to spend the day. She likes blackberry roll. May we have it for dinner?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Degler, unable to repress a smile at the eagerness of the child, with whom Mrs. Armstrong was a great favorite. And Genevieve hurried back to the kitchen to offer to give extra help, should Janet need it.

In a moment the old lady made her appearance; and, after having been greeted warmly by the family, she laid aside her bonnet, took out her knitting and set herself briskly to work.

"Father Brown told me you had returned," said Mrs. Degler; "and the news surprised me. I had understood you were to remain with Mrs. Brainard a year at least."

"So I was, honey," answered the old nurse; "and so I would have done if the poor creature hadn't died out there in California."

"We had not heard of it. Not being one of our own folks, the papers here made no notice of the death. We missed you, nurse, in our own trouble."

"I thought of you all, away far off," said the old woman. "That dear, kind man, the Doctor, to think he should have been taken off so suddenly. I felt for you, Mrs. Degler,—surely I did; and you know it without my saying it."

"I do, I do," rejoined the widow.

"Mrs. Brainard died easy," resumed the nurse. "Once we got as far as Southern California, the doctor said it wasn't no use for her to have come; and they sent us in from the coast, back near the foothills. There's where

she died. I've been back in New York pretty near three months, visiting my two nieces."

"Did you like California?" inquired Mrs. Degler.

"Very much," said the old woman. "It's a fine place for invalids, provided they manage to go there soon enough. Lovely climate,—blankets on your bed winter and summer about alike; flowers blooming in the open air every day in the year; and the bluest skies and the brightest moon and stars. Ours seem to belong to another world and a darker. I've seen lantanas growing up to the top of a three-story house, and geranium hedges as thick as cypress everywhere. Indeed you can't realize it until you see it, Mrs. Degler."

"And that I never expect to," replied Mrs. Degler, absently; "though I have often thought I would like to go to California."

"You may go sooner than you think if you want to," said Mrs. Armstrong. "It would do you great good. It's a fine place for rheumatism. And you're not looking so very well, Mrs. Degler. You may be off for California sooner than you imagine—"

The widow looked at her wonderingly. The old woman picked up the black satin bag from the floor and took out a letter.

"There's some news for you in this here," she said,— "some news that will interest you. It's the funniest thing how God brings things about. But I must tell you before I read it."

"I'm sure I do not understand what you mean," was the response.

"No, of course not. How should you?" said the old woman, wiping her glasses. Then she leaned forward and inquired: "Did you know your name was corrupted from the Spanish?"

"No, although my husband's grandfather was a Spaniard."

"Yes, dear, he was; and his name was De la Guerra."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard it in Southern California, and I'm going to tell you all about it. When we went in from the coast, as I told you, we boarded on a ranch; a fine old place, with oaks and other shade-trees—something you don't see much down there, it's so dry and arid, except where there's irrigation. There are two houses there; the overseer lives in one of them, and it was in his family we boarded. His was a modern house, but the family place is very old-fashioned, built of adobe, around a courtyard filled with palms; and the master lives there all alone with his daughter. There are servants—old family servants—Mexicans and Indians; but that child hasn't a single white woman companion. And she's the prettiest thing in the world,—much like your Genevieve: same hair and eyes and complexion. And her name is—guess what?"

Mrs. Degler shook her head.

"Genevieve Marie de la Guerra."

"You excite my curiosity," said Mrs. Degler. "Genevieve was my husband's mother's name."

"I'm coming to it," answered Mrs. Armstrong. "I was always a slow talker, but I'll get there after a while; and then you'll know all I know. We soon got acquainted with Señor de la Guerra. He's a perfect gentleman. He heard me say we came from this place, and one evening he asked me if I knew any people of his name or anything like it here. I knew at once that there had never been such a name in this town; but I said: 'We have Deglers; that's the nearest thing to it.'—'That's the very name I want,' said he. 'I've been reading some old papers to-day, and I find that my great-uncle married an American and went to the United States to live. I have letters here from that very

town where you live.'—'What was his business?' I asked.—'He was a doctor,' said he. Then I knew that he meant *old* Dr. Degler, your husband's father. The upshot of the whole was that he said he was going to write to his cousin. And he really did so; but by some foolish mistake he addressed the letter to Dr. de la Guerra instead of Degler, and the stupid postmaster yonder sent it back to him again. So he wrote to *me*. I left him my address, and the letter's been waiting for me here at Mrs. Penn's nearly three months. And here it is. I'll read it. Or maybe you'd like to?"

Mrs. Degler took the letter. It was short, and related in substance that the writer, concluding that his cousin had left his former place of residence, begged Mrs. Armstrong for any information she could give concerning his whereabouts.

"How sorry I am," said the widow, "that my poor husband could not have known of this! He would have been so pleased."

"It will please him yet," said Mrs. Armstrong. "I've never seen such a *princely* man as Señor de la Guerra. When he hears from you he'll either come straight on here or he'll write for the whole family to come out and visit him in California. You can't imagine how delighted he was when he heard about it first. Will you write him soon, Mrs. Degler?"

"Oh, do, mother!" cried Robert. "I'd like most awfully to go to California. How does he dress, Mrs. Armstrong? Does he wear a stiletto in his belt like all the Spanish dons?"

"He dresses like any other gentleman. I never saw a stiletto anywhere about him," replied the old nurse. "He rides around the ranch most of the time."

"What does he raise on it?"

"Mostly stock. There are thousands of cattle. It is one of the few old-style ranches left in Southern California."

"How large is it?" queried Robert.

"Six thousand acres."

"Six thousand?"

"Yes, my boy. Once his people owned sixty thousand. Some of it has been put in orange and lemon groves of late years. And there are a good many fine olive-trees."

"You make me feel as if I wanted to go. Is it anywhere near the sea?"

"It's forty miles from the Pacific. You can see the ocean from a high hill about a mile from Las Rosas."

"What does that mean?" inquired Robert.

"It means 'The Roses.' It is called so from the rose hedge that surrounds the large garden. Think of it, Mrs. Degler,—a hedge of yellow roses!"

"Cracky!" said Robert. "Wouldn't mother enjoy it? Why don't you write this very day, and maybe our Spanish cousin will invite you to visit him, mother? It's just what you need—a winter in California."

"I'm counting on that for her," said Mrs. Armstrong. "But he would want all of you."

"I am not thinking of such a thing," said Mrs. Degler. "Indeed, it is wholly out of the question. But I want to become acquainted with him, since he seems so desirous to know us. I think I shall write to-day, Robbie."

Mary came in at that moment and they told her the good news. She, too, thought of the benefit it would be to her delicate mother to go to California.

"But she couldn't go alone," said Robert. "Either you or I would have to go along. I think I could best be spared. And then, O Genevieve, I might see the ocean,—I might even go sailing on it!"

"Yes, you might," said Genevieve, who had finished her silver polishing. "If I were mother, I wouldn't trust you out of my sight for one moment anywhere near the ocean."

"But there is no immediate danger, I fancy," said Mrs. Degler.

While Mrs. Armstrong remained she kept the children entertained by recitals of strange and beautiful things she had seen in the southwestern corner of the United States during her sojourn there, with the result that when their mother began to write her letter they were all thoroughly possessed of the desire to make a similar journey. Mrs. Armstrong had answered all Robert's questions in a satisfactory manner; had told him of the wonderful huge palms and semi-tropical plants forever green; of the ruins of the old missions scattered here and there throughout the country, the Indian reservations in the mountains, till his heart burned within him to visit those delectable regions so far away. The bookcase was ransacked for descriptions of California, but none could be found. The Public Library was next visited, with better results; and nothing but California was talked of for the next two weeks.

At the end of that time another letter arrived for Mrs. Degler, in which the cousin expressed regret at the news she had communicated. At the same time he asked her to relate her circumstances with the greatest frankness, just as she would to her brother. If they were good, and she could make it convenient to do so, he would be glad to receive a visit from her and her children. If the contrary, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to pay their way to California, where they might find a good home with him. He had a large ranch and a roomy house, long without a mistress. His little girl was in need of a woman's care: she was growing up like a weed. There would be room and plenty for all; he begged that they would come. From what Mrs. Armstrong had told him of them he felt assured they would be a united

family. The obligations would all be on his side.

This letter had an opposite effect on the different members of the household. The girls did not think their mother would entertain the idea for a moment, nor would they have wished it. They were deeply attached to their home. But when they found that she was really considering it they stifled their own feelings; for they saw by the pale face, which was every day growing whiter, that their mother needed a radical change. From the first Robert had hoped that she would accept the invitation immediately. For herself—while hesitating between regret at leaving the place where she had lived all her life, and the conviction that by doing so she might be spared longer to her family, who in the event of her death would have a kind protector in their newly-found cousin,—she vacillated for a time in her decision; but when it became final she no longer looked back. If the experiment proved to be a mistake, there would still be enough money to return and begin over.

After several more letters had been exchanged—in one of which she firmly declined the offer, again renewed, to pay for the transportation of the family,—the house was rented, furnished as it was, to a doctor, an old friend; and after Christmas the Deglers parted from their friends and neighbors and started for California.

(To be continued.)

His Best Friend.

"Who is your best friend?" was asked of Cato.

"My brother."

"But next to him?"

"My brother."

"And who after that?"

"Still my brother."

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

II.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

Now we will let our thoughts fly back a thousand years to Alfred, England's first real King, who was, in spite of circumstances, so true a man that he deserves to be called Alfred the Good, and so learned that Alfred the Wise would be no misnomer. It is, however, as Alfred the Great that he lives in history, and we will not quarrel with his title.

It is just ten centuries—or it will be shortly—since he fought his last battle and lay down to have his rest. Time has changed the face of the earth,—so much indeed that Alfred would have hard work to find his way about his own country. But men are, even after this long while, gladly erecting statues, so that those to come will not forget the kindly Saxon nobleman, who, taking no heed of obstacles, laid the foundation of England's greatness, and amid the clash of arms found time for the gentle charms of peace.

It is natural to think that the life of a prince is both pleasant and easy; but the little Alfred was brought up with fewer advantages than the child of the poorest peasant has at this day. The ignorance of the common people was dense almost beyond belief. The learning was confined to the monastic houses, where the poor monks had all they could do to defend their literary treasures from the ravaging Danes. Alfred could have done little or nothing without the members of the great religious orders, who, apart from the world, studied and transcribed records, educated children, taught the precepts of religion, and kept alive the sparks of learning that yet existed.

A book—hand-written, of course—at that time cost a fortune; teachers were few, and little Prince Alfred was twelve years old before he knew one letter from another. It was then that his young stepmother offered a beautiful Saxon manuscript to the King's son who could first learn to read it; and Alfred, though younger than his brothers, carried off the prize. He was wise beyond his years in other ways, having made two pilgrimages to Rome,—once when a little chap of only five years, afterward in great state with his father. The affections of every pious heart at that period of the world centered in the Eternal City; and Alfred, the Great Saxon, was always a loyal son of the Vicar of Christ.

One day, in a fierce battle with the Danes, King Ethelred was slain, and Alfred his brother reigned in his stead. He had been in the battle, too, fighting by his brother's side. Now, instead of a shy and sickly prince, subject to another's orders, he himself was king. He was only a boy, at an age when most young fellows of our day are anxious, not to reform the ways of a kingdom, but to hear how the last football game has turned out. He found time to go to Winchester Cathedral and be crowned, then hurried off to fight again. He is said to have been in fifty battles, all of them against the heathen Danes; while his own people were Christians, fighting for their homes and religion against a foreign foe. If ever noble warriors had right on their side, surely those sturdy, stubborn, faithful Saxons had.

Alfred gave himself no rest. Between battles he would have his chaplain read to him; he harangued his own troops, scattered the robbers from their forest dens; he built a fleet and found the sailors to man it; and day and night he never lost sight of the England of his

dreams,—one that should set the world an example of piety and learning.

It is by the little anecdotes that survive that we can best understand history; and we love to read of Alfred's endeavors to stop the Danish prisoners from swearing by the bracelets they wore on their arms, and inducing them to take their oaths upon a crucifix; or of the time when he let the cakes burn in the cowherd's hut when he was a wanderer in the marshes. Of this we have the Saxon record:

"He took shelter in a swain's house, and also him and his evil wife diligently served. It happened that one day the swain's wife heated her oven, and the King sat by it warming himself at the fire. She knew not then that he was the King. Then the evil woman was excited and spoke to the King with an angry mind: 'Turn thou these loaves, that they burn not; for I see daily that thou art a great eater.' He soon obeyed this evil woman because she would scold. He then, the good King, with great anxiety and sighing, called to his Lord, imploring His pity."

Eight years after his accession his fortunes had reached their lowest ebb. He stayed for a long while at the herdsman's house, where his friends and family joined him. The herdsman's wife had some cause for her impatience, having so many penniless guests. We hear at this time of a mysterious beggar with whom Alfred divided his last loaf, and of great good fortune which came of this deed. A pendant of gold, with a rude engraving of a man upon it, has been found in the ground near where the herdsman's hut is supposed to have been; it bears the words, "Alfred had me wrought."

Another pretty story is of Alfred wandering, disguised as an old harper, around the camp of the enemy. He played and sang so well, maintained

his disguise so perfectly, that he was invited into the tent of the Danish general, and had a chance to learn all about his plans.

Between the times of turmoil Alfred persevered in his kindly schemes. He rearranged all the laws, wrote many books, and founded the University of Oxford. He rebuilt ruined cities and monasteries, and changed the entire social life of the kingdom. He was the inventor of lanterns. Wishing to protect from the wind the wax tapers by the burning of which he measured time, he had them enclosed in transparent horn, and lanterns were the result.

He died in 901. His death was hastened by a strange internal disease which had made him spend his entire life in pain. And so passed away the man who saved England from the heathen hordes and laid the corner-stone of her prosperity.

(To be continued.)

How Weeds are Spread.

As a curious illustration of how weeds are carried from one end of the earth to the other, Sir Joseph Hooker cites this circumstance: "On one occasion, landing on a small, uninhabited island nearly at the antipodes, the first evidence I met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English chickweed; and this I traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor and which was covered with the plant,—doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug."

No Bills Behind.

☞THERE'S one good thing about the birds,
Where'er you chance to find them:
When they take flight from their summer home
They leave no bills behind them.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Newman's earliest contribution to the historic *British Magazine* has been reprinted by John Lane. Its title, as a few readers will remember, is "The Church of the Fathers."

—Among the most energetic collectors for St. Anthony's Bread is the editor of the *Irish Catholic*, Dublin. This same individual pilfered many articles from back volumes of THE AVE MARIA for his Christmas number. He will bear watching.

—"The Life of Our Lord," by Lady Amabel Kerr, is among the late penny publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. The Scriptures are closely followed in this little story of Our Lord's life, and its simplicity and reverence commend it to the faithful. No better subject for meditation or imitation could be placed before us than the life of the God-Man.

—The following fine sonnet from the pen of the unhappy Oscar Wilde affords another proof of how two forces were always warring for the mastery in his soul. Grace triumphed only at the last hour, but the victory may have been none the less complete. The lines were written about twenty years ago, and have been admired by many to whom the authorship was unknown. We attributed them to Aubrey de Vere when we first saw them quoted in that charming book by Christian Reid, "Heart of Steel":—

Rome! what a scroll of history thine has been!
 In the first days thy sword republican
 Ruled the whole world for many an age's span;
 Then of thy peoples thou wert crownèd queen,
 Till in thy streets the bearded Goth was seen;
 And now upon thy walls the breezes fan
 (Ah, city crownèd by God, discrownèd by man!)
 The hated flag of red and white and green.
 When was thy glory? When in search for power
 Thine eagles flew to greet the double sun,
 And all the nations trembled at thy rod?
 Nay, but thy glory tarried for this hour,
 When pilgrims kneel before the holy one,
 The prisoned shepherd of the Church of God.

—Ignatius Donnelly, a man of much force of intellect and character, died last week at Minneapolis, Minn. Except by his personal followers, his career in politics is regarded as eccentric, though it was at times unquestionably distinguished. In literature, also, his genius was erratic. Three or four of his books have been widely read; but "The Great Cryptogram," in which he professed to show from internal evidence that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspeare, was a sensational failure. It provoked many clever burlesques, one of which,

following the curious method of the "Cryptogram," pretended to discover a cypher in one of Mr. Donnelly's essays showing that the essay was really the work of one Denis Kearney. Mr. Donnelly was a brother of the well-known Catholic writer, Eleanor C. Donnelly.

—We learn from an authoritative source that the London *Tablet's* list of living Catholic writers, though inaccurate in several items, was altogether right as regards Mr. Max Pemberton. He was received into the Church six years ago while a member of the staff of *Vanity Fair*. He is one of those fortunate authors to whose copy English and American editors are partial.

—"Daily Readings for a Month," by Mrs. W. A. Burke, is a series of well-selected extracts on subjects which should often serve as food for reflection, such as "Fraternal Charity," "Kind Thoughts," "Charity to the Poor," "On Judging Our Neighbor," "Patience in Time of Sorrow," etc. The authors represented are Father Faber, Cardinal Newman, Bishop Hedley, St. Francis de Sales, and others. Catholic Truth Society, London.

—Apropos of a letter bearing the autograph of St. Vincent de Paul lately presented to Archbishop Corrigan, the Philadelphia *Times-Standard* states with much pride that the Dreer collection in the Quaker City possesses an entire letter in the handwriting of St. Vincent. It is a personal letter addressed to a clerical friend, and in it the Saint says: "Never have we seen more unity, more regularity, or more cordiality in Paris than now, It resembles a little Paradise."

—The Library of American Literature, which is a Chicago enterprise, is advertised to consist of twenty volumes of eight hundred pages each, containing selections from the literature of the United States, comprising historical sketches, patriotic speeches, addresses, orations, lectures, sermons, essays, stories, newspaper and magazine articles of all kinds, pamphlets, and excerpts from the works of American writers, novelists and poets. Every author in this country whose address the publishers of the Library can secure is informed that from five to fifty pages of his or her literary productions are thus to be preserved in permanent form; and is requested to submit material. The only expenditure required of contributors is a charge of "one dollar per page to cover partial cost of collecting and editing." Each volume will be

complete in itself, and sold singly as published at \$3.75 per copy, cloth. All this information has been sent to us by a doubting author, and we are asked to give our opinion of the enterprise. It seems to us a capital one—so far as the publishers are concerned. Let us see. Twenty volumes at \$3.75=\$75; lowest additional cost to authors represented, \$5; in all \$80. As a rule publishers pay authors, but in this case the authors are to pay the publishers. Every author is expected, of course, to become a purchaser of the Library of American Literature in which his or her productions are “preserved in permanent form.” The publishers do not say that their Library is to be an expensive work to them; and as there will be no outlay for contributions, the volumes may not cost them more than a dollar each, probably very much less,—but let us say a dollar. Twenty volumes, \$20; selling price, \$75; profit to publishers, \$55 on every set sold. In the polite letter addressed to persons entitled to representation in the Library of American Literature, the publishers say: “It is assumed that you fully appreciate this opportunity.” We do.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen.* \$6.25, net.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye.* 50 cts.

A General History of the Christian Era. *A. Gugenberger, S. J.* \$1.50.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Nicholas Reinhart, of the Archdiocese of New York; the Rev. Henry Chajencki, Archdiocese of Philadelphia; the Rev. George Wigglesworth, Diocese of Northampton; the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, Archdiocese of Montreal; the Rev. James Vaughan, O. S. A.; the Rev. Fidelis Voight, O. M. C.; the Rev. Cyril Knoll, O. C. C.; and the Rev. Joseph Kernion, S. J.

Mother Helena, of the Sisters of Charity, Nazareth, Ky.

Mr. F. H. Hughson, of Fair Haven, Conn.; Mrs. A. D. White, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Edward Byrnes, Lexington, Ky.; Mary A. Ryan, Clinton, Mass.; Mr. John Reddin, Mr. A. C. Gibson, and Mrs. Rose McAnany, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Beaton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. James Usher, New York city; Mrs. John McGovern, Mauch Chunk, Pa.; Mrs. Julia Burke and Mr. Michael O'Keefe, Menlo Park, Cal; Mr. J. T. Wamelink, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Joann Gary, Meadville, Pa.; Mr. William McAber, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mr. John Salm, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Sharkey, Mrs. C. Sullivan, Mrs. B. Foley, Miss Katherine Connell, and Mrs. Ada Connelly, Jewett City, Iowa; also Mr. George Kretz, Louisville, Ky.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 3.

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Maxims in Metre.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THE paltriest cowards are Christians who fear,
Not danger or death or pain severe,
But the world's derision, its mocking sneer.

..

The subtlest and most entangling mesh
That day by day snares the soul afresh,
Not the world or the devil weaves, but the flesh.

..

The bravest may fall in life's hot fray,
But undaunted they rise without delay,
And still fight on to the close of day.

..

The veriest fool in his heart hath said,
Not, "There is no God"; but "All hope is fled
That God will pardon my soul sin-red."

..

And wisest is he among the wise
Each day to the world and himself who dies;
For him alone can Death not surprise.

Memory and Religious Education.

BY A CATHOLIC BISHOP.

MEMORY is the thread on which are strung all the events of each human life, making up one compact and unbroken whole. In the body of a man there is constant decay and repair—birth and death of its component atoms. After a few years the whole material frame has been renewed, and nothing remains of that substance which we knew twenty years ago as Harry Tom. Yet Harry Tom assures us and proves to us that

in some way he is identical with that person whom we knew so long ago. Something has been constant through several cycles of complete change: it is the immaterial, intangible mind and soul; this alone remains from these former days. Harry Tom's identity is manifested by continuity of consciousness from day to day, and by the unbroken stretch of memory which links all these separate days into one chain.

Memory is one of the most prominent phenomena of human life. So important is it that psychologists set it down as one of the three great faculties of the human spirit, together with understanding and will. They regarded it as a distinct, separate compartment of the intelligent mind, in which all knowledge was stored, and from which any item could be brought forth and applied to use. In furnishing the minds of children with materials for after use, it was accordingly considered sufficient to get certain statements of truth somehow and anyhow into the "memory." As a rule, they were conveyed in the form of cumbersome and very accurate verbal formulas. "The method of education hitherto pursued," as Rosmini wrote, "aimed only at cramming memory with immense burthens of unintelligible words." The acquirement of learning thus became exceedingly laborious, and was only made possible by the threat of exceedingly painful alternatives.

This erroneous and unnatural method of education, now almost exploded, was

the consequence of erroneous psychological views. Modern methods appeal more to the intelligence and reasoning powers: they aim at conveying ideas rather than words; for the very obvious truth is at last recognized that when a thing is understood it is more easily remembered. The object of the present paper is to delve a little way into the psychological concepts, principally as to memory, which lie at the foundation of educational methods, and to suggest considerations as to the analysis and classification of memory-phenomena, with special reference to the system of religious education which prevails widely among Catholics.

I venture to submit the view that memory is not one special faculty or a separate department of the mind in which all knowledge is stored; but that it is an adjunct of each faculty, varying with each, following the laws of each, and having in each case a very different value. Memory, in its current sense, is generally held to be knowledge belonging to the intellect, or at least to consciousness. We must consider it more generically, and we shall find it to be only one class of a much wider body of phenomena: viz., the storage and revival of past impressions. Every human faculty has this peculiarity: a repeating power which is not another faculty distinct from itself. Just in the same way heat and light and sound are reflected; but the reflection is not a different thing: it follows the same laws as do the original vibrations of light, heat or sound.

An impression is made on a given faculty; that impression abides, and is at times revived. It is an echo, a resonance, a reverberation of the original impression. If there has been only a physical impression on sensory nerves and brain cells, the brain stores that impression and in due course reflects it

through the weaker nerves to the limbs. If an idea has impressed the intellect, the intellect consciously recalls that idea, or revives the impression which abides dormant in it. There is no need to suppose that a special faculty must be provided for the purpose of storing and renewing the impressions. If we are to speak of the storage and reviving of impressions as "memory," we may say there is a sense-memory which is simply mechanical and not even conscious; a sense-memory which is mechanical and conscious but not intellectual; a memory which is intellectual although associated with sense-impressions; and a habit or memory which induces facility and recurrence of emotions, of conscience-action and of will-action.

When an impression is said to be "committed to memory," it is important to distinguish as to which memory it is committed to. Suppose you have an admirable moral principle expressed in a verbal formula. That may be impressed on the brain cells and on the sense-memory as so much sound. The fact of a child repeating it accurately is no guarantee that the idea has entered the intellect; nay, the more energy is expended on mastering sounds and tongue-motions the less there is available for the operation of apprehending the ideas concealed under the sounds. It would be profitable to inquire whether the memory for mere words and the memory for their meanings are not in inverse ratio to each other.

I have found that with children of a certain nationality it was slow, difficult and unprofitable work to make them learn the dull formulas of the catechism by rote. But when mind spoke to mind they showed the greatest avidity for religious instruction; grasped easily abstruse truths and reasonings; put searching questions, and exhibited not merely interest but enthusiasm. I know

another nationality where the children will learn any amount of catechism with ease and even pleasure, and will repeat it perfectly; but they carry away no idea from it all, and they can hardly be got to apprehend the simplest facts of religion. Each set of children has religious instruction "committed to memory." But memory in each case is a very different thing: a totally different faculty in each case has received the impressions of religious truth. In the first case the intellect has received and reproduced the impressions—i. e., ideas; in the second the physical brain cells alone have received the impressions—i. e., of sounds and tongue-motions.

Many teachers consider this latter state of things ideal. They feel that the doctrines, and so forth, have been got somehow into the child, inside its skin anyhow, into the place where the soul is and the memory. The truths, they say to themselves, are "learned by heart." What more can be attained or desired in the way of intellectual and spiritual training?

I am informed by a body of experienced religious teachers that they are acquainted with districts where the fitness of children for the sacraments is made to depend on the exactness with which they repeat the words of the catechism; and that a few slips, such as "though" for "although," are often considered as indications of unfitness for Confirmation or First Communion; that is, readiness of physical memory in reproducing sounds is made the test and not the training of the intelligence to grasp divine truths, or the habits of practical religion in the candidates. In fact, our erroneous views as to the real nature of memory has misled us in the training of young Christians; has made us give them words instead of substance, and led us to teach them catechism instead of teaching them religion. Hence

arise the calamitous results as to loss of faith and practical religion which are reported from many parts of the Catholic world.

There are several stages to be gone through in the course of the religious education of children. First, of course, the sense-memory has to be stored with impressions of sounds and sights and actions; much must be learned by rote as an aid to the action of the understanding. The second stage, more important than the first, is to store the intelligence with ideas, with a knowledge of truths. But this is far from being sufficient. It is worse than useless to have sound knowledge without a perception of our duties arising from it, and without the inclination to do that duty. The conscience must be formed by means of the proper impressions. Next, the will must be impressed so that it may reproduce, as from its memory, these impressions in the form of a fixed determination to do that which intelligence and conscience dictate. The imagination, emotions and affections have to be submitted to training as important subsidiaries.

It is very possible to store impressions in the sense-memory and not in the intellect; in the intellect and not in the conscience; in the conscience, and in the affections even, and not in the will. The fact of "committing anything to memory," in the ordinary sense of the word—i. e., learning words by rote or even fixing ideas in the mind,—is no guarantee as to the subsequent stages of religious education. Indeed, so much time and labor are often expended on the first stage of religious education—the learning of words—that conscientious teachers have complained to me that they are obliged by school laws, secular and ecclesiastical, to pass over entirely the religious formation of character in their pupils.

Memory must not be regarded as a special faculty to be trained in addition to intellect and will. Still less is it to be considered that when you have stocked the memory (in the old limited sense of the word) you have at the same time provided a full training for the whole spiritual man. It is necessary to train each faculty, and each one is then stored with its proper impressions, which can be brought again into activity whenever the necessity may arise.

To classify the powers of the soul as the will, the memory, the understanding, is misleading and wrong, as I venture to suggest. It would be the same sort of error to classify together heat, light, sound, and echo. Echo is no more than an appanage of sound, and is classed under the head of sound. It belongs to the class of reflections or reverberations, and these are the adjuncts of light and heat no less than of sound. Each has its own reflection corresponding to itself; and it would manifestly be wrong to class all these reflections together as a separate class of vibrations additional to those of heat, light and sound.

The systems of religious education as practised in many places are hopelessly antiquated. Indeed, they belong rather to the fifteenth than to the twentieth century. They are grounded on a false psychological principle; they are not accommodated to the nature of the child-mind; they have not advanced equally with secular education. Many teachers are still giving stones instead of bread — that is, sense-impressions instead of conscience-impressions and will-impressions; words instead of ideas.

And such was my own experience. For some years, in a college too, I was taught catechism by a conscientious and holy priest, who has since risen to high position in the Church. Every Sunday we devoted an hour and a quarter to learning the words of the catechism,

and half an hour to the repetition of it. The most minute care was bestowed on the small syllables, and the least slip was a grave fault to be visited with punishment. I knew my religion well, practised it well, was well-read in devotional and controversial literature; but my physical memory for sounds was weak, and I had to suffer as one who was negligent and ignorant of his most important duty.

During that valuable time I can safely say that I never received one dogmatic, moral or spiritual idea from my over-conscientious master. If I had become a lay-man I should have gone into the world absolutely unequipped (so far as this teacher was concerned) for the religious and moral dangers of life, and with only disagreeable associations concerning religious training. Of the windy formulas and clumsy circumlocutions which obscured the simple truths of religion there remains to me nothing at this day either for good or ill.

Here is a true history which shows how the most careful loading of the verbal memory with phrases may yet leave the intelligence empty of the ideas which those phrases ought to convey. A child of fourteen went to service. She had been brought up at an excellent parish school under the best of religious teachers and the most zealous of priests. She was good and devout. She had gained a medal for religious knowledge. The perfection with which she repeated the catechism was a marvel to her mistress on Sunday evenings. One day she asked the cook: "When did Our Lord first meet with our Blessed Lady?" She had to repeat once or twice her extraordinary question. Said the astonished cook at last: "But don't you know, child, that the Blessed Virgin was Our Lord's Mother?" — "Oh, really!" said the girl. "I always thought she was His wife."

There are many amusing stories told about the answers given by children in religious examination. There is one characteristic which distinguishes most of these. They are the answers of those who have learned a series of sounds to which they attach no meaning whatever, or to which they attach the meaning of some like-sounding word that is of familiar use.

I once had a class of grown boys to talk to. They had mostly been at a public institution for orphans, and had been sent once or twice a week to a church where, during several years, they were instructed in catechism by priests and ladies. I asked a few simple questions about the truths of religion. Not one could answer. Then I took the catechism and asked questions from it. Then they were more at home: some got out a few unconnected words from the catechism answers; some could only produce inarticulate sounds which bore a resemblance to the printed words. In fact, they had been taught only sounds and tongue-motions. The intelligence remained quite untrained, and still more so the emotions, affections, conscience, and will.

Of course in all this I do not for a moment mean to say that the cultivation of the physical memory of sounds is to be neglected. Every department of the man's nature has its function to fulfil. Words are necessary for consecutive thought. Definitions, lists of things, events, formulas, are necessary in all studies—mathematics, jurisprudence, etc. they have to be learned mechanically and by repetition of physical motions of tongue, etc., and impressed on the material brain cells; they become aids, landmarks of thought, and are necessary for precision in the action of the intellect. But this memory-work is liable to be carried to an abusive excess: words may be made a substitute for ideas instead

of an aid to them. As the *Encyclopædia Americana* wisely remarks: "In all branches of study where the great object is that the pupil should form clear conceptions for himself, as in history, geography, natural philosophy" (and I would add most especially in religion), "the mere committing and reciting of stated lessons can not but be injurious. The system of recitation whereby the repetition of the words of an author is substituted for an understanding of his meaning has been carried to an injurious extent." In religious education there are many things which must be learned by rote, but that is not to say that everything should be so learned.

Religion is pre-eminently a practical thing, and who in practical matters thinks of teaching exclusively by word-for-word repetitions? Carpentry is not learned by even intelligent reading, still less by unintelligent repetitions of words. What seamstress has ever acquired her trade by verbal descriptions of stitches, materials and shapes?

If you want to teach children respect for the laws of the country, you do not make them learn off whole acts of Parliament. To kindle interest and enthusiasm for some cause, you describe it in burning words that stir the heart; you do not embody your thoughts in long-winded, technical verbiage, making your audience repeat it after you for hours. If you want to teach children to love and often use the "Our Father," you are going the wrong way if you write out a dreary paraphrase of its beautiful petitions. And yet many catechisms spend several pages in translating the simple phrases into turgid rigmarole, that involves hours of intent study and probably much punishment.

I have examined many catechisms. In point of true doctrine they are unexceptionable. As handbooks for children not one seems to me to come near the mark.

They have, from internal evidence, been drawn up by persons deeply read in theology, possessing little elasticity of mind, incapable of putting themselves in the place of others, without much experience of actual teaching of young children. I have before me a catechism which generations of unhappy children have had to commit to memory; and I am not surprised that its diocese is notorious for irreligion and immorality. It is of three hundred pages with about two thousand questions and answers; and some of these amount to ten lines of loosely-worded, colorless, and quite unnecessary statements. If it is meant to be an exhaustive exposition of religion, it is a great deal too short; if it is meant to be learned by rote, it is absurdly too long. This, however, is an exception. But in every catechism I find simple things made obscure; words multiplied excessively; stilted and technical language instead of natural and colloquial speech; much that is quite unnecessary is to be learned word for word, and much omitted that it is very necessary to know at the present day.

It is not to be wondered at that religious instruction is a most weary task in so many cases, both to the teachers and to the taught; and that it inspires indifference to religion, if not positive antipathy. Whether that result is promoted more by what is imparted in our methods of instruction or by the omissions, I can not venture to say. Many know their religion but not their catechism; many others know their catechism well but not their religion; others know both and practise neither. And there are a few simple and devout souls who know little of religion and less of catechism, but their conscience, their affections and their will have been formed aright; they serve God with faith and generosity, and they will fill very high places in His kingdom.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—MEETING SOME ACQUAINTANCES.

YET as Henry Moran sat in the train, his pulses still throbbing and his nerves vibrating from the fury of battle and the exultation of victory, one thought more than any other predominated in his mind; and it was a thought which would have greatly surprised all those who knew the inner history of that one day in Wall Street. This thought was that it would be moonlight and that he could sit out upon the lawn in the shade of the trees and—smoke. Yes, smoke! He had often done so before, but the anticipation thereof had not afforded him any special gratification.

He opened the evening paper. There was much talk therein of Wall Street and its affairs and of the day which had narrowly escaped being marked by a veritable financial cyclone, carrying disaster to the whole country. As he ran his eye over these reports, smiling or frowning at what he chose to call the imbecility of those who wrote them, his own name figured oftener than almost any other in the printed columns.

Like most men, especially those who have grasped Fortune with their own unaided hands, he was not above feeling a pleasurable glow at the comments upon his success, his pluck, his nerve, his coolness; the chronicle, in fact, of what he had that day accomplished. Interesting as was this reading to the financier, he occasionally laid down the paper and laughed outright, not at what it contained, but at certain things he had heard overnight as he sat upon the lawn and smoked.

And of course his mirth was excited chiefly by those particular utterances

which rang through the trees, sweet and wild as the notes of a forest bird, in a voice which vibrated with the melodies of intonations. He wondered if she, that girl—Kate they called her,—would come out again into the garden and call him any names she pleased and describe him in any terms which might occur to her,—it did not much matter so long as she spoke at all. And he specially hoped that she would again ascend the tree stump, where he could best see her and hear her talk any nonsense at all, so long as she did talk. He wanted to hear her unworldly views, uttered with complete disregard of a possible listener. He liked their foolishness from a worldly view-point, and their entire putting at naught of those economic and financial laws which were the basis of his own existence.

It is quite possible indeed that if Mr. Henry Moran had been able to trace back his genealogy through many generations of polished and cultured ancestors, he might have felt some scruple in deliberately seating himself under the shade of trees to be amused by the unguarded chatter of a group of girls. As this view of the matter, however, never occurred to him, it is not the province of the narrator either to condemn or justify, but to set down precisely what happened and its effect upon the hero of this tale. All his life he had been accustomed to have precisely what he wanted; and just now he wanted more than anything else to sit in the shade of those trees and hear that girl "making game" (as Martha would have said) of himself.

He had no desire as yet to know the girl, and had no thought whatever of making her acquaintance. He only wanted to hear her talk and to catch such glimpses of her as the moonlight afforded. For she made thus a pleasant interruption to the hard routine of his

existence, material in all its phases, and only saved from being sordid by the vastness of the operations in which he was engaged and the mystery and even romance of the thousand, thousand interests involved, and the innumerable destinies interwoven with every great operation.

It was singular, too, that he who had been wont to question himself sharply and to marshal his thoughts as though they had been so many soldiers, should not now have inquired why he wanted this interruption, since he had hitherto wanted no interruption at all. He had been content with his own life and his own thoughts. He liked to know himself shaping, as did the genii of olden lore, the destiny of others in so far as it is given mortals to do, and being regarded by them as a mysterious power, a controlling force; a Juggernaut at times, dragging them after his triumphal car.

All at once he felt a touch upon his shoulder half deprecating, half familiar, and a voice said:

"I see you are laughing, Mr. Moran, sir; and no wonder. These newspaper chaps do write such a lot of nonsense about matters of finance, and so on."

Moran turned his head slightly, gave the speaker a careless nod, and said:

"I can not say that I was laughing at anything in the newspapers."

"No? Ah, a thousand pardons!" And the speaker relapsed into silence, reflecting: "Deuced cool hand! Unruffled as a pouter pigeon in the snow. Suppose he was thinking of some of the poor devils he made squeal to-day.—Fine evening, isn't it?" he resumed. "I guess you're glad to get out to the country for fresh air and quiet?"

"Yes, I am glad," was the quiet rejoinder.

But the man behind him could little have guessed how glad, nor what a glow was at the heart of the great

financier as he thought of going home. He felt a sort of friendliness toward this man Jenkins, who was a resident of that suburban town which now had a new interest, and with whom the Wall Street magnate had a speaking acquaintance from meeting so often on the train. Of this acquaintance Jenkins was inordinately proud. He sought to prolong the discourse on the present occasion, seeing that persons whom he knew were getting on at the station where the train had just stopped.

"There's nothing like country air, sir," Jenkins observed.

There was no reply: the remark seemed final. But Henry Moran was interested in Jenkins' next observation.

"I see the place next you has been taken."

At any other time Mr. Moran would have rather resented any remark which bore on himself or his place or any of his surroundings. But now, knowing that Jenkins was omniscient in matters of village gossip, he was not unwilling to pursue the subject, which he did by carelessly remarking:

"So I understand."

This was enough for Jenkins.

"At the top of the tree once, sir," he went on, which might have puzzled a very literal auditor, seeming to refer to the place under discussion. But Henry Moran knew better. "Husband, father of the girls, speculated, went down with a crash. Left no sons. Widow and daughters highly educated. Very old family."

Henry Moran would like to have questioned this voluble Jenkins,—turn him inside out, as the phrase is, and as he well knew how to do. But it would never have done; and, as he smilingly said to himself, there was no need. So he put one foot on the opposite bench and leaned back his head carelessly to listen. His attitude expressed the

most complete indifference, yet he lost not a syllable.

"Common enough, that sort of thing, nowadays," he said simply, in answer to Jenkins' graphic description of the downfall of the neighboring family.

And Jenkins, who not infrequently kept up a mental commentary on those with whom he conversed, and which ran in a smooth parallel with his verbal discourse, murmured within himself:

"Hard as a stone, this Moran. Has seen more men ruined than there are trees along this line; and had a hand in some of the wrecks, I guess."

His tone was none the less bland and deferential when he spoke aloud again.

"Yes, sir, very fine old family; highly connected in more than one state. Charming girls, I hear. But, to change the subject, I have often wondered why you didn't buy that property yourself."

"I've got all the property I want," Henry Moran replied coldly.

"Oh—aye, I dare say!" Jenkins said, confused; and for a time there was silence, as Jenkins felt the other's words and tone to be in the nature of a snub.

Henry Moran got up presently.

"I'm going to have a smoke." Then he added, by way of an after-thought: "Have a cigar, Mr. Jenkins?"

Jenkins effusively and with secret surprise took the proffered cigar, which was doubly welcome, as Henry Moran used only the choicest tobacco. Considering this overture as an invitation, he meekly followed the financier into the smoking-car, talking all the way with great volubility, especially when any acquaintances of his own were in sight.

After the two men had arrived at their destination, the conversation was at first on general topics and very fragmentary on the part of Henry Moran. He was casting about as to how he could bring Jenkins back to the starting-point of their new neighbors, which would be

like placing a race-horse on the track.

"I suppose I should have bought that property," he said reflectively.

"Undoubtedly, sir," replied Jenkins, flattered that his trifling remark had been remembered, and suspecting that the Wall Street man wanted some information which should lead to his purchasing the place at a bargain.

"The present tenants—did you say they were ladies?" resumed the wily broker—"have not, I presume, taken a very long lease. Women seldom trouble about such matters."

"Poor things!" cried Jenkins. "They are bound to keep the place as long as they're able to pay the rent and pull along. Heard some talk about one of them going to be married."

"That might lead to the abridging of the lease, if lease there be," said Henry Moran; "especially if the tenant has but one daughter."

"She has four, sir,—four charming girls; handsome, too, and clever. The marriage may be in the distance,—a castle in Spain, as one might say. But I might find out something for you if you wish."

"Oh, don't take any trouble on my account! I couldn't put these ladies to inconvenience in any event."

"Very thoughtful and considerate!" replied Jenkins, secretly deciding that Henry Moran was lying low to get the property for a song. "The family is very deserving; the girls, I hear, very hard-working, and quite equal to any labor. So my wife tells me. She met them at a cousin of her cousin's wife. She felt quite sorry for them, I can assure you."

"It's a common enough matter these days," said Moran, drawling out the words in a way peculiarly aggravating to Jenkins, whom he watched, moreover, through half-shut eyes.

"It's a shame, sir," cried Jenkins,

"to see them working as they are,—scrubbing—yes, scrubbing and washing and baking, sweeping and dusting!"

"But women rather like that sort of thing, don't they?" Henry Moran remarked. But his words were merely to conceal the rush of thought which was sweeping over him, and the sense of resentment against Fate which forced such women as these—such girls as that one at least—to cast their lines in places so difficult. It was surely monstrous to imagine Kate performing such menial offices; while he, hard man, sat next door enjoying luxurious ease and the very acme of repose.

Jenkins, having mentally summed up the great man's qualifications in one terse epithet of "brute," set himself more blandly and genially than ever to disabuse him of his error.

"You're wrong there, sir,—teetotally wrong. Women—that is, girls—want fun and dancing and a bit of theatre-going, and all the rest of it."

"And they get work instead," said Henry Moran, grimly. "But, after all, it is the common lot."

As if weary of the subject, he rose, bade Jenkins "Good-evening!" and called to a young man who was hurrying through the car:

"Holloa, I say, Holloway!"

The young man stopped.

"Holloa, Moran!" he cried. "Is that you?" Adding with a forced laugh: "And now I suppose congratulations are in order, you bloated cormorant, you boa-constrictor!"

"I suppose so," said Moran. "But look here, Jack," and he slipped his arm through that of his friend and led him well away from Jenkins' vicinity. "I want a word or two with you."

When they stood together at the end of the car, near the door, where they could see the dusty track behind the train, lying gray and barren as the

waste land of life to a man who is old, Moran said:

"Is it true, Jack, that you were caught in those Anaconda shares?"

Jack nodded.

"Caught?" he laughed. "Wiped out clean off the slate."

Moran admired Holloway's mettle. It was fine in a beginner. Moreover, he liked the young man personally.

"So bad as that? You must come out and go over things with me," he said in his kindest manner. "But not to-night."

"I would have been going out your way to-night," said Jack sadly, "if it had not been for what has happened." As he said these words his handsome face took on an almost ghastly look. "But I guess I'm not up to it now."

Moran was suddenly seized as with a chill. Could Jack's intended visit to the suburban town have any connection with the gossip which Jenkins had let fall as to the approaching marriage of one of those girls, his neighbors?

"Fact is," said Holloway, hesitating a little, "I've got some very intimate friends out there; and, come to think of it, Moran, they must be somewhere near you."

"Next door, perhaps," replied Henry Moran, though he scarcely knew why he volunteered the information.

"Can't say. I was in Washington till this week. I did think of running out to your town to-night; but as it is I am getting off at one of the way-stations where an aunt of mine is spending the summer."

For a moment Moran caught himself envying the young fellow, despite the fact that he had been "wiped out." He was young, good-looking — amazingly good-looking, — and a capital fellow; a good shot, a plucky rider to hounds, the winner in his college days of many a race, and a former half-back in the

Yale football team. Best of all, he could associate familiarly with those girls and be of them, laughing at their gay nonsense and merry chaff and playing tennis with them. Moran was ashamed of the savage pleasure with which, just for that moment, he rejoiced to think that Holloway's misfortunes prevented him from going out there that night; else he would have been sitting under the trees in the moonlight with them all — with Kate. He never doubted that it was Kate who was the attraction to this young man, and he could fancy her running to the gate to meet Jack and jesting with him after her gay fashion. He turned somewhat coldly from the young man, who stood waiting to alight at the next station; remarking as he did so:

"No use saying I'm sorry. It's the chances of war, I guess."

"That's right," answered Holloway. "Down to-day, up to-morrow."

Mr. Moran, when he first spoke to Jack, meant to let him in for a certain "good thing" he knew; but in his irritation at him he could not make up his mind to do so immediately. The thing would keep, anyway; and Jack had so much in his favor. For the first time in his life Moran felt anything lacking in his own appearance, training or possessions. Holloway, waving his hand to him, got off just then at the station, and Henry Moran pursued his way alone.

He had disappointed several men that day, who had hoped to be asked to his country-house to celebrate such a victory by one of his famous dinners, and a quiet Saturday and Sunday afterward. This had been his usual course of action, which he pursued not only with a view to his business interests but to his own enjoyment. He liked occasionally to have an evening's talk with these hard-headed men of money,

from whom he often gathered useful hints or valuable facts, which he stored away in a memorandum-book, counting them as actual gains. He enjoyed, too, driving them about the country and showing them its beauties and hearing their appreciation of the scenery, just as though it all belonged to him. But he was determined for some time to come that none of these men should cross his threshold nor penetrate into that new and enchanting region which he desired to keep as his own.

(To be continued.)

Non in Aeternum Vale!

BY NORA RYEMAN.

LO, the silver cord is riven!
 Death the poppies white hath given;
 Conflict fierce and rude is o'er,
 Aching eyes can weep no more;
 Sword and helmet both laid down,
 Won the palm-branch, won the crown;
 Forded is the river deep,—
 Gentle pilgrim, sleep, O sleep!

Through the forest, through the briar,
 Through the storm-cloud, through the fire,
 He hath borne thee on His breast,
 Whisp'ring, "Love Me, trust Me; rest!"
 And His mantle fold on fold.
 Hid thee from the biting cold,
 Till He reached the meadow green,
 With the river clear between.

Lo, the golden bowl is broken,
 And the last fond words are spoken;
 Yea, and vacant is thy space
 In life's mighty market-place.
 Feet of thine no more can roam
 Far from country and from home;
 Soul of thine no quest pursue,
 Like the roses and the rue.

Say, is this which men call dying
 Only on Christ's bosom lying,
 Folded close in His embrace,
 Looking on Him face to face?
 Shepherd kind, we Thee implore
 Ope to us the sheepfold door!
 May we, when the moor is crost,
 Wake beside our loved and lost!

A Remarkable Mother and Son.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

III.—THE FOUNDING OF LORETTO.

IN March, 1795, Demetrius Gallitzin was ordained priest, and at once set to work; for in April we already find him at Port Tobacco with another missionary. The self-forgetful zeal and splendid spiritual gallantry which were to characterize his long and arduous apostolical career at once showed themselves. In the very first month of his new labors there was a letter from Bishop Carroll bidding him moderate his ardor and spare his strength more; for it had reached his Lordship's ears that the young priest would often travel unconscionable distances in his love for souls, even "in weather unfit for a dog." Bishop Carroll knew only too well from personal experience what sort of entertainment awaited the weary missionary after a journey of this kind. So Gallitzin was ordered to return to Baltimore for a while to take charge of the German Catholics, who were clamoring for a priest conversant with their language.

Gallitzin remained for two or three years, first at Conewago, a settlement composed mainly of Germans; and then at Taneytown, Maryland, which had an exclusively English-speaking community; so that he had to resort to this language, which he soon learned not only to speak but also to write with singular ease and purity. Indeed toward the end of his life his German grew very rusty. After all, French had been the fashion at home; and there was now a strong feeling that Gallitzin preferred the English and Irish sheep of his flock to his own country people. If so, it was not unnatural: the Irish and English emigrants were often excellent

specimens of their countrymen; whereas in those days the settlers from Germany were frequently the reverse. But this is anticipating.

He had not been long at Taneytown before he and his church-wardens fell out,—a thing at that time so common that it would not be worth mentioning, says his biographer, had it not been the occasion of making Gallitzin first think of founding an independent colony established on entirely Catholic lines.

In the year 1798 Bishop Carroll wrote to inform him that some of his flock had been complaining of his harshness and high-handedness. The good Bishop knew how to take such an accusation with a very large grain of salt; still he thought it well to remind his ardent missionary to temper zeal for God's glory with gentleness and forbearance toward his neighbor. The advice was given in the most paternal spirit; and it may well have been that Gallitzin, with the blood of many a Russian despot in his veins, should sometimes have found it difficult to accommodate himself to the ways of American democracy. But he was singularly clear-headed as well as far-seeing; and not many years were needed to prove to the rising episcopate that he had been contending for something worth a contest—the freedom and independence of action of the clergy, without which a priest's position in regard to his flock becomes false and untenable. The trustee system, which answers among the various Protestant sects, does not work well in a Catholic parish. The priest's position is that of the spiritual father of a family, not that of a salaried preacher to a congregation of critics.

It may here be objected that trustees were useful in the erecting of churches, founding of missions, etc. Even in such cases it is not clear that the system worked well. In a new country, where

speculation was the order of the day, sharp practice might be resorted to in the building of a church or school as unscrupulously as in that of a theatre or factory. Sacred buildings would be erected with borrowed money, which might be reclaimed by an unfortunate speculator at a moment when it was impossible to pay back the loan; and thus a church might come under the hammer, without any regard to its holy character.

Pews—of the old-fashioned kind, provided with lock and key—filled the churches, and were let to the highest bidders by auction. To Gallitzin, such a system, which left the poor no alternative but to be jostled in the doorway or to stop at home, was an abomination. He also strongly resented trial sermons, such as are usual among Presbyterians, where the congregations are free to choose whichever candidate has pleased them best by his discourse. Gallitzin could not and would not be a parish priest under such conditions. It was not for this that he had left home and country and fortune and honors.

In his old age he was asked how the strange idea had ever entered his head of wandering forth into the wilderness to found his Catholic colony, from whence at first he had had to send no less than fifty miles to the nearest mill, and twice as far for coffee, salt, sugar, and other necessities. He replied: "I migrated to get away from trustees, pew-renting, and all the other evils connected with the system; and there were no means of escape but to devise another system with laws of its own. Wherever the work had been already begun, it was spoiled because Catholics had always copied Protestants. I recollect going to Philadelphia to pay Brosius a visit and to see what the place was like. While saying Mass in the church belonging to the Germans,

I heard a constant rolling and banging, with shouts and loud speaking. When I asked what it all meant, I was told that there was a cellar under the church which had been let by the trustees to a wine and spirit merchant. 'Well, well,' I said to myself, 'and has it really come to this? Never will I enter that church again.'"

The idea which soon shaped itself in his mind was to found a little Catholic community in the far West. The "far West" in those days was Pennsylvania; for anything still farther was as yet a complete wilderness, infested by Indians and wild beasts. A small colony had some years previously settled in the present St. Vincent, and thence a few families had pushed on about fifty miles to the northeast into the Alleghany Mountains.

Gallitzin, who had occasionally visited these people from Taneytown, decided to cast in his lot among them, and accordingly wrote to the Bishop for the necessary permission. In his reply the Bishop expressed great surprise at so strange a request, and doubted whether Gallitzin would have strength for so arduous an undertaking. However, he added: "I will grant your petition, and heartily agree to your evangelizing from thence the districts you mention—Huntington and other places lying nearer to the East, and consequently to civilization."

In the August of 1799 Gallitzin and his flock set out for the new mission, in which the indefatigable pastor was to labor for forty years, and where he was to find his last resting-place. Several respectable families, all Catholics, accompanied him; these were people who were too poor to acquire land in already civilized districts.

A journey of this kind was in those days no light matter; for roads were altogether wanting. Women, children

and baggage travelled on pack-horses, or in carts and sledges drawn by oxen; the men acted as pioneers, clearing the way for the caravan to follow. Only short distances could be travelled in one day, and at night they had all to camp in the forests.

An Irishman of the name of McGuire had left a rough tract of land to Bishop Carroll as church property; this the Bishop now handed over to Gallitzin, who, besides, bought out of his own fortune another large piece of ground, which he let to his poor parishioners on most easy terms. Indeed for many plots he never received a penny.

The first buildings erected in the speedily-cleared settlement were two modest log edifices,—one the church, the other the presbytery. On Christmas night, 1799, the first Mass was said in the new church. Fervor was great: no one thought of sleep; all had been made as festive as possible with evergreen decorations and as many candles and tapers as could be mustered in the wilderness. "Thus," observes Gallitzin's biographer, "it came to pass that on a spot where but a year previously had stood a primeval forest, a handful of wanderers of various countries and tongues found a home under the care of an exiled prince; and where formerly at the solemn midnight hour no sounds had been heard but the howling of wolves, now resounded the glad song of the heavenly hosts: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!'"

The same writer proceeds to draw a pretty picture of the devoted part a priest like Gallitzin is bound to play in a settlement as yet without police, magistrate, doctor, or lawyer: "The love of Christ urges him; he is not satisfied with just fulfilling his priestly duties, such as preaching at stated times, and then treating the hundred

little things of daily life that affect humanity with proud disdain, as much as to say, 'That is no affair of mine.' On the contrary, he enters into all his people's interests, is easy of approach to all. He writes their letters to Germany, Ireland or France; and when he is on his missionary rounds he carries back the answers from distant postal stations. He is not too grand to bring the women folk the little necessities which can be procured only at a great distance and which others might easily forget—some pepper or a packet of needles, and so forth. All this begets appreciation ending in unbounded trust and affection; and as the priest in a new mission of this kind is generally the only educated man, he is soon all in all to his parishioners. He has become a centre of unity, about which the most heterogeneous elements gather in love and obedience; and a patriarchal form of government is once more possible."

It must be admitted that in his great generosity Gallitzin spent more money than was wise upon his beloved settlement; yet he had good reasons for thinking himself wealthy. So long as his mother was able she kept him liberally supplied with money for all his good works, even at the cost of considerable self-sacrifice. At the death of his parents the fortune would be his sister's, and she had solemnly promised that she would "share and share alike" with her brother.

His father never sent him any money, but occasionally wrote to him. In his last letter he says, wistfully: "We are both getting on in years; your mother is, moreover, broken by ill health.... There is no time to lose if you wish to see us once more. Besides, your presence here is necessary, in spite of your deed relinquishing all claim to my fortune; for unless the precise legal formalities are observed, the inheritance may be

lost to Mimi likewise, and go to the next of kin."

But it was impossible for Gallitzin to leave. Not only was he absolutely essential to the life and social well-being of his model little colony, but it would have meant much spiritual loss as well; and the brave priest decided to remain at his post. Not without sacrifice, however,—heroic sacrifice. In 1803 he wrote to his mother that he had been hoping to find a substitute so as to be able to go to Europe; he had always feared this might be impossible, but of late years his work had increased to such a degree that he began to doubt whether he should ever see Münster and his dear mother again.

"I dare not," he writes, "trust myself to think about it; for when I do my heart trembles, and I feel as if I positively *must* see you once more.... But God knows what is best under the circumstances and most conducive to His honor.... The number of priests here seems to decrease, while the number of Catholics goes on increasing. I know you are perfectly resigned to the will of God under all circumstances—indeed far more so than I am,—and that your one real desire is to meet me safe in the bosom of our Heavenly Father when the gates of death are passed."

In March, 1803, Gallitzin's father died, leaving no will. The Princess hoped against hope to secure something for Demetrius, and once more asked him to return if it were at all possible. He thereupon visited Bishop Carroll, and laid the whole state of the case simply before him, ready to abide by his decision. His Lordship came to the conclusion he ought not to leave; and Gallitzin returned to his beloved flock once more, never to leave them again even for so short an absence.

That his noble mother understood and approved of his decision was shown in

a very acceptable form. First arrived a substantial cheque, then a large box containing books, rosaries and pictures; another with a quantity of linen for himself and his poor parishioners, all worked by herself and her friends. Long years after, an aged woman showed Gallitzin's biographer, with great pride, a dainty christening robe, and told him it had been made by the pious mother of their own blessed Father. "I was baptized in it, and every one of my children; and I now keep it as a sacred relic for my grandchildren."

Another still more acceptable present did the Princess send; this was a complete set of church vestments made by herself, her daughter, and the Countess Stolberg. Gallitzin was particularly fond of the alb, which was a masterpiece of needlecraft. He wore it on all great feasts; and, according to his wish, he also wore it when laid in his grave.

Gallitzin, as he quietly travelled back to his little colony after his interview with the Bishop, never dreamed what bitter crosses were in store for him. He knew he had turned his back upon all that makes life pleasant—upon love and sympathy and congenial friends; he had embraced a life of hardship; he was to spend himself and to be spent among rough, uneducated strangers, unable to appreciate or to understand him. But beyond all this, persecutions, opposition, ingratitude and calumny were to tame his ardent spirit and bring it captive to the Cross of Christ. Indeed, so relentless was the storm, so fierce the persecution, often from those who owed him everything and who ended by loving him enthusiastically, that we can only account for it by saying that the devil, seeing the good that was being done, raged against its author with full fury in the expectation of driving him to despair.

(Conclusion next week.)

Divorce.—Milton versus the Holy See.

BY WILLIAM F. P. STOCKLEY.

THE *Independent* recently doubted whether the author of "Comus" could ever have said those things about marriage and divorce which he did say, and of which Mr. Gladstone declared that they were words about Christian Englishwomen of which a Turk would be ashamed. But Milton was not at all ashamed of what he knew was his anti-popery. The traditional Christian law, he knew and said, was the Pope's law. In his "Exposition of Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage"* he reminds his readers forcibly, each time they turn to him, of how it was the "Pope's canon laws" which checked divorce, as well as other expressions of human frailty desired and sanctioned by the world in low places and in high; which things now again are getting the new-old "world's" fashionable acknowledgment.

Gradually the Popes were able to enforce Christianity in its fulness; and for this Milton much blames the Popes. Milton and his audience of course assumed already that all things done by a Pope were bad things. But, to be sure, that old assumption is neither here nor there for us to-day. Whatever conclusions we draw, however, it is well to see the right shoulders burdened. Strange, even Milton would say, that a Pope should go to so much trouble to take up and support burdens that some lightly judging persons would persuade themselves he is always willing to lay down.

As Archbishop Ireland not long since said: "The report that Pope Leo has granted a full or an *a vinculo* divorce on the ground of infidelity on the part of the woman is clearly a misinterpre-

* Prose Works: Bohn's ed., vol. iii, pp. 423 seq.

tation of the facts in the case. It is certain no divorce has been granted on the ground of infidelity. The positive, inflexible teaching of the Catholic Church is that a valid marriage contract, duly consummated, can not be annulled or made void by any authority in state or church, death alone terminating its obligations. Where the marriage was from the beginning null and invalid through some natural or canonical impediment, or never duly consummated, declarations of nullity or dispensations may be, and often are, obtained from ecclesiastical courts. Nothing beyond this ever occurred or ever can occur in the Catholic Church."

Milton heads one section thus: "The Pope's canon law, encroaching upon civil magistracy, abolished all divorce, even for adultery. What the reformed divines have recovered." And he continues: "The blindest and corruptest times of popedom displaced laws [of "civil magistracy" indeed] permitting divorce. . . . The restraint of divorce was one of the first fair-seeming pleas [what a philosophy of history concerning motives in men!] which the Pope had to step into secular authority, and with his anti-Christian [anti-pagan] rigor to abolish the permissive law [of divorce]. . . . This papal and unjust restriction of divorce need not be so dear to us, since the plausible restraining of that was in a manner the first loosening of Antichrist. Nor do we less remarkably owe the first means of his [Antichrist's, the Pope's] fall here in England to the continuing of that restraint by Henry VIII., whose divorce he [Antichrist, the Pope] opposed."

Poetic Protestantism echoes this anti-popery license in Horace Walpole's declaration that

Love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd;
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was
spread,
And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed.

And Gray joined his friend in higher praise of Protestant liberty:

When Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel light first dawned from Boleyn's eyes.

A Pope "decreed this tyrannous decree that matrimony for no cause should be disallowed, though for many causes it might separate." Then Milton adds that the Church of England allows divorce. "Our divines [he is writing in pre-"nonconformist" days], . . . it is true, grant divorce for actual and proved adultery and...for many tedious and unrepairable years of desertion."

But "divorce and second marriage" should be allowed also "for any capital enmity or plot laid against the other's life, and likewise for evil or fierce usage"; and for "lesser contentions, if they be perpetual,"—as was decided and about to be enacted by "the whole assembled authority of England, both church and state [when a Catholic sovereign's reign intervened to restore Christianity], in those times which are on record for the purest and sincerest that ever shone yet on the reformation of this island, at the time of Edward the Sixth. [When, as even Froude allows, "in general, spoliation became the law of the land"; under what Green calls "the Edwardian crew of spoilers...and plunderers, whose rule became simply a rule of terror."]
That worthy prince having utterly abolished the canon law out of his dominions, as his father did before him, appointed by full vote of Parliament... divines and lawyers, of whom Cranmer, the Archbishop, Peter Martyr, etc.,... were the chiefs, to frame and amend some ecclesiastical laws, that might be instead of what was abrogated."

And Milton brings his authorities—but who authorized them?—"Our reformers, . . . renowned men, worthy to be... leaders, teach liberty in divorce." He names, among many, these: "Wickliffe, that Englishman honored of God

to be the first preacher of a general reformation to all Europe, was... taught of God...to teach among his chiefest recoveries of truth 'that divorce is lawful to the Christian for many other causes equal to adultery.' [So suicide was soon another recovery of (pagan) "truth."...]...Next Luther, how great a servant of God! [whose writings on marriage would put a publisher thereof, in the vernacular, into jail for obscene publications]... allows 'that a man may send away a proud Vashti and marry an Esther in her stead.'"

"Melanchthon, the third great luminary of reformation,... grants divorce for cruel usage and danger of life.... Shall not the magistrate,... and much more the charity of a true church,... free... the soul of a good man ... [from] ingrateful usage,... perpetual spite and disobedience, hatred; from this disquiet which interrupts his prayers and disturbs the course of his service to God and his country?" (So said another lord of creation, Henry the Eighth, husband of a patient Griselda, when "his conscience had crept too near another lady," and he proposed to "free his soul"; at which, said he, "no man ought to inveigh"; for he had examined the cause in the court of his own conscience, "which was enlightened and directed by the spirit of God.")

And so much, to quote Milton's own words, for the opponents of "Popes" who "took advantage of monarchs' weak superstition to raise a corpulent law out of the canons and decretals of audacious priests,... using this very instance of divorce as the first prop of their tyranny." Milton, as an historical philosopher, had a worthy successor in Voltaire, of "prehistoric" fame.

As a text-book Milton might be further edited for the little children of divorced fathers and mothers to-day. This numerous class need instruction in

their glorious freedom from Popes and parents; the older paganism has not left the newer with any suitable manuals quite up to date,—though, of course, Juvenal might furnish some hints; but he is not as sympathetic as Milton.

When will Christian Protestants not patch and bungle with the late Protestant Episcopal compromises any longer, but just take themselves and their little children straight to Christ in Rome?

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—THE YOUNG PRIEST SPEAKS.

"ROSES!" exclaimed the Convert. "And all the pink shades glowing? Whom do you expect? Oh, it is *you*, is it?"

The Young Priest rose from his corner of the sofa and bowed.

"When a man comes only once a month," he remarked, smiling, "I think myself that he is entitled to some extra attention."

"But not extraordinary attention," answered the Convert, shaking hands. "Roses, for instance,—roses, velvety and of a dark crimson."

"Are these roses?" asked the Young Priest, greeting the Newspaper-man. "I am afraid I do not know much about flowers."

"You see, Madam, that your little attentions are lost on this levite," said the Convert. "Now, *I* noticed them as soon as I arrived. I trust that *you* are in a good humor this evening," he added, taking the small gilded chair in order to have the pleasure of saying that he was uncomfortable.

"I am always in a bad humor on Fridays," said the Newspaper-man. "I hate fish of all kinds. There is nothing

that makes me more ill-tempered than Friday, except a real fast-day."

"You should love to mortify yourself," said the Convert. "Look at me! This absurd gilded article may fly to pieces at any moment; yet I sit here, mortifying myself and patiently awaiting the moment."

"I," observed the Lady of the House, "await the demolition of my pet chair in the same spirit."

"Some persons," said the Newspaper-man, "are always thinking of their own souls, and not of other people's property. I wish the Church would abolish all fasts!"

"And all prayer and all almsgiving, and the sense of sin, which justifies atonement?" asked the Young Priest, gravely.

"I do not see what fasting has to do with all that, your Reverence," said the Newspaper-man. "If I fast, I have a headache; and I—even swear mildly because I can't turn out 'copy' as fast as usual."

"The Church is very reasonable. Your confessor will look after that. I do not like to hear the obligation of fasting spoken of as if the Church imposed it in harshness rather than in love, or as if the Church were a tyrant exacting unreasonable things. In the liturgy, the trilogy is prayer, fasting, almsgiving. If one can not do one, one can do the others. There would have been no Redeemer if there had been no sin; and we make reparation for sin, as He did, not in abject fear, driven to it by arbitrary rules, but in love."

"Why, that is poetry," said the Young Lady from across the Street. "If I could look at things that way, I should be almost persuaded to be a Catholic. At present I am rather a Theosophist."

"A what?" asked the Newspaper-man, in surprise.

"A Theosophist."

"I should never have expected it. I thought all Theosophists were fat—like Madame Blavatsky."

"The Church expresses herself in the highest poetry," the Young Priest went on, not heeding the interruption. "It is a pity that the liturgy is not more studied by Catholics."

"In fact," interposed the Convert, approvingly, "when you hear of an 'educated' Catholic, you understand that he is educated in everything except the usages of his religion."

"You go rather too far," said the Young Priest. "But I admit that I think we educators neglect too much to impress youth with the beauty of the house of God. To most of our young people—and our older people too—a Solemn High Mass is a tiresome ceremony, because they have not been taught to understand it."

"If a service is not understood of the multitude," remarked the Young Lady from across the Street, "I think it fails. Give me the simple, unadorned, unmystical—"

"I thought you were a Theosophist!" interjected the Newspaper-man. "You are turning into a Methodist or something like that."

"I am much attracted by the doctrine of progression taught by the Theosophists," said the Young Lady from across the Street, reddening.

"If by any chance you should ever get to purgatory, you'll doubtless find all the progression *you* want without looking for it in Theosophy. And for a man on the daily press," the Newspaper-man added, with a sigh, "I am afraid the progression will be very slow."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Convert, "since I have heard your views on fasting. I do not quite see the logic of this young lady's objections to rites which she does not understand when she belongs to the Browning cult."

"Some of the greatest poetry is obscure until it is competently interpreted," said the Young Lady from across the Street, warmly.

"Exactly!" answered the Young Priest; "and that is why I say that the greatest of all poems—the Mass—ought to be competently interpreted. It is so high and so wonderful, so beautiful and so suggestive, that a hundred lectures would not exhaust its symbolism. Personally, I prefer to see a person at Mass reading the Ordinary rather than repeating prayers. The Church gives the form of this great act, at which the faithful assist; and for him whom you call the 'educated' Catholic that form seems to me to be best. I can not help thinking that other forms of prayer, though I understand and do not underrate their value, are less appropriate at Mass than those ordained by the Church."

"You think that one should use a Missal?" asked the Lady of the House, quite interested.

"Yes: the Ordinary of the Mass. But remember that I am speaking only from a personal point of view. I think," the Young Priest added, turning to the Newspaper-man, "that if our friend here studied the liturgy he would look at fasting from a different point of view; I do not say that he would fast more—and swear more—"

"O Father!" said the Young Lady from across the Street, shocked.

"But I do say, though he might fast less and pray more, he would certainly learn that the sacred trilogy, prayer, almsgiving, and fasting, are closely allied. The Calvinistic idea of fasting is not that of the Church, because a horrible fear actuated it. The Church never loses sight of sin nor the atonement for sin,—the atonement of Supreme Love. And it is for love of the Supreme Love who suffered for us that we fast

and pray and give alms. Out of this love—the love of reparation—we do one if we can not do the other; or we do both if we can not do one. Gloom and horror are not for us; for penance is the prelude to the Eucharistic union with the Atoner. But I am talking too much."

"No!" said the Convert, with marked emphasis.

There was silence, and then the Young Priest took his leave.

The Sign of the Smile.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

Then tarry a while at the Sign of the Smile.

THE tendency of the young to revel in the lugubrious is something which eludes comprehension. "Sighs" and "dies" invariably rhyme in the verses of the fledgling poetaster; school-girls thrum heart-breaking reveries upon their pianos; the moody artist just out of knickerbockers paints pictures in which fishermen's wives gaze in despair upon stormy seas; and, somehow, all are apt to be haunted by premonitions of early death and the ingratitude of an unappreciative public.

Strange as it may seem, only when the stern realities of life are in evidence does the melancholy young person come to look upon the inn where the Sign of the Smile hangs as an agreeable hostelry. When there is really something to be anxious about, hope springs up in his heart. When disaster presses close, he becomes cheerful and life grows sweet. He is merry, for he has begun to be wise. Perhaps for the reason that pathos and humor are so nearly allied, with the entrance of the pathetic into his days they become filled with an innocent sense of the ludicrous, a wholesome horror of the dismal. This

is not always so, but it is often so; and may easily become the rule when we have learned one lesson of a people whom it is our supercilious wont to call barbarians, forgetting that their silken-robed ancestors were courtesying and smiling and speaking gently when ours were sad-visaged cave-dwellers.

These curious people, the Japanese, teach their babes to smile. So closely does the inner man follow the lead of the outer that cheerfulness is a rule in the Land of the Chrysanthemum. And when we think of some sour-faced Occidentals who persist in forgetting that we are told to serve the Lord with gladness and shout before Him, we wish that they would for once take a leaf out of an Oriental book. Lewis Carroll's crocodile "with gently smiling jaws" could give them useful lessons in the art of making one's self agreeable; and once agreeable, one is kind; and kindness is but another name for love; and love conquers all things,—and there you have it!

Should soldiers of the Cross be less happy than they who linger in the chill shadows of Buddhism? Indeed, it is unchristian to be a knight of the dolorous countenance. We can not imagine a frowning saint. The saints have been serious, anxious perhaps, but they have not been gloomy; and although our Blessed Lady suffered as woman never suffered before or since, and although Holy Church has named her Lady of Sorrows, yet her titles ring with triumphant joy.

Stop, then, at the Sign of the Smile,—that inn which contains no room for petulance or discontent; whose amber window-panes open toward the east, and upon whose register are the names of wandering angels. Fit rose-colored lenses to your spiritual eye-glasses, and the world will seem a different place. Look at it through blue glass and you

will become a dyspeptic victim to its woes. The small boy knew this principle when, with infinite pains, he fitted a pair of scarlet spectacles to the eyes of the turkey gobbler and sent that infuriated fowl on a wild crusade against a red world. "All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

The Indians were true poets. "Look!" they said to their frowning Puritan captors when the November days came. "The Great Spirit has sent another summer, and the sunshine is His smile." How beautiful!

God wishes you to be happy, and you can be if you will. You can become saturated with happiness as an old violin is with sound, and so be a light and help to your neighbor; and when the time comes you will be better fitted for the companionship of those shining ones who come before His presence with a song.

Tact.

A WONDERFUL illustration of tact was afforded by a servant in the employ of a celebrated lady. She had invited twelve guests to dinner, but shortly before it was served she discovered that one of the silver shells in which the scalloped oysters were to be served had been misplaced and could not be found.

"Never mind," she said to her butler. "When you offer me oysters I will decline them."

Thereupon the dinner began, and when the shells of oysters were passed the hostess had forgotten the arrangement and took one of them from the plate. The servant was equal to the occasion.

"Does Madame forget the doctor's advice about oysters?" he asked.

* The lady took the hint, replaced the shell upon the plate, and so no guest lacked one.

Notes and Remarks.



It has been well said that we should strive to understand those who differ from us, and cultivate sympathy with those who are in error. A Catholic who is zealous for the spread of the Faith can not help feeling interested in the views held by those outside of the Church, especially such as are open to conviction. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* who has been making a study of the different Christian denominations has much to say that is gratifying as an illustration of how prejudice against the Church is disappearing in this country, and much that is advantageous as an exposition of the difficulties experienced by persons honestly groping after truth. We have often called attention to the need of books like the late Mr. Arnold's "Notes on the Sacrifice of the Altar," knowing how little understanding of the Mass there is even among educated Protestants. A well-known gentleman, whose name we need not mention, visited New Orleans some years ago and happened to be in the Ursuline chapel when one of the nuns was dressing the altar. He afterward reported that he had seen a nun saying Mass! The chief stumbling-block of the *Transcript* writer is also our "central act of worship"; he declares that he was "quite at a loss to know what to make of it." And yet he was deeply impressed by the worshipfulness of Catholic congregations. He says:

When you see every person in the congregation kneeling for many minutes during the most solemn part of the Mass, you may conclude that devotion in Protestant churches can not reach such a height. It is a marked feature in Catholic churches, too, that the whole congregation is more intent upon the worship than is the case in any Protestant congregation,—not turning about to watch the choir or to see who else is in church.

This unprejudiced investigator was also much impressed by the preaching

in Catholic churches, and was evidently surprised to find that the proportion of men in the congregation is larger than among Protestants. We must quote what he says in regard to Catholic sermons; it is proof of what we have often asserted, that the kind of sermon usually heard in our churches is as well suited to the generality of Protestants as to those for whose benefit it is prepared:

The preaching is in as simple and direct language as any one could desire. The priests not only preach without manuscript but they know how to deal with human nature, how to appeal to its hopes and its ideals. . . . The Bible is read and expounded as faithfully in Catholic churches as in Protestant. The idea so many Protestants have that the Bible is ignored by Catholics, if ever true, certainly is not so at the present time in this country. I am somewhat inclined to think that the most faithful evangelical preaching is now to be heard in Catholic churches. Those who wish for that type of preaching as it was heard fifty years ago in the Protestant churches of New England, I am sure are more likely to hear it in Catholic than Protestant churches.

These sectarian views of the Church are more than interesting—they are full of significance. If St. Paul were to return to earth, we feel sure he would see a great door opened unto him among the Americans. It was he who said, "We have an altar." Let us never tire of quoting these words and explaining their meaning to our separated brethren.



It was a questionable victory which the Women's Christian Temperance Union won when it constrained the Senate to join with the House in suppressing the army canteen. Strenuous apostles of temperance like Archbishop Ireland pleaded before the Senate committee for the maintenance of the canteen as the lesser of two evils; but these Christian and temperate women had made up their minds that the government saloon must go, and go it did. The affair suggests some interesting reflections. It arouses a suspicion that women are unfitted by nature to settle

wisely any question of public polity. The W. C. T. U. was perfectly aware that where soldiers have to leave the government premises to procure drink, they come back loaded with bad whiskey and surfeited with more demoralizing forms of vice; and that the army canteen is really an influence for temperance and morals. Secondly, it shows that women possess not only push but a strong political pull also, and can influence more votes than the dignified and distinguished officers who did their utmost to save the canteen. And, thirdly, it shows how respectful the United States Senate is toward people who control votes and have strong opinions. The vote of the Senate stood thirty-four against and fifteen for the canteen; yet it is doubtful whether a single Senator of the virtuous thirty-four honestly approved of his own vote. It was simply a case where an irresistible force came in contact with an immovable body, and the immovable body moved!

If it were in the least necessary, we should feel bound to direct special attention to our leading article this week, which is from the pen of a well-known bishop in another country. We have only to say that we regard it as one of the most important articles that have ever appeared in these pages. Never, that we can remember, have we felt greater eagerness to get a manuscript into type than in the case of "Memory and Religious Education." Needless to say we hope it will be widely read.

Believing that there is nothing like openness in dealing with one's neighbor, we state frankly that the object of placing Our Contribution Box in the position it now occupies is to render it conspicuous. We may state further that of late it has reminded us of the cupboard of an old lady famed in song

and called Hubbard; for it has often been "empty and bare." And yet urgent appeals constantly come to us from many sources. The promoter of the cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars complains that his clients seem to have forgotten him; the Administrator of the Diocese of Nagpur, in India, begs us to inform our readers that help is still needed for the bands of orphans whose parents perished in the late famine; heads of prisons and other public institutions call for good reading for those under their care; missionaries in China send touching appeals on behalf of native Christians who are suffering untold hardships for conscience' sake; self-sacrificing priests and Sisters who minister to abandoned lepers remind us that their work requires co-operation on the part of the faithful who are blessed with health and homes; and so on sadly. Now that our Box is where every one can see it, we sincerely hope it may receive offerings for all these objects. Every little helps, and in some cases to give quickly is to give twice.

It was once observed that the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Mrak, who died at Marquette in the first week of the new century, was the only American bishop who was present at the funeral of his successor. When the saintly Bishop Baraga died in 1868, Father Mrak was chosen to succeed him; but the strain proved too much for his enfeebled health, and in 1878 he resigned the see of Marquette and patiently awaited death. But he did not die immediately. His successor was Bishop Vertin, who governed the diocese for two decades; and when, a few years ago, Mgr. Vertin passed away, a conspicuous figure at his obsequies was the venerable Bishop Mrak, then holding the office of Vicar-General and the chaplaincy of St. Mary's Hospital, Marquette. If eulogy of the deceased

prelate were intended or desirable, it would be sufficient to say that he was thought worthy to be the successor of the holy Bishop Baraga; or that, having found his physical resources unequal to the duties of chief pastor in the northern peninsula of Michigan, he continued till his death in the zealous discharge of the humbler offices of the priesthood.

Another well-known prelate recently deceased was the Rt. Rev. Winand Michael Wigger, third bishop of Newark, N. J. That see seems to have been a training-school for great archbishops: its first incumbent was James Roosevelt Bayley, and its second was Michael Augustine Corrigan. Archbishop Corrigan, therefore, may also be said to have outlived his successor; though in his case it was not declining health but the summons to a larger field of duty which removed him from Newark. Bishop Wigger was a man of marked individuality, and his life was strenuous rather than serene. The flock over which he presided for almost twenty years have many reasons to remember him with grateful affection.

Requiescant in pace!

The president of Hobart College says some things in the January *Forum* which every parent having a boy at college ought to read very carefully. Answering the late Mr. Huntington's fallacy—that a collegiate education unfits a boy for breadwinning by burdening him with culture,—Dr. Jones contends that the collegian suffers not from excess of culture but from the false social and economic ideas that prevail in all the “fashionable” colleges. The typical student of such institutions is a gilded youth, with the tastes of a clubman and the scholarship of a child, given over to foolish pranks while demanding to be treated like a man; spending money

extravagantly when his earning-power is less than five dollars a week. It is to be hoped that the father of this young man will read, ponder and digest these words of Dr. Jones:

The freshman brings with him habits of financial dependence and irresponsibility, and the present tendency of college life is to confirm him in them. The boy is not to blame: his every want has been so far supplied. There is in his mind no relation between desire and personal effort. All this is a part of boyish immaturity; but the college is at fault if it does not try to teach him manly self-dependence and a willingness to go without that for which he can not pay. That it does so teach him will hardly be asserted by the boldest. The increasing luxury and extravagance of American college life, its richness of enjoyment out of all proportion to the age, attainments, and producing power of its beneficiaries, are a menace to culture and public welfare. A state of dependence should be a state of contentment with simplicity and supply of fundamental wants; a period of preparation for conquering the success which has luxury for one of its minor rewards. Unearned luxury is enervating; it is positively corrupting to those still adolescent. Varied self-indulgence is at war with the ideal of education.

It is a part of the vulgarity of the newly rich that they provide their boys with funds to keep up this luxurious and highly pernicious way of life. One is not surprised that the boy himself, precisely because he is a boy, prefers the non-Catholic college where wholesome discipline is obsolete, study-hours are short and high-jinks are constant; but the parent who indulges his son's jovial tastes is doing his best to injure the young man for time and for eternity.

Irreverent folk are laughing at Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, because she employed a dentist with a “painless method” to extract a troublesome tooth, though her official teaching is that “there is no pain or disease.” She explains that “until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of mind, it is better to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a

surgeon." We think so too. Characteristically, Mrs. Eddy profits by the occasion to tell the public how she came to write "Science and Health." She saith thus:

My first writings on Christian Science began with notes on the Scriptures. I consulted no other author and read no other books but the Bible for about three years. What I wrote showed a strange coincidence or relationship with the light of revelation and solar light. I could not write those notes after sunset: all thoughts in the line of Scriptural interpretation would leave me until the rising of the sun; then the influx of divine interpretation would pour in upon my spiritual sense as gloriously as the sunlight on the material senses. It was not myself but the divine power of Truth and Love, infinitely above me, which dictated "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." I have been learning the higher meaning of this book since writing it. Is it too much to say that this book is leavening the whole lump of human thought? You can trace its teachings in each step of mental and spiritual progress, from pulpit and press, in religion and ethics, and find this step either written or indicated therein. It has mounted thought on the swift and mighty chariot of divine love, which to-day is circling the whole world. I should blush to write of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" as I have were it of human origin, and I, apart from God, its author. But, as I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics, I can not be supermodest in my estimate of the Christian Science text-book.

Many persons have thought that Mrs. Eddy's book was moonshine pure and simple; instead it proves to be sunshine. And it is a relief to hear that it is "divine metaphysics" that trickles through "Science and Health." The book is at deadly enmity with all human metaphysics. A muddier manual of religion never issued even from the city of Boston.

At least three towns in Michigan lay claim to the distinction of having given sepulchre to the bones of Father Marquette; and in one place, we are told, a skull is on exhibition as proof of identity. It was dug up in a district which the renowned missionary is known to have passed through: therefore it must be

his. The credulity of so many people in accepting mere assertion or the vaguest probability as proof positive, must be amusing to the critical-minded; and their question is, Where is this relic-finding going to end? For the missionary was a great traveller. It is highly improbable that he had more than one set of bones, or that these were interred in three different places.

Notable among the answers of prominent people to the New Year query propounded by the *Chicago American* was the reply of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria. The question was: "What is the highest and noblest resolution that every citizen of this land should make for the coming year?" To which Bishop Spalding answered:

Let every citizen resolve to fear God and keep His Commandments; to love and follow Christ; to be reverent, devout, humble and chaste; to seek virtue rather than money, wisdom rather than knowledge, peace rather than pleasure; to hate vulgarity, pretence, cant, hypocrisy and lies; neither by word nor act to weaken within the worth and sacredness of human life, nor to corrupt public morals or deprave public taste or lower and pervert public opinion. Let him resolve to honor woman, to reverence the child, to protect the weak, to console the sorrowful; and finally so to live as to be able at any moment to render an account of his life to an all-wise and omnipotent Judge.

The question was worth asking since it was answered so well.

It makes Prince Gallitzin seem like a contemporary to meet with persons who were baptized by him, others whose near relatives were among his intimate associates at Loretto; and to see, standing in a corner of our sanctum, the brass-headed walking-stick which he used for many years. The romantic career of the pioneer priest of the Alleghanies as sketched by the Baroness Pauline von Hügel must be of absorbing interest to our readers in both hemispheres.



The Months.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

JANUARY'S ice and snow
Into February go;
Fiercely do the March winds blow.
April brings us fitful showers,
May puts forth some dainty flowers,
June begins the languid hours.
July drives us all from town,
August tips the leaves with brown,
With September nuts drop down.
Then comes crimson-gowned October;
Next, November, grey and sober;
Chill December,—the year's over.

were already smiling in broad, brown furrows of rich, upturned soil.

The original owner of the extensive lands which composed the ranch of La Purissima had been wiser than his day and generation. While the remainder of his compatriots had builded and cultivated in the valleys alone, he had planted his household gods on a stretch of table-land from which he could overlook all his vast possessions.

His last descendant, Manuel de la Guerra, was the only one of the line still left in the house of his fathers; and, though bad crops and mismanagement and the extravagance of his forbears had considerably lessened the number of his acres, he still possessed a goodly inheritance, the income of which was far more than sufficient for his simple needs. He had been educated in San Francisco with the Jesuits and had married very young. When his wife, who was the daughter of an American mother and a Mexican father, had died in the third year of their marriage, leaving him a daughter about two years old, he had chosen to lead a life of the greatest seclusion. But of late, as the child began to grow up before his eyes into a graceful, untamed little creature, the image in form and feature of her dead mother, he experienced some uneasy feelings as to her future. He could not bear to send her away from him, yet she needed to be educated. Still he kept putting off the evil day, till even his neighbors remonstrated with him for the manner in which she was allowed to run about from one end of the ranch to the other, with no care or supervision but what he could give her. They were great friends and

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX,

III.—AT LAS ROSAS.

ALTHOUGH it was January, the young leaves were bursting into springtime greenness; the hedge roses, of a pale golden yellow, were abloom; and all about the large orchard, in the midst of which the old adobe house was situated, were orange and lemon trees in various stages of blossoming and fruitage. Aloft in the pepper-trees birds were singing their blithest carols as they flitted from bough to bough. The delicious air, freighted with perfume, still had a fresh, sharp twang to the nostrils; for behind Las Rosas the mountains towered, and the peaks of the highest were crowned with snow. But a fortnight before the first rains of winter had fallen, softening the hard, dry earth for the coming of the ploughman, who had followed so closely that many of the large fields

companions, and the child wanted no other comrade than her father. She was perfectly content, and rather shy of strangers because of her isolated life.

The coming of Mrs. Brainard and Nurse Armstrong had been an event which was not without its effect upon her. Through them she learned that she had cousins of whose existence she was hitherto ignorant, and the interest she manifested in this discovery had gone a great way toward determining her father to write to them. His original purpose had been to write to Dr. Degler, and when he had satisfied himself that the family were all Nurse Armstrong had represented them to be, to propose placing his daughter with them until her education was completed. We have already seen what had resulted from the correspondence.

When Genevieve de la Guerra learned from her father that her cousins were coming from the East to live with them at Las Rosas, the joy she displayed at the glad news caused him to regret the years he had allowed her to pass without companionship. She was now twelve years old; he had taught her to read and write, and had chosen well the few books which constituted the small library where once in a while, spasmodically studious, she would read for hours at a time. Her first thought on receiving the pleasant information was to produce an atlas, which she spread out on the dining-room table.

"Quick, quick! clear away the dishes, Tonita!" she said in Spanish to the Indian girl who was accustomed to wait at table. "I must find where my cousins live,—my cousins, Tonita, who are coming to live with us."

"*Si, señorita,*" replied the docile if not very efficient handmaiden, beginning to pile up the dishes with all expedition.

When they had the room to themselves, she said to her father:

"Now, papa, here is New York. How many days' journey from California?"

"Perhaps seven—more likely eight," he answered. "For at this season of the year travel is sometimes delayed."

"And why?"

"Because of the storms of snow and hail and the washouts on the roads," said her father.

"But as they come this way the weather grows better, papa. And I think the Blessed Virgin will have a special care over them, because for three days now I have burned a light in the niche in front of mamma's little statue of Our Lady; and I have at each meal made a mortification, papa."

"You are a dear, good creature!" said her father, drawing her toward him. "And who told you to do that?"

"I have read in the Life of Saint Teresa that it is a good practice, and that one must make a sacrifice if one wishes to obtain favors."

"And so you read sometimes in the Lives of the Saints, Genevieve?"

"And why not, papa? Surely, surely. Did you not tell me when first you showed me the twelve volumes of the Lives that mamma read daily in them? And so I do: I want to be like her. But now tell me, papa: how will my cousins eat and drink on the journey? Can they have hot meals?"

"Sometimes; but it is likely they will have some provisions with them."

"I hope they will not be hungry," said Genevieve. "Oh, if we could know the time of their coming, what a fine dinner Margarita would prepare!"

"Well, we can judge *about* when they will come," replied her father. "They will send me a telegram when they arrive at Oceanside, and I am to meet them there."

"Have they started already, papa?"

"No: not till Wednesday."

"And this is Monday. Wednesday

they leave their home in New York. Thursday they will be where?"

Genevieve pointed with her finger to the map; and her father, after giving it a little squeeze, laid it on the State of Pennsylvania.

"Wait," she said. "I will get pins." She darted away, soon returning with a pincushion. "Now, papa, mark for me where they will be on each day in the different States until they are here."

When her father had indicated the path of the travellers, she pinned the map on the wall, consulting it each day; removing the pins as they completed their service. Early the next morning she issued orders that the house was to be put in readiness for the visitors, but was somewhat at a loss how best to arrange their rooms.

"I think I will ask the advice of Mrs. Allen" (the overseer's wife), she said to her father.

"Do so," he replied. "And if there is anything needed just order it. You will have to put all the servants hard to work, Genevieve."

"I will see to it," she said, with a wise nod of her pretty head.

Mrs. Allen was a valuable counsellor. Several rooms on the south side of the patio were emptied of their furniture. Cleaned and rearranged, with fresh white curtains on the windows, they looked very comfortable and inviting.

"There are two girls," Genevieve informed her helper. "They will like a room together. Here it will be—next to that of the mother, which is larger. There will be a sitting-room, opening from the bedroom of the mother."

"And how did you think of all that, dear?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Because Mrs. Armstrong told me that ladies in the East like better to have a room to sit in which is not a bedroom. And I think that, although we shall all be glad to be together,

perhaps sometimes the family will also be glad of a place where only they can go—unless they invite us."

"You are wonderfully thoughtful, my dear," said the matron. "Shall you do anything to the sala?"

"No, not yet," answered the child. "Papa said perhaps some new furniture and curtains. Then I thought: 'No: wait till they come; and it is such a big, bare place. The cousins will know better how to arrange it.' But there is a boy, Mrs. Allen; and his little room is to be here on the other side of the sitting-room from the mother. It is small, just half the size of the others; but we will make it nice. And what do you think I am doing with the other room, just the same size? I am having two large tubs put in, and they will have it for a bath-room, so that they can bathe all they wish. They tell me those Eastern people like the water. Two or three times a day they go in."

Mrs. Allen laughed.

"Who told you that, I should like to know?" she inquired.

"Dominica, who lived once for a year with a lady back there. And I want to have it as they wish."

"Well, it *will* be convenient," said the older woman.

"And it will give something to do to the children of Dominica, emptying the water," said the child. "There are no pipes there, you know; there will be no other way. That will just be their work in future—filling and carrying away the water from the bath-tubs. It will be great fun for them."

Whether entirely practicable or not, Genevieve's plan showed thoughtfulness and kindness of heart; and Mrs. Allen hoped the new cousins would appreciate all she had done for their comfort.

"Our house is to be well kept now," said the little girl. "With so many servants, it ought to be always; but it

has not been. They do not know, poor things! And I do not. But they are good and they will mind all that Mrs. Degler says to them. What an ugly way to say our pretty name of De la Guerra! Don't you think, Mrs. Allen?"

"Yes, it is ugly; but perhaps they may change it after a while," was the reply.

"I hope it," said the child. "Papa says that Mrs. Armstrong told him our cousin was a fine housekeeper, and after this there will not be so much waste as in former days. That will be good for papa. And I can learn from her. And there is a girl as old as I am and one much older. The only furniture that they are bringing is a piano. I am so glad of that. With the piano and my mandolin and papa's guitar, we shall have fine music and singing. Oh, there will be good times now at Las Rosas!"

The travellers had a very pleasant journey, and arrived at Oceanside on schedule time. When Genevieve saw her father coming through the patio holding up the telegram she hastened to the dining-room, took out the last pin from the map, and then joined him.

"I have sent Miguel to harness up," he said. "If the train is on time, they will be here at five. Have dinner ready so that they may refresh themselves at once after their long journey."

"But, papa, am I not going along?"

"I had not thought of it," he said.

"And you will be tired. And will there be room?"

"Is not Miguel going with the wagon to fetch the baggage? I can ride back with him; and so can my boy cousin, perhaps; for the carriage will be full. But as for being tired, papa dear,—what are twenty miles?"

"Not much with stout horses like ours. Well, come along, then; but be sure that you tell Tonita and Margarita about the dinner."

"Never fear: that will be all right."

What a ride that was! To Genevieve the horses seemed to creep, though they flew over the road, now hard packed and pleasant to travel after the rain. And what a joy to see a group standing on the platform—the mother in deep mourning, the others as she had fancied them almost as to size and appearance! Excepting the auburn-haired boy, she had imagined them all dark. A few moments later the cousins met, were embracing one another, laughing, and asking and answering questions.

Miguel piled the luggage into the big wagon, which arrived a short time after the carriage. Mrs. Degler, Mary and Genevieve were placed in the carriage; and Genevieve de la Guerra, with Robert beside her, climbed into the wagon. She would have liked to have Genevieve also; but Mr. de la Guerra thought she had been jolted enough during the past week.

When all were ready, Genevieve said:

"Papa, we will take the short road over the mesa and down the hill, and so across Machado's place. That way we shall be home first. Don't you think it will be best?"

"Yes, yes, as you will," replied her father. "The hostess must be at home, of course, to receive her guests."

And so, with many good-byes and much waving of hands, they separated; and each party, by a different route, made what speed they might for home.

(To be continued.)

WHEN William the Conqueror landed for the first time upon English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. But he was equal to the occasion—and to all occasions, or he might never have earned the title of Conqueror. Instinctively divining that his retinue might consider his fall an ill omen, he grasped two handfuls of English earth, saying, "Thus do I take possession of England: I grasp it with both hands!"

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.—JAMES BARRY.

In the early part of the century which has just now passed away the master of a small coasting vessel was plying between England and Ireland. With him, as ship-boy, was his little son, who heartily detested the fate which seemed to have been meted out to him. He did not want to be a ship-boy: he wanted to be an artist, and he took delight in covering the clean deck with chalk-sketches of every object under the sun. It is likely that he proved to be a very poor sailor; for after a short trial his father gave up trying to make a sea-faring man of him, and let him stay at home and study.

The lad's name was James Barry, and he had a sweet Catholic mother, who taught him the beauty of self-denial and that nothing is gained except through labor and oftentimes suffering. He was very poor: his bed was hard, his clothes coarse, and his food plain. If he earned any money, he promptly spent it for books and for candles that he might study in the night. Sometimes, when he could not buy a book, he managed to borrow it; and found that by training his memory he could in a short time learn by heart all the important passages. When he had no time for this he would copy them. Sometimes he copied whole volumes, among them several relating entirely to religion,—a subject which deeply interested him from his early boyhood. He was in no haste to get his work before the public, for he was seventeen before he attempted to paint in oil; and for some years after that he wrought alone, with no one to say a kind or encouraging word—except, we are sure, that good Irish mother of his.

Do you remember the story of St.

Patrick?—how, when he was baptizing one of the kings of Cashel, he, without knowing it, struck the point of his crosier through the royal foot, the king being so full of joy that he did not feel pain. This was the subject of Barry's first great picture, which he placed on exhibition in Dublin, where it was universally admired. But when the roughly-dressed young fellow announced himself as the painter, the bystanders jeered at him so cruelly that he cried like a child and hurried from the room.

When it became known that what he said was true, that he had really painted the picture, there was a change in the public treatment of him and he became the fashion,—indeed, too much the fashion; for he was not proof against the flattery of gay people, and speedily became more frivolous than any of them. Then he repented bitterly; and we hear how, when going home one night after a wilder revel than usual, he threw all his money into the river, and went back to his studies a sober man again.

The story of his first meeting with the great Edmund Burke is a charming one. He had no idea who Burke was, and at once got into an argument with him about something or other.

"Your statement is not correct," said Burke.

"I have my information from the best authority," answered Barry.

"And what is that?"

"Edmund Burke's fine 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,'" said Barry. "I think so much of that work that, not being able to purchase it, I borrowed a copy and transcribed every word."

Needless to say the delighted Burke was the young artist's friend after that, manifesting his interest practically by sending him to Italy, and really supporting him for several years.

But Barry had many things to contend

against, one of which was a very violent temper. He quarrelled with his friends, and soon even Burke was obliged to give up helping and befriending him. His life seemed one succession of disappointments. He painted a picture of the "Death of Wolfe" about the time that Benjamin West took the same subject for a canvas. Barry's soldiers, according to the peculiar ideas in vogue at that time, were dressed as Roman combatants, without clothes; West's wore the costume that the French and English soldiers wore in the battle. All London went wild over West's picture, and laughed, as was natural, at poor Barry's.

He was always wretchedly poor. For that he did not care. He used to say that he wished nothing but a poor coat, a bowl of soup, and a corner to paint in; and he never had much more than that.

At this time, he undertook a very heroic achievement—the decoration of the room of the Society of Arts, with no remuneration. He had sixteen shillings in his pocket when he began the task, and it occupied him for six years. He would work at this for twelve hours, then sit up half the night in order to earn some food to sustain him through the following day. The Society gave him a few hundred guineas at last, and from that time he was in no danger of starvation.

He died at sixty-five, a man who became great in spite of many obstacles, but who was never really happy. His unfortunate disposition made him his own worst enemy. He is, however, one of the persons whom we love in spite of many faults; perhaps for the reason that pity is so near akin to love. And surely no one can have a harsher feeling than pity for the poor little ship-boy who rose to be one of the greatest historical painters of England.

Speaking to the King.

If you should suddenly be called upon to hold a conversation with an English king or queen—it is not impossible—you might be at a loss to know in what terms to address that sovereign. In the old-fashioned story-books and upon the stage it is the invariable custom to say "your majesty"; but you are not safe in doing that in Great Britain except on ceremonial occasions, unless you are willing to be taken for a servant. It would be proper for you to say "madam" to Queen Victoria; and if England had a king, "sire"—the old French form of "sir"—would be a sufficient address for him. If, however, you should visit the Continent and hold converse with its rulers, you would find that there would be need to look up some more high-sounding phrases than simple "sire" or "madam." The Emperor of Germany is "majestat" even to his own family; the King of Greece is addressed in French, that being the court language, and must be called "your majesty."

In Belgium and Italy you might say "sire" and "madam" with the assurance that you were doing what was proper; and you might do the same in Russia—that is, if you were using the French language. When the Russian tongue is employed, the czar is to the members of his court just "czar"; while a Russian peasant knows his sovereign only as "Little Father."

But of one thing you may be certain: that you must wait to be spoken to. To speak first is the privilege of all monarchs. This may seem a strange rule to some of you, but if one goes to court one must do as courtiers do.

EVERYONE ought to have a motto of his own. Mr. Ruskin's was a good one—"To-day."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The *American Review of Reviews* seems to have made an important change in its editorial policy: it no longer reviews the religious articles in the current magazines. Deplorable in itself, the change is doubly deplorable if it signifies that popular interest in religious thought is on the wane.

—In our notice of a recently published pamphlet by General Charles Collis, dealing with "The Religion of Abraham Lincoln," we should have stated that it is published by the G. W. Dillingham Co. It is an important pamphlet, and the publishers have made it a handsome one.

—We are told that the publishers of the "Library of American Literature" will not be grateful to us for our notice of their undertaking. It is too much to expect: indeed we should be surprised if they did return thanks. This is an ungrateful world, and it wasn't yesterday that we discovered the fact.

—"The Crusaders," a semi-historical drama in four acts by Brother Paul, O. S. F., deals with the period of the great struggle for the Holy Land. The characters are listed in the cast as "Leading Emotional," "Leading Heavy," "Serio-Comics," and "Juvenile," which, perhaps, conveys an idea of the production. The action carries one back to the times of the Crusades, but the language is that of to-day—of New York, perhaps we might say. Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

—An edition of the "Confessions of St. Augustine," printed in clear, bold-faced type, tastefully bound in vellum, edited by Temple Scott, with an introduction from the graceful pen of Mrs. Meynell, ought to secure many new readers for that wondrous book, "perhaps the most exquisitely delicate piece of self-analysis that the world has yet seen." The translation followed by the editor is that of Dr. Pusey. In fidelity to the letter, his version of the "Confessions" leaves nothing to be desired.

—During the past ten years the gifts to public and institutional libraries in this country have amounted to twenty-four millions of dollars. During the same period no fewer than five libraries were erected at a cost of more than a million dollars each. The cost of the new Congressional Library alone—according to the librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam,—was \$6,400,000. Mr. Putnam also gives the pleasing information that the "travelling library" (a collection of books

maintained at the expense of the state and loaned to the smaller towns and country districts at the request of the local authorities) has already invaded forty-two states. It has, however, attained its fullest development and usefulness in New York,

—"Leaflets of Melody," by H. C., are verses that reveal a love of nature, a love of music, and a spirit of hopefulness. They are open to criticism on the score of technique, and "The Old House" might be cited as an example of what poetry is not; but as there are lines better than these, we will judge this writer by them, and believe with her that Poesy "leads through the darkness to the Life Divine." The Chicago Supply Co.

—"Queen Floradine of Flower Land," by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives, is a pretty play for little folk. The costumes may be made very attractive, the groupings are graceful, and the lesson taught to the Queen's subjects will appeal to children. "Tara," another little drama, adapted by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, New York, from the opera "Finola," introduces some of the most musical of Moore's melodies, and gives opportunities for good stage effects. Both are published by W. H. Young & Co.

—Among recent publications of the English Catholic Truth Society, are a most interesting history and description of "The Basilica of San Clemente in Rome," by the Bishop of Clifton; new parts of the same author's excellent history of the Church in the first centuries; and three timely papers read at the last Catholic Conference—viz.: "Rescue Work," by Lady Edmund Talbot; "The Help of the Laity," by the Rev. John Norris; and "The Conservative Genius of the Church," by Wilfrid Ward. As these important papers have already been noticed in our pages, we have only to express our gratification to see them republished in more permanent form, and to say that they deserve the widest possible circulation. "Rescue Work" appeals especially to the Catholic laity of England; but the papers by Wilfrid Ward and Father Norris, besides being ably written, are of general interest. We have read nothing better from the tireless pen of Mr. Ward than this essay—we may call it—on "The Conservative Genius of the Church."

—The friends of Mr. Huxley are industriously engaged in showing, *apropos* of the new biography, that the famous evolutionist was really a mild-mannered man with no fondness for warfare, whose

devotion to truth was alone strong enough to provoke him to break the peace. Huxley himself liked to assume this chivalric attitude, and in one of his prefaces declares that he never 'went out of his way' to attack Christianity. But his biography shows that he was fond of calling himself "Darwin's bulldog," and the admiring Mr. Leslie Stephen is witness that "a challenge to a controversy acted as a tonic and 'set his liver right at once.'" Huxley was essentially pugnacious, iconoclastic and partisan in spirit, and his ostentatious show of impartiality and devotion to fact was evidently for effect. One excuse, indeed, Huxley had: some of his adversaries set him a very bad example. The urbanity and moderation that are now happily affecting religious controversy were not fashionable thirty years ago, and there was too much justification for Leslie Stephen's sharp thrust: "If I call you a child of the devil and sentence you to hell fire," says the orthodox, "it shows my holy zeal. If you call me a bigot or a fool, it is flat blasphemy."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith*. \$2.
 In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader*. 55 cts.
 Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.
 Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd*. \$1.50.
 Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth*. 25 cts.
 Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.
 The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.
 The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell*. \$1.50.
 Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus*. \$1.
 At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia*. \$1.
 His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
 The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome*. \$1.

- The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland*. \$1.50.
 Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts.
 History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen*. \$6.25, net.
 Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye*. 50 cts.
 A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard*. 75 cts.
 The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford*. 2 vols. \$6.
 Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan*. \$1.25.
 The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway*. \$1.
 Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James Reid, of the Diocese of Newark; Brothers Luke and Lascian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Magdalen, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary Cosmas, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William Smith, of Attleboro, Mass.; Mr. George Trimbur, Wadsworth, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Buckley, San Francisco, Cal.; Dr. Edward Farrell, Halifax, Canada; Mr. Andrew Stark, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Reill, Tewksbury, Mass.; Mrs. Helena Hostmann, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Davis, Newport, Ky.; Mr. James Colmey, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mr. James Warren, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Eliza Kelly, Manayunk, Pa.; Mr. James Yorrell and Mr. Joseph McCann, Hamilton, Canada; Mr. John Weber, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Roger Sullivan, Sr., Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Helen Keating, St. Catherine, Canada; Mr. Louis Siersdorfer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Anna McCluskey, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Helen Murtagh and Miss Mary McKenzie, Boston, Mass.; and Mr. James Traynor, New York.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. ST. MATT., vi.

For the famine sufferers in India:
 C. T., \$1; M. McK., \$1; A. M. B., \$1; Nellie, 25 cts.
 To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:
 J., \$1; Thomas Murphy, \$2.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Virgin's Son.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

THE Lord is born: all joy be ours!
Behold, the Rose of Sharon flowers!
To us the Virgin's Son has come,
The King of kings, to find a home.

All joy be ours! the seers of old
His joyful coming all foretold,—
To us the Virgin's Son has come,
The King of kings, to find a home.

Rejoice! He leaves the realms of day
To robe Himself in mortal clay,—
To us the Virgin's Son has come,
The King of kings, to find a home.

Rejoice! the mighty foe is spoiled,
Sinners redeemed and Satan foiled,—
To us the Virgin's Son has come,
The King of kings, to find a home.

The Painter of the Soul.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

IF the true notion of art be that it consists in so transfiguring matter that it bodies forth the ideal, the world has seen few greater artists than Fra Angelico. Of all the masters of the early Renaissance period, the Dominican monk of Fiesole comes nearest to depicting the soul free, detached, altogether untrammelled by the corporeal walls that surround it. Before the works of no other painter, perhaps, does the merest tyro in art stand so nearly on a level,

as to appreciative delight, with the cultured critics who have made the world's great pictures the study of their life. The veriest boor can not but be impressed with the wonderful spirituality that characterizes his figures; and the most exacting connoisseur must fain agree, with Mrs. Jameson, that "the expression of ecstatic faith and hope, or serene contemplation, has never been placed before us as in his pictures." Ruskin's tribute to Fra Angelico records, indeed, the consensus of the last five centuries: "By purity of life, by habitual elevation of thought and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to express the sacred affections upon the human countenance as no one ever did before or since."

As for the estimate which his contemporaries formed of his genius and the admiration which they accorded to his character, the name by which he is known to-day is decisive. *Il Beato* (the blessed) and *Angelico* (angelic) he was popularly called during his lifetime; and as Beato Angelico, or more commonly Fra Angelico, he goes down to posterity. The Dominican Order had already, in the thirteenth century, given to the world the Angelic Doctor; in the fifteenth it harbored the person and promoted the imperishable works of the angelic painter.

Just what was the real family name of our artist is a disputed point. Previous to his taking the religious habit, he bore, according to some authorities,

the appellation Giovanni Guido di Mugello; according to others, Guido, or Guidolina, da Pietro; still others assert that he was called Santi Tosini. Vasari, to whose "Biographies of Italian Artists" (1568) most subsequent writers are indebted for their accounts of Fra Angelico's career, gives the first mentioned as the painter's true name, and says that he was born in 1387, on the Apennine heights near Castel-Vecchio, in the district of Mugello. Only a few miles from his birthplace is Vespignano, associated with the names of two other noted artists—Cimabue and his pupil Giotto.

At the age of twenty, Guido and his brother, who became a painter of miniatures, entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, the charming little town that, four miles northeast of Florence, overlooks the beautiful valley of the Arno. Here the brothers received names that occasion no controversy among the biographers. Guido became Giovanni; the other, Benedetto. The postulants shortly afterward went to Cortona to make their novitiate, but soon returned to Fiesole.

The statement made by some writers that Fra Angelico was merely a Brother and never became a priest, seems to have no more stable foundation than the erroneous opinion that *fra* was a distinctive title applied to those religious who never took Holy Orders. The records of the convent leave no room for doubt that both brothers were raised to the sacerdotal dignity; and, as the Abbé Durand remarks, Fra Angelico's pictures alone would suffice to settle the question; for many of his subjects presuppose no slight acquaintance with theology.

In the first quarter of the fifteenth century the opposing claims of rival popes created considerable dissension throughout Italy, as in other portions of the Christian world. The Dominicans

of Fiesole gave their allegiance to the legitimate pontiff, while a powerful party in the neighboring city of Florence espoused the cause of the antipope and endeavored to enlist the monks under the same banner. Preferring exile to incessant conflicts, the sons of St. Dominic quietly left Fiesole by night and proceeded to Foligno, a city of Umbria that became famous in the middle of this present century as the scene of an authentic apparition of a soul from purgatory. The residence of the painter-monk at Foligno left its influence on his canvases; and thenceforward the charming Umbrian landscapes, shrouded in a veil of transparent blue, figured frequently as the backgrounds of his masterpieces. It was while in Foligno that he finished his "Virgin of the Carpenters," the angels in which picture extorted from Vasari the exclamation: "Why, they have fallen from heaven!"

In 1436 Cosmo de Medici made over to the Dominicans (who some years previously had returned to Fiesole) the Convent of St. Mark in Florence. The convent had been elaborately reconstructed by Michelazzo at the expense of Cosmo, who completed his munificent gift to the monks by granting them thirty-six thousand ducats and a splendid library of rare volumes. The librarian, Thomas de Sarzana, a friend and admirer of Fra Angelico, afterward became Pope Nicholas V.

While many of his brethren probably rejoiced in their removal to St. Mark's, where the opportunities of doing God's work would be far more numerous, at least in the sphere of active life, than in the retired walks of Fiesole, Angelico, we fancy, must have experienced many a pang of tender regret. What species of existence, indeed, can be imagined more truly blissful than had been his during those years spent on the peaceful heights overlooking "the city of flowers and

flower of cities"! His life consecrated to God, and his time divided between the sweet service of praise and the beloved art of which he made a living, breathing prayer destined to impress and fascinate the outer world that heaved and throbbed beyond his convent walls,—surely he must have enjoyed as perfect a counterpart of celestial beatitude as ever comes to mortals on this side of paradise. Well may Ruskin say that the little cell was as one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his Master.

"What need had it to be elsewhere? Was not the Val d'Arno, with its olive woods in blossom, paradise enough for a poor monk? Or could Christ be indeed in heaven more than here? Was He not always with him? Could he breathe or see, but that Christ breathed beside him and looked into his eyes? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked; he had seen their white robes—whiter than the dawn—at his bedside as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one on each side, when his voice failed for joy at sweet vesper and matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luni."

Scarcely less blessed were to be the decade and more of years passed in the Convent of St. Mark. While possibly the Florentine admirers of the genius-gifted monk encroached upon his loved solitude more than he cared to have them do, the main lines of his life continued unchanged: prayer and painting, contemplation of heavenly truths during hours of sweet communion with God, and then the depicting of exquisite figures whose models could have been no other than angel visitants to his narrow cell during the silent watches of the night. In St. Mark's, as at Fiesole, Fra Angelico combined in perfection the interior life of the true religious with diligent pursuit of the art which few

will doubt was as integral a portion of his divinely ordained vocation as was the white robe of St. Dominic. "He painted only sacred subjects," observes a non-Catholic writer; "would never accept money for his pictures, and never commenced them without prayer."

To those years spent in Florence we are indebted for the matchless frescos that still adorn the cells of St. Mark's, captivating the admiration of every beholder, be he religious in spirit or thoroughly worldly-minded. Never will the writer forget the impression produced upon him a few years ago when it was given to him to visit the celebrated convent and gaze upon those incomparable virgins, saints and angels that beautify so many of its walls. Even after repeated visits during the previous month to galleries adorned with pictures universally acknowledged as the supreme efforts of human genius—the Louvre, the Vatican, the Pitti and Uffizi,—Fra Angelico's frescos were a veritable revelation. No lack of artistic taste, natural or cultured, can leave one blind to the striking fact that the Dominican painter has impressed upon these walls, not merely figures that suggest the pre-eminence of the spirit over its fleshly envelope, but the very spirits themselves. Gross matter is absolutely transfigured; its substance has evaporated, leaving merely the ethereal form floating in the splendor of azure and light.

Discussing the requisites of greatness of style in painting, Ruskin declares that the first is the choice of noble subjects. "The habitual choice of sacred subjects, such as the Nativity, Transfiguration, Crucifixion (if the choice be sincere), implies that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him so far forth a painter of the highest order." As we have seen, Angelico selected sacred subjects only;

and that his choice was sincere, that his soul was genuinely in sympathy with these "highest thoughts," his devout life as an exemplary monk is a more than sufficient proof. "The second characteristic of the great school of art is that it introduces in the conception of its subject as much beauty as possible, consistently with truth.... It will, so far as it is in its power, seek for and dwell upon the fairest forms; and in all things insist on the beauty that is in them, not on the ugliness. In this respect schools of art become higher in exact proportion to the degree in which they apprehend and love the beautiful. Thus Angelico, intensely loving all spiritual beauty, will be of the highest rank."*

It will not be thought surprising that an artist of whom England's greatest critic writes thus appreciatively should in his own day have been honored with the esteem and friendship of art's best lovers and its most powerful patrons. When Fra Angelico's friend, Thomas de Sarzana, became Sovereign Pontiff, it was easy for the monks of St. Mark's to foresee that their most illustrious brother would eventually be called to Rome. So it happened: Nicholas V. besought the friar to go thither for the purpose of decorating his papal chapel. Of the paintings executed in compliance with the Pope's request, Rossini has written: "By his work in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, Angelico has demonstrated his superiority to all other artists of his century."

In Rome the great painter remained until his death. Ecclesiastical dignities were proffered to him, but he preferred the humbler sphere in which he had thus far moved,—the peaceful life wherein religion and art were so happily wedded in a union that gratified every noble impulse of his magnanimous nature.

When Nicholas V. wished to make him Archbishop of Florence, he declined the honor without a moment's hesitation, declaring that he sought no other dignity than to escape hell and draw nearer to heaven.

His personal character, no less than his artistic excellence, well entitled him to the surname Angelic. His brother-monks testified that never had they beheld him angry. Even when forced to reprimand an inferior, the reproof was always given with a gentle smile on the lips. "Everything about him," says Abbé Durand,—“his brush, his smile, his life—was worthy of an angel.”

Among the influences that developed the genius of Angelico to the pitch of extraordinary excellence which it finally attained, Gruyer lays much stress on the artist's tender and engrossing devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Beato Angelico made the Virgin the constant end of his meditations. He knew that Mary watches at the threshold of the religion of her Son, that her cultus protects that of Jesus, and that in glorifying her virginal maternity he was confessing the Christ the Son of God. Above and beyond the beautiful, captive in the form, man seeks the principle of absolute beauty; and, fixing thus his aim on the infinite, he impresses upon his thoughts the seal of divinity. Beato Angelico sought for this principle in Mary, whom God has dowered with all graces. Each of his Virgins is a new act of faith in behalf of art, a new pledge of love for the beautiful."*

Critics of more authority than Gruyer have borne similar testimony to the incomparable charm of Fra Angelico's Virgins. Michael Angelo paid his tribute to their excellence in this quatrain:

O Giovanni è salito in paradiso
Il volto di Maria a vagheggiare
O ella è scesa in terra, è il suo bel viso
A lui venne ad espor per ricavare.

* "Modern Painters," vol. iii, p. 50.

* A. Gruyer, "Les Vierges de Raphael," t. i, 247.

Either John to heaven has risen
 To contemplate Mary's grace,
 Or she to earth has descended
 To show him her beauteous face.

The artist of Our Lady had the joy of terminating his career in one of her convents, St. Mary's of the Minerva. On March 18, 1455, he peacefully expired, during the chanting of the *Salve Regina*. Pope Nicholas ordered the following inscription to be placed on his tomb:

"Here lies the venerable painter Fra Giovanni, of Florence, of the Order of the Brothers Preachers.

"Let it not be accounted as my glory that I have been a second Apelles, but that I gave all my gains to Jesus Christ. A portion of my work is on earth, a portion in heaven. The city that is the flower of Etruria gave me birth."

Apart from the frescos in St. Mark's already mentioned, there are numerous easel pictures of this master scattered through the various churches and galleries of the world. His "Coronation of the Virgin" is one of the treasures of the Louvre, while the church of the Gesu in Rome possesses an "Annunciation"; the royal gallery of Turin, a "Madonna and Child"; and Florence and Fiesole, a number of Virgins surrounded with saints and angels. In all his work the predominant characteristic is the spiritualization of matter, the presentation of the highest beauty of the human form without a suggestion of the sensual or the carnal. Fra Angelico's was pre-eminently the Christian conception of art; and since his time the schools of painting, advancing in certain respects, have sunk to a lower plane in just that degree in which they have swerved from that conception and become enamored of the Greek or pagan ideal. Many artists in later centuries than the fifteenth have chosen Mary as their subject, but with comparatively few has the choice been "sincere," in Ruskin's sense of that word.

Perhaps the following eloquent page from "Modern Painters" may best conclude this sketchy paper:

"Gather what we may of great, from pagan chisel or pagan dream, and set it beside the orderer of Christian warfare, Michael the Archangel: not Milton's 'with hostile brow and visage all enflamed,' not even Milton's in kingly treading of the hills of Paradise, not Raffaele's with the expanded wings and brandished spear, but Perugino's with his triple crest of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crossleted sword, the truth girdle binding his undinted armor; God has put power upon him; resistless radiance is on his limbs; no lines are there of earthly strength, no trace on the divine features of earthly anger; trustful and thoughtful; fearless, but full of love; incapable except of the repose of eternal conquest; vessel and instrument of Omnipotence; filled like a cloud with the victor light; the dust of principalities and powers beneath his feet, the murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of a shell on the far-off sea-shore.

"It is vain to attempt to pursue the comparison. The two orders of art have in them nothing common; and the field of sacred history, the intent and scope of Christian feeling, are too wide and exalted to admit of the juxtaposition of any other sphere or order of conception; they embrace all other fields like the dome of heaven. With what comparison shall we compare the types of the martyr saints—the St. Stephen of Fra Bartolomeo, with his calm forehead crowned by the stony diadem; or the St. Catherine of Raffaele looking up to heaven in the dawn of eternal day, with her lips parted in the resting from her pain?—or with what the Madonnas of Francia and Penturricchio, in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity

of the eve, the gladness in accomplished promise, and sorrow of the sword-pierced heart, are gathered into one human lamp of ineffable love?—or with what the angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea; listening, in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal, throughout the endless deep and from all the star shores of heaven?"

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—HENRY MORAN IS APOSTROPHIZED.

SCARCELY had Mr. Moran left the house that morning when Martha Finney put on her bonnet and set out to interview Mrs. Gregg, the butcher's wife, and find out from her all she could to the disadvantage of "those people next door." Obnoxious they certainly were to her, and she fervently hoped that she would be able to prove them undesirable acquaintances for any one. They were, meanwhile, in blissful unconsciousness of Martha and her antipathy; but, as has been already intimated, were sorely cast down by a bill from that very Gregg, the butcher,—a bill which was accompanied by a curt intimation that they would please give no further orders until the account was settled.

"It is particularly unfortunate," said Mrs. Raymond to the girls, who had all gathered round her in the garden that Friday evening, "because Mr. Mortimer—your godfather, Kate,—is coming from Philadelphia to spend Sunday, and will arrive to-morrow."

There was an exclamation of dismay from each of the four girls.

"Why, you never told us, mother dear!" cried Mary.

"I got the letter only half an hour ago, while you and Elinor were at church," replied Mrs. Raymond. "Kate was cooking in the kitchen and Pauline was busy at the ironing, so I had no one to tell."

"But what on earth are we to do!" cried Kate.

"What, indeed!" sighed the mother. "Still we must think of some way out of the difficulty."

"We couldn't well tell him *not* to come," suggested Elinor, doubtfully.

"No," answered Mary: "it would seem uncivil."

"Besides," said Mrs. Raymond, "he has already left home, as he mentions in his letter, and a telegram wouldn't find him."

"Well, in that case," said Kate, "we shall only have to explain that we are vegetarians *pro tem*, and advise him to try the same plan."

The other girls laughed gaily; but the poor mother looked grave, even sad. There were special reasons why the coming of Mr. Mortimer under such circumstances was distasteful as well as distressing to her.

"It is no laughing matter," she said, moodily.

"Perhaps we had better tell him the truth?" ventured Elinor again.

"Oh, no!" cried Kate. "Don't you see that would be like asking him to help us?"

"We can not do that," observed the mother, decidedly. "Anything but that."

Then they were all silent, till Kate, suddenly becoming reminiscent, began:

"I remember, mother, when I was a very little girl how my godfather used to come to the house. Papa was living then, and everything was very grand.

One night Mr. Mortimer came. The moon was very bright, just as it is now, and papa and my godfather were standing in the great bay-window in the dining-room."

The mother nodded. "I remember it well," she said, regretfully.

"I ran in, and papa exclaimed: 'Why, there's my little mischief out of bed at this hour!' For I had escaped from the nurse and hidden where she couldn't find me."

Kate paused, her arms clasped behind her head in a favorite attitude, and her face looking very lovely in the moonshine.

"Papa took me up in his arms," she went on, "and set me on his shoulder, where I laughed with glee and tumbled all his hair. Then papa said to Mr. Mortimer: 'I wonder what this little one's future will be?' And my godfather answered: 'It is to be very bright; for she will have wealth and all the rest that we won't mention.' Papa looked so grave that I felt frightened. 'Mortimer,' he said, 'life is very uncertain; but you, my old friend, will be her friend if things should go wrong and if you should survive me?' Mr. Mortimer put out his hand and they shook hands; which I, in my childish way, thought very funny, as neither of them went away. Then papa and Mr. Mortimer laughed too; but papa set me down and told me to scamper off to bed. But I heard Mr. Mortimer say: 'There is nothing wrong, my boy; is there?'—'There is uncertainty,' papa answered; 'and that is bad enough. But you mustn't think, Mortimer, that I do not trust in a higher Power for my children's future.'—'Yes,' said my godfather; 'that, my dear boy, is the best of all. Other friends may fail: there is One above who never fails.'"

"How did you remember all that so well, Kate?" inquired Mary.

"Oh, I often repeated it to myself! And I often wondered how *uncertainty* was spelled, and often tried to spell it phonetically; and I asked mamma the very next day who a higher Power was, and who was the One that never fails. I can recall it distinctly."

The mother had listened with deep and painful interest.

"Your poor father must have foreseen the end even then," she said, "and have had a heavy burden on his mind. But he always tried to spare me."

"Poor papa!" said Kate, softly. "I wish I had understood then, so that I might have been some comfort to him."

"At least," said Mrs. Raymond, "we have always tried to follow that same course and put our trust in the One that never fails."

"Yes, dear," said Mary; and the girls all nodded assent.

"We pray enough," observed Pauline; "and prayer can obtain all things."

"And we have been wonderfully helped in all our difficulties so far. God always seemed to open one door when another was shut."

"Yes," said Kate: "in spite of all our troubles we have been helped, and we ought surely to be thankful."

Her face wore a look of earnestness and emotion, which made it appear more attractive than ever.

"True," assented the mother, "we ought indeed to be thankful."

"And now," said Kate, "it might be better to be frank with Mr. Mortimer and ask him to help us."

"To help us!" exclaimed the mother, aghast.

"Not in the way you mean, mother dear," said Kate; "but to tell him that we want his help in getting out of this groove and in helping ourselves."

There was silence. To the mother such a thought was infinitely painful. Her girls to go out from the safe shelter

of home and battle with the rude, unfeeling, unrefined world of toiling men and women!

After a pause, Mary said:

"I think Kate is right. Whether we consult Mr. Mortimer or not, the time has come for some action."

"There will be my dividend next month," urged the mother, with a vague desire to stave off the evil day.

"But you know how little that is," said Mary; and, indeed, the amount named seemed pitifully small when put into words.

"We can pay some of these debts with it," Mrs. Raymond said; "and in the meantime something may come."

The poor lady had an inexhaustible fund of hope. The others were silent; they did not like to insist too far nor express what they really felt—that the hoped-for *something* would never come.

"I am tired," she added, rising; "and I think I will go to bed. I want to be up for Mass to-morrow morning."

"Polly and I will be with you," said Kate. "It is our turn."

Mrs. Raymond came back to the group before she had gone many steps.

"Kate dear,"—she spoke with some hesitation—"I wouldn't say anything at present to Mr. Mortimer."

"If you don't wish it, of course not," said Kate.

When the girls found themselves alone, Pauline asked:

"Kate, would you really like to go out into the world and earn money?"

A shadow fell over Kate's face and she did not immediately reply. When she did it was to cry out vehemently:

"No, no! I should hate it—hate it—hate it!"

Her sisters looked surprised, as Kate went on impetuously:

"Tramping in and out of offices with men, being ordered about by them like an errand-boy; being rudely spoken

to, or sworn at perhaps, if you made a mistake in typewriting or stenography; having to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'If you please, sir'; and 'Please may I have time to eat my lunch?' and 'Please may I go for a walk?' and 'Please excuse my mistakes.' Oh, it would be odious, intolerable!"

She had gone through a pantomime, graphically illustrating her attitude of supplication before some imaginary great man, which sent Pauline and Elinor into convulsions of laughter.

"You are wrong altogether, Kate," said Mary. "I believe women—that is, ladies—are treated with respect and consideration by the men who employ them, and not sworn at nor ordered about, nor anything of the kind."

"Well, wouldn't polite toleration be worse?" argued Kate,—“checking the word of reproach because I was a woman, poor thing, who couldn't work properly like a man. Or I might be addressed as a gentleman addresses his cook or waiting-maid."

"That is all nonsense," said Mary, "and just comes from a false notion of things, and from the fact of your having been made much of by young men in society. You can't bear to be regarded by them in any other light than as a star to be worshiped."

"Don't be absurd!" cried Kate; but practical Mary had put her finger on one of Kate's weaknesses.

"And yet," she went on, to cover her confusion, "I would go out to-morrow and do anything at all if I thought I could succeed; for it doesn't really matter what other people think or do."

She threw back her pretty head with a defiant gesture; but the moonlight showed tears on her cheek, which she impatiently dashed away.

"I shouldn't mind in the least going to an office," said Elinor, after a brief interval of silence.

And the others laughed, as they always did at any such manifestation on the part of Elinor, who, though full of courage, was slight of frame, tiny of stature, and had always been essentially the baby of the family.

"I shall ask mamma," she continued, undisturbed by her sisters' mirth, "to let me learn typewriting or shorthand. I am sure she will not refuse under the circumstances."

"We might try to get some scrubbing to do for to-morrow," said Kate; "or Polly, who is the laundress by excellence, might procure some ironing, and then we could give Mr. Mortimer something to eat on Sunday."

"You are too ridiculous, Kate!" exclaimed Mary, who was somewhat ruffled by the untoward coincidence of Mr. Mortimer's visit with the butcher's shutting down.

"To think of that old man next door having all that money and good dinners and carriages!" said Kate. "Oh, you old gentleman, I should hate you only it wouldn't be Christian to do that! So, though you are probably a heathen, I forgive you from my heart, and bid you good-night. Enjoy your wealth and all your good things. I would much rather have my youth."

"If he should ever hear you, Kate!" remonstrated Elinor.

"He would think her crazy," observed Mary, decisively.

"Gone mad like Ophelia," cried Kate; "and wandering in the moonlight, decked with weeds and offering rue to others; only, being sane and sensible, I have to keep the rue for ourselves."

"I'm going in," said Mary, rather shortly. Kate's flow of spirits was sometimes a trial to her.

"So say we all of us!" cried Kate. "Come, Polly and Elinor, let us have a race to the door!"

(To be continued.)

A Dream.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

THROUGH my sleep last night a dream did break

Of castle that stood apart,
And e'en as I looked it seemed to take
The form of a human heart.

Portcullis was drawn: of blood the moat,
Small windows all barred and dim;
While sentinel clad in tattered coat,
Evil-browed, gruesome and grim,

Guarded the portal—Doubt was his name,—
Sure for aye he'd hold his place;
The noisy comrades of Sin and Shame
Were familiars to his face.
But while still keeping his sullen watch
At close of a summer day,
Came one soft knocking, in pilgrim-guise,
There a bidding place to pray.

"Hence, hence begone!" cried the sentry Doubt;
"Thou shalt never pass this way.";

Answered the pilgrim, with peaceful smile:
"Here will I enter and stay!"

And e'en with the words an arrow threw—
An arrow gold-barbed with light,—
Its aim so true that wide open flew
The gate with its bolts bedight.

Then, raising her banner high in air
(With a crimson cross 'twas signed),
Faith forced the locks of that castle gray,
There welcome and home to find.
And, waking, I prayed: "O Fortress Hearts,
Enwrapped in your winter night,
Soon dawn the day when your Doubt-barred doors
Shall ope to Faith's gleam of light!"

"Blest Faith, sweet sister of Hope and Love,
Whose spirit voice is Prayer,
On whose arm, for staff, the martyr leans
To enter the lion's lair;
The God-sent one who walks the earth
With her white feet undefiled,—
The traits of whose face are limned for us
In the eyes of a little child!"

REAL struggling is itself real living, and no ennobling thing of this earth is ever to be had by man on any other terms; so teaching him that any divine end is to be reached but through divine means, that a great work requires a great preparation.—*James Lane Allen.*

A Remarkable Mother and Son.

BY THE BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

IV.—LAST DAYS IN LORETTO.

AS Gallitzin's settlement increased and prospered and he had plenty of land, he determined to found a little town, and for that purpose encouraged workmen and tradespeople to come to him; and thus was founded the little town of Loretto.

No sooner, however, had the zealous missionary founded his town than a speculator arose ready to "undercut" him in every way. He also started his opposition town, which, as he was an Irishman, he called Munster. Unfortunately, a German tailor, after deciding to settle at Munster, changed his mind and came to Loretto. This was taken in very bad part by the Munster worthies. Their ringleader was only a nominal Catholic; he gave such bad example that Gallitzin, as his pastor, could not leave him unreprieved. The wretched man was now able to make himself out a martyr. He talked big of priests who loved power and gold, and were ever ready to tread a poor but honest enterpriser underfoot. The laxer members of the community, who had chafed against Gallitzin's high moral code, soon joined the malcontent party; to this were also added certain ambitious people who had hoped to be church-wardens, trustees, and so forth, and who resented Gallitzin's keeping the reins of government in his own strong hands.

At this most inopportune moment there appeared on the scene a priest of whose past Gallitzin knew far too much to be able to entrust him with any ecclesiastical duties. On the other hand, the Prince's high sense of honor and charity made him unwilling to expose

the poor man's history. His only return for Gallitzin's clemency was to stir up the people, and represent himself as persecuted on account of the parish priest's jealousy and avarice.

And as if all this were not enough, a Westphalian turned up who had known Gallitzin in Münster. He was a lazy ne'er-do-well, who thought it would be very fine to live at a rich prince's expense. After treating him with great kindness and giving him the chance to work, Gallitzin, finding him incorrigible, was finally obliged to send him away. Then the man started the most odious calumnies against his benefactor, hinting this, asserting that; asking if it were "natural" that, if everything were all right and square, a Russian Prince of large fortune should be called "Herr Schmet" and bury himself in Loretto. For once the wretch had surmised correctly: no, it was not *natural*.

Gallitzin was too high-souled to take notice of this dastardly mud-throwing. As usual, the pastor continued to go about "doing good"—calm, fearless, kindly,—and that at a time when, at length, he was in danger of his life. One day he was seized upon by a set of roughs bent on extorting from him all kinds of concessions which would have done away with his influence forever. As he remained firm, they became so threatening that he sought shelter in his chapel, where he would have had to sustain a regular siege but for the timely intervention of a certain John Weakland, known as the tallest and strongest man within a hundred miles. Like most giants, he was sparing of words, gentle and peaceable; but he was a great admirer of Gallitzin, with whom he had travelled from Maryland.

As soon as John appeared, the roughs paused a little, thinking he intended to beat about right and left with the monster staff he held in his hand; but,

far more wonderful, he made a speech. "In my day," he cried, "I have fought with bears and other wild beasts, but up to this I have never, thank God, injured any human being. Now things may be quite changed, if you don't go home at once and behave yourselves. For whoever makes a row near God's house or dares to lay a finger on the Lord's anointed, let him look to it"—and he brandished his staff,—“for so true as I'm a living man I'll dash his brains out!" The situation had required a master-hand. The better-disposed now rallied round honest John, and but for Gallitzin's timely interference the affair might have ended in bloodshed.

Bishop Carroll wrote private letters of comfort to his sorely-tried missionary. He also wrote a public notice, dated Nov. 30, 1804, which was nailed to the church door. It ran as follows:

"I think it necessary, dear children in Christ, to inform you, the faithful of Reverend Mr. Schmet's community, that I am cognizant of the differences that have arisen between him and some of his parishioners. All the information I have obtained has convinced me that Mr. Schmet, in all that has taken place, was never actuated by any other motives than those of charity and zeal for the good of those entrusted to his care. Moreover, I know that he is quite open to reconciliation: that he will be ready to treat all members of his community with fatherly affection; and that it is their simple duty to give proofs of their confidence and readiness to profit by his pastoral care. Indeed they ought to be forever grateful to him for enduring so many hardships for their sakes. Moved by the love of God and of their souls, he has renounced great earthly advantages, which he might now be enjoying.

✠ J. BISHOP OF BALTIMORE."

Peace and order were now once more restored. Many of the offenders, after

begging Gallitzin's pardon, became his staunchest friends. It was noticed that a person who refused to do this died not long afterward a horrible death; whereas the good John Weakland died only fifteen years after Gallitzin, at a very great age, leaving a posterity of over a hundred souls. He was followed to the grave by a great-granddaughter carrying her child in her arms.

But now another ordeal began for Gallitzin,—one that was to continue to harass him for thirty long years. After his father's death his mother found herself involved in a tedious and expensive lawsuit, to obtain her just rights. She won the lawsuit, but died before reaping any benefit therefrom; her daughter Mimi now came in for the fortune. During the last ten years of her life, despite all her efforts, Amalie had not been able to help her son as much as formerly. But he, counting on her ever-ready purse, and upon his sister's repeated promises as to the future, had not only conceived great plans, but had unfortunately begun to carry them out. And as the weary months went by and brought no remittances from Europe, his poverty increased till at times he had barely enough to keep body and soul together. To one of Gallitzin's temperament *that*, however, was not the sting of the trial: the real sting was to see his noble daydreams—that had been so practical, so excellent as well as noble—doomed to disappointment, and himself reduced to the humiliating position of a seeming foolish enthusiast who had begun to build ere counting the cost.

In 1806 Princess Amalie Gallitzin died. Bishop Carroll, Mimi Gallitzin, and Count Stolberg all wrote to Demetrius to tell him the sad tidings. Count Stolberg wrote thus:

"Blessed and praised be Jesus Christ! She is doing this, dearest Mitri!...She

is blessing and praising Him better far than we can ever do. But yet we, too, must, to the best of our powers, praise Him—and not in a general way, for that is a matter of course, and something we ought to do with our every breath, but in a special manner,—for having so unspeakably blessed your saintly mother. She was like Him in suffering, to be the more like Him in glory. I need not tell you ... what an angel your mother was; but in my deep sorrow I feel I must tell you that ever since I have known her I could never think of the bond which God, in His mercy toward me, had created between her soul and mine, without being filled with a sense of intense reverence, heartfelt love, and deep happiness. My soul is very sorrowful, and yet my spirit rejoices at the same time that she has reached the goal; and I know that she continues to help me by her powerful intercession. Rejoice, dearest Mitri, in being the beloved son of a saint; rejoice to have been the cause of so much consolation to her; rejoice to know that she is still blessing you with the unspeakable love of a mother!"

Amalie Gallitzin was buried as she had wished it,—not with any pride or ostentation, in some grand vault, but in the little churchyard of Angelmöde, among the poor she had loved so well. A large crucifix throws its hallowed shade upon her humble grave, and on the base of it are inscribed these words:

"'I count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung, that I may gain Christ.' (Phil., iii, 8) Thus felt and lived the mother of the poor and the oppressed, Princess Amalie Gallitzin, Countess von Schmettau, whose mortal remains rest at the foot of the Cross, awaiting a glorious resurrection! She died the 27th

of April, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. Pray for her."

Bishop Carroll, writing to Gallitzin, said: "It is not only because she was your mother that she was dear to me, and that I get others to pray for her, but because she sought ever to promote the welfare of religion with zeal and earnestness in this diocese. I can only offer you my deepest sympathy on being deprived of a mother who was so much to be revered, and who in the hands of God was the means of procuring you so many precious graces."

A kindly French proverb says: "To know all would be to forgive all." We must not, therefore, judge too harshly of the conduct of Gallitzin's sister. She found it more difficult to get her rents paid in, owing to the distracted state of Europe at that time, than her brother could well imagine. When he heard that the Russian government had recognized all her claims, he naturally expected to receive the half of the large fortune that had always been promised him. Instead of this small doles of money occasionally reached him with long excuses; she may, indeed, have been an inexperienced business woman. But after a while, at the age of forty, she married, and then she seems to have felt it quite out of her power to help her brother at all.

Dear old Overberg finally came to the rescue. Amalie had left him a valuable collection of rare gems to be sold if necessary in aid of his many charities. With characteristic disinterestedness he resolved to send all the money thus obtained to Gallitzin, and exerted himself to find a suitable purchaser. The King of Holland bought the collection; and, remembering his friendly relations with the Gallitzins in other days, paid a truly regal sum. It is one of the pathetic sides of life that as age advances, our hopes and wishes grow smaller and

smaller. The ardent missionary, who in his generous youth had dreamed such great and noble things that were to be achieved with his large fortune, ended in only longing very wistfully that he might die free of debt; for he felt debt as a kind of stain upon his priestly character. And this wish was granted him.

By the time Father Lemke, Gallitzin's devoted helper and biographer, arrived at Loretto the grand old missionary was showing a few signs of failing health; but he was still upright, active, energetic as ever, in spite of his thinness which amounted almost to emaciation. No longer able to travel on horseback owing to an injury to his leg, he went about in a strange old-fashioned sledge, in which were packed all the requisites for saying Mass at the stations he visited. His clothes were of the poorest and almost threadbare. Father Lemke at once felt he had to deal with a saint, and valued the privilege accordingly. But, it was hard, and at times futile work, to induce the old Father to rest and to take things a little easier. He was wont to say that as in these days there was little opportunity for a missionary to glorify God by a bloody martyrdom, he was at least allowed to wish that he might drop down dead in harness like a worn-out old cart-horse.

To his countless other labors Gallitzin added that of writing. He wrote some excellent though simple controversial treatises, always in that remarkably pure English he had so easily mastered.

Of course Father Lemke thought that Gallitzin would keep him at his side to relieve him from the strain of excessive work. But, to his dismay, a few days after his arrival Gallitzin sent him a considerable distance, to a small station badly in need of the ministrations of a priest; giving him permission, however, to return to Loretto once a

month to help him over the Saturday and Sunday.

The winter of 1839 and 1840 was a particularly cold and trying one, and Father Lemke was obliged to travel great distances during Lent, that not one of the scattered flock might be without the means of approaching the sacraments. As ill-fortune would have it, he met with a serious accident, which made it at last impossible for him to put his foot to the ground. It was just at this most inopportune moment that news reached him from Loretto that Gallitzin had fallen ill; that he had just managed to say Mass on Easter Sunday, but had been unable to preach, and had been obliged at length to take to his bed.

Father Lemke immediately sent a messenger to Loretto, who came back with the news that he had seen the dear old man; that he looked very ill, but that he had said Father Lemke was not to dream of coming, but was to take good care of himself; that if there should be any danger he would be sure to send for him. But a friend had whispered that the saintly Father was really very ill, and that it would be well if his coadjutor lost no time in coming. Not long after Gallitzin's old sledge arrived, the driver bringing a petition from the doctor (who loved the old priest as if he had been his father) to come at once, as there was but little hope. In spite of his own bad plight, Father Lemke immediately set out upon the journey; and on arriving found that the doctor was only waiting for his coming before performing a necessary operation.

Gallitzin required little preparation. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God,—ready for anything. "I have made my will," he said. "I do hope that I can depart in peace so far as that is concerned, and that everyone will

receive his due, and that there will even be a trifle over. Now my only desire is to receive the last Sacraments, and then you may do with me whatever you like."

After midnight Father Lemke said Mass for him in his room, during which he received Holy Communion with most intense devotion. The operation brought some temporary relief; but the whole system was so thoroughly worn out his community realized they were to lose their dearly beloved Father and friend.

The news spread like lightning that he was dying; and from all the neighborhood there poured into Loretto a very stream of pilgrims, old and young, all anxious to see him once more and to receive his blessing. So great did the numbers become that it was found necessary to prevent their entrance into the sick-room. But this had to be done with the utmost caution; for the dying man himself seemed pleased to see them all, and had a sweet smile and a kindly word for every comer.

But at length a man came for whom Gallitzin had no smile. He had repaid all the good priest's kindness with extreme ingratitude, and had of late years given way to intemperance and other evil habits. Him the dying priest looked at sternly, while he lifted up a warning finger. This silent sermon had a wonderful effect: the prodigal fell upon his knees, and, weeping bitterly, confessed his wickedness and promised to amend. He kept his promise. And Gallitzin, on his side, did not forget him; for on the day of his death, after having a long time lain still and unconscious, he whispered this man's name. It seemed to pain him that he had not left him anything, as he had to his other former servants. Father Lemke caught these words: "Poor scamp—if it could still be done—not forget him." Father Lemke, of course, respected the dying wish.

Two days before his death Gallitzin

had the consolation of a visit from another priest, an old friend of his—Father Heyden, of Bedford. On the evening of the 6th of May the end had come. Father Heyden said the Prayers for the Dying, while Father Lemke held a lighted candle in Gallitzin's hand. As the prayers ended Father Lemke felt that the pulse had stopped and another beautiful soul had flown to the Feet of its Redeemer. A bystander, gazing at the dead priest, exclaimed: "Does he not look like a grand old conqueror who has just won his victory?"

The testimony of one of his fellow-priests is too beautiful to be omitted. Writing three years before Gallitzin's death, he said: "I do not see much of the venerable Father, for I live twelve miles distant. Besides he has lived, so to speak, *alone* for forty-two years, and he is reserved and self-contained. But he is the noblest, purest, most Christ-like man I have ever met. He requires to be well known.... Now that I live without any consolation, and have, thank God, gained sufficient mastery over self no longer to wish for any consolation that this world could give me, I believe that *He* will come to comfort me who alone can give comfort worthy of the name. We have abundant proof of this here. For have I not Gallitzin before me? He gave up everything—everything; and, best of all, he gave himself. Therefore he now goes about enshrouded in an abiding peace, and an angel looks out of his calm eyes; and I feel that at any moment he could lay himself down smiling to sleep his last sleep like a weary child. Can anything higher or better be striven for or attained?"

Gallitzin's funeral told something of the universal veneration in which he was held. In spite of bad weather, mourners came a distance of forty and fifty miles to pay him the last tribute

of love and gratitude. It would have taken but a few minutes to convey the body from the presbytery to its resting-place; but his friends had a pretty thought. They carried their dear Father through the gardens and fields and meadows, and lastly through the little town—all of which had been his creation, his life's work,—that he might once more bless it all and dedicate it anew to Him to follow whom he had, in the most literal sense of the word, "left *all* things."

(The End.)

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.—SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"THE Authoress is, beyond all doubt, the most graceful woman I have ever met," said the Newspaper-man, with conviction. "She is what the French call *grande dame*, and you can see that she has a pedigree."

"Has had," corrected the Convert, whose temper was not improved by the suggestion communicated to him by the Host, that he would be expected to stay later than usual. "And I should not insult any woman by calling her an 'authoress.'"

"Would you call her *femme auteur*?" asked the Host, gently.

"No, sir: I should call her 'author,'—nothing more nor less."

"But usage has changed in the last ten years."

"Good English should never change," said the Convert. "The English of the King James' Bible is good, sufficiently good—in fact, I may go further and say good enough—for any of us. 'Authoress' may do for people like Marie Corelli, but I should prefer to call this lady an author; for she never makes a mistake in natural history."

"Do authors ever do that?" inquired the Newspaper-man, with the innocence of a cherub.

"Do they!" asked the Convert, with magnificent scorn. "Take the Host here, who has dropped into poetry more than once. Not content with borrowing the first line of the 'bit' he considerably leaves on the table for examination, from Father Faber, he—"

"No, no!" said the Host. "That was an accident. I had never seen a line of Father Faber's verses when that was written—"

"He," said the Convert, relentlessly, "writes, warbles, sings, in another poem:

The clover, white as driven snow,
Or pink as coral on the strand
Where Ceylon's wavelets come and go
(And, oh, the beauty of the land!)

The clover, to the children's knees,
Soft brushed the soft skin of each hand,—
All gentian-scented was the breeze,
(And, oh, the beauty of the land!)"

"Well, what's the matter with that?" asked the Newspaper-man.

"A person whose soul is withered by the constant reading of his own productions, written for the modern newspaper, can not be expected to see anything that a clear mind would perceive," said the Convert.

"Go on," said the Newspaper-man. "Anxiety to understand you is making my brain purr. I can hear it."

"Did you ever see white clover grow to the height of a child's knees?"

"It depends—"

'Answer that question!'

"But—" began the Host.

"Did you ever see white clover grow to the height of any child's knees?"

"No," said the Newspaper-man; "but I don't see why, under our improved system of agriculture, it should not grow to any height. What's science for, if it can't make things grow?"

The Convert groaned. "And gentians mingling with clover!"

"I am rather sure I have seen that combination."

"Where?"

"Well," replied the Newspaper-man, faltering a little, "in Ireland, I think." The Convert made him quail.

"Why should a writer of verses be expected to be so scientifically accurate? I may say," added the Host, "that those beautiful lines are not written by me, but by the Young Lady from across the Street. The gentian may have been blooming *somewhere*."

"I can tell you just where it blooms," observed the Convert. "*Somewhere* will not do."

"But why should the poet be more exact than the artist?" asked the Newspaper-man. "Look at the tablecloth in Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper.' It is a question of effect. The more accurate you become in works of art, the less artistic you are; and in painting, the less spiritual you are. You would hardly say that the Madonnas you admire are accurate historically, or that the conventionalized roses in some of the most adorable religious pictures are natural?"

"Or the black and bedizened statues of Our Lady in Spanish countries *true* in any sense?" suggested the Host.

"Times have changed. The great poets, like Wordsworth and Tennyson, have set an example of accuracy in the observation of natural phenomena. If tradition and family association cause me to love an old house that is bad architecturally, because I have always been accustomed to it, that is not an altogether reprehensible weakness. A faded daguerreotype of one dear to me may give me far greater pleasure than an accurately scientific portrait, with all the green and yellow tints of the complexion put in; but," added the Convert, "the best sentiment to-day demands accuracy, even in poetry."

"Then," said the Host, "the Young Lady from across the Street will never be able to say that 'the sun rises'; because, you know, it does not rise."

"It is just as accurate to say that the sun 'sits' on the ocean as to say it 'sets' in the ocean," spoke up the Newspaper-man.

"The ladies!" said the Critic, rising.

"I heard," remarked the Authoress, bringing her train very delicately to the straightest chair in the room, "your last words, and I can imagine what you were talking about. The whole question of art is a question of effect. Am I to refuse to say all the beautiful and poetical things in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin because they are not scientifically accurate? And there are pictures of Our Lady and St. Joseph walking wearily to the inn in a driving snow-storm, which I have seen bring tears to kindly eyes,—are these to be suppressed because at Bethlehem it did not snow on the Night of the Star? Must we have a revised version of the Bible with Josue commanding the earth to stand still? Are some of those modern archæological pictures of sacred scenes to be substituted for the inaccurate but poetical and spiritual presentments of the Italians?"

"You take my breath away, Madam," said the Convert. "I am not making a plea for Tissot or against the Black Madonnas: I am merely saying that if a poet is false in one thing, he is false in all."

"When poets become scientifically accurate, poetry will cease to exist," said the Authoress.

"When artists become scientifically accurate, art will cease to exist," said the Host.

"I am not sure that the world needs more art or poetry," said the Convert. "It is time that we begun to examine the treasures of poetry and art stored

up for us in times when science was only a blind boy with a divining-rod in his hand."

"Thank Heaven," the Newspaper-man exclaimed, "scientific accuracy may kill poetry and art but the newspaper will still exist!"

"I have not claimed that any kind of accuracy was necessary for a newspaper," answered the Convert. "If the Author will take my arm as far as the next room, we will refresh ourselves with some intelligent conversation with other guests."

About Telepathy.

THE phenomena which latter-day science attributes to telepathy are probably more common than is any definite knowledge as to the significance of this modern word. Instances of genuine thought-transference have no doubt occurred in the case of many men who have never heard of the scientific term, and who would not know its meaning even if they did hear it. It may be excusable, therefore, to quote the standard dictionaries as to the import of this comparatively recent addition to our language. Telepathy, says one, is the sympathetic affection of one mind or person by another, at a distance, through a supposed emotional influence and without any direct communication by the senses. The Century's definition is somewhat fuller: "The direct communication of one mind with another otherwise than in ordinary and recognized ways; the supposed action of one mind on another at a distance without the use of words, looks, gestures, or other material signs; also the resulting mental state or affection. The assumption is that certain extraordinary phenomena can not be explained on any recognized principles of physical science."

Pseudo-scientists profess to explain

these phenomena in a variety of ways. They descant most learnedly on the astral body, psychic waves, irradiating neuric force, and similar high-sounding phrases whose sole purpose seems to be to make "confusion worse confounded." A discussion of the subject that merits at least the praise of being intelligible to the reader of ordinary culture recently appeared in the *Revue du Monde Invisible*, of which Mgr. Méric, a notable authority among Catholic scientists, is the editor. The following extracts are from his study of "Action at a Distance and Telepathy."

..

Manifestly, the power of our soul and of our faculties is not illimited, infinite, equal to God's. The same statement is true of our senses and sensations. We see, hear, and feel up to a certain limit, determined by our sensorial apparatus and the will of God. Beyond that limit, communication between the subject and object is cut off.

Thus, when an object is placed outside a certain limit known to science, it is evident that we can neither see nor hear nor feel it, because it makes no impression whatever on our nervous system or on our brain-centres. I am not so organized that I can see, hear or feel what is taking place just now at the other end of the world, no matter how violent may be the disturbance which I gratuitously suppose to exist in the organs of sense, no matter how agitated may be my nervous system, given up to the capricious disorders of hyperesthesia.

If, therefore, I saw at this moment what is going on in St. Petersburg, if I heard conversations, if I followed different personages and furnished an exact description of them, I should not have the right to say that I saw this spectacle with my eyes, that I heard these conversations with my ears, that

I received the sensible impression of a fluid or I know not what effluence; neither philosophy, physics, nor physiology authorizes such a declaration, which is opposed to the nature, the rôle, and the organization of the sensory apparatus. We are, therefore, face to face with a phenomenon of a new order, one that is produced immediately in the soul, the mind, the imagination, under the influence of an immaterial cause.

That there exist outside of this visible world other creatures more intelligent than we, and immaterial, angels good or bad,—this in no way antagonizes my reason; that these creatures can enter into communication with my soul,—this is equally supposable. From the natural point of view, the genesis of my best and highest thoughts is often a great mystery; and we know so little that it would be distinctly imprudent to declare with assurance, in speaking of these communications, "That is not possible," "That is not so." I am persuaded, on the contrary, that these relations are possible, and I willingly enter upon a study of the theological solution of the problem of telepathy.

St. Thomas Aquinas, following St. Dionysius, tells us that spirits—that is, incorporeal natures—infinately surpass in number all corporeal creatures, and that the angels preside over the great phenomena of nature. Bossuet, in connection with this subject, thus explains one of the pernicious errors of paganism:

When I see in the Prophets, in the Apocalypse, in the Gospel itself, this angel of the Persians, this angel of the Greeks, this angel of the Jews; the angel of little children who defends them before God against those who scandalize them; the angel of the waters, the angel of fire, and so many others; and when I see among these angels him who places on the altar the heavenly incense of prayers, I recognize in these words a species of mediation of the holy angels: I see even the foundation that may have led the pagans to distribute their divinities among the elements, and in kingdoms, to preside over them; for every error is founded on the abuse of some truth.

On every page of the New Testament we find this presence and intervention of the angels. They announce the Incarnation to Mary; they call the shepherds to the divine Crib; they order Joseph's flight into Egypt; they press around Jesus after His mysterious temptation; they agitate the water in the piscina where the unfortunate is to be cured. We find them again near Christ in His agony in the Garden of Olives; they remove the stone from the tomb of the risen Christ; they are in the prison with St. Peter, where they break his chains, open the doors and set him at liberty.

Now, if the angels are innumerable, if they envelop us with their crowds and their protection, if they preside over the great terrestrial phenomena, if they are interested in our moral life,—if the invisible world, alive and mysterious, thus surrounds and touches the visible world wherein our existence is passed, it is not astonishing that there should be established between these two worlds communications, influences, an intimate and profound action which we notice too often without seeking to explain it. The marvellous here appears to us under an aspect new as to its method and its causality.

Let us pursue this analysis. I am now looking, from this beach where I sit alone, at a fishing-smack which is going out to sea. I have a clear perception of it. The luminous rays strike in my eye the nervous membrane of the retina, which is nothing else than the unfolding of the optic nerve; they follow the fibres up to the optic centre which exists in the brain, and I see. If I shut my eyes, and if the optic centre is still disturbed, I will see the boat again, but its image will be less vivid than its perception at present.

Under the influence, however, of fever, madness, or other causes, this interior extremity of the nerve, this optic centre,

may become so violently disturbed that I will perceive the boat as if it were present. And if my reason for the time being can not judge or discern, I will give to this image an objective, real form; I will declare in my hallucination that I really see the boat.

I follow the same argument and arrive at the same conclusions in studying the diffusion of the sonorous waves in the ear and the vibrations of the acoustic centre in the brain. At one moment I should hear and recognize the voice that speaks; at another I should believe that I heard it, if the interior extremity of the acoustic nerve should be agitated in the brain.

"It is necessary," observes Descartes, "to remark that although the soul be united to the whole body, it nevertheless exercises its principal functions in the brain; and that it is there that it not only hears and imagines but also feels; and all this by the mediation of the nerves, which are stretched like so many delicate threads from the brain to all parts of the other members, to which they are so tied that we can scarcely touch one such member without moving the extremity of some nerve, and without this movement's passing, by means of this nerve, to that place in the brain where is found the seat of common sensation."

If, therefore, a superior power, a foreign cause, makes a vibration in either the optic, the acoustic or the olfactory centre in the interior of the brain, I shall see, hear and smell; and if the vibration is intense enough, I shall see, hear and smell just as if I were in presence of the reality.

A mother suddenly falls asleep, and she sees at a great distance her son stretched dead on a battlefield; she sees her daughter or her sister, known to be ill, lying dead in bed; she sees a friend whom a driving accident has thrown

into a ditch. In a few days she receives letters stating that her son has fallen in battle, that her sister has succumbed to the illness, that her friend has been thrown out of a carriage. Such are the more frequent instances of telepathy.

Now, we know that there are millions and millions of angels whose spiritual nature permits them to traverse with incredible swiftness the greatest distances; that they also have the clearest perception of what takes place all over the universe; that they are interested in us, in our life and our destiny.

Why should I be astonished if an angel, with the permission of God and in accordance with His providence, acts on the brain of the mother in question, touches therein the centres of the life of relation, and so causes to appear in a vivid vision the sorrowful image of her son, her daughter, or her friend who has just died? And the impression produced in the passive brain of this mother, separated the while by sleep from the real world, will be intense enough to give her the sensation of reality. All has taken place in her—in her imagination, in her brain.

To understand and explain this phenomenon, I need neither nervous fluid nor psychical waves nor an astral body nor irradiating neuric force: I have only to recall the presence of angels, the effects of cerebral impression, and the power of the image occasioned.

Nor is it a hallucination that I have been observing; for hallucination does not correspond to reality, whereas the telepathic vision of the mother does correspond to a genuine objective reality: her son is really lying on the battlefield, her sister or daughter is really dead, her friend is really inanimate in the ditch. Under the cerebral impression produced by the angel, just as if produced by the reality, the mother has perceived, and says with conviction: "I have seen it."

Notes and Remarks.

Doubt has often been expressed as to whether there were many martyrs for the faith among the Christians who were put to death during the recent persecution in China. An impression seems to prevail among American Catholics that most of those who lost their lives were the victims of circumstance. It is too soon to know the full truth regarding the Boxer persecution, but there can be no doubt that many native Christians died for the faith. The Vicar-Apostolic of Hunan mentions the case of two hundred young girls living at one of the mission-stations who, being allowed to choose between death and apostasy, all elected to die as martyrs. Other Chinese missionaries declare that in the sorest trials there were very few to apostatize.

Mr. Nikola Tesla, who has achieved merited distinction as an electrical scientist, is under the impression that certain electrical disturbances noticed by him two years ago at his observatory on Pike's Peak were of planetary origin; and, consequently, he affirms the possibility of transmitting messages to the planet Mars. Sir Norman Lockyer, the dean of the distinguished astronomers of our day, gives no credit to the pretended discovery, and declares that "communication with Mars is absolutely outside the domain of practical science."

An eminent physician, writing in the *International Monthly*, has drawn up a statement of the benefits conferred on medicine and surgery by Roentgen's great discovery. The X-rays, he says, aid in the detection of foreign bodies, such as bullets or pieces of glass; they help the physician to recognize the exact

position and nature of a fracture; they are useful in diagnosing diseases in which the shape or chemical composition of the bones is changed; they assist in detecting the mineral forms of calculi; they have a half dozen different uses in dentistry; and a specialist in chest diseases declares that the X-ray enables him to diagnose cases of consumption and pneumonia in their very earliest stages,—a distinct advantage which greatly increases the chance of recovery. In cases of heart disease, a knowledge of the size of this organ is of paramount importance; here, as well as in diseases of the aorta and the kidneys, the X-rays are invaluable. The fear that the patient may be injuriously affected by them is utterly groundless if the physician have ordinary skill. One admonition is especially important: "In medical cases this method must be used by a physician, and in surgical cases its results must be interpreted by a surgeon."

It was Carlyle who said that the most interesting fact about any man is his religious belief. For this reason we state that the discoverer of the X-rays is a Catholic.

One is not accustomed to think of the nineteenth century as "a century of martyrs," yet certain data published in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* prove the title to be no misnomer. Not to speak of European-born missionaries, thousands of native priests and religious and hundreds of thousands of laymen suffered for the faith in China, Tonquin, Korea, Japan, Uganda and Oceania. A single organization—the Paris Society of Foreign Missions—counts 100 native priests and 90,000 native converts among the martyrs of its missions. In Cochin China, during the persecution of 1885, seven native priests, 60 catechists, 270 native nuns, and 25,000 of the Chinese laity shed their blood for Christ.

Yet, in the face of this superb record of the converted pagan, there are Catholics who wonder whether foreign missions are worth while!

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The *Illustrated Catholic Missions* gives an edifying account of the circumstances attending the death of Bishop Hamer, who was murdered by the Boxers in South Mongolia. When the danger became acute—

The Bishop assembled most of his missionaries to see what had best be done. During the meeting he asked leave to go to the church for a few minutes, and after a short interval returned, saying that he had resolved to stay with his flock. All the missionaries desired to remain with him, but he commanded them *sub pœna peccati* to go to a safe place. One Chinese priest was allowed to remain. The Bishop held out, with his Christians, against the Boxers for a while. At last they caught hold of him, bored a hole through one of his arms, put a rope through it and dragged him to the place of execution, a long way off. The Bishop still had strength enough to address the crowd. The accounts as to the way he was executed differ. One says that he was sawed in two, the other that he was burned alive.

That was a good point scored by the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien when he argued before the Michigan Conference of Charities and Correction for the abolition of the office of chaplain in public institutions. Father O'Brien has observed that people neglect afflicted relatives in proportion as the State cares for all their wants; such neglect is unnatural and often appears in specially odious forms. He himself had extraordinary difficulty in securing a modest sum to fit up a chapel in an asylum for the insane which he and his assistants served gratuitously, though his appeal was made to the immediate relatives of the patients. These relatives, however, do not hesitate to deluge the priests with correspondence and other business regarding their afflicted friends. Now, two things are clear: the paternalism of the State leads people to disregard their duty toward relatives when it

is sure that somebody else is caring for them; and, secondly, the Protestant chaplain is paid by the State for duties which he does not, and in the nature of the case can not, discharge toward Catholic inmates. In a country which has such fine scruples about the Catholic Indian schools and practically excludes priests from all the chaplaincies, this is anomalous and illogical. Father O'Brien concludes with this wise reflection: "The State should not be permitted to do the charitable work alone. It fulfils its requirement when it gives custodial and bodily care. Special comforts that may be afforded should be the work of relatives; religion, the work of the churches. If this policy could be enforced, the disposition to get rid of burdensome members of society would grow less; our field of individual charity would be broadened, and more opportunity would be afforded to practise the Golden Rule."

Mr. Kruger's threat—that if the South African republics were to be extinguished, the price paid for the work would "stagger humanity"—is now admitted on all sides to have been no exaggeration. It is true that the signal failure of our own country to achieve the pacification of the Philippines makes it indelicate in an American to mention the British failure in South Africa. Neither branch of the great Anglo-Saxon family will carry away much glory from its contest with an inferior people; and we venture to assert that the best opinion in both countries is strongly opposed to these wars.

In no country of the world do mixed marriages work such havoc as in Germany, where the majority of the children born of such marriages are bred in the Protestant religion. For this reason largely, and in spite of certain hopeful

changes in the non-Catholic mind of the Empire, the future of the Church in Germany is less roseate than elsewhere. Saxony, however, seems to be a cheerful exception. A writer in the *N. Y. Observer* bears this reassuring testimony:

Here, in the country where Luther was born and where his Reformation work was begun, there is a singular tendency among the members of the old aristocratic families to join the Church of Rome. Whole families have gone over,—families bearing names illustrious in the history of the Reformation.... German Protestant associations are much concerned at the feebleness of the Saxon nobles; and on more than one occasion recently earnest appeals have been addressed to them conjuring them not to forget the faith of their forefathers, and to remain true to the principles of the evangelical faith.

Prince Max of Saxony, a hard-working young priest, who shuns ecclesiastical honors and prefers to labor among the poor, is credited with most of the responsibility for this happy condition. Be the cause what it may, the result is consoling.

In proof of his contention in the current *Donahoe's* that the Boxer outbreak in China was not provoked by the Catholic missionaries, but was "anti-European and brought on by individual and national European greed," the Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, an American and the only English-speaking priest accompanying the allied Armies, cites this noteworthy incident:

During the siege of Peitang cathedral an arrow was shot into the enclosure by the Boxers. On that arrow was a message in Chinese to the 3000 Chinese Catholics, declaring if they would surrender Mgr. Favier and the European priests, Brothers, and Sisters of Charity, that the Chinese laymen, priests, Brothers, and Sisters of Charity might rest there in peace. This is an authentic incident of that siege—far worse in every respect than that of the legations,—and it throws a strong light on what I have said.

This incident assuredly does go to show that the animosity of the Boxers was founded on political rather than religious reasons. But it also offers agreeable proof of the devotedness of

the Chinese converts both to the faith and to the brave men who brought it to them; for the Chinese Catholics did *not* give up Mgr. Favier or his associates. Another episode not so edifying is vouched for by Father Gleason personally. It is this:

When the legations were relieved and before our commissary arrived, a number of them [Protestant missionaries] went into the grocery business temporarily in Peking, and sold our soldiers articles of food at fabulous prices. And yet our American soldiers were the first to enter Peking and forge their way to the relief of these people.

Not all Protestant missionaries, of course, were of this stripe during the siege; and we feel like apologizing for mentioning the mercenaries at all. But most of the calumnious anti-Catholic reports that have recently issued from Peking came from these pious grocery men; and it is only fair to say publicly that Father Gleason's article shows how worthless is any testimony emanating from such a source.

"One of the most interesting ecclesiastical relics in the world," is the *Tablet's* description of the Church of Sta. Maria Liberatrice, the site of which has been excavated in Rome. It is probably the oldest church dedicated to Mary in the Eternal City. Fragments of an inscription of the eighth century, in which the building is described as *antiqua*, were discovered on Christmas Eve. Think of it—old in the eighth century!

It is hard to understand the mental condition of the ruling powers in France. One mail brings us news that the religious Congregations are doomed; and the next informs us that three bishops, two priests, and a Sister, all members of these Congregations, have received the grade of Knight of the Legion of Honor because of heroic work done in China.

Notable New Books.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: From 1856 to 1876. By Henry F. Brownson.

This concluding volume of the life of Dr. Brownson is a most welcome production. The best monuments that could possibly be erected to our foremost convert and greatest publicist are happily completed. His works have been collected and arranged in twenty volumes by the one best qualified to perform so important a task; and now we have the complete biography in three volumes from the same industrious pen,—the only one that could write the full history of Brownson's life and labors. There will be other biographies, but the writers of them will be obliged to acknowledge the authority of the present work; and no one will dare to go counter to it in any important particular. Two great tasks have been accomplished; and though the present generation may not appreciate their importance, or the ability and thoroughness with which they have been performed, a succeeding generation will be sure to do so, and to praise Dr. Henry F. Brownson for his painstaking labors.

As we remarked in our notices of the preceding volumes of this life, the present one will have most interest for the generality of readers. It begins with Dr. Brownson's change of residence from Boston to New York,—a change which effected a gradual alteration in his tone both in his writings and public discourses. Henceforth his mind acted more freely and independently, and his influence with Catholics and non-Catholics was greatly increased. One is conscious of an intensified interest in the career of Brownson before one has read more than half a dozen pages of this volume. There are passages that one reads with pain, and one is tempted to ask if it would not have been better to omit them; but when it is seen how frankly the biographer acknowledges the faults and errors of his subject, there is no room for regret.

Only an extended notice could give an adequate idea of the varied interest of this book. The period which it covers (1856-1876) was an eventful one in the history of our country and of the world; and, as everybody knows, Dr. Brownson was a conspicuous figure. Only when one has read the last page of this volume does one realize how noble were the efforts of our great publicist to place Catholicity before his countrymen, the transcendency of his intellectual qualities, and the beauty and greatness of his soul. We predict that before the first quarter

of this new century has passed a grateful people will erect monuments to the memory of Dr. Brownson; and it will then be asked why his services to the cause of religion and truth were not more thoroughly appreciated in an age which boasted of its enlightenment.

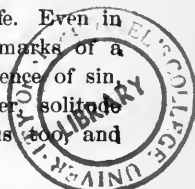
Le Plan Divin de l'Univers. Par le Père François-Xavier Schouppe, S. J. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

Twelve years ago, at the age of sixty-four, the venerable priest whose name and fame as a theologian has been known throughout the Catholic world for more than three decades, left Brussels for the East Indian missions. Since that time he has been teaching theology in the Seminary of St. Mary of Kurseong, in the Himalaya region. Incapable of inaction, yet prevented by age and its consequent infirmities from evangelizing the native population, Father Schouppe has added one more to the twenty-five or thirty volumes with which he has already enriched the Catholic libraries of the world.

"The Divine Plan of the Universe" presents a philosophical view of the world and its history, considered as one great whole. It is thrown into the form of a dialogue between a naturalist and a theologian. The former is advanced in years and has spent his life in the study of modern sciences. He is well versed in history and familiar with all the discoveries of the nineteenth century. His knowledge, however, is restricted to the sphere of the natural; as for religion, it has never occupied his serious attention. Finding, like M. Brunetière, that science can not decipher the enigma of the visible world, and more especially of human nature, he turns to theology and asks for a luminous view of the universe as a whole and of the conjecturable harmony of its parts. In the course of some two-score conversations, the theologian furnishes him with this view; incidentally explaining all that seems at first sight to mar the symmetry of the world of nature and man, and to disturb the harmony originally intended by the Creator.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. Chiefly from Sketches Written by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, C. M. B. Herder.

That the subject of this memoir deserved a biography can be doubted by no one who reads the story of his holy and laborious life. Even in his earliest youth his soul bore the marks of a special predestination—strong abhorrence of sin, a grave character, a love of prayer, solitude, and mortification. He was studious, too, and



his favorite dissipation seems to have been writing verses. When he applied for entrance into the Congregation of the Mission, we are told, "the prudent superior, well aware of the remarkable talents of the young candidate, and knowing particularly his poetical genius, received his request coldly," and bade him test his vocation in the world for a year; advising him, meantime, to give up poetry. This seems amusing at first sight, but perhaps the old superior was right; for there is more prose than poetry in the life of a religious priest. Appointed lecturer in theology in Rome at the age of twenty-eight, his erudition and fervor made him a marked man, and his success in conducting retreats for the Roman clergy was almost sensational. But his heart was in the missions of America, and hither he came in 1817, to be the first superior of his Congregation in this country and to serve as vicar-general of Upper Louisiana. In the three short years that intervened between his arrival at St. Louis and his death, the impression he made on all who met him vividly suggests the saints.

This Life is chiefly the work of Father de Andreis' *confrère* and successor, Bishop Rosati; the translator being Father Burlando, C. M. Archbishop Kain has supplied an introduction, which prepares the reader to appreciate the character of the subject. We can not say, however, that the biography is skillfully put together or that the book is well published.

The Hoosiers. By Meredith Nicholson. The Macmillan Company.

This volume is the third in the series of "National Studies in American Letters," of which Colonel Higginson's "Old Cambridge" and Lindsay Swift's "Brook Farm" form the first two numbers. Mr. Nicholson purports to give some hint of the forces that have made for cultivation in Indiana; and, while immediately concerned with the State's performances in literature, he incidentally furnishes a synopsis of its political and social history. While the book will, of course, appeal to the citizens of Hoosierdom with most intensive force, portions of it will prove of interest to the cultured public generally. Naturally enough, Mr. Nicholson inscribes on the roll of literary fame a large number of names that will certainly sound unfamiliar to the average reader of other States; but his sense of due proportion and of perspective can scarcely be commended.

Attention may here be called to the fact that among the forces making for cultivation in Indiana the University of Notre Dame and St.

Mary's Academy deserve recognition; yet in "The Hoosiers" only the first of these receives any notice whatever. As a matter of verifiable fact, we may state that Indiana is known to more non-residents in this republic, and more thousands scattered over the English-speaking world, as the home of THE AVE MARIA than as the native State of any man or men of letters whom it ever produced.

"The Hoosier" is handsomely brought out by the publishers, and is not, of course, without some value to the student of American literature.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. By Mary Maher. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

A thoroughly excellent Catholic tale. The one fault which the reader may find with it is that it is too short; and yet within its one hundred and seventy pages there are incidents enough to furnish (with more or less artistic padding) one of the old-time three-volume novels. The action, however, is not delayed by any meretricious contrivances, but flows on rapidly to the dénouement. Palpitating with interest, the story enchains one's attention; while it is only as an after-thought that we realize its inspiring effect on our Catholic faith and energies.

A tale of the middle aristocracy of Dublin, "Her Father's Trust" gives a vivid picture of Irish Catholic life in that class; its duties and its dangers, its trials, failures, and occasional heroisms. Mrs. O'Hara is extremely invigorating; and Eileen is a lovable, practical Catholic heroine, whom it is a pleasure to know even in fiction.

The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Company.

Obtaining money under false pretences is an indictable offence; and if to excite interest under similar pretences were a crime cognizable to the legal code, Mrs. Steel might well be prosecuted for the suggestive but inconsequent title of her book. That title may remind different people of different assemblages, according to the character, reading, and environments of each; but we venture the assertion that not to one in a hundred will it suggest a horde of Asiatic religionists bound on the vaguest of pilgrimages to an imperfectly indicated shrine. The whole book is quite as unsatisfactory as is its title. It will possibly be read through by the inveterate novel-reader who has nothing else with which to stimulate his diseased appetite for the opiates of fiction; but the healthy intellect will assuredly "skip" more pages than it will peruse.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.—THE DRIVE HOME.

ANY Indians living about here?" inquired Robert of his cousin as, after having climbed the steep hill, they were rolling swiftly over the broad mesa.

"Oh, yes!" answered Genevieve Marie de la Guerra: "a great many."

"I have never seen one," said Robert. "Once I expected to, but the Wild West Show seemed to think there wasn't enough money in our town, and so it passed us by."

"What is the Wild West Show?" asked Genevieve Marie. "And what has it to do with Indians?"

"Everything. It's nearly all Indians that are in it. And they do all those war-dances and whoops, and they have make-believe battles and everything. Oh, it's grand!"

Genevieve Marie shuddered.

"I don't think it is grand. I knew an old Indian woman that remembered all about the Indian massacre at the Mission; I've heard her tell about it. It was dreadful. The priests were so good to them all, and they killed one just as he was trying to calm their dreadful fury. And he said, 'God pardon you, my children!' and then fell down and died. I have seen the spot: it is marked by a cross."

"Yes, that must have been terrible," replied Robert. "Can I see that old woman sometime? I'd like to hear her tell it. Do you think she would?"

"Oh, she is dead! She died five years

ago. She was Miguel's grandmother. Maybe he will tell you; but I don't believe you can understand him: he speaks very little English, and she could speak only Spanish."

"Who is Miguel?" inquired Robert. "Where does he live?"

"That is he driving. There is no one can manage horses like Miguel."

"Is *that* man an Indian? His skin isn't red, and his hair isn't hanging all around his shoulders, and he's dressed like any other man."

"Why, of course!" laughed Genevieve Marie. "How would you have him dressed? His skin is very dark. And why should he have his hair hanging around his shoulders? Papa would not allow it, I am sure. He likes people's hair to be tidy."

"Does he ever get very *mad*?"

"Never," answered the girl. "There is no one so kind as Miguel."

Robbie looked rather disappointed. He reflected for a moment.

"You never can tell when they *will* break out," he said. "They are very treacherous, you know. But there are *some* good Indians. I've read about them: warning their benefactors of massacres and running miles and miles to do it. Perhaps Miguel is one of that kind. What tribe does he belong to?"

"I don't think he belongs to any tribe," observed Genevieve Marie, a little bewildered. "He has always lived here at Las Rosas. And so do his father and mother. They are very good."

"They can't be Apaches, then, or Sioux," said Robert, as one speaking with authority. "If they were you couldn't trust them. They'd be liable to break out any time. But of course these

Indians that you have on the place are nearly civilized. Are there any at all that are *fierce* in this neighborhood?"

He said "fierce" with an involuntary forward motion of the head and a sharp snapping of the teeth, as though he might not be averse to crunching some one between them. The little girl started.

"I never saw an Indian do anything so *fierce* as that," she said. "You nearly frightened me, cousin. They think there is nobody like papa—all of them. We have about fifty on the ranch."

"Ranch! I like the sound of that word," said the boy. "It makes me think of the plains and the Rockies, and wild herds of cattle stampeding, and *vay-kieros* and *broneshose*. Is yours a ranch? I did not know it."

"Yes," said Genevieve Marie. "Ranch means a farm, you know. But I'm very much afraid you will not find any of those things here, cousin. It is not rocky about here at all, though on the coast there are cliffs; and we have no plains like in Colorado. All our cattle are in the valley. We have a great many—several thousand."

"Who brands them? Do you go to see the branding?"

"No: we do not brand them. There is no need. Papa owns all about here, so that no one comes to bother or to steal. They are well watched—the cattle. The Indians take care of that."

"Oh, you don't have any *vay-kieros*, then, or *broneshose*?"

"Why, yes, of course we do. I beg your pardon, cousin, but you do not pronounce those two words right. When you have been here a little while and have learned Spanish, you will know that we say 'vaquero,' which means a man who takes care of cattle; and 'broncho,' which is a pony. But we have more 'burros' than 'bronchos.'"

"What is a burro?"

"A patient little donkey that you can load until you can no longer see anything but its legs, and yet it does not complain. But the noise it makes—that is awful. It sounds exactly like a rusty saw."

"Well, I don't think I'll care much for them. I like *fiery* animals. Have you some mustangs?"

"I do not think so. But we have a great many fine horses."

"Vaquero, broncho," murmured the boy; "vaquero, broncho. Do I say it right now?"

"Very well indeed."

"That's good. I hate to mispronounce words. It sounds so ignorant, don't you think so?"

"Not at all, when you do not know a language," answered the little girl.

"You know Spanish pretty well, I suppose?"

"Better than English, I think. Papa and I nearly always speak it when we are alone."

"How different the country is here from that we came from!" said Robert. "We left New York in a snow-storm. There was sleighing, and we skated on the pond the week before we left. And here the hills are green and the air is grand. But I like the cold, all the same."

"I am sure I would not like it," said the girl, with a shiver. "I have never seen snow except at a distance, on the mountain tops. But I have never wished to go closer. I do not like the cold."

For a time there was silence. Then Robert said:

"I've been watching that Indian, and I think he must be a pretty good fellow. There's one thing I like about him: he knows how to hold his tongue."

"To hold his tongue!" repeated the girl, to whom the expression was new.

"Yes; that means to keep still when you're not spoken to. Now, if he was a black man—a Negro, or 'Nigger,' as

some call them in the East—he'd have been talking all the time. They are great at putting their oars in—the darkies. Have you got any out here?"

"There was one at the Purissima rancho, but they sent him away. There were some Chinese with whom he quarrelled. He was an ugly fellow."

"Some of them are nice. So you have Chinamen here, too?"

"Oh, yes,—there are many! But we have none. Papa doesn't like them," said the little girl.

"If Miguel was well acquainted, do you think he would talk more?"

"Not unless he began to tell a story, and he does not know many. The Indians are very still, except among themselves. No matter how well they know or like the whites, they seldom speak unless spoken to."

"Yes, that is the Indian character," said Robert, oracularly. "I've read all about them. They are very dark and deep: you can never understand them, it seems to me."

"I do not think that," said Genevieve Marie. "Their minds are not like ours, papa says. Three generations ago they were savages. They have not many things to think about."

Robert shook his head.

"I'm afraid you don't know their real nature," he replied. "Those about here *may* be different, but sooner or later what is in them is bound to come out. You'd better be very careful not to make them angry."

Genevieve Marie began to think her cousin a curious sort of boy. Of boys in general she knew very little. Those whom she did know seemed, so far as outward appearances went, to be thinking of play and sport. None of them had given any considerable thought to the history or habits of Indians or any others among their fellow-beings. What if Robert should

prove to be one of those "reading boys" whom she had read of, but never admired! She had hoped to have in him a playmate; for, though not a tomboy, she was a child who lived out of doors. Therefore it was not without some trepidation that she asked:

"Don't you like to ride horseback?"

"Never did, but I mean to learn now. Wish there was a boy of my size around. Is there?"

"Only Domingo Lopez, and he is not very nice. He snares the little birds and frightens the bees and steals melons. Papa does not like him. But he can ride, and so can I—without a saddle."

Robert looked at her with admiration.

"Then you'll teach me?" he said. "I bet I'll be able to ride as fast and far without a saddle in a week."

"That would be rather soon," replied Genevieve Marie. "But if it is in the blood, you may. You, too, are a De la Guerra,—much prettier than Degler, isn't it? Don't you think?"

"It's fine," said Robert. "If we stay, I am going to make mamma take the other name back; and then when I write home to my chum I'll sign it 'Robert de la Guerra, alias Robbie the Brick.'"

"Robbie the Brick!" echoed Genevieve Marie. "How strange!"

"They called me that at school. Every fellow has a nickname at school."

Genevieve Marie did not know the meaning of the word *nickname* and was too bashful to ask. But she decided it meant something creditable, or Robert would not have mentioned it.

"See the moon coming up behind the hill! Isn't it lovely?" she said.

"It's fine," the boy replied. "I never saw anything finer. We don't have it so clear at home. Are we almost there? I'm dreadfully hungry, Genevieve Marie; I don't mind telling you."

"In five minutes we shall be there," said Miguel, speaking for the first time

as he turned his dark, stolid face to the boy. But a bright smile illumined it as he spoke; and Robert at once concluded he would like him very much.

A few swift turns brought them in sight of the house. They could hear the others approaching in the distance.

"This is Las Rosas," said Genevieve Marie, springing to the ground. "May you all be happy and stay always!"

(To be continued.)

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.—PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.

Thackeray begins one of his famous romances by speaking of two swords that hung upon the study wall of an American man of letters. The writer was William Prescott, and the swords had been wielded by two of his ancestors in the War of the Revolution,—one in behalf of those who wished to break away from the mother country, one for England and the royal cause.

The lad with the grandfathers who fought against each other was born in the old town of Salem one hundred and four years ago. He was a child of May, his birthday being the fourth of that month; and the hopeful influences of that fairest of all seasons seemed to enter into his blood and blossom in his heart. He was ever gentle, sunny and serene; and as hard to discourage as the pink mayflowers of his dear New England. They bloom beneath the snow: he accomplished wonderful tasks under circumstances that would have crushed almost any other man.

The awful drawback and calamity he had to fight was blindness. When he was twelve years old his father moved his family to Boston, and the little William was at that early age put

in a Latin school much patronized by the exclusive class to which his people belonged. He was a merry boy, fond of practical jokes, and perhaps a little spoiled by his parents and classmates. This may have had something to do with the painful accident which befell him later, and of which I will soon tell you; for a spoiled boy is apt to have secret enemies.

He was uncommonly attracted by any sort of amusement; and his biographer tells us that after visiting a circus he imitated what he had seen until the family cat, that he had compelled to fire a gun, had its fur badly scorched. At another time he and a companion fired pistols until they came near killing a horse in the Prescott stable. Their favorite game, called "Battles," was one of his own devising; and the boys were never happier than when rigged up in old armor and slashing away at each other until parental caution interfered. The other thing which gave them great delight was story-telling, in which the future historian came off with distinguished honors.

In due time he entered Harvard, and it is interesting to learn how carefully he framed a set of good resolutions by which to govern his behavior. The making of these rules, and keeping them as well, became a sort of mania with him. As fast as he broke them he remade them; and we shall never know how much this habit had to do with forming a character that rode over obstacles as easily as a bird flies over a mud-puddle.

In his junior year the event happened which changed the whole course of his life. It was in the dining-hall after the evening meal. Prescott was leaving the room and turned his head to witness some pranks of the other students, when a classmate threw a piece of bread at him. It hit his left eye and destroyed its sight forever. He was ill for weeks,

but finally returned to his accustomed place in college, bright and cheerful, giving no sign of discouragement even if he felt any. Furthermore, he fully and freely forgave the young man who had injured him; and when there came a chance to do him a great kindness he at once availed himself of it. This is all the more strange when we consider that his assailant never expressed the least sympathy for him whose life was, in one sense, wrecked.

It would be pleasant, if there was space, to tell you how he went to work to study in spite of his misfortune; how he forced his memory to make up for what he had lost, and how he graduated with distinction. He had made up his mind to go through life depending upon one eye to do the work of two; then, alas! rheumatism set in in the surviving organ of vision. It never left him: when it forsook his eye it entered his limbs and made him helpless. Never was a literary man more completely chained down by his infirmities; but still his work went on.

When the disease was troubling his eye he was confined to a dark room; and he gave up society on account of its effect upon his nervous system, and lived like a hermit so far as his food was concerned. When able to endure a little light, his sister read to him many hours at a time, and he resolved to write the series of histories which God spared him to complete.

And how he studied! One whole year was given to English and the Latin classics; then came a complete course of the language and literature of France, and later he took up Italian. When he finally decided to undertake the once famous Spanish histories which were his life's work he knew no Spanish, but he soon learned it. And he paid the penalty. A new disorder attacked his

eye and he spent four months in a dark room. After that he gave up making his own researches and hired secretaries, who read to him and afterward took notes of his conclusions. During the reading of several hundred volumes he made his ears do the work of his eyes. It was very difficult to find a satisfactory reader, and seven large volumes were read to him by a person who had mastered the pronunciation of the finest Castilian but did not understand one word he read.

The difficulties encountered by the historian did not grow less. Except one row high in the wall, all the windows in his room were darkened; and he was obliged to burn coke in his grate instead of coal, not being able to endure firelight. Of his patience, I will only tell you that it was three years and a half after he began to study preparatory to writing "Ferdinand and Isabella" before he blocked out the first chapter. He spent ten years of hard work upon the book. He used a writing instrument intended for the blind; for he always feared the total loss of his sight. With this he became very skilful, but even without it his courage was such that he would have found some other way. When we realize that to his especial infirmity was added ever-present and severe rheumatism, we must admit that in the history of literature there is no instance of such a triumph over disheartening circumstances. For more than forty years the struggle lasted, and the long row of books of which he was the author—not all of them free from error or prejudice, it is true—testify to his heroism.

He did not like to work and still he toiled like a galley-slave. He loved nature and still he could not look upon the sky. But his brave life left behind it a lesson for us all.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Printing was established in Mexico in 1540—one hundred years before it reached the English colonies.

—It was Pope Gregory the Great who said that the world did not elsewhere contain such wisdom as was to be found in the Epistles of St. Paul.

—Poland is to-day a comparatively poor country, remarks the *Book-Lover*, but few lands have been richer in men of genius; and the breed has not died out yet. The beautiful estate which his fellow-citizens have presented to Sienkiewicz is merely the latest illustration of the profound admiration and love which Poles have for all their great men.

—Judging from the current number of the journal published at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., a very high standard has been established for the English classes. We notice that the contributions are by the pupils, and they reflect all the more credit on the teachers for this reason. Only the best instruction could produce such excellent results. *The Chimes* does honor to the institution from which it emanates.

—The best text-book of the "Elements of Astronomy" that we know of has been prepared by Dr. Simon Newcomb (formerly professor of mathematics in Johns Hopkins University) and published by the American Book Co. The author holds that a knowledge of even the elementary branches of mathematics is not necessary for a command of general ideas of the laws and phenomena of the celestial motions. Although prepared for use as a text-book for high schools, the inquiring layman who seeks to know something of the heavenly bodies and their relation to the earth will find this work helpful and interesting. It is attractively published and has many excellent illustrations.

—Not all the writings of Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, author of "The Falcon of Langeac," are published in the current periodicals. She is president of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel, a society of devoted Catholic women whose object is "(1) the spiritual aid and consolation of the sick, and (2) of converts who suffer from the isolation which their change of faith has imposed on them." This beautiful apostolate is carried on by epistolary correspondence, and reaches neglected and disheartened souls in places the most remote and inaccessible. Many of the officers of the society bear names well known in current Catholic literature. The spiritual director is the very bright

Father Henry, of Overbrook; and Mrs. M. M. Halvey, Mrs. Mary Nixon-Roulet, Miss Mary T. Waggaman and Miss Marion Brunowe are among the officials. Owing to the nature of their work, no account of the good accomplished by them can be rendered; but the members of the Confraternity have carried on their apostolate with undiminished enthusiasm for several years, and that is a decidedly good sign.

—The French Academy is the supreme court of last resort in all matters pertaining to French letters, and its judgments are usually accepted without a murmur even by those who fail to reach the somewhat lofty standard it prescribes in literary art. The Academy offers an annual prize for eloquence, open to all Frenchmen. The subject for last year's competition was André Chenier; and although forty-seven contestants essayed to win the prize, it was not awarded to any one of them. M. Jules Lemaitre, director of the Academy, declared that three mentions only were accorded to "notable but unequal works in which sometimes the citizen is sacrificed to the poet, sometimes the poet to the citizen, and none of which gives a complete picture of Chenier." Possibly the authors of these three works and the forty-four others considered unworthy of mention do not agree with M. Lemaitre, but they have the wisdom to keep their disappointment private.

—Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the clever young journalist who owns and manages the London *Daily Mail* and more than thirty other daily, weekly and monthly publications, thinks that newspaper illustrations are a passing silliness that will have disappeared twenty years hence. The newspaper of the future, according to this high authority, will be about the size and shape of *THE AVE MARIA*; it will be published simultaneously in a dozen large cities, will absolutely control all advertising, will banish scare-heads and employ the very best literary talent in the country. The power that would be possessed by such a newspaper trust as Mr. Harmsworth forecasts is appalling to contemplate. The daily journal as at present constituted is quite bad enough, but if the time ever comes when there shall be no envious rival to point out its errors, misrepresentations and downright lies, the newspaper may become an intolerable evil. But if the English journalist be a true prophet, there will be one compensating advantage. He says: "In my opinion, the news-

paper that I am describing will be able to maintain a higher tone and literary standard than is usually possible now. It will be able to ignore what may be called 'non-news.' I refer to the trivial and unimportant items, and to the unedifying matter which every editor heartily longs to omit. Critics unacquainted with the Press often ask why all this unnecessary matter is not cast into the waste-paper basket. The answer lies in the existing rivalry and competition between newspapers. If an editor omits all mention of some sensational but unelevating police case, for example, he knows full well that his rival will insert it, and will subsequently boast about his superior news-service! No editor can afford to let even the most superficial critic imagine that he has been caught napping. On the other hand, a newspaper possessing a monopoly could absolutely boycott all such items. I lay strong emphasis upon this, as it affords a solution to a problem that has long troubled all journalists who seek the best interests of the public."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Orestus A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876.

Henry F. Brownson. \$3.

Life of Felix de Audreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. Mary Maher. 75 cts. net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. Fouard-Griffith. \$2.

In Faith Abiding. Jessie Reader. 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. John Uri Lloyd. \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. William Stone Booth. 25 cts.

Christmastide. Eliza Allen Starr. 75 cts.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D. \$1.50.

The House of Egremont. Molly Elliot Seawell. \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. Seumas MacManus. \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. Madame Cecilia. \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. Francis J. Finn, S. J. \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. Mother Mary Salome. \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Henry Harland. \$1.50.

Death Jewels. Percy Fitzgerald. 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV, Johannes Janssen. \$6.25, net.

Around the Crib. Henry Perreye. 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. Charles Warren Stoddard. 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta, F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. Rev. P. A. Sheehan. \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. Katherine E. Conway. \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, Three Vols. H. M. and M. A. R. T. \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. James Groenings, S. J. \$1.25, net.

The Soldier of Christ. Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Francis Gouesse and the Rev. John Mundy, of the Archdiocese of Boston; the Rev. Anthony Gallagher, Diocese of Pittsburg; the Rev. H. J. Meis, Archdiocese of Dubuque; the Rev. Cajetan De Louw, Diocese of Green Bay; the Rev. A. Zagar, Diocese of Marquette; the Rev. Daniel Doherty, S. J.; the Rev. Oswald Moosmüller, O. S. B.; and Brother Edward, C. S. C.

Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Loire, Texas; Mr. John Heaney, Mrs. J. Piggott, Mr. Alexander Hayes, and Mrs. K. Gargan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Adeline Chandler, Belleville, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Manning, Lakeport, Cal.; Mr. Augustus Eisele, Miss Clara Jansen, and Mrs. Francis Grothaus, Covington, Ky.; Miss Lillie Troy, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Denis Donahoe, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Amanda Doty, W. Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Donahue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. J. Regan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Daniel J. Fisher, St. Canice, Pa.; Mary Francis McLean, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Fannie Walsh, William Keegan, Daniel Mahoney, and Michael Manion, Hamilton, Canada; Mr. Paul F. Fusz, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Patrick Manion, Dundas, Canada; and Mrs. Barbara Klein, Pittsburg, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

(Evening Hymn.)

REV. H. G. GANSS.




1. Sweet Sa - vour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in -
 2. The day has gone, its hours . . . run, And Thou hast
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - - vil ways True ab - so -



to our minds in - - - stil, And make our luke - warm hearts to
 ta - ken count of all - The scanty tri - umphs grace hath
 lu - tion and re - - - lease, And bless us more than in past



glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's
 won, The bro - ken vow, and the fre - quent fall.
 days With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace.



long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus,



be our light, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Prophecy of Simeon.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IN her blue mantle, fold on fold,
She wraps the Babe from wind and cold;
Clasping Him fondly to her breast,—
He smiles from out that downy nest.

No cruel fear her soul alarms,
As, yielding Him to Simeon's arms,
Joy beaming in her gentle eyes,
She reads in his a glad surprise.

Forth from the sacred fane they go,
Heavy her footsteps now and slow;
Closer she clasps Him to her breast,—
Oh, that for aye He there might rest!

Her brow is white, her cheek is wet,
In lines of pain her lips are set;
Never again till life doth part
Shall Simeon's sword release her heart.

Our Lady in the Missal.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

HERE is in Christianity one particularly sacred thought; if the word "proud" may be used in a good sense, it is a proud thought. I have looked high up and low down, I have read books and heard men, and I have never met so proud a thought; I believe there is not to be met under heaven such another thought. It is the thought the priest has when going to offer up Holy Mass—the thought that he is going to give

more glory to God in one few moments than heaven above could, in certain circumstances, give for an eternity; the thought in the mind of the lay-person going to assist at Mass,—going to take part in offering up more glory to God in one few moments than may be offered, under circumstances, even in heaven above for all eternity.

"In our valley," says the author of "I Promessi Sposi," "shut in by hills, we know not whether it is as yet day while we keep our faces to the sun; we know it by turning our backs to the sun and watching his rays lighting up the opposite hills. But when he has climbed over the crest of our own hills then does his face shine on us; our hearts are filled with gladness and our valley flooded with light."

The beauty and pride of the thought we speak of may be seen in a similar way. We turn our back for a moment on the Holy Mass of the Catholic Church and ask, What did they offer who lived before Christ came? Why, it was only a beast—a cow, a sheep, a goat. By how much greater the Divine Lord of heaven and earth is than a calf or a goat, by so much more holy is the Christian sacrifice than theirs. And by how much more exalted is the God of angels beyond the choirs of angels, by so much more excellent is the praise given by the divine Victim of the altar beyond that given by the hierarchies of heaven.

Let us reflect upon it. Is your home far from the church? Perhaps you can

assist at Holy Mass conveniently every morning. Oh, think of it! What prouder thought can come into your heart or what grander thought can your heart entertain than this? I go to the church and offer up there to God, or take part in offering up there to God, the highest honor that it is possible for God to receive or to expect. The sun bursting over the hilltops sheds no such light on our valley as—glory be to God!—I can shed amid the celestial choirs.

Or I think with myself of all the glory that the millions of disobedient angels now in hell might, if they had been faithful, have offered to God, and of which they have robbed Him. By one Mass even more honor is offered to God than they have robbed Him of. For all eternity they will hate God, instead of, as God had intended, loving Him; but by one Holy Mass there is offered to God greater recompense than the outrage of all their hatred for endless ages upon ages can dare to offer Him. Now, if these fallen angels had been in heaven offering "hosannas to our God," instead of being in hell hissing "the hatred of asps" at Him, what infinitude of glory might they not have offered? Yet one Mass makes up to God for the absence of all their praise,—nay, recompenses Him for the hatred of all hell together.

Look high up or low down, read books or hear men, and can you find any thought equal to that beneath the dome of heaven? It is no wonder that saints shed tears of joy and that their bodies trembled with the pride and gladness of their hearts and souls. There are no words really to be applied to it but the inspired words of St. Paul—that 'man's ears never heard the like of it and his heart never conceived it.'

It is so blessed and proud a thought to think that our puny feebleness should, at a bound, become so Godlike, our

poverty so wealthy and abundant, our nothingness so infinite and amazing. The two things that in this divine rite exalt us to heaven and abase us almost to hell are: that God should make us so great and should make Himself so little. It is not, as you see, that we are "a little less than the angels," but that we are a great deal indeed beyond them; it is not that "He is made flesh," but is even made a morsel of bread. We hold in our hands or compass in our breast the great God of the world; and He, the Infinite, rests in our hands or lies on our tongue, lighter and more unstirring than when He, a Divine Babe, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

I will stop if you can tell me of any thought more sacred, more proud or more adorable than this. But if not, listen to me. Can you think of anything like the thought in the priest's mind immediately after Consecration, when all this is no dreaming but a present and divine reality? God is there!—God is there! I believe the priest would, if allowed, cast himself down on his face and hands on the plane of the altar and hide himself there.

What do you think kept the holy man, St. Francis of Assisi, from becoming a priest? You know they could not persuade him to go higher than deacon's orders. Deacon's orders are necessary, in the system of the Church, to enable a man to preach; and holy St. Francis would preach; indeed he could not help it, he was so filled with the love of Our Lord. But why did he not and why would he not become a priest? Oh, fancy poor Francis standing at the altar as a priest, and between his hands that same Lord Jesus the stigmas of whose wounds he, in pain and concealment, bore upon him through love of his Lord for years!—fancy poor Francis with that very God in his hands.

His faith would shed upon that altar "the light inaccessible" that surrounds the throne of God in heaven, and his humility would have sunk him beneath the earth.

You will say to me: "Are you not a priest?" I answer: "God help me, I am!" You will say: "Do you believe those things?" I reply sorrowfully, with the poor man in the Gospel, "I believe, O Lord; help Thou my unbelief!" Oh, but it is true, it is amazing, and, praise be to God, well-nigh incredible, whether I believe or do not believe. In a reverent sense, one would be inclined to cry out: "This is a hard saying, and who can believe it?" But Peter's words come, as they always come, calling us to the right way: "Whither shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

We come to the Holy Sacrifice, then, with this proud and blessed thought in our inmost hearts—namely, that the adorable God has put in our hands the power of offering Him glory and honor not alone equal to but higher than the praises of even the Cherubim or Seraphim of heaven. "If there be in human affairs," says Pope Urban VIII., "anything that is plainly divine, and which, if the citizens of heaven could at all feel envy, might make them envious, that surely is the ever-blessed Sacrifice of Holy Mass, by the benefit of which men, in a certain sense, possess heaven upon earth, while they hold before their eyes and touch with their hands the very Creator of heaven and earth."

Now, here is our lesson. Listen to the same holy Pope: "Wherefore ought mortals to strive, to the utmost of their power, to surround this great privilege with due honor and worship; lest the angels, who are our rivals in worship, become the avengers of our negligence."

We proceed, then, toward the church. Psalm xlvii beautifully expresses the

thought in our mind as we go thither: "Great is the Lord and exceedingly to be praised in the city of our God [that is, the church], in His holy mountain [the altar],"—for so the priest at the beginning of Mass, you may remember, calls the altar. "Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have brought me into Thy holy mountain." We are persuaded in mind, then, that "the Lord is great," and that He is "worthy of exceeding praise"; and therefore we repeat as we go to the church, "Great is the Lord and exceedingly to be praised in the city of our God, in His holy mountain."

In a moment you will find something about this, but let me first recall to your mind the feast that brings us here. It is the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lord in the temple. You know all about it and we need not dwell upon it. But let us come in and listen to the priest. He has ascended the altar; he opens the book, and lo! he reads from that very same psalm from which we have been quoting:

"We have received Thy mercy, O God, in the midst of Thy temple." Oh, most truly on the Feast of the Presentation, when the Divine Child Jesus was brought into the temple, did we receive "the mercy" of God in the midst of His temple. The priest goes on: "According to Thy name, O God, so also is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth." That is just what Holy Mass does: it fills the ends of the earth with His praise. And the adorable Victim at Holy Mass is the Divine Child. And if it be true that it is from the right hand of God we have received the Divine Child this day presented in the temple, as it most assuredly is, who will deny the truth of what follows: "Thy right hand is full of justice"?

Thus, then, we read the Introit in full: "We have received, O God, Thy mercy

in the midst of Thy temple. Just as Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise even unto the ends of the earth; [for] full of justice is Thy right hand. Great is the Lord and wonderfully to be praised in the city of our God, in His holy mountain. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," etc.

Collect: "O almighty and eternal God, most humbly we beseech Thy Majesty that as Thy only-begotten Son, in the substance of our flesh, was on this day presented in the temple, so may we, with minds all purified, be presented to Thee. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

Epistle: "Behold, I send My angel [St. John the Baptist], and he shall prepare the way before My face. And presently the Lord whom you seek and the Angel of the Testament whom you desire shall come to His temple. [The Prophet Malachy now sees in vision the second coming of Our Lord, as well as the first; and in what follows he sometimes speaks of the second, sometimes of the first.] Behold, He cometh, saith the Lord of Hosts; and who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? And who shall stand to see Him? For He is like a refining fire and like the fuller's herb. And He shall sit refining and cleansing the silver. And He shall purify the sons of Levi [the priests of the new Order], and shall refine them as gold and as silver...."*

What beautiful things are here said of Holy Mass and of the priesthood! The priests "shall be refined as gold and silver"; and, thus refined, "they shall offer sacrifice to the Lord in justice." And that adorable sacrifice "shall please the Lord as in the days of old and in the ancient years."

The terms "days of old" and "ancient years" are particularly Scriptural, and we should be taken out of our way if

we were to discuss them. But we might ask this particular question: Why introduce sacrifice, or what connection has sacrifice with this feast?

Holy Mary is the connecting link. She came there and offered up her Child to God, not as parents dedicate their children or give them to the holy ministry or permit them to enter religion; but as Abraham offered Isaac, so did she offer up her Child *to death*, though young and only forty days a mother. And Simeon's prophecy was the means, or instrument, taken by God to accept the offering and to fix the suffering deep in her maternal heart.

This, then, is the connection: Sacrifice at all times involved, implicitly or explicitly, the death of a victim; more frequently, explicitly. And in that way, undoubtedly, Mary on that morning understood it; for while she fulfilled the letter of the law, she understood thoroughly its inner meaning and the reason why it had been ordained. "Every male child who is first-born shall be called holy to the Lord,"—that is, devoted, given up to the Lord, and was to be bought back again from God, so wholly did God own the child, by a stipulated arrangement—"a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." And the reason of all this ceremony was because God's own First-born was to be "holy to the Lord,"—devoted, given up in sacrifice to God.

Here He had come, brought by Holy Mary. By her was He to be offered. No one else on this earth had the least right to offer Him, because Mary was His only earthly parent; and so she came, bringing Him and laying Him in the hands of the holiest priest (as I believe) that existed then, or perhaps ever existed, of all Aaron's race; and there and then offered up the life and death of her Divine Child, absolutely and unreservedly, to God. And so the

* Mal., iii, 1-4.

Church, at the Gradual of the Mass, repeats, for fear we should forget it, the Psalmist's prophetic declaration.

Gradual: "We have received, O God, Thy mercy in the midst of Thy temple. As is Thy name, O God, so even is Thy praise to the extremest ends of the earth. As we have heard [from the prophet just now], so do we see the mercy of God [that is, the Divine Child] in the city of our God, in His holy mountain."

Then the priest reads the Gospel, and the Church orders him to take it from the Evangelist of the Divine Infancy,—from those rapturous chapters that enchant us at the beginning of St. Luke:

Gospel: "After the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord. As it is written in the law of the Lord, that every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord. And to offer a sacrifice, according as it is written in the law of the Lord: a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon; and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when His parents brought in the Child Jesus, to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his arms, and blessed God and said: Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel."

Secret: "Hear, O Lord, our prayers, and pour forth on us the abundance of

Thy pity; that thus the offerings which we make in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty may become pleasing to Thee."

Post Communion: "We beseech Thee, O Lord our God, that these holy mysteries, which Thou hast bestowed on us as the bulwark of our salvation, may, by the intercession of Holy Mary ever virgin, become to us, by Thy blessing, a remedy for all evils present and future; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

One question only we have to ask: What relation does the Presentation bear to our Mass? He was offered in the temple by Holy Mary; He is offered on the altar by the priest. Are they both the same? Are they of equal value, or is one greater than the other?

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is of far greater value. The Holy Mass represents not the temple but Calvary. In the temple He did not die; on Calvary He did really die; and on the altar He mystically dies. In the temple it was Mary offered, on Calvary it was Jesus Himself that offered; on the altar the priest acts only in His name: it is Jesus that really offers.

There is as much difference between the temple and Calvary as there is between the act of the priest offering Mass and the act of a lay-person after having received Holy Communion offering it up to God. The Holy Communion, then, represents the offering in the temple, Holy Mass the sacrifice on Calvary. The priest at Mass takes upon himself the responsibility and office, "dreaded by angels," of representing Jesus Christ; the lay-person receiving Holy Communion is like Mary bearing Jesus in her arms to the temple, or receiving Him back again from the hands of that most enviable of priests, the aged and holy Simeon. Both are acts of which no mortal on earth can gauge the value, on account of the heavenly and divine riches that the omnipotent God-Man, Jesus Christ our

Lord, by the bestowal of His adorable body and blood, has given to each; and I believe that even the angels of heaven can not fathom the illimitable riches or adjudge the merit and value of either act,—certainly not of Holy Mass. “Wherefore ought mortals to strive, to the utmost of their power, to surround this great privilege with due honor and worship; lest the angels, who are our rivals in adoration, become the avengers of our negligence.”*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—VARIOUS THOUGHTS SUGGESTED TO
MR. HENRY MORAN.

NOW, upon that particular Friday evening when the girls of Vine Cottage had thus discoursed, Henry Moran had come home from Wall Street with the intention of spending Saturday, as was his custom, in the country. The battle of Wall Street was practically suspended until Monday morning, when it usually began to rage more fiercely than ever; and most of the combatants took advantage of this truce of God, though probably few amongst them brought God into the matter at all. This is not to say that a certain number did not go to church and behave with a decorous tranquillity, quite at variance with their excited strugglings on the Exchange.

Mr. Henry Moran was not of these. Whenever he had attended church, since reaching man's estate, it was in the way of curiosity or of civility to friends whom he had accompanied thither. Of course, in the Old World he had visited all the cathedrals and heard a great deal of excellent music, but usually with little emotion. He was an essentially

modern man and held religion to be a very good thing in its place. His father had been a Catholic, so that he always spoke with particular respect of that faith; and he was indeed far too clear-headed not to perceive that it had special claims to recognition. His father had died when he was very young; and his mother, while striving to be faithful to the letter of a pre-matrimonial compact with her husband, had inevitably sinned against its spirit; so that her son's religious belief was of a very neutral tinge indeed.

Besides all this, the men of Henry Moran's world did not talk religion. If any of them thought of it or practised it, they contrived to keep the fact a secret on working days; so that Henry Moran did not believe that most of them had any religion or suffered themselves to be shaped by its influence. He was apt to think that serious men of the world had got beyond creeds, which were, however, useful as a moral and social force. The Catholic priesthood, for example, was a moral militia of the highest value. Apart from this, religion was a very pretty and ornamental thing for women. It was opposed to Henry's ideals of womankind—for he had them, consciously or unconsciously—that women should be wanting in religious sentiment. He found it as becoming and appropriate as flowers in a new spring bonnet, and with quite as little influence upon character.

This being Mr. Henry Moran's attitude toward religious matters, he had been fogged into something like surprise as he sat in his secluded corner amongst the trees and listened. If it be to his discredit, the fact must be here recorded: he listened. He told himself, indeed, that if circumstances had made it necessary, he should at once have retired; but that all this chatter of the girls could be harmlessly overheard; while the

* Supra.

allusions to their private affairs told him nothing secret,—all being known to the town, as Martha had informed him. He had gone out on that Friday night to enjoy his—smoke. He had been anxious during dinner lest he be defrauded of that luxury.

It was a more exquisite night even than the preceding one; and he sat in the warm and palpitating darkness of the clump of trees, where an occasional firefly flitted about and looked out on the flood of glory which transfigured the lawn and the neighboring garden, from the great yellow moon so majestic above his head. The garden was just then empty; and Henry Moran, feeling a resentful disappointment at the circumstance, tried some three cigars before he got one to his liking. In fact, he was very near giving up smoking. He was not in the mood for it, after all. Those girls must have gone out somewhere, and the place seemed so lonely and deserted. After the strife and jangle of that day it would have been refreshing to hear them talk. The stars, dimmed by the resplendence of that greater light, still shone in their orbits, though in comparative darkness; and seemed to look down upon the world-wearied watcher and to say: "Restless man of action, be still! How little are all the cares and the struggles and strivings of your life compared to infinity!" And Henry Moran would have found it all tranquil and soothing save for that void. If only there were voices in the garden and that presence—that one presence for which he longed—to give a soul to that scene of beauty!

All at once the side door of the neighboring dwelling opened and some one stood upon the threshold. Henry Moran took the cigar from his mouth, lest the tiny red spark should betray him, and waited. He knew that it was she, and he felt a sudden, unspeakable

gladness as he heard her musical voice crying out to the others:

"Mother dear, girls, come out! It is heavenly in the garden."

Henry Moran had a strange fancy that he had been enabled to exert some influence upon the girl's mind and had caused her to come out by his strong desire for her presence. It is curious what a vein of mysticism often exists in the most prosaic man of affairs: how he will dip into mesmerism or spiritism, or any other *ism*, provided he is allowed to have his own reason for guide and to discount faith in the supernatural. However, the idea pleased Mr. Henry Moran; and, whether it was correct or no, Kate came out presently, and her mother and sisters came with her, and the conversation took place which has been already recorded.

This conversation he overheard and it affected him forcibly. The trials, the humiliations, the hardships and the labors which entered into these people's lives, and which they bore so uncomplainingly, were deeply touching. He felt a fierce anger at the thought of Kate's going forth into the world, into those offices which he knew so well; and he would have done anything in his power to prevent it. He heard, with ever-growing interest and enchantment, the girl's pretty story of her childhood. He was gazing while she told it upon her lovely face with an open, undisguised admiration, which would have been impossible had they been face to face or he himself exposed to observation. He felt the strong personal charm of the girl exerting over him a power, which he half resented, and which was all the greater that she was completely unconscious of it. His sober judgment told him that, unless he wished to surrender to this influence, so subtle yet strong, he had better walk away and smoke his cigar upon the other side of the lawn,

with only the Blue Ridge Mountains to contemplate and the gentle ripple of some hidden stream to hear. But he coolly put reason aside and still sat in the darkness, that seemed palpable by contrast with the moonlight, and where he could see only that face and hear that voice, with the chorus of approval or dissent from the others.

More than one thing in this conversation had surprised him. In the simple story which Kate had told, and which had thrilled him with so strong an emotion, the girl had repeated as a matter of course the words spoken between two men of the world. Both had given voice to the same thought—the expression of an intimate belief in the provident care of a God for created beings, the work of His hands. These men, then, had held this faith, not conventionally but really; they had been expressing their inmost thoughts in a moment of confidence, and neither had felt surprised at the other's so doing.

Horace Raymond, the father of these girls, had been in his day a member of the Stock Exchange, an operator on Wall Street, an acute business man,—of unstained integrity, however, and whose losses had been brought about, as many said, through an overstrained sense of honor. His friend "old Mortimer" was a merchant prince of Philadelphia, a capital fellow at a dinner-table, and a leader in aristocratic circles. Moran had vaguely heard that both these men were Catholics. Did they, then, believe as well as their womenkind? It came to the listener with a shock of surprise scarcely comprehensible to those who have always lived in the shadow, so to say, of the eternal hills.

Moreover, the mother was a woman of the world; had been, as he had learned on inquiry, a society belle before her marriage, taking a prominent place

amongst the young matrons afterward; and the girls were full of life and gaiety and of practical common-sense. Yet all of them talked of that divine Power as a factor in their lives, deferring to that high guidance, resigned to that mysterious will, and bearing loss and privation for that reason. But what he admired above all was the absence of what he called "cant"—sanctimonious utterances, which filled him with wrath and dislike. They were associated in his mind with more than one doubtful transaction, and had been used as a cloak for things that were infamous. So he argued, and he had always told himself that he hated pious and godly folk. Here, however, was another kind of piety—cheerful, uncomplaining, courageous, interfering no whit with legitimate enjoyment nor the elegance and beauty of life. This surely was genuine.

He took his cigar out of his mouth and smiled, with hearty, spontaneous enjoyment such as he did not often experience, while Kate bade him good-night in her final apostrophe; and bade him, too, enjoy his good things, that she would rather have her youth. He smoked very hard for a few moments after she had finished, and got up to watch the race to the house; beholding Kate arrive victorious, and Pauline fall up the steps in a vain effort to reach the door neck and neck with her sister. Their laughter reached him still as he stood on the lawn and looked at his watch by the light of the moon, wondering why they had gone in so early. He was surprised to find it was near eleven o'clock.

"By George!" he said to himself—for he was usually in bed by ten. And he left the moon ungratefully, with scarce another glance at her loveliness, and hurried indoors.

Sunset at Acre.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

HARK! while the sea enkindles into flame,
 There comes high chousing of even-song;
 The bells ring out: the silver pipes proclaim
 The grave procession of an armed throng.

Vision majestic of a purer sphere!

Beneath their stainless banners, calm of heart,
 Come deathless paladins who know not peer,—
 Glorious manhood, flower of song and art!

Bright gleams their clanking armor up the steep,
 Crowned by their bannered temple where the rays
 Flash from the Eastern cross, and voices sweep
 In ancient chants of worship and of praise.

Before their eyes the heavenly vision floats
 And draws their peaceful fancies far away,
 Beyond the gleaming casques and mailed coats,
 Beyond the Orient torpor of the day.

Far, far at sea, one in earth's hard embrace
 Hears their high bells and music; and in tears,
 With arms outstretched unto the hallowed place,
 Feels the great glory fading from his years.

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IN that fair old land of New Spain,
 which we now know under its still
 more ancient name of Mexico, there exist
 so many places and things to interest the
 appreciative and especially the Catholic
 traveller that no book has ever been
 written, or can possibly be written,
 which will contain an account of them
 all. So, with the intention of adding a
 little to the knowledge of those who
 may not have wandered in this delightful
 land, the present writer, who knows it
 well, and loves it as well as she knows
 it, offers these pictures—or, in the lovely
 Spanish tongue, “vistas”—of scenes
 never to be forgotten in their beauty
 and infinitely touching charm. Well may
 Catholic Spain point with pride to this
 land, where she wrought so greatly and

so enduringly, where her splendid work
 is to be seen on all sides in noble
 monuments and precious works of art,
 but most of all in the deep, religious
 devotion of the people, to whom she
 brought as her first and greatest gift
 the Christian faith. For side by side
 were they planted, the flag of Spain and
 the Cross of Christ; and although that
 flag no longer waves over the people
 to whom it brought such immense
 benefits, the Cross, planted deep by
 Spanish hands, remains, to teach its
 lesson to unnumbered millions, and by
 its great harvest of souls to testify
 for Spain before God against all the
 falsehoods and slanders of her enemies.

I.—ANCIENT SANCTUARIES.

In all the New World there is no
 city even remotely comparable to the
 city of Mexico for interest and beauty.
 Brilliant, picturesque, full of the charm
 of a most romantic antiquity, yet modern
 as Paris, this capital, built on the
 site of ancient, lake-girt Tenochtitlan,
 possesses characteristics so varied and
 so blended as to produce an altogether
 unique whole. It is not only that all
 the fascination of Spain herself is in this
 city builded by her sons, but through
 its stately thoroughfares and flowery
 plazas pour in thronging multitudes the
 descendants of the most ancient races of
 Mexico,—not outcast and dispossessed,
 like the poor Indian of the much-vaunted
 Anglo-Saxon States, but masters of
 their own land by the noble forbearance
 of their conquerors, and lifted by
 those conquerors to a higher plane of
 civilization than any other people in the
 history of the world ever attained in so
 short a time. And this city—one of the
 very finest built by Europeans in either
 hemisphere, as Humboldt declares,—is
 set in a valley of paradise, girdled
 by mountains mightier than the Alps,
 sublimer than the Pyrenees, with a sky

more brilliant than ever arched over Greece, and a climate of eternal spring.

But, rich as it is in many things—in handsome palaces, in fountained and statued gardens, in magnificent public buildings, in shadowy arcades, in byways where the architecture and the spell of Europe and the Orient mingle—Mexico, like some city of the Ages of Faith, is richest of all in sanctuaries. The stranger and sight-seer within her walls must, even as if he were in Rome or Venice, turn his steps to great old churches full of an incomparable majesty and beauty, built long since for the honor and worship of God. There is not one of these ancient foundations which is not full of interest to the artist and the antiquarian, as well as to the Christian; and hardly one which has not some touching and beautiful history connected with it. For in old New Spain men and women not only believed in God, but they showed their faith by a generosity so splendid, a charity so tender, that even to read of it thrills the heart like a strain of noble music.

The first of these foundations, in age as well as in dignity, is the cathedral, which stands on the site of the great Aztec temple (*teocalli*) that the Spaniards destroyed at the taking of the city in 1521. This site was immediately set aside for the erection of a church, and on the spot where the God of Fire was worshipped with appalling human sacrifices stands the majestic building where to-day the Christian Sacrifice is offered, with the full, glorious ritual of Rome; while the priest who offers it, and the people who kneel in adoring multitudes on the pavement around him, are alike of the race which the *conquistadores* found in the land. Three centuries is not long for the life of such a church—built like its sisters in the Old World for a human eternity,—but within the span of those three

centuries all the history of the New World has been made.

When the first stone of this edifice was laid in 1573 (to replace the smaller church built in the first quarter of the century), Gilbert's ships had not yet sailed from England to seek the New World; Raleigh's ill-fated colony had not yet landed on the shores of North Carolina; more than thirty years were to pass before the settlement of Jamestown, or before Hudson sailed up the river which bears his name; while nearly fifty were to elapse before the *Mayflower* landed her freight on Plymouth Rock. When that freight was landed—when the Puritans praised God and began their career of oppression and extermination toward the friendly Indians who had received them so kindly—the natives of Mexico were thronging in multitudes to the dedication of these walls, which were to be theirs and their children's forever. For already—nay, long before, in 1531—it had been that, on the hill of Tepeyácac, the Indian, Juan Diego, had heard the music of angels, had seen the wondrous vision of the Lady who bade him gather roses where never roses bloomed before, and had brought his story, and his blanket filled with these roses, to the first bishop of Mexico, Fray Juan de Zumárraga.

We know the sequel of the lovely tale. We know that outside the walls of the city, at the foot of the hill of Tepeyácac, stands the splendid basilica where that blanket hangs to-day, bearing the image miraculously imprinted upon it of the gentle Lady who thus drew a heathen people within the fold of Her Son. But here, in the church of which he was the first metropolitan, in the chapel of San Pedro, rests all that was mortal of Archbishop de Zumárraga; while his spirit looks, let us hope, upon the reality of that loveliness which he adored, "not faithless but believing,"

when he knelt before the tilma of the poor native convert.

One after another the stately, picturesque figures of the past rise before us as we walk down the columned aisles of the great sanctuary. They come in long procession—mail-clad soldiers who wrote their names with their swords so largely across the pages of history that the world can never forget them; saintly prelates wearing the cord of the friar under the purple of the bishop; noble viceroys who ruled wisely and well, in the name of his Catholic Majesty, this his faithful province of New Spain; caciques of the ancient races, bringing rich gifts to the house of God; men and women of all ranks and conditions, who through the centuries did their part toward building up not only this temple but that greater temple of faith which stands as high as heaven over the Mexican people.

Within the chapels, with their rich old altars, their lamps and statues and carven tombs, sleep many whose names have still a thrilling power. Here is the chapel of the young Mexican martyr, San Felipe de Jesus, in which are enshrined his relics, while just outside the door stands the font in which he was baptized. It is a touching story, not unlike that of St. Augustine,—the story of the wayward boy whose excesses so distressed his parents that they sent him over the wide western sea to the Philippines, hoping that responsibility might steady him. Responsibility did not do so; but one day the grace of God pierced his heart, and he became a Franciscan friar in the city of Manila. And then, later, came the cruel martyrdom in Japan, where he died, crucified like his Lord. And so—by one of those miracles of the spirit which are more amazing than any which deal with the body—the prodigal who was sent forth in disgrace is now the patron saint of his native

city, venerated in the great cathedral, the foundation of which was laid in the year of his birth, and raised to the altars of the world-wide Church as the first canonized saint of North America.

In this chapel stands also the tomb of Agustin Yturbe, whom his countrymen, in somewhat tardy recognition of his services, here style "The Liberator." And there, in the apse, rising from pavement to lofty roof, a mass of intricate and wonderful carving covered with beaten gold, is the altar of Los Reyes (the Kings), executed by the same artist who carved the altar of Los Reyes in the Cathedral of Seville; and beneath its splendors lie buried the heads of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jimenez, brought hither from Guanajuato, where the iron spikes on which they were displayed still remain at the four corners of the grim Alhóndiga de Granaditas.

But, in truth, to speak in detail of all the associations with the past of this noble church, of all the recollections that start to vivid life within its walls, would require a volume. So with its beauties and its treasures—its pictures of the glorious Spanish school, its gilded carvings, its statues in robes stiff with embroidery and jewels; its choir (which, in the Spanish fashion, occupies the centre of the immense nave, like a church within a church),—where all is ancient, harmonious and beautiful. For, alas! there are some things within these walls which are neither ancient, harmonious nor beautiful. The high altar (which is modern) is the most striking example of the lack of artistic appreciation which has destroyed many of the fine characteristic details of the building. But the modern features, although introduced in direct violation of the general design, are, after all, but small blots on an admirable and impressive whole.

When one has been in Mexico for months, and wandered in and out, with

the delightful ease and familiarity never to be felt save in a Catholic church in a Catholic country—a church free as God's air and God's sky to all His children at all times,—one feels that one has only begun to know Mexico's great cathedral. What pictures, full of its charm and spell, are forever enshrined in the memory! We recall splendid *funcións*, when we knelt on the pavement with the rest of the crowd—a lace-draped lady perhaps on one side, a barefooted peon on the other,—and beheld the ritual of the Church carried out with a completeness to be seen nowhere else in America.

Behind the glorious gates of the choir—gates that, like the massive railings which enclose the passageway between choir and high altar, are made of *tumbago*, a composite metal of gold, silver and copper of priceless value,—one sees the canons in their stalls of richly-carved, dark, old wood. The surpliced choristers are gathered about the great central music-stand that bears an immense tome of ancient harmony, while behind them are the violins with their heavenly strings and the trumpets with their silver notes. On either side the great organs rise in gilded cases to the height of the arches of the aisles; and when they peal forth, the sound fills aisles and transepts, lofty roof and soaring dome, like an ocean tide. Meanwhile, on the platform of the high altar, a superbly vested group is gathered about the central figure of the archbishop, who stands as the occupant of the first and oldest see of the New World. It is a picture all light, color, richness and stateliness that we behold, through clouds of incense, as the great rite proceeds, framed, as such pictures only fitly can be framed, by the solemn vastness and grandeur of the great church spreading around it.

But there are other pictures more

touching even than this, as when, stepping within the doors on any ordinary day, one finds a crowd of men and women of all grades of society, filling the whole immense space before the beautiful altar *del perdon* (of pardon), at the rear of the choir, where a priest is saying a Low Mass. There is no splendor of golden vestments and jewelled vessels, of tapers and incense and pealing music now: only the familiar sight of a silent man lifting up a chalice; but what devotion, what recollection, what unmistakable signs of deep faith in all that throng! Who, looking at it, can be so dull as not to think of the scenes which history records as taking place upon this spot—the fearful idolatry, the awful cruelty, practised by the ancestors of these devout people,—and not thank God for the wonders wrought for His honor and glory by those soldiers and apostles, long since gone to their reward?

And then—ah, then there have been hours and times when one has seemed to possess the mighty spaces of the sanctuary almost alone, or only to share it with its angels and its memories. It is not possible ever to find it entirely empty: here and there some figure, like a black dot, will cross the wide pavement; others will be kneeling before the chapel doors, or holding up slender, brown hands in supplication to *El Santísimo Sacramento*; but these are no more than shadows within the walls which have sheltered so many generations, under the roof which has looked on so many changes. Conquest, glory, wealth, romance and splendor,—all have had a part here, all have brought their spoils to the foot of this altar; and all have passed into that silence of eternity, where all things shall be weighed in the balance of God and the result of man's deeds be rendered unto him to the last fraction.

Pat Haskell "en Route."

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

I.

IT was like a scene in Lever's novels or a drawing by Cruikshank: one wished to howl with laughing at the sight of it. Pat had the centre of the picture,—a lean, smirking, knotted Pat, more satisfied with himself at that moment and any moment than a conceited tenor; his legs twisted about the little stool, his smile twisted about his comic face, his pose that of a bird perched on the bough. And he was talking humorously, vivaciously, with his Grace the Archbishop of Canada, and entertaining that solemn cleric in spite of his dignity; holding his attention, which ought to have been on more important things. His Grace was large, stout, easy-going, and a great man in his day; and we thought it strange that Pat Haskell, collarless, begrimed, unshackled by etiquette, should be given the time of an Archbishop on a holiday.

For the deck of a steamer crossing Lake Ontario was the scene of action. There were scores of people about, and there were miles of water and horizon, and floods of sunshine. The boat had a captain and a pilot in conspicuous uniforms; but the focus of all these glories was Pat talking to an Archbishop. He was more observed than the scenery or the officers. And his method was simple. He had attached himself to a great man and did not wear a collar. Behold a philosophy of life which is not wholly unknown to seekers after fame!

At the first landing his Grace went ashore, and the whole world saw the parting with Pat. As the boat turned into the Niagara River making for the town of Lewiston, Pat fell into the

depths of his natural commonplaceness, and was a bad fourth to the river scenery, a floating barrel, or a horse on the bank, in general interest. It was then he pounced upon me, who was not unwilling to be entertained by the clown of an Archbishop, and was curious to learn the nature of this amusing creature. He was made for fun, of the sardonic kind; for I found that the simple soul had more malice, and more method in his malice, than a soured lawyer. His comic face was the mask of a sharp intellect. He looked like a very, very innocent weasel, wide awake.

"Did ye see me talkin' to his Grace?" he asked, when the casual introduction was over. "Well, I tould him enough in one hour to keep his ears steamin' for a year. What d'ye think I was tellin' him? The news o' the diocese. I'm a tailor, an' what a tailor doesn't know! Then I'm off for Ireland; an' I don't care how he upsets the clergy be his capers. I'll not be there to make any more throuble than I have med. If ye ever want to get the attintion of a great man, tell him what the boys are sayin' of him."

This was the secret of his attraction for the prelate. I declined to accept any flattery from a courtier so well versed in the art of discovering a weak point; but we travelled pleasantly together up the river. In answer to his statement that he was on his way to Ireland, I remarked, with a glance at his neck, that he must have left home in a hurry.

"Faith no," he replied, "but on the sly. Ye see, I've been dyin' to go back to the ould counthry jist for a visit—of coorse I wudn't stay there—ever since I had enough put away to stand the expinse. But Mary cudn't hear of it; she was sure I'd be drowned crossin' the sea an' never come back to her. So I gev up all hope o' goin' in the regular way. I med up me mind that

I'd steal away. So last week I fixed up the bank-account in a way that wud lave Mary an' the childher comfortable; an' this mornin' I put on a dacint coat, as if I was goin' to work an' had to run round to see a special fine customer. But I didn't dare to take a collar, or she'd shout 'Ireland an' murdher!' an' that wud be the end of it forever. Even then she looked at me best coat wid an alarmin' eye. I carried it so well that she let me go widout a word. An' here I am, off for Ireland—three months of fun; an' bad luck to the man, woman or child that tries to hould me! An' here's the American shore, God bless it! This is the first time I set fut on it since I ran away from the war fifteen years ago."

As the boat swung into the Lewiston wharf, he took great, noisy draughts of air and slapped his chest.

"The air of freedom and of liberty," he exclaimed, "is the only air worth breathing. Oh!"

He revelled in the air for a few minutes. When we were in the train on the way to the Bridge I asked:

"Do you really mean to say that you have left home for a three months' visit to Ireland without letting any one know of your departure?"

"That's jist what I did," said he; "an' if I had known the thing was so aisy, I'd have been gone long ago."

I pointed out some consequences of his secrecy, which might put an end to his trip before it had well begun: the alarm at home among his relatives and friends, the search of detectives, the dragging of rivers, the telegraphing to various parts of the land, the distress of his family, the natural suspicion that he had been murdered or gone crazy. Then his name would be in the papers, and he might be arrested as a maniac before he reached his steamer. He was but lightly impressed, yet consented to write

a note on a postal-card, conveying to Mary his intentions, and a probable date of return, with the promise of a letter as soon as he reached Ireland. I saw to the posting of this missive, and then we sat down to tea in the hotel; for we had an hour to wait before our train left.

"So you're not afraid to come over here," I remarked, "after deserting from the army?"

"Not a bit," he replied, jauntily; "for, d'ye see, I didn't go over to the rebels, but ran away to Canada. That makes all the difference in the world, now that the war is ended. An' then again, I was never a citizen of the land of the brave an' the home of the free, an' I was enlisted be a thrick; an' bad luck to Patsy McGowan for the fraud he practised on an honest poor boy that didn't know the differ twixt a gun an' a landlord! We never saw a gun at home, unless it was pointed at us be the sogers. This was how it kem about now. There was a crowd of us boys workin' down on a railroad in Tennessee, an' we boarded with Patsy McGowan. He was a rale smart gossoon, wid some larnin', an' a mustache that gev him a lot o' throuble to keep it shinin' all day. He was a good man, though; an' perhaps it was the thrickness in him that med him smart enough to wind us all about his little finger.

"Well, one day we heard o' the war, an' at the same minute Patsy med up a company of us an' showed us how to drill an' to carry a musket, bekase we might need it, he said, if the 'rebs' kem along to drive us off the railroad some fine night. We found it great fun, as long as it was fun. An' Patsy, wid his mustache, lukked terrible like a captain as he stood up afore us givin' orders like the rale thing.

"Well, to make a long story short, one day the governor sent a fine letter to

Patsy, an' he read it to us after drill. 'Mr. McGowan,' says the governor, 'I hear wid delight an' surprise that ye have a whole company of the finest fightin' men of ould Ireland in yer gang; an' I hereby invite them to come up to Nashville an' fight for their adopted counthry, an' ye shall be the captain of the company.' The tears rolled out of Patsy's eyes as he read, an' we all felt complimented indeed. 'Do ye hear that?' says Patsy. 'The governor himself, wid his own hand, writes down that yez are the finest fighters in all Ireland. Will yez go wid me to fight for yer adopted counthry?' An' every boy said he wud, save four, an' I was one o' the four.

"Well, he put down their names an' swore them in on the spot. An' for two weeks he hammered away at us four to make us join; but all in vain, as the story-books say. Then he took us aside one day an' showed us his commission, which med him a captain whenever he could take his company compleate up to Nashville. 'Will yez ruin me?' says he. 'I must have the four to compleate the company. But I see yez are determined,' says he; 'an' so I ask yez to do me a favor. Come up to Nashville wid the others an' report in uniform to the governor. Then when the grand review is over—for the governor himself is comin' to take a luk at the finest fighters in all Ireland—yez can go yer way wid five dollars apiece for yer throuble, an' I'll be much obliged to yez,' says Patsy.

"Well, that was fair enough, an' we went. We saw the governor, an' he stopped to luk at Patsy's mustache, an' to tell him there was nothin' in the world like the Irish for fightin', once they got agoin'; an' we all blushed wid pride. Patsy was as good as his word. He gev us twenty dollars wid a smile, an' tould us to spind the day as we

liked, but to be out o' sight afore dark, an' back at the shanty. 'An' remember that I tould yez,' says he. Faith I've remembered it to this day. We had a howlin' good time all day long wid our own crowd, an' we were lyin' on the grass outside the fair-ground, where the sogers were camped, when the trumpets blew jist afore sundown to call the boys to the tents. Wid that we thought it was time to be goin', an' we were makin' a straight line for the road when up rushes a provost-marshal's guard an' marched us back into camp.

"What d'ye think we found out that night? That we were enlisted regular, the same as the other boys. Begorra, yes! our names were down in black an' white; an' there was no gainsayin' it. The worst of it was we cudn't say one word to Patsy McGowan. He was a captain, an' if ye lukked crosseyed at a captain ye got three days in the guard-house on bread an' water. An' there he was, lukkin' at us every day wid the same smile as when he said: 'Remember that I tould yez.' He tried to make up to us four be makin' one a corporal an' the other an orderly, an' so on; but never once did he open his mouth about the thrick he played us. An' sure what need had he? For he was a captain wid the finest mustache in the army.

"Well, not to be all night tellin' a plain tale, I went to the war, an' I saw fightin' o' the worst kind. My! it was terrible, terrible, to hear them bullets singin' in yer ear like divil-birds. I got tired o' the dread, so one wet night I stole away to Canada an' left it all behind me. An' in Canada I married an' settled down, wid no other throuble than a wild hunger to set fut on the free soil of America some day. An' here I am at last."

"And what became of brave Captain McGowan?" I asked.

"I never heard. I hope he's dead or that we may never meet. For as sure as I meet him, one of us will get a sound batin'."

We had come out from the dining-room, and were standing in the office, when a well-dressed man came over from the desk and shook hands with my companion, remarking:

"I hope you are well?"

"I'm on me way to Ireland," replied Haskell, as if that meant the greatest health and happiness in the world.

"Oh, indeed! Lucky man! Do you know where I should like to be at this minute, Pat Haskell?"

"Well, I'm a little thirsty meself, Mr. Connolly; an' if ye'll plase take a drink wid me—"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Connolly, with severity. "Here is where I should like to be: in the gallery of the Parliament, where Gladstone and his minions are discussing another coercion law for Ireland, with a bomb in my pocket; and in the middle of the discussion to let the bomb fly into the midst of them and send them all to —."

"An' yerself wid 'em?" cried Haskell; "for of coorse ye'd go too."

"Myself with them!" said Connolly, with dignity.

"My, but ye have the courage! I wudn't mind throwin' the bomb, but I'd like to be far from the wrack after it, an' also from the police."

"That's where I would like to be," responded Connolly. "And I wish you a happy voyage and a safe return."

Mr. Connolly impressed me as playing to the galleries, which was myself; but I waited to hear Pat's wonderment at his bravery:

"He's one o' me customers,—a terrible brave man! But, all the same, he'd go mad wid fright if I tould him he had a fire-cracker in his vest-pocket."

A tailor knows his customers much

better than a candidate his constituents. We passed that night in what was an express train in those days. It stopped at every fourth station, where now the Empire State Express touches lightly at four cities, perhaps, in its flight through space, from one end to the other of the State. Pat Haskell speedily made the acquaintance of every soul aboard in ways that were peculiarly his own. Our tickets were exchanged as soon as we were aboard for a piece of card on which were printed the names of all the stations between Buffalo and the metropolis. Whenever the conductor came around he vigorously punched a hole in the stations just passed. At first Pat only smiled, but on the second and third punching he showed great alarm.

"D'ye think he's goin' to do that all the way to New York?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

"Be heavens, then, the thing'll be in ribbons!" He called the conductor from the other end of the car. "D'ye see the condition ye've left me ticket in? Are ye to keep on punchin' it that way?"

"Just that way. What about it?"

"What assurance have I if this ticket gives out under yer punchin' that I'll get to New York? Wud this carry me through, for instance?"

He held up his check for baggage with perfect seriousness. The man looked him over carefully.

"Yes, Pat," he said, without a smile: "that check would carry you to the end of the earth, I reckon."

A wan smile lighted up Pat's face.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Untold.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

DIMLY resound the spirits' dreams and fears
In song and speech, in laughter and in tears—
These are but echoes of th' eternal Whole,
Whose secret rhythms ever flood the soul.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—THE FOND PARENT.

THE Young Lady from around the Corner had just arrived, and shortly after her came the Fond Parent and the Boy.

"Good-evening!" exclaimed the Fond Parent. "I thought I'd bring the Boy this evening. He is far advanced for his years, and I like to introduce him to circles of grown persons. It's an education for him."

"And for the grown persons," observed the Critic.

"I am constantly learning from my children," said the Fond Parent. "I find no society so satisfactory as theirs. I am enabled in their company to renew my youth; I see in them my own virtues and some faults—"

"Mostly inherited from their mother," interrupted the Critic.

"I did not say *that*," answered the Fond Parent, after a pause. "I can, of course, trace certain peculiarities of my father-in-law,—I would hesitate to call them faults exactly; but, as a rule, my children resemble me."

As the Boy was about to deposit his chewing-gum underneath the seat of his chair, the Lady of the House quietly suggested that he should go upstairs, where, apparently, a boxing match was then in progress.

"I should prefer, of course, that he should remain with us," said the Fond Parent; "but as there are subjects of conversation sometimes brought up that might not be exactly—"

"Really," interposed the Young Lady from around the Corner, "I do not quite understand."

"I mean, of course, such topics as would be quite proper for *us*," said the

Fond Parent, hastily. "For example, I notice *Le Théâtre* on the table, under the 'Life of Coventry Patmore'; that magazine might have suggestions which could easily turn the thoughts of youth to the stage play. I devote much of my time to the education of my children; for I regard most schools as pigsties, architecturally and artistically. The growing child needs all the refinements of civilization about him. When that Boy was seven I gave him a course of Canova's statues."

"Only the ones with clothes on, I hope," said the Critic.

"It is scarcely necessary for *me* to answer *that* question. What a dreadful noise they are making above! That is surely not *my* Boy's voice."

"No," answered the Young Lady from around the Corner: "it is a locomotive whistle."

"This happens to be a specimen copy of *Le Théâtre*," said the Host, "with very good pictures from Rostand's plays. Would you object if we discussed 'L'Aiglon'?"

"Before my son,—decidedly. I read passages of Shakspeare to him, but I never permit him to enter a theatre or to hear plays discussed."

"It is a difficult question," said the Host. "Personally, I think that the theatre, properly used, is a great help in education. I do not think that boys should ever be allowed to go alone, and they certainly should not choose their own plays; but I should indeed have regrets if my father had not taken me to see Forrest and Booth and to hear Palmieri in 'Norma' when I was young and impressionable."

"I differ from you," the Fond Parent said, with some asperity. "My father-in-law had a great weakness for the theatre; I find it evident both in the boy and his sister."

"If you ever intend to marry,"

whispered the Critic to the Young Lady from around the Corner, "be careful to discover whether your father-in-law presumptive has a weakness for the theatre or not."

"I find it only too evident," continued the Fond Parent. "I keep the Sunday papers away from them."

"Quite right," answered the Lady of the House.

"I cut out all allusions to theatrical performances whenever I find them in the reading arranged for my children. Only the other day I took my son from a very good school, in which he had won the first prize in English, because they proposed to have the play of 'Hamlet' in Latin."

"That I should have thought," said the Critic, "would have made it less noxious."

"I do not hold that 'Hamlet' is noxious in any language," said the Fond Parent, promptly; "but I object to the theatre."

"As it exists now, it is fraught with danger both to morals and manners," said the Host. "But I am convinced that it might be made of great value, as it can not only relieve and recreate the mind—and for this purpose it has always existed,—but hold up high ideals. I used to think that it should preach too, and teach dogma and morals directly. I am of a different opinion now. One thing is certain: the fact that the Church and the theatre are not in direct and open antagonism is gradually helping to purify the stage."

"Very gradually," said the Critic.

"You had even problem plays—yes," said the Host; "but they are going out of fashion. People do not want preaching at the theatre. And, as young people go—I mean young people whose taste has been formed, or is in process of forming under judicious influences,—the managers must be more careful. I

have never seen a play yet in which divorce and remarriage were held up as idealistic."

"As the father of a family, you should never admit that you had ever seen a play," rejoined the Critic. "You wouldn't dare to do so in print in any Catholic periodicals."

"The theatre ought to be a pure delight, and it is sometimes," the Host continued, boldly; though the eye of the Fond Parent was upon him. "And I wish that all Christians would try to make it so."

"I am glad my son has not heard those words," said the Fond Parent. "I am determined that he shall never set foot in a theatre. Ah, here he comes! I wish you could hear him read one of his own essays; he took a first prize for English diction."

"Well, did you have a good time upstairs?" asked the Critic of the Boy, in a low tone.

"Gosh! you bet I did," he responded to the tone rather than the words. "They tried to rough-house me, but I knocked 'em cold."

"Let us go," said the Fond Parent. "I am sorry," he added, "that my ideas on education are so illiberal. No, thank you!—no tea: it would keep the Boy awake."

DEAR me! if only the young had fair play and the tonic of a kindly word! But no: kind words appear to be weighed out like gold. And then comes deadly depression and heart-searching; and all brave courage is extinguished, and all noble aspirations checked, until in middle age we find only the dried-up, cauterized, wizened soul, taught by dread experience to be reticent and cautious, and to allow splendid opportunities to pass unutilized rather than risk the chances of one defeat.

—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

A Danger to be Shunned.

THE tendency of the present age is toward lawless liberalism in religion. We find this tendency manifested in both the current literature and the current conversation of the day. In the more scholarly reviews and journals, as in the lighter magazines and newspapers, in the problem novel and the sensational story, in the serious discussions of educated men and the everyday talk of the business and working world, we continually meet with either the express declaration or the implied assumption that, after all, provided a man's conduct is, or appears to be, irreproachable, it really makes no difference what he believes.

The all-important point, we are told, is not what dogmas a man holds, but what deeds he does; not that he is a Catholic, an Anglican, a Methodist, or a Baptist, but that he is a loyal citizen, a faithful husband, a good father, a just master, an honest man, upright in his dealings with his fellows. Moreover, it is assumed that his being any or all of these is in no way dependent on his religious beliefs. This theory that the holding of any particular faith, belief in any particular creed, is a matter of quite minor importance has received the technical name of indifferentism; and it is perhaps best known from its pet phrase, its catchy shibboleth, "one religion's as good as another."

It may, at first glance, seem a wholly superfluous task to warn Catholic readers of the danger of their being affected by such a theory; yet in the case of many the danger is unquestionably real. It is an undeniable fact that we are all more or less impressed by the spirit of the age in which we live; and that if the spirit of our age be a false and pernicious one, we need to be cautioned against its encroachments.

We can no more live in a non-Catholic community, converse habitually with non-Catholic friends and neighbors, and read habitually non-Catholic books and periodicals, without being more or less influenced by non-Catholic views and sentiments than we can spend the day in a blacksmith's shop without getting our cleanliness soiled, or travel a thousand miles on a railway without finding that some particles of soot and dust have settled upon our clothes. Granted that we must spend the day in the smithy or undertake the railway journey, there still remains the necessity of using soap and water and the clothes-brush.

We are and must be acted upon by the atmosphere in which we live. Now, if that atmosphere be largely, if not mainly, non-Catholic, what are the conceivable results? It is quite possible that with time the lustre of our Catholic faith may become just a little dimmed; that the conviction with which we once held specific dogmas may grow just a little weakened; that we occasionally bring certain doctrines to the bar of our reason, and, unconsciously it may be, make our own judgment as to their credibility the supreme test of their truth or falsehood. It is even conceivable that we eventually arrive at such a pass that, in listening to the exposition of certain devotional practices of our Church, we find ourselves considering them not from the Catholic but from the non-Catholic point of view.

For the sake of illustration, take that saying of the indifferentists: One religion is as good as another. I have doubtless heard it often enough; but has my Catholic faith been so firmly rooted, so thoroughly at one with my intellectual convictions, so quick and sensitive to detect the discord of error, that the saying at once revolted me as a monstrous falsehood, a palpable absurdity? Or have I, perhaps, listened complacently

with a half-acknowledged inner feeling that, after all, there may be something in it? If my intellect has not promptly and fully rejected the principle as a pernicious heresy, my faith is neither so firm nor so enlightened as is desirable; and the spirit of the age has imperceptibly, but none the less surely, warped me from my old-time moorings.

To counteract this disastrous influence, the average Catholic living in a Protestant or a mixed community, will do well to devote more time than he has hitherto done to the reading of Catholic literature—papers, magazines, and doctrinal works. Attendance at sermons, too, will help to nullify the baneful effects of the spiritually unwholesome atmosphere wherein he daily walks and works. Faith is too priceless a gift to be exposed to even a remote danger of lessening or loss.

A Plea for the Sisters of Charity.

MAGNIFICENT! We salute the editor of *La Correspondencia*, San Juan, Puerto Rico, with this royal title for his action in regard to the bill presented to the legislature of the island by a delegate of the Guayama district, calling for the removal of the Spanish Sisters of Charity from the public hospitals and the introduction of lay nurses. No sooner was the bill presented than Señor Lopez published a ringing editorial, in which he declared that the Sister of Charity belongs "by right" at the bedside of the sick and dying. We are enabled to quote some passages:

There is no other for that sacred post. When life is sacrificed in order to relieve and to save an afflicted fellow-creature, the beings capable of exercising such an act of intrepidity merit the respect of good souls and honorable men. To speak of the Sisters of Charity as "strangers," when the country of these holy women is the world and their fellow-countrymen all humanity, is to speak in complete ignorance of an institution

that does honor to the women of the nineteenth century. The people of Puerto Rico, with rare instinct, have ever known how to respect these saintly women, who more than once have given us the tribute of their tears, and assisted us in most crucial and virulent epidemics.

The alleged motive of the bill was to provide suitable employment for widows and young ladies "cut off from every avenue of fortune, and with qualities fitting them for this noble mission, who, plunged in the saddest misery, pass their time without any resource that might enable them to earn their bread." This hypocritical solicitude for the welfare of the women of Puerto Rico was resented by themselves in a way which "once more throws into relief their nobility of heart." Next day a deputation of ladies representing the best society in the island waited upon the editor of *La Correspondencia* to express their admiration of his chivalrous words, and to show him a petition, with innumerable signatures (so quickly was action taken), which was afterward presented to the legislature. Here it is—the principal part of it:

The undersigned Puerto Ricans and foreigners, without distinction of sex or political creed, beseech this illustrious legislative body to accord worthily to the Sisters of Charity the privilege of continuing their work in the hospitals of this island, not only on account of the immense benefit of their services to the sick cared for in said establishments, but in justice to an institution whose great usefulness is recognized throughout the civilized world.

We understand that public sentiment has been so thoroughly roused that the Sisters are likely to retain their posts.

THERE is but one way for the soul to escape from the ills of life: it is to escape from its pleasures and to seek enjoyment higher up.—*Joubert*.

THOSE who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors of the world.—*W. S. Landor*.

Notes and Remarks.

We have often been struck with the apparent loss of prestige suffered by the literary celebrity who forsakes the illogical system of Protestantism or the colorless blank of agnosticism for the symmetrical completeness and luminous perspicuity of Catholic truth. Appreciatively quoted in magazines and reviews the world over during his non-Catholic career, no sooner does he become a convert than he sinks into comparative obscurity,—at least so far as obscurity is synonymous with the nonappearance of his name in columns where once it shone as a brilliant star. To mention only one case of this kind, take M. Brunetière. A very few years ago the name of this distinguished French critic and essayist figured frequently and favorably in many an English and American periodical that has of late practically ignored him. And why? Assuredly not because his critical acumen has become blunted in the interim, or because his former felicitous style has deteriorated in any degree whatever; but simply because he has become a good, practical, militant son of the Church, and consistently speaks and writes as such.

The death of the Queen of England, at the advanced age of eighty-two, after a protracted reign of high sixty-four years, is mourned in every part of the civilized world. Few rulers of modern times have been more highly respected by the people of other nations or more beloved by their own. In many respects Queen Victoria was a great sovereign; and, though the shafts of calumny were sometimes aimed at her, all unprejudiced persons credited her with being a woman of unblemished, if not essentially noble, character. Although she left her king-

dom in the midst of a most disastrous war, she is known to have favored peace, as she desired the prosperity of all her subjects. Her successor will not inherit her popularity, nor will he inspire the confidence reposed in his mother; but he has had time to learn lessons which it is to be hoped may not be lost upon him. In any case, he begins his reign at a time when England has need of a ruler with rare qualifications, if her prestige among the nations of the world is destined to endure.

The discovery of the Church of S. Maria Antiqua in the Roman Forum is the sensation of the hour among archæologists in the Eternal City. The *Liber Pontificalis* records that this church was decorated with paintings in the middle of the seventh century. Among the frescos already brought to light is a representation of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by SS. Peter, Paul, Quiricus and Julitta, beneath a Crucifixion of extraordinary brilliancy. Scenes from the Old Testament cover the side walls of the church. It is conjectured that it was abandoned probably after an earthquake, which filled the building with *débris*, and sealed up the paintings which have just been discovered by Commendatore Boni.

An important passage in the recent joint pastoral of the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England emphasizes the necessity for a thorough instruction of converts on the ground and motive of faith before their reception into the Church. The same admonition was given years ago by Canon Oakley, himself a convert, in his valuable work, "The Priest on the Mission"; and sad experience, in this country as well as in England, has proved the wisdom of his words. The essential condition for

the reception of converts ought to be known to everyone. It was well to restate it in unmistakable terms. The English prelates write:

Unless they [converts] believe that they have found in the Catholic Church the Divine Teacher, they must not be admitted into her pale, no matter how many of the articles of Catholic faith they may assent to. In other words, they must believe in the authority and infallibility of the Divine Teacher in matters of faith and morals as an essential and fundamental condition for reception into the Church. All the articles of Catholic faith, all the verities of religion, must be accepted on the authority and claim of the Teacher; not on the taste, will or judgment of the individual. Our Lord when upon the earth exacted this kind of submission from His disciples; and if men would be His disciples now, they must submit in like manner to the authority of the Divine Teacher speaking in the Church.

Nothing in the current number of the *London Tablet* has interested or gratified us more than an appeal for foreign missions by a layman, who holds that the laity have their portion in the divine command to preach the Gospel to all nations. "Every Catholic, as a member of the Universal Church, should make it a rule to give something, no matter how small, to foreign missions every year; and should, in addition, do so with pride and pleasure." "What record in primitive Christianity is there more glorious," adds this right-hearted layman, "than that of the burning of the cathedral at Mukden in Manchooria, with its living holocaust of the bishop (who vested in pontificals to meet death and win his crown), two priests, two Sisters, and three hundred native Christians; or the frightful tortures endured by Bishop Fantosati, and by, ah! so many of this new white-robed army of martyrs?"

The death of a West Point cadet, the result, it is alleged, of brutal hazing, focussed public indignation so intensely on the National Military Academy that a Congressional committee was appointed

to make an investigation. It brought to light fully enough of barbarity to warrant the total suppression of the practice. The reading of some of the testimony is calculated to imbue one with the desire to see certain of the young savages treated to an old-fashioned horsewhipping. A number of witnesses were examined, and their testimony showed that "fighting to a finish," or "being knocked out," is the commonest form of hazing; though cadets have been known to perform such childlike pranks as forcing red-pepper sauce down the throats of victims. A fight with bare knuckles is just a point more respectable (and more dangerous) than the "duels" cultivated in most of the European armies; and West Pointers—old officers as well as the present cadets—declared that it would be a calamity if hazing were discontinued. But a strong current of public opinion had set in against the barbarous and cowardly practice, and before the Congressional committee had finished its investigation the cadets gave a written promise that hazing would be given up. It is not probable, however, that the West Point case will have any appreciable effect upon the rowdyism practised at other secular colleges. The disorderly, ruffianly and utterly brutal practices common to hazing are, happily, unknown in Catholic institutions.

Mgr. Bonnet, Bishop of Viviers, recently enjoyed a lengthy audience with the Holy Father, and he has this to say of the venerable Pontiff's actual condition: "In the first place, notwithstanding the affirmations of certain journals to the contrary, the health of Leo XIII., considering his advanced age, is literally marvellous. His intellect preserves intact its extraordinary lucidity; his speech is always perfectly clear; he sees at a glance definite solutions of problems the most difficult and questions the most

involved; his memory is just as sure, his eye just as bright as ever. Such a state really partakes of the prodigious." The Bishop relates a circumstance that vouches also for the Pope's unfaltering firmness of will. Mentioning certain difficulties which he had to encounter in the performance of his episcopal functions, Mgr. Bonnet expressed a desire to be relieved of a burden which he felt too heavy for his shoulders. "No," said Leo XIII., placing his hand firmly on the Bishop's arm and speaking with an accent that forbade reply: "the Pope wishes you to stay where you are."

We have never read a pastoral by the Bishop of Newport without finding something notable and quotable,—something timely that deserved to be repeated everywhere as being of general interest and importance. In reference to the responsibilities of parents as regards the home and home-life Bishop Hedley writes in a recent pastoral:

Children require a home, or their better nature never has a fair chance. They need kindness and affection. They require guidance every hour, in things innumerable; none of which, perhaps, are, singly, of any great importance, but which, taken all together, are the material out of which are formed their habits for life. Not only must they be guarded from the infection of bad example and coarse language, not only must they be protected from cruelty and rough usage, but they must feel something of the purifying, elevating and improving effect of a quiet, virtuous life. They must live with good people, or they will not be good; they must live with pious people, or they will never understand what piety means; they must live with upright and honest people, or they will not learn to value honor or honesty. That means that unless their parents look after them, and unless their parents are good, honest, virtuous and religious, the children will never be what God intends them to be. They will be like precious flowers which ought to be planted in a sheltered garden but which a fool takes and throws out on the roadside to pine away and perish.... Every parent is bound to form his or her child's mind, soul and character, by word, by action and by example. This responsibility no one can take off the parents' shoulders. The priest has his duties to the little ones of the flock, and so have the teachers and the civil law; but none

of them can relieve the parents of theirs.... It will be hard enough in the day of judgment to have to answer for our own souls, but God help those who in that awful hour have to answer for the souls of their children!

The lambs of Bishop Hedley's flock are especially dear to him. He would have all children made happy and contented until they are old enough to understand the uses of adversity. After explaining the responsibilities of parents in connection with the Church and school, his Lordship encourages mothers and elder sisters to be up in good time, so that a proper breakfast may not be wanting, and the children may go off to school "with stomachs full and hearts encouraged—decent, clean and happy." Homely words the Bishop calls them. So they are. They "strike home," as all words of pastoral instruction should do.

The fame of a great captain of industry is short-lived, of course, but it is doubtful whether the name of any statesman or author was known to so many people in the United States as was that of the late Philip D. Armour, whose packing-houses are sprinkled all over a country of meat-eaters. To the end of his life Mr. Armour was a hard-working man, and he bred his sons to hard work. He took a pride in treating his employees as fellow-workmen with him, though he could take them to task in picturesque diction when he tried. Once his clerks were directed to provide themselves, at his expense, with a suit of clothes at Christmas. All the men ordered good, serviceable suits costing about \$50, except one, who preferred a dress suit costing \$125. When the bills came in Mr. Armour, calling the fastidious clerk, said that he didn't mind paying for the suit; "but," he added, "it makes me mad to have you think that, after being in the packing business all these years, I don't know a hog when I see him."

An admirable quality of Mr. Armour was his simplicity. He knew that his strong point was commerce, not culture; and he never wanted to have his portrait done "by one of the old masters," nor a marble "bust" made of his hand. And though he never actually stamped a bullock or a hog as a crest on his carriage door, neither did he choose for that purpose "a griffin or a unicorn, or some other beast out of which no industrious American ever made an honest living."

It is curious how crime spreads. Since Mr. Cudahy, of Omaha, yielded to the demands of the kidnappers who threatened to maim or kill his son unless they were paid a ransom of \$25,000, wealthy men in various cities have received menacing letters directing them to fare forth in the darkness and deposit a large sum of money near a red lantern set in a specified place. Child-stealing, too, has since been attempted in many cities. It is easy to charge Mr. Cudahy with want of civic duty by apparently compounding a felony, but every parent will agree that his course in paying the ransom to secure the boy and then offering double the amount for the apprehension of the criminals was Christian and fatherly. We observe that some of the States have recently made kidnapping an offence punishable by death, which is eminently proper, though distinctly discouraging to the kidnappers.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has not been particularly happy in his recent public utterances; nor has he been fortunate in provoking the *Sun* to criticise them. The Episcopalian prelate's latest deliverance laid peculiar stress on "the curious decay of the influence and power of the individual"; and in his discussion of the matter he effectively concealed

the fact that he was arguing from the view-point of a Christian dignitary. The *Sun* falls foul of his dilettante philosophy, briefly shows that his argument is untenable, and is unkind enough to add:

Nothing more indicates the lapse of religious faith which distinguishes the present time than the tone and attitude toward manifestations of human depravity now adopted by Christian ministers. They are preaching a secular philosophy, and abandoning the purely religious and spiritual theory which gives their churches their only reason for existence.

The justice and truth of this statement will be unhesitatingly admitted by all keen observers of non-Catholic religious leaders throughout the country. The well-being of the perishable body, and not the salvation of the immortal soul, seems to be their primary consideration; and this is not religion but philanthropy.

Instances of misunderstanding of religious formularies, even among adults, afforded by the London *Daily Chronicle* emphasize the importance of studying the vocabularies of children and of teaching them the meaning of all words not included in "the bright lexicon of youth." It helps one to realize what confusion must reign in juvenile minds to read the following instances of misunderstanding furnished by a clerical correspondent of the *Chronicle*, who states that they came under his own notice: "With all my worldly goods, I, thee and thou," is the popular rendering of "I thee endow." "My awful wedded wife" supplies an instance of a dropped *l* as disastrous as any dropped *h*. One villager's version and mental vision of the Angel Gabriel's salutation, "Blessed art thou amongst women," was found to be "Blessed art thou, a monk swimming"! Other parishioners have been specially devout to "Blessed John the Blacksmith" and to "Holy Michael the Dark-angel."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Offering in the Temple.

HOW blessed the worshipers of old
 Who saw sweet Mary bring
 Within her arms her Son, her God,
 With doves as offering!
 How filled with awe their eager hearts
 'Neath Mary's gentle charm!
 While calm, majestic, Joseph stands
 To keep them both from harm.

And every day at Holy Mass
 That same dear Child Divine,
 With outstretched, eager arms, is brought
 To rest upon the shrine.
 The doves? Ah! every child should bring
 Far better gift than dove:
 A pure, a gentle, trusting heart,—
 A heart athrill with love.

Some Geese that were Not Silly.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



“AY, uncle, if I were you, the next time I told a story about the saints and animals, I'd choose one that happened something less than a thousand years ago. Haven't there been any saints in our own days? And what's the matter with the animals of the nineteenth century?

Don't they ever obey holy people, or aren't there any *real* holy people to obey nowadays?”

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the speaker was a boy—a nephew who attends the public schools, has begun to read the newspapers, and is possibly half-inclined to question whether these narratives are not made up out of my

own head, instead of being authentic accounts of genuine happenings.

“Not so fast, young man,” was my reply. “If you will take the trouble to recall some of these stories, you will see that by no means all of them are so antiquated as you would make out. Possibly I have related a good many that occurred so long ago for the reason that I consider them less likely to be known to the young folk of THE AVE MARIA than are the more modern tales of the same kind. By the way, was it not you yourself who informed me last summer that you'd like a story that wasn't ‘too stale for anything’?”

“Oh, well, everyone *does* know about St. Anthony's sermon to the fish, and St. Christopher lugging the boy across the river, and all them chestnuts!”

“‘Everyone,’ I presume, means Master Charles Hogan and his select coterie of friends. But look here, my lad, let me hear no more of your irreverent slang in connection with the saints, or we shall disagree somewhat seriously.”

“I beg pardon, uncle! I didn't mean anything. That word just slipped out.”

“Yes, and some pretty vile grammar slipped out with it. Haven't you learned how to use pronouns yet?”

“Oh, bother old pronouns and all the other parts of speech! They're worse than vulgar fractions, and *they're* bad enough. But you haven't answered my question. What about saints and animals in the nineteenth century?”

“Well, as for the saints of this century, the boys and girls who live a hundred years from now are likely to know a good deal more about them than we do. You see canonization doesn't take place during a saint's lifetime, or, usually, for

a hundred years or so afterward. It is quite possible that there are persons living now in this very State, altogether unknown to the world at large, who may be canonized about a hundred or a hundred and fifty years hence, and whose lives will be read far and wide."

"Say, uncle, do you think old Father Lecours will ever be canonized? I know lots about *his* holiness. And I've heard mamma say ever so many times, 'What a dear old saint he is!'"

"Mamma is, as usual, quite right. Father Lecours is certainly saintly, and it may well happen that his name shall one day be enrolled among the Church's valiant heroes. But in the meantime, Charlie, do you know how old your grandpa Barry is?"

"Just eighty-nine last St. Patrick's Day. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking that, as he travelled a good deal in Italy when he was a young man, he may have seen a real saint, and one who had some influence with animals, too. Do you remember ever having heard the name of Cottolengo?"

"Isn't there a library called that in the British Museum? I heard papa and Father Henderson talking about it the other day."

"A library in the British Museum! Oh, I see! the Cottonian Library, was it not?"

"Yes, sir, that's it. I knew it was *Cotto*—something or other."

"But not Cottolengo, now known as Venerable Cottolengo. He was an Italian priest, and was ordained in the year of your grandfather's birth, 1811. He died only in 1842, so that if your grandpa remained long in Turin during his Italian tour in 1840, he may very well have seen him."

"So he might. I must ask him the first time I go over to see cousin Bride. Well, then, *he's* more up-to-date than

most of the saints you've been telling us about. What did he do?"

"He renewed the miracles of charity that were formerly wrought by St. Vincent of Paul. In particular, while Canon of Turin, he founded a vast hospital which he called *Piccola Casa*, and in which he received and cared for thousands and thousands of the poor and infirm whom public or official charity could not look after. His memory is so popular that a few years ago, when a French writer asked the Holy Father to bless his design of translating the Italian biography of the holy man, Leo XIII. exclaimed: 'Cottolengo! Why, he's the wonder of Italy. Yes, yes: I bless both you and your work!'"

"And what animals did he make do just whatever he liked? Tigers, lions, elephants, bears, wolves, or what?"

"Well, hardly. You see he wasn't living where those wild beasts were in the habit of roaming about; and, then, he was not particularly anxious to display his influence over the mighty ones of the animal kingdom. So far as I know, he confined the demonstration of his wonderful power to the case of canaries and geese."

"*Geese!* O pshaw! Geese are too silly for anything."

"Well, it was all the more wonderful if Cottolengo made his geese wise. But you may judge for yourself. In the yard attached to the hospital the attendants habitually kept a large flock of these 'silly' fowl. Now, whenever the geese went to the pond in which they used to bathe and disport themselves, they took a short cut just in front of the chapel door. As they were rather numerous and were generally hissing and squawking with a vigor quite uncalled for—loud enough to 'beat the band,' as perhaps you would put it,—the folks in the chapel were a good deal distracted

by the noise. One day somebody complained to the venerable founder about the nuisance. 'Leave it to me,' he replied, 'and I think I shall be able to arrange matters satisfactorily. I'll just say a word to the poor creatures and I hope they'll obey me.'

"Well and good. The next morning he went down to the yard, called all the geese around him and made them this little speech: 'Your cries distract us while we are praying. Now, that's not right. Another thing that's not right is that you go off to bathe without being ordered or permitted to do so. Don't act in that fashion any more. After this, when you go to the pond, you must take that path down there, not the short cut in front of the chapel; and you must go two by two, in silence. You may go there in the morning while we are in church, and in the evening when we return there for prayer.'

"Years afterward, when steps were taken in Rome to have Cottolengo declared Venerable, witnesses testified to this fact; and stated that from that morning the geese, who seemed to be listening very attentively to Cottolengo's words, carried out his orders most scrupulously. They always went to the pond by the same path—the one pointed out by the holy founder,—and went twice a day, two by two, and in silence. One of the nuns who had charge of the hospital—Sister Marcelline—testified that she tried as hard as she could one day to drive the geese to the pond by another route, but had to give it up. They simply wouldn't go by any other than Cottolengo's path."

"And they did just right," interjected Charlie. "What business had the Sister to try and make them disobey orders? I say, uncle, that's not a bad story. Now, what about Cottolengo's canaries. Did he get them to talk?"

"Not exactly, or at least not in any other language than their own; but he talked to them, and they obeyed just as thoroughly as did the geese. The holy man, you should know, had erected in one corner of his room a little altar to the Blessed Virgin. He kept it adorned with the prettiest and freshest flowers, and in front of it he placed a very nice little cage containing two canaries. 'These two birds,' he would say, 'are not only companions for myself but they are musicians whom I have engaged to charm the ears of the Madonna.'

"He loved these little friends of his very much, fed them, fondled them; and, according to his biographer, he chatted with them just as if they were reasonable beings. 'My dear pets,' he used to say to them, 'I feed you well, but in return you must sing very sweetly for the Blessed Virgin, who is your Lady as well as mine. When I am here you need not mind singing; but whenever I am out, see that you render all your finest trills and serenades to please the Madonna, whose singers and musicians I appoint you.' The canaries would cock their heads to one side, look as if they were paying the strictest attention; and just as soon as Cottolengo left his room they would begin a melodious concert, which they kept up until his return."

"Not quite so interesting as the geese story," commented my nephew; "but very pretty about the Madonna,"—with which not unduly gracious criticism he abruptly left me to my books.

CHARLES V. was at one time visiting one of his officers who owned a magnificent home. The Emperor was, however, astonished at the smallness of the kitchen and asked an explanation. "Sire," said the officer in reply, "I could never have possessed a large house if my kitchen had not been a small and simple one."

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

V.—SOME OLD CUSTOMS.

By the end of the month the Degler family were quite adjusted to their new conditions. Mrs. Degler began to improve as soon as she had recovered from the fatigue of the journey, and was able to spend nearly all her time out of doors. The children lived there. Genevieve Degler and Genevieve Marie de la Guerra (who was now called "Marie" to distinguish her from her cousin) at once became fast friends, forming with Robert a happy trio, who made life one long holiday from morning to night. Quiet, gentle Mary found sufficient companionship in the society of her mother.

Señor de la Guerra was not slow to appreciate the presence of refined womanhood in his household. When he felt that she was able, he requested Mrs. Degler to take charge of his home, and to make any changes therein which she saw fit, short of dispensing with the old furniture, some old customs, and the old servants.

She smiled and seemed surprised when he made the request.

"They are the very things I find so charming," she replied. "The furniture and fittings are delightful, the old customs equally so; and as for the old servants, with a little more order and good management they would be perfection. They are deeply attached to you, have seemed overjoyed at our coming, and are always on the alert to please us. If Janet were only here to take charge, this would soon become an ideal household. I must say that a great deal might be saved which is now wasted; but that is all the fault I have to find. Janet, who has both

tact and order, would very soon set everything to rights."

"Who is Janet?" inquired the Señor.

"She is an old domestic of our own," was the reply.

"And pray why did you not bring her with you?"

"Because I thought it would have seemed an imposition."

"Not at all. Did I not say there would be room and plenty for all?"

"Yes, I know. We did not bring her here, but we did the next thing to it. She has a sister living in Sacramento, who has long wished her to visit her. The distance seemed very great to Janet, who has not travelled much. But we persuaded her to come with us, with the understanding that if a place could be found for her here, after she had visited her sister, we should let her know. And it seems to me, cousin, there is room for her. She will save you more than she can earn, by her economy and the care she will take of your household."

"Send for her as soon as you please. Of course, now that you are so much better, there will be no question of your returning to Decatur?"

"We shall be quite satisfied, if you are," said Mrs. Degler. "And perhaps Mary could teach Marie and Genevieve every day, for a while at least."

"Yes: that will be a fine thing. Mary seems very intelligent and sensible for her age. I think the two little girls are something alike; don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Marie seems to be the more active of the two; but that is because of the life she has led. Genevieve will soon rival her. It is about Robert that I am chiefly concerned. He is not fond of study; I do not believe he would ever care to open a book again, now that he has the freedom of this ranch. He will soon equal you as a horseman cousin."

"It is in the blood," said Señor de la Guerra. "We are all horsemen. Some of us have been seamen also."

"Indeed! I did not know it. That is where the boy gets his love for the sea and all things connected with it. Have you ever heard him mention his ambition in that line?"

"Oh, yes! In our rides through the ranch he has confided in me a good deal. I think, however, it is nothing more than a certain restlessness of disposition which prompts him to desire such a life. He will get over it: I will make a ranchman of him."

"But what about his education?"

"After two or three years he may wish to go to school again. If not, why force him? Judicious reading will do a great deal for him."

"But it is so hard to get him to read anything except sea-stories."

"A short, hard term at sea would not be bad for him, perhaps. It would give him an idea of the life as it really is, not as depicted in books. However, that is in the future. For the present he is well off here at Las Rosas. And he is learning to be helpful also; I find him very quick of observation."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Degler. "Your companionship will be good for him."

"I enjoy being with him very much," said the Señor. "It makes me think of the time when I was in the habit of riding about with my own father. I was just as fond of asking questions as Robert, and at one time had quite as adventurous a spirit. But here he is now. Whither away, my boy?"

"I thought, Cousin George, that we were going to ride over to the Bonara ranch to-day to see them brand the steers?" said Robert.

"And so we are. I am ready, and I think you are too."

"I should think it would be a dreadful

thing to look at," said Mrs. Degler, with a shudder.

"You see, mother, I've got to learn all these things," answered Robert. "I may be a rancher myself some day,—who knows?"

"Yes," said his cousin. "It would be only fitting, if you liked it. It is a fine, free life."

"I'd like to have a taste of the sea first, though," said the boy. "I'd want to be sure which I liked best."

"Well, you may have that also,—who knows?" said his cousin. "We shall not be back to dinner," he continued, as they went out. "They will give us plenty of chili and frijoles over at Bonara's."

In a few moments they had mounted their horses and were off.

They had a long day at the branding. As they rode home in the twilight Robbie said:

"It makes one think of the good old times, such as you read about, to be at the Bonara's. There is nothing modern about them, is there?"

"Nothing but their love of money," replied his cousin, dryly. "They were always a saving race. My father used to say they were originally of Hebrew stock. They certainly look like it."

"Yes, they do," replied the boy.

"Old Manuel Bonara played me a mean trick not long ago," said De la Guerra. "You have to watch him very closely or he'll get the better of you in any transaction."

"I didn't care for them much," said Robert. "But that white-haired old man who sat on the bank? He seems nice. Is he one of them?"

"Yes, in a way he is and yet he's not. His daughter was married to Cesar Bonara. He is old Don Balthasar de Oliva. He must be nearly a hundred, I think. In my grandfather's time he was *administrador* of this region. He was rich then, and I can well remember

what fine times we used to have at his house, especially at Christmas."

"Somehow I can't think of keeping Christmas here, where it is never cold."

"Nevertheless, we kept it well," said De la Guerra. "On Christmas Eve there would be fireworks; but not here at the ranch. We went home to San Diego, to my grandfather's, for that."

"On horseback?"

"Yes, and a long ride it was; but we did not mind it. Such a long and splendid cavalcade as we made! How you would have been at home there!"

"Was there Midnight Mass?"

"Always. The church-bells rang out so merrily, and you could hear them re-echoing all through the hills. Nearly everyone received Holy Communion, masters and servants. Afterward the priest would bring out a small image of our Saviour, which we all went up to the altar to kiss. Then followed the tinkling of guitars outside, and an unseen choir of voices began to chant the Christmas carols."

"Jolly, wasn't it?" said Robert.

"It was more solemn than jolly," answered De la Guerra. "We saved the jollity till later. I was a very little fellow when these beautiful ceremonies were carried out, but they made an impression on me which I never forgot."

"Who taught them the carols?"

"I do not know. But they were called *pastores*, and it was a great honor to be allowed to sing on *la noche buena*. They personated different characters, and were dressed in costumes, carrying banners. They entered the church in procession,—six girls as shepherdesses, a young man who personated Lucifer, and another representing the Angel Gabriel. Afterward this company would go about from house to house, still singing the *pastores* and chanting a sort of dialogue, reciting the history of

Lucifer, the fall of our first parents, and the birth of Our Lord. The evenings were spent in various amusements, dancing principally. You should have seen the gaily-caparisoned *vaqueros* bedecked with silver and gold! How they danced,—how they danced!"

"Did they have races, too?"

"Races! I should think so, and all kinds of games of skill and strength on the plaza. I have seen my grandmother scatter money among them in showers. They were good old times, my boy. I can not help wishing them back once more when I see how the coming of the stranger has scattered and demoralized and impoverished our people."

"Were there any *wild* Indians then?" asked Robert.

"Your taste seems to run to Indians, Rob," answered his cousin. "No, I do not remember any *wild* Indians, as you call them. They were very peaceful and docile, and made excellent servants. That was before the stranger came and introduced bad practices among them. Masters and their retainers were equally pious, reverent, and devoted to the Fathers, who were always good and intellectual men. Some day I will tell you about a few of their curious Indian customs, and perhaps take you up to a rancheria when there is a fiesta."

"That would be great fun," replied Robert. "Do they dance war-dances and gather round the camp-fires then?"

"Yes, in a certain mild and restricted fashion they do. But it is all dying out. The old men are nearly gone, and the young men do not cling to the customs of their fathers. In my opinion, the little smattering of education they now get has spoiled them. Ours hereabouts, who have never been to a school, are much better. But here we are at home, and there is your mother at the gate watching for us."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death of the Duc de Broglie deprives France of a public-spirited citizen, letters of a devoted client, and the Church of a serviceable and zealous son. He was one of the most interested and efficient workers on the splendid series of biographies of "The Saints" which have been so gladly welcomed everywhere. *R. I. P.*

—A new edition of the *Raccolta*, or collection of prayers and good works to which the Church has attached indulgences, is now offered to the public by P. F. Cunningham & Son. This edition is a translation from the third Italian edition, and contains the prayers and exercises enriched with indulgences up to July 1898.

—The publication by the Macmillan Co. of the third edition of Mr. John La Farge's "Considerations on Painting" is a hopeful sign in these days of insincerity in art-talk and art-criticism. There is a simplicity, a dignity, a reserved force in the *dicta* of Mr. La Farge that give a real value to his book even from a literary point of view. And, we may add, this series of lectures is another proof of the kinship of the arts; for the principles in painting herein set forth apply with equal force to the art of literary expression.

—It will interest many people to learn that a collection of ballads by the Rev. James B. Dollard has just been published by Richard G. Badger & Co. Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contributes a preface, in which he refers to the author as "the best living representative of the poetic spirit whose dash and fire gave a touch of inspiration to the Young Ireland ballad-writers." Father Dollard is not altogether a stranger to readers of THE AVE MARIA. His new book is poetically entitled "Irish Mist and Sunshine."

—In a notice of Professor Haeckel's hodgepodge, "The Riddle of the Universe," Mr. Joel Chandler Harris observes: "A seed falls from a mummy's winding-sheet where it has lain for thousands of years; it falls to the ground and the bidden life within it sends forth a shoot of tenderest green, fresh, vigorous and beautiful. When Professor Haeckel can give us the why and the wherefore of such miracles as this, when he can give us the key to the humblest and simplest of created things, and present a clue to the central truth, it will be time enough for him to discuss or deny the existence of the human soul—of which the most ignorant being knows just as much as all

the scientists. Meanwhile, men of the Haeckel stripe should not be too impatient with Christians who have their own reasons—yes, and their proofs too—for believing in the soul and its immortality."

—The "Souvenir of the Triduum" held in New York in honor of the canonization of St. John Baptist de La Salle is, in a certain sense, worthy the occasion. The pamphlet, bound in purple and gold, gives a most interesting account of the exercises of November 13, 14, and 15, 1900, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, under the presidency of his Grace, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan. The order of proceedings, the sermons delivered, a sketch of the new Saint's life and labors, and some good portraits of the prominent clergy present, make up a fitting souvenir of a noteworthy celebration.

—In congratulating Mr. Aubrey de Vere on his eighty-seventh birthday, the *Tablet* remarks that the venerable poet is to be thanked "for something more than merely his own achievements, high as these must be rated in the case of the 'Autumnal Ode,' the 'Year of the Famine,' and other pieces, the names of which readers will easily fill in for themselves in their own order of preference. But Mr. de Vere has been the godfather of other poets.... Nobody could read the *Memoirs of Tennyson* and of *Coventry Patmore* without feeling how influential and supporting was Mr. de Vere's devotion to the interests of both these poets, especially at the early stages of their career, when Tennyson was still put aside as 'obscure,' and when 'the crested and prevailing name' of *Coventry Patmore* was the target for folly's petals. Mr. de Vere, in his venerable old age, can go back farther still; for he can remember reading with delight the poetry of one whose books were still a drug in the market—the poetry of Shelley."

—Many persons have referred to a serious and most regrettable mistranslation in the English rendering of Janssen's "History of the German People." In Vol. III., page 78, the translator says; "Julius II. had proclaimed a sale of indulgences," etc. What Janssen wrote was: *hatte einen Ablass ausgeschrieben*—"had proclaimed an indulgence." The error is repeated in various forms throughout the subsequent pages. It is a peculiarly unfortunate blunder because the question of the sale of indulgences has been persistently misunderstood by Protestants that are fairly well informed on



other Catholic matters. For example, the New York *Sun* recently told an inquirer that the sale of indulgences was an historical fact, that St. Peter's was partially built by such sale, and that "laymen of various ranks" looked upon the traffic as scandalous. In the first place, in the days when, we are told, this scandalous traffic was rife, every Catholic knew that to gain an indulgence, repentance and confession were necessary, together with one of the three works of devotion, "prayer, fasting or almsgiving." It was possible for a soul, truly penitent and confessed, to obtain an indulgence by giving an alms toward the building of St. Peter's; but it is impossible to understand why Protestant persons persist in confusing that transaction with "a sale of indulgences." There certainly were abuses at times in the manner of exhorting the people to obtain the indulgences, but that merely proves that there is nothing in the world that men can abuse that they do not sometimes abuse. The query man of the *Sun* does not enhance its reputation for breadth or scholarship. Some time ago he accused one of the most learned of the Popes of excommunicating a comet. He seems to be the only dull man on the staff of a very bright newspaper.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye.* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts. net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Daniel Ward, of the Archdiocese of New York; the Rev. Joseph O'Boyle, Diocese of Alton; and the Rev. M. T. Schiffmacher, Diocese of Davenport.

Sister Louise, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister St. Pierre, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. J. J. Dean, of Haywards, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Dee and Mrs. Thomas Reardon, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine Holden, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. W. Brinkman, Jr., and Mrs. Mary McGurk, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sir Frank Smith, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Lane, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Daniel McGuire, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. T. W. Shine, Ingersoll, Canada; Miss Winefred Holland and Mrs. A. Henebery, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John McDermott, Norristown, Pa.; Mr. Owen Leonard, Hamilton, Canada; Mr. Donald McDonald, St. Raphael, Canada; Mr. Henry Amy and Miss Rose McVay, New York; Mrs. Harriet Brunsman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Daniel McGillicuddy, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Minhall, Elmira, N. Y.; also Philip and Mary Pender.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



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To the Thief Penitent.

BY MARION MUIR.

"WITH Me in Paradise!" O friend, whose foes
Set thee before Judea by the Lamb,
What was the wrong that bid thee share His woes,
And what the good brought thee so great a palm?
Shall I be less content if He to-day
Sets His red signet upon heart and brow,—
If He who promised thee all heaven's ray
Chooses to share His passion with me now?

The House where Mary Dwelt.

THE eyes of many Catholics are turned now toward Palestine, in expectation of the approaching completion of the German basilica of "Our Lady's Rest" (*Dormitio Virginis*), under the care of the Beuron Congregation of Benedictines, which is in course of erection on the plot of ground generously purchased for that purpose by the Emperor Wilhelm II. on the occasion of his visit to the Holy Land. It may, therefore, be interesting to the readers of *THE AVE MARIA* to hear that history and tradition both point out the spot where stood the lowly house which was hallowed by the presence of the Immaculate Mother of God during the few last years of her life.

It is mentioned in Eusebius' Church History as rather a small building standing in a large garden, shut in by a high wall, near the western portion

of the city wall, situated between the Coenaculum and the high, gloomy residence of Caiaphas, where was the judgment-seat before which Our Lord was arraigned. The door in the garden wall was almost entirely concealed by the overhanging boughs of old cypress trees, and scarcely to be noticed by a casual passer-by. The house itself was completely hidden from view, so overshadowed was it by the thick foliage. It was owing to this fact apparently—or, perhaps, rather to the special protection of our Blessed Lady—that the modest dwelling escaped observation, and its inhabitants met with no molestation at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, in the days of lawless violence and party intrigue, when the unruly followers of the brigand chief whom the Jews called to assist them in defending the city against the Romans, and afterward the Roman cohorts, pillaged and burned the houses of the richer residents, putting to death all who offered resistance.

There the Blessed Virgin abode after she left her home in the neighborhood of Ephesus, prompted by the loving desire to revisit once more the scenes of her Divine Son's suffering and death upon the cross. After her decease it became the property of the Christian community in Jerusalem; and the aged Seraphia (better known as Veronica) lived there as caretaker. Paulina, the sister of St. Paul, was there too; besides one or two other devout women, who

sought, after the example of the Virgin Mother, to dedicate their lives to the service of God, spending their days in prayer, contemplation and active works of charity.

A precious treasure was at that time preserved in the house of which we speak—the miraculous veil on which the countenance of the suffering Saviour was imprinted in a wondrously vivid manner, presenting a picture of love and agony, touching in its tender sadness, yet almost appalling in its truthfulness. On the anniversary of Christ's passion this veil used to be exposed for the veneration of the pious women and others of the faithful; and at their request Veronica related to them the account of her meeting with the Redeemer bearing His cross. Her words are recorded as follows:

"Alas!" she would say, in a low voice, and keeping her eyes fixed on the miraculous portrait, "if I lived to be a thousand years old, I should still see my Lord as vividly before my mind's eye as when He vouchsafed to impress His likeness on my poor veil. Well, I was standing in my room one day, in our old house, not far from the Gate of Judgment, when my husband came in, bringing the dreadful tidings that Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, had been sentenced to be crucified. I began to weep and lament, and he bade me be silent, inquiring if I was wiser than our high-priests and ancients. Then I heard the noise in the streets and the blast of trumpets as they led Him to execution amid the howls and curses of the mob. When I caught sight of Him staggering under the weight of the cross, I could contain myself no longer. I bade my servant bring the pitcher of wine which I had already prepared for the Feast of the Passover, and I hastened out to meet Him.

"What a pitiable object He was! I

wished to refresh Him with a draught of wine, but the brutal executioners pushed my servant aside so roughly that half the wine was spilled and the remainder they themselves drank. Thus I had no means of alleviating His sufferings. Weeping bitterly, I threw myself on my knees before Him; and when I saw His countenance disfigured by blood and sweat, I plucked my veil from my head and offered it to Him, that He might at least have the slight comfort of wiping His face. The Lord looked at me with an expression of such loving-kindness in His bloodshot eyes that a ray of sunshine seemed to fall on my soul. With a slight smile He took the proffered cloth and pressed it to His countenance with His left hand, whilst with the right He steadied the heavy burden of the cross; then, with a word of thanks, He gave it back to me. But the high-priests and their minions drove Him onward with blows and reproaches; and they even spat at me and struck me. I hardly know how I got back to my own chamber.

"When I was somewhat composed and had dried my tears, I spread out my veil on the table, intending to fold it up, when I perceived the miracle. Our Lord in His mercy had wrought to console me and His brethren. At first I could not believe my eyes, and thought my imagination was excited and was playing me false. On hearing my exclamation of astonishment, my husband and the other inmates of the house came in and confirmed the fact of the miracle by their testimony. We all fell on our knees and prayed to God and His holy Son, whose power and compassion are alike infinite. Since that time this miraculous portrait is my greatest, my only treasure. When I die I shall bequeath it to our Christian community, to proclaim to all ages the love and bounty of the Redeemer."

Seraphia died a holy death in the year 66, shortly after the Feast of the Passover, the last celebrated before the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the city and its glorious temple. Bishop Simeon, the successor of St. James in the see of Jerusalem, placed Paulina in Seraphia's stead over the community of devout women; and the veil continued to be preserved in the house until the disturbed state of the city rendered it obligatory to take precautions to safeguard it from desecration.

At that time Bishop Simeon, perceiving that the days of tribulation foretold by Our Lord as about to come upon Jerusalem were at hand, decided that before the judgments of God fell in their awful force upon the unhappy city, as many of the brethren and sisters who were not compelled by circumstances to remain in Jerusalem, or prevented by advanced age or sickness from undertaking the journey, should migrate to Pella, a hamlet among the mountains on the far side of Jordan, which would afford a safe place of refuge until the storm was over. There were not then many Christian families in Jerusalem. The first persecution, to which St. James fell a victim, had caused the dispersion of the community, and the hostility of the Sanhedrim toward the hated "Nazaries" continued to be as fierce as ever.

Paulina, who was confined to her couch by a recent stroke of paralysis, was unable to join the fugitives; and where indeed could a more secure hiding-place be found than the dwelling-house over which Our Lady watched with jealous and loving solicitude? With the invalid remained Rhode, her faithful attendant, the same handmaid who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles on the occasion of St. Peter's miraculous escape from prison.

Paulinus, her son, and nephew to

St. Paul, also remained; and on him devolved the duty of conveying the sacred veil to a place of safety. But when he left his mother's house with it, intending to deposit it in the Cenacle, that it might be removed with the other holy relics of Our Lord's passion, he found himself in the thick of the rebels, and was compelled to hide in order to save the treasure entrusted to his safe-keeping. Later on, under cover of the darkness, he succeeded in getting it out of the city by concealing it, wrapped carefully in parchment, under the garments of a boy who accompanied him. The youth himself was stopped at the gates by the guard, who had orders to forbid the egress of Jews; but the child slipped through and reached Bethania, the estate formerly belonging to Lazarus and his sisters. This estate had passed into the possession of the Christian community when all property was made common; and now, deserted by its inmates for fear of the Roman soldiers, it was in charge of an old gardener. To him the sacred veil was committed; and, kissing it reverently, he concealed it in a grotto, or cave, in the garden—the very same, tradition asserts, in which Lazarus was laid in the "sleep" from which Christ awakened him,—and there it remained until it was taken by Christian Jews to Italy.

The devout women of whom we have spoken were not the only occupants of the house where Mary had dwelt: it was also the home of a large number of snow-white doves of a peculiarly beautiful breed. They had belonged to the Mother of Our Lord; she used to take care of them and feed them with her own hands. They became so tame that they would peck the grains of corn out of Seraphia's and Paulina's hands. It is said that our Blessed Lady once told Paulina that the doves would be the means of saving the lives of the

dwellers in that house. Her prediction was, in fact, literally fulfilled; for in the days of terrible scarcity immediately preceding the downfall of the city, when thousands died of hunger, the flock of doves were, reluctantly enough, sacrificed one by one to provide a scanty sustenance for their owners. This was the more necessary as no crumbs or grains of corn could be spared for the food of dumb animals.

Paulina expired before the last of her favorite doves had been immolated. She had some time before received a supernatural intimation that she would not live to see the end of the siege; and, in fact, a few days previous to the burning of the glorious temple she breathed her last in peace, fortified by the last rites of the Church. She was laid to rest beneath a fig-tree in the garden.

When Bishop Simeon revisited the desolated city he found the walls of the Cœnaculum still standing; a church was later on erected on the site. Thence he passed to the house where Mary had dwelt, and found it still uninjured. Though deserted and desolate, no plunderer's hand had touched it, no brand from the burning buildings around had fallen within its hallowed precincts.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, and blessed all those who place themselves under her powerful protection!

MORE astonishing, because coming more forcibly home to us, is the noble, heroic sacrifice of convert clergymen, who, with their wives and children before them, and perhaps appealing to them, have cracked their very heartstrings and literally made themselves beggars for the truth. Nearly a hundred years ago some such case was mentioned to Dr. Johnson, when the good Doctor exclaimed fervently, "God Almighty bless him!" — *Percy Fitzgerald*.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—MR. MORAN DEPARTS FROM HIS USUAL CUSTOM.

MARTHA FINNEY was not pleased next morning when Henry Moran announced that he was going to town. During the years that she had been his housekeeper he had always spent his Saturdays in the country. She did not like change nor innovation of any sort; and, curiously enough, the uneasy suspicion took possession of her that the "fine madams" next door had something to do with the matter. How or why she did not guess. It might be that Henry Moran found their proximity to his dwelling irksome or disturbing. It might be—but what else could it be? She was not reassured by the fact that her master gave no notice of Saturday evening visitors. It had been his almost invariable custom to ask out a certain number of men to spend Sunday,—a custom, indeed, at which Martha had conscientiously grumbled, throwing out dark hints every Sabbath about folks who didn't keep Sunday themselves and wouldn't allow their neighbors to do it either. Mr. Moran, well aware of these grievances of hers, though she had supposed them hidden deep in her own bosom, said to her with a smile on that bright Saturday morning:

"I suppose you will be glad to hear that I am inviting no one at all for to-morrow?"

"Glad!" Martha said, taken aback by this shrewd guess at her long-cherished grievance. "It's not for me to be glad or sorry."

She said this bridling and with a degree of acidity calculated to set her master's teeth on edge.

"Well, in any case," Henry Moran continued, carelessly, "I haven't asked any one."

"You're not ill I hope, sir?" said Martha. "There's nothing amiss?"

"Ill! Why, I never felt better in my life, Martha," he exclaimed.

There was something in his bearing which confirmed this statement,—a light, a hope, a smiling, confident look in the eyes, which were resting just then, in imagination, on a lovely face under waving trees. It was a look which gave point to Martha's uneasiness and made her feel downright sorry that she was to have that Sunday's rest for which she had so long craved in vain. She knew now that it had pleased her best to see her employer absorbed in affairs, interested only in the doings and sayings of Wall Street and of his associates there. It gave her a shock to see him throwing off its yoke even for a day. She dared not, however, ask any questions. As it was, Mr. Moran seemed impatient.

"Well," he asked, after a moment,— "well, what is it, Martha?"

"Nothing, sir,—oh, nothing at all! Only we'll miss the company and the life it gave to the house."

"So I have converted or perverted you, Martha," Mr. Moran said, with a laugh; "and you've lost your taste for a puritanical Sabbath."

"There's no harm in a gentleman's entertaining his friends the only day of the week he has to himself," said Martha, with the air of a theologian.

Henry Moran was rather amused, and regarded her with a quizzical but not unkindly expression.

Encouraged, perhaps, by this look, Martha went on:

"There's not much chance of quiet in this neighborhood now."

Probably Henry Moran divined what she meant; but he gave no sign. His

face hardened into its most inscrutable expression, which had puzzled many a bull and many a bear.

"Since that woman next door has come there with her noisy brood of young madams, giving themselves airs and flaunting about the village, and no one good enough for them, as Mrs. Gregg, the butcher's wife, tells me; pretending that they're of a high-up family and me seeing them down on their knees scrubbing. No later than this morning did I see that white-faced one scrubbing the gallery, and she calling out jokes and gibes to the rest of them, and starting off next minute proud and fine as you please to church,—to the Romish church too, if Mrs. Gregg speaks true."

Martha's vehemence almost choked her. She brought out the last words with so great a venom that she failed to observe the changes in her listener's face. Now it had softened as the picture she had conjured up penetrated straight to that heart of steel which Wall Street had manufactured for Henry Moran.

Kate—the lovely Kate—on her knees scrubbing and sending out merry jests to her mother and sisters! Kate arising from her knees and going out, "proud and fine," to church in the cool freshness of the morning; fresh and dainty herself as those wild roses upon the hedge she had to pass. Henry Moran forgave "the wretched old babbler," as he secretly called his housekeeper, for the sake of this picture which she had conjured up, and which struck deeper than those silhouettes under moonlit trees. He was even loath to bid her cease, hoping to hear more. But the habit of years prevailed and he said coldly:

"I object, Martha, to hearing my new neighbors discussed; just as I am desirous that there be no discussion of me and my affairs."

"But you ought to know," she said,

deceived by an unwonted mildness in the rebuke and impelled by a growing fear,—“you ought to know what kind of folks they be, these shabby-genteel, false-pretences creatures; and the truth will soon be known to all the town. I gave Mrs. Gregg my mind about it, and a glad woman she was to be told just what they are—working like slaves and keeping Mr. Gregg out of his money; so that he says, says he, ‘I’ll let them go without fresh meat for a while, to cool their pride’; though the mother and the white-faced one did all but go on their knees to them for some meat. I hear they’re expecting fine friends. I told Mr. Gregg, says I: ‘Mr. Gregg, take my advice and give them naught till they pay you down.’ For I says to him: ‘I know what shifts they’re put to to keep body and soul together.’”

Martha, in her spite and excitement, had rushed blindly on; but was suddenly arrested by Henry Moran’s voice, and the sound of it was terrible:

“Martha, how dare you let such spiteful, miserable gossip go out from my house! I forbid you to speak of my neighbors to me or to any other in future. Can you not see, you miserable old woman, that the poverty of these ladies is more honorable than the wealth of many others? So let them alone,—do you hear? Let them alone!”

And Henry Moran was gone before Martha had recovered from her fright and subsequent wrath. She stood still and gazed after him helplessly.

“I’ll give him warning just as soon as ever he sets foot in the house this evening,” she muttered. “After slaving and toiling for him year in and year out, I’m a ‘miserable old woman’ because I tell the truth about those beggars next door! We’ll have him philandering with some of them the next thing. That dough-faced one will be his fancy. He wasn’t beside himself like that for

nothing. He don’t like gossip, and that’s a fact, but he never took on so about it before now.”

Her look was set and stern and sourness was written in every line of her face as she took her way to the kitchen, to administer justice to all there and to discipline as she herself had been disciplined. And as she went she said within herself: “He’s a lost man if they get hold of him.”

From Martha’s point of view, he was very nearly a lost man already; though how and when any further catastrophe would take place it was impossible to foresee. Henry Moran could not have told himself what he wished or hoped for, or if matters should remain at a stand-still. The man who had all his life gone straight to any goal which was once set before him, and who had been a very synonym for prompt and successful action, hesitated now, wavered, and could not look far ahead. Indeed, he had so far set no goal at all before himself except that of keeping these charming neighbors near him, if that were at all possible, and of enjoying surreptitiously as much as possible of their society alone and undisturbed.

Therefore he was determined in future to have none of those men from the city invading his house and penetrating the secrets of the enchanted garden; that belonged to him exclusively for the present. As to the future—well, Henry Moran was apt, except in so far as business chances were concerned, to let the future take care of itself. Those who knew him best would have predicted that, under the circumstances, he would never let Kate Raymond go out of his life again,—unless, of course, he experienced one of those changes of feeling to which the most stable of mortals are subject. They would have said, in brief: “If Henry Moran wants her, he will get her.” This statement would be based,

of course, on their knowledge of him under his Wall Street aspects.

On reaching town that morning it was toward none of the great monetary centres that Henry Moran took his way. He went instead straight from the boat to Washington Market, that wonderful depot of supplies for the wonderful city of New York. There food of every imaginable sort in bewildering profusion—fruit, vegetables, meat, game, poultry, butter, eggs, cheese, nuts. There venders innumerable, buyers of every age and condition,—a marvellous stream of people crowding the narrow thoroughfare and jostling over the pavement, which was as yet unblistered by the summer sun. The coolness of the morning was over all; even the reeking air of those crowded streets which centre about that portion of New York felt the influence of the light breeze sweeping up from the river; while the river itself lay broad and blue, with flecks of sun upon it and boats coming and going on its surface.

It was more than half an hour before Mr. Moran had concluded his business there and stepped cautiously over the withered vegetables, the orange or banana peel and other *débris* with which the paved sidewalk was encumbered. Many odors reached him which were particularly distasteful after the breath of the mountains near his dwelling and his sail over the blue East River. But he threaded his way all the same through the throngs of buyers and sellers, through the network of vehicles, with that indifference to crowding and to the discomforts of extensive traffic which life in a great metropolis alone gives a man.

(To be continued.)

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*Smiles.*

In God's Right Hand.

HOW wide it seems from sea to sea
When friends are far apart,
When snow-capped hills and weary plains
Keep heart from waiting heart!

How long it seems from sea to sea
Upon a parting day,
When one at duty's call must go,
And one, alas! must stay!

And yet how near from sea to sea,
From east to western strand,
When we remember that the world
Is held in God's right hand!

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

(CONTINUED.)

ONLY second to the cathedral in dignity, equal to it in age, and, if such a thing were possible, of even greater historical interest, is the great basilica of San Francisco, of which Janvier writes:

"The history of this foundation may almost be said to be the history of Mexico; for contained in it, or linked with it, is almost every event of importance in the colonial or national life. From this centre radiated the commanding influence of the Franciscan Order—the strong power that kept what was won by military force, and that by its own peaceful methods greatly extended the territorial limits of New Spain. Here Masses were heard by Cortés, and here for a time his bones were laid. Here, through three centuries, the great festivals of the Church were taken part in by the Spanish viceroys. Here was sung the first *Te Deum* in celebration of Mexican Independence, the most conspicuous man in the rejoicing assemblage being General Agustin Yturbe—by whom, virtually, Mexican Independence was won; and here, seventeen years later, were held

the magnificent funeral services when Yturbe — his imperial error forgiven and his claim to the title of Liberator alone remembered — was buried. Around no other building in Mexico cluster such associations as were gathered here. And even now, when the great monastic establishment has been swept away, and the church itself has become a Protestant cathedral (!), the very wreck of it all serves to mark, in the most striking and dramatic way, the latest and most radical phase of development of the nation's life."

To this statement may now, thank God! be added another and yet more "striking and dramatic" phase in the history of the ancient church. Twelve years ago the present writer saw it in the state which Mr. Janvier describes. The magnificent group known as "the seven churches of San Francisco" — famous throughout Mexico for their beauty, their antiquity, and their associations of holiness — had not only been confiscated and robbed of their treasures, but such as were not destroyed had been further desecrated by becoming the homes of different Protestant sectaries. The great central church, with its fortress-like walls and dome of incomparable majesty and grace — one of the noblest and most impressive buildings in Mexico, and before the hand of the spoiler fell upon it unsurpassed in the splendor of its decoration — was especially a picture of desolation and sacrilege. Stripped of everything, its altars swept away, no trace of color or beauty left, its vast interior was simply a horror of whitewash. And under the great dome, where once the high altar had stood, a Protestant preacher, of whom let us hope that he "knew not what he did," held forth to a dozen or so shamefaced Mexicans of the lower orders — the whole group almost lost in the immense space of the desecrated

building. "I wish that I could put a ton of dynamite under the walls and blow them up!" an indignant soul said fervently as he turned away. "Patience!" was whispered him by one who had not in reality any of that virtue just then. "In His own time God can restore it."

It is to be feared that the words were uttered with little faith in that restoration, but a few years later there appeared a newspaper paragraph, stating that the Protestant sect which, by grace of the despoiling government, held the ancient sanctuary had by lack of means been forced to sell it, and that it had been purchased and restored to the Church. The news seemed almost too good to be true; but a letter, written later still from the city of Mexico, told how God had indeed given back His plundered sanctuary to the uses for which it was built.

"I went to Mass this morning at Santa Brigida," the letter ran; "and then turning into the Calle de San Francisco, I met to my surprise hundreds or, as it seemed, thousands of well-dressed people, with prayer-books in their hands, evidently coming from Mass. And where do you suppose this immense crowd had heard Mass? Why, in the old church of San Francisco, recently purchased from the Protestants and again restored to our Mother Church and to its ancient glory and magnificence. It was with a sense of absolute awe that I entered this building, which I had last seen naked and forlorn, with empty walls and wooden chairs, a few Indians listlessly lounging here and there, while a preacher talked from the pulpit where saints had preached the word of God. I wished then that I had possessed the power to blow up the desecrated walls and not leave one stone upon another. But when I entered this morning and stood amazed before the magnificent

altar, reaching to the high, arched roof, and looked around at decorations surpassing in richness anything which I have seen in Mexico, your words came to my mind: 'God can restore it.' Well, He has restored it, most unexpectedly, most wonderfully; and has shown once more that in His own time He will defeat and humble His enemies."

One likes to imagine what rejoicings there were in Mexican hearts when this noble church—the very cradle of the national life—was restored to them. Already one of the minor churches grouped around the great central sanctuary had been regained in time to save it from complete destruction. This was the chapel of Nuestra Señora de Aranzázu, which within the last ten years has been repaired, magnificently decorated, and once more opened for divine worship as the church of San Felipe de Jesus. All that was left of this chapel when the work of restoration began were the walls and the beautiful and curious western front, which is covered with rich sculpture containing many figures in relief. The principal group represents a shepherd, surrounded by his flock, seated at the foot of a tree, in the branches of which the Blessed Virgin is seen. Below is inscribed in Spanish: "Chapel of the Miraculous Image of Our Lady of Aranzázu, and burial-place of the sons and natives of the three provinces of Biscay and the kingdom of Navarre, of their wives, sons and descendants, at whose expense it was built and dedicated in the year 1688."

The descendants of the natives of the provinces of Biscay and the kingdom of Navarre have been happier, however, than the Tercer Orden (Third Order of St. Francis), whose chapel, which stood facing this of Aranzázu across the churchyard of San Francisco, has been totally destroyed, and whatever is left of it

absorbed into the walls of dwelling-houses fronting on the Calle de San Francisco. Also their great charity, the Hospital de Terceros, has ceased to exist; and its massive building at the corner of the Calles Santa Isabel and San Andres is now occupied by a commercial school, a geographical society, and a primary school. All quite modern and "progressive," it will be perceived; and, like so much which is modern and progressive, founded on robbery of God and of the poor.

Such robbery meets us wherever we turn in Mexico; but no foundation has suffered to the same extent as this ancient foundation of San Francisco, because no other possessed such wealth with which to tempt cupidity. And yet surely human ingratitude never reached a greater height than when the hand of the spoiler closed on the great monastery, from which most truly had radiated the influence that made modern Mexico; that not only Christianized but civilized the people; that laid the deep foundations of social order; that taught letters and the arts; and that throughout its long history stood ever between the people and the possible oppressions of their conquerors. "There is not a man who talks against the Church in Europe to-day who does not owe it to the Church that he is able to talk at all," says Cardinal Newman; but we may go a little farther and say that of those who robbed the Church in Mexico, there was not one who did not owe it to the Church, as represented by this great Franciscan foundation, that he existed at all.

Very small was the beginning of that which was to wax so great. Twelve Franciscan monks, from the Province of San Gabriel in Spain, landed at Vera Cruz in May, 1524,—all, we are assured and can well believe, "very earnest and godly men." How earnest, indeed,

and how godly, the name, so lovingly bestowed upon them, of the Twelve Apostles of Mexico tells. Their leader was Fray Martin de Valencia, "the Father of the Mexican Church,"—the same whose fame specially survives at Amecameca, where the cave in which he dwelt and taught his beloved Indians is now a sacred shrine;—and among their number was Fray Toribio de Benevente, the eminent chronicler and zealous missionary, better known by the name of Motolinia (meaning poor, miserable); that, being applied to him in derision by the Indians, he gladly adopted, in his humility, as the name best befitting his deserts. Fray Francisco Ximenez, author of the first grammar of the Mexican tongue, was also one of this famous company.

From the coast they walked to the capital; and as one climbs now, by the aid of steam, up the rugged heights and along the wild passes which must be surmounted before one gains the great plateau, imagination dwells on those brown-robed figures toiling up the difficult ways, so humble, so poor, yet *conquistadores* indeed, coming to conquer a mighty realm for Christ. At Texcoco they were joined by one destined to become the most famous and perhaps the greatest apostle who ever trod the soil of New Spain—Fray Pedro de Gante (Ghent). This holy monk, with two other Flemish Franciscans, had already been in the country, engaged in missionary work, for a year. Joining the twelve, he walked on with them to Mexico; and the thirteen—surely for once a fortunate number!—entered the city on the 23d of June, 1524. One can not doubt how they were welcomed by Cortés, the lion-hearted soldier, on whose banner was inscribed, *Amici, sequamur crucem, et si nos fidem habemus vere in hoc signo vincemus*. To them he gave the land formerly

occupied by the gardens and wild-beast house of the kings of Tenochtitlan and provided funds for the building of their church, the material employed for its construction being hewn-stone from the steps of the great Teocalli. Here Fray Pedro de Gante erected the first parish church for the Indians in the New World, "San José de los Naturales"; and, in recognition of this fact, a street cut through the monastery precincts and passing over the site of this church, is called to-day the Calle de Gante!

For three hundred and thirty years the Franciscan Order held the land thus given, and the monastery there founded—whence went forth the missionaries who penetrated into every part of the country, beyond the farthest military outposts—was enlarged until it came to be of immense size, and its great church and group of surrounding chapels of a wonderful splendor. Little save piteous wreck remains of this magnificent foundation, so interesting to the historian, so priceless to the artist, so holy to the Christian. Broad, modern streets—one of which, in a spirit of fine irony, is called the Calle de Independencia—have been opened through the property; the monastery, with its cloisters surrounding a beautiful old garden, is now converted into a hotel, where tourists wander beneath the spreading boughs of the noble trees which once shaded the monks in their work and recreation; while the refectory, "in which was room for five hundred brothers to sit together at meat," has become a stable.

But why dwell longer upon such vandalism? And what does it matter, after all? The work of the great monastery has been nobly done. Throughout those three long centuries it sent forth its workers into the fields of God, and mighty indeed was the harvest they gathered in. From end to end of Mexico they planted the one, true, Catholic faith

so deep that no revolutions can efface, no later missionaries of other faiths, with their hands full of gifts, tempt the people from it. And with the faith they also planted that exquisite Franciscan spirit, at once so humble, so tender, so devout, which is the very perfume of religion. There is no hamlet so remote that one does not find, as it were, the footprints of those sandalled feet which climbed the great Sierra nearly four hundred years ago; and when in the early morning one sees the blanketed forms of *los naturales* wending their way to Mass, one thinks of Juan Diego crossing the hill of Tepeyácac,—Juan Diego, who had learned his faith no doubt from the lips of Fray Pedro de Gante.

(To be continued.)

Pat Haskell "en Route."

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

II.—(Conclusion.)

WE were now at Rochester, and the trainmen came along testing the wheels with their hammers and examining them with their torches. Pat heard the sound far up the track, and listened intently to its approach. Just as the man applied his hammer to the wheel nearest us, up went the window and out went Pat's head.

"Here, ye motherless spalpeen," he shouted, "be off out o' that! We have to go all the way to Buffalo, an' is it smashin' the wheels ye are?"

There was a pause and then the loud guffaw of the trainmen shook the quiet air of the night. Pat went out and had a brief chat with them. I heard them wish him the heartiest kind of a trip to Ireland. In fact, nearly everyone on the train expressed that wish before midnight. With marvellous facility, in shorter space than words can tell it

Mr. Haskell had an understanding with every man aboard, made an impression, and secured his sympathy and interest; so that men said, "Have you met the Irishman?" or, "Where is Pat just now?" in the same fashion as they speak of a notoriety or a close friend. He was the centre of any group in which he happened to be, and held its interest as very few could. For hours he wandered up and down the train like a wild boy just out of college, jumping off at the stations, gibing the nearest bystanders, and invading a restaurant for a tidbit. But at last his spirits failed him, and he came back to me for a quiet smoke and a chat before we turned in for the night.

"I got a chill at that last place we stopped," he began, "an' I haven't had the like of it since the night I saw the fairy hounds at home. I never cud undherstand why people will live in such holes as that. There was a field like a prairie, an' one house on it, wid a light in a window like a divil's eye watchin' out for sinners on the lonely road. Not another house or a light cud I see. Now, why will people live in such places when there are cities be the thousand?"

"I never heard of fairy hounds," said I.

"Nor any one else, for that matter. It was I that brought 'em out first; but they were things that cudn't be patented, d'ye see? It was this way. I was the greatest lad in Ireland for follyin' the hounds. Me poor father—God rest his soul!—wud have to keep his eye on me in the furrow or down in the bog whenever the hunt was on; for me feet itched after I saw the hounds go by, or heard the cry o' the keepers an' the bay o' the dogs. An' me father cudn't keep his eye on me all the time; so away I'd fly, though I was sure o' the finest batin' in the world when I got back that night.

"Well, I had me last run, of coorse, jist as I had me last battle under Patsy McGowan, an' jist as I'm havin' me first an' last trip to ould Ireland. One night I was thrampin' home wid a neighbor's boy, Harry Bassett, after a fine day's sport chasin' like a fool after the hounds. I was thinkin' o' the batin' that lay ahead o' me. I never cud think of it at all before the hunt, only on me way home. It loked very big when the hounds went off home, an' it was like a hill when I was half way home, but higher than a mountain as soon as I saw me father's house. Oh, God be wid that house an' the blessed man that owned it! I can see it now on the slope o' the hill an' feel the love that was in it for me. I'd take a hundred batin's if only when I go down the slope of the hill I might find the father an' mother in the ould place. But no: they're long in the grave; an' I didn't know enough to value them when they were mine."

This genuine burst of feeling was more surprising to Pat than to me, and he had some difficulty in coming back to his subject.

"I tell ye," said he, "the baby in us is never very far from the skin. Well, as I was sayin', we were walkin' home together. Harry was talkin' an' I was meditatatin' on the strap, when we come to a fairy ring. They say it was a fort in oulden times. It was like a ring wid grass banks, an' there was a short cut through it from the main road. It was a night wid a full moon. We climbed the bank. I lukked down into the open space inside the ring, an' what d'ye think I saw? As fine a pack of beagles as ever follied me Lord Kildare to the meet. There they were, fifty of 'em, racin' in an' out like mad, as if they had lost the scent; an' not a sound from them no more than the dead. I was struck wid a chill at the sight. I cudn't tell

why, for they were as natural as life. I wasn't thinkin' o' ghosts. But I was frightened. Says I: 'Harry, d'ye see them?'—'See what?' says Harry.—'The hounds,' says I; 'the ring is full o' them.'—'Is it crazy ye're goin'?' says Harry. 'But I've heard tell?' says he, with a scared face, 'that this fort does have queer sights for villains like us that run away from home widout lave or license. Let us take another way,' says he. An' wid that we went back to the high-road.

"As I was lavin' the bank I lukked back. The cold sweat jumped out on me when I saw the whole pack facin' our way, lukkin' wid wild eyes at us, an' never a sound from their open mouths. It was terrible, terrible! We ran all the way home, an' I fell down at me father's door like one dead. No batin' that night nor any other night; for I never knew a thing from that day till two weeks after, bein' in a ravin' fever, chasin' hounds every hour o' the night an' the day. That was the last o' the huntin' for me. A hundred packs might go bayin' across the fields, for all o' me. I jist hid me head in the ould man's coat till they passed, an' he had to stand pattin' me like a frightened colt while the hounds an' the hunters were racin' by. What d'ye think o' that now? Were they rale hounds or fairy hounds, I dunno."

"You ought to have stayed and found out," said I.

"An' be med a fairy hare to be chased forever! Never!" he said.

"And what became of Harry Bassett?"

"Well, that was the ignorantest boy that ever went to catechism. He kem out to this counthry ahead o' me, an' went to be a sailorman on the lakes, sailin' from Montreal to Chicago; an' that's why he grew up widout makin' his First Communion or Confirmation. Sure I met him long after I settled

down in Canada, one day when he was passin' through our town. We were mighty glad to have a few smiles together an' to talk over ould times. It was then I found out his amazin' bad spiritual condition. He never went to church, bekase he was afraid to make a beginnin' now that he was nearin' forty. 'The next time you stop here,' says I, 'come to me an' I'll fix the matter as aisy as ye sail yer own boat.'—'Well, that's aisy enough,' says he, 'an' I'll come.' Sure enough he did, an' I took him up to Father Murray, a particular friend o' mine. 'We'll do you up in no time,' says Father Murray. 'Ye're in luck,' says he; 'for the bishop is to confirm the childher here next week, an' since ye're a grown man we'll be short wid ye,' says he.

"Well, things went on nicely till two days afore the bishop was to come; an' Harry tould every boatman in the town of the great things that were goin' to happen to him, an' invited them up to see him do the right thing. An' they all said they'd come. I've noticed when a lake sailor says he'll do or he won't do a thing, his word is worse nor the law. There's no breakin' it widout trouble. All at once Harry began to hedge wid Father Murray. It was his ignorance, d'ye see? Wait till I tell ye. He began to say he'd like the Communion well enough, but he thought he'd let Confirmation go till another time. He gev many reasons, but not one cud satisfy the priest. An' at last he says: 'Mr. Bassett,' says he, 'there's some other reason that you're afeared to spake out, an' I want to have it straight,' says he; 'for this is a very important spiritual occasion, an' there must be no evasions or anythin' of the kind,' says he.

"An' then the truth kem out an' scandalled me. If he had only tould it to me first I cud have settled his mind

widout the priest hearin' a word of it.

"'Well, Father Murray,' says he, 'I'll tell ye the truth. All the boys are comin' up to see me go through the ceremonies, an' you know what the boys are. I have no trouble about receivin' Communion: that's all right an' proper. But, Father,' says he, as solemn as a dead owl, 'I cud never go back to work among them boys if ever they saw big Harry Bassett marchin' up for Confirmation wid a wreath an' a veil on his head an' a candle in his hand.'

"Well, I thought Father Murray wud never come out alive from the fit o' laughin' he took at that. Only he's a thin man it wud surely have killed him. I cudn't laugh till next day, I was so mortified. But that was the Bassetts all over. Good as gold, but the ignorantest craythurs that ever took up a book widout openin' it. Well, Harry was confirmed widout any disgrace, an' he's workin' away on the lakes, biddin' fair to be a richer man than any of us, for all his ignorance."

It was near midnight. Weariness had overcome me, and I prepared to seek my berth; but fatigue had nothing to do with the lightsome spirit of Pat Haskell. He went to seek more wakeful companions, with the declaration that for the next three months he did not intend to sleep except when he had to.

I met him again in the morning as the train was rolling into Albany. His appearance was dilapidated. The smut of the train had shadowed his comic face and begrimed his hands; but the wit was as fresh as the morning, and his eye sparkled like a jewel.

At Albany we parted, much to my regret; for of all the travelling companions I had ever met, this was the gayest and most spontaneous. To travel the world with him would have been perpetual holiday. The last I saw of him he had the conductor and the

porter assuring him that the train would patiently wait while he ran up the street and bought a collar and a necktie; for he could not think of entering the metropolis for the second time in his life in so unfinished a state; and both officials were on the broad grin while he rallied them.

Bon voyage, Pat Haskell, wherever the ship of Time carries thee! Merry Ireland must have enjoyed thee during the precious months of thy stay on her green earth. Where thy feet stood laughter burst forth like a roaring fountain and drowned all evil humors. Thy droll eye was a spark that lit the dry lightwood of trifles and set all things ablaze. I have been curious to see the dark fate, if such there be, which could quench thy sense of fun. Thou art of the stuff which jests with danger, and fits a smile to the mask of sorrow. There is no evil fate for thee, and thy grave shall shine with the tears and the laughter of thy friends.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VI.—THE WORK OF THE AUTHORESS.

"I DON'T see," said the Young Lady from Across the Street, "why the Authoress should persist in writing for Catholics only. I hope you don't mind my saying that; I know when one enters this room one can speak freely."

"Don't be too sure of that," murmured the Critic.

"I am repelled, I must say it frankly, by the religious nomenclature of your books. The Authoress will insist upon writing the adjective 'Blessed' before the name of the Virgin, and 'Our' before 'Lord.' And, then, her stories are full of allusions to ceremonies with which we non-Catholics do not sympathize at all."

"But the Authoress does not write for non-Catholics," observed the Host, rather shortly.

"More's the pity!" replied the Young Lady from Across the Street. "She is so spiritual! Now, if she would drop the expressions peculiar to her special denomination, she would be a rich woman. Her stories are so crisp and modern, you know. If she would soar above her religious limitations and stand on the corner-stone of our broad humanity, her books would run into the one hundred thousand. Take Laura in her 'Only a Rose.' It's quite too dear; but Laura's so ultra-Catholic! She makes one or two rather cutting observations when her lover eats flesh-meat on Friday, and the thing becomes *banal*. Ferdinand simply does what any other gentleman would do: he refuses to shock the prejudices of his Protestant hostess. The great scene in which Ferdinand breaks the engagement would, without its denominationalism, be a hit. Why does not the Authoress write for the world and not for a section of the world? There's really no more interest in Catholics as Catholics than there is in Baptists as Baptists. Why does she do it? If 'Only a Rose' and her children's stories could be expurgated for non-Catholics!"

"That would not suit her at all," said the Host. "I sometimes regret that the circulation of her books is so limited. There are at least fourteen millions of Catholics in this country, and it does seem as if a book like 'Only a Rose,' in which the spirit is so truly religious and the workmanship so artistic, should be read by at least half a million."

"Half a million!" exclaimed the Lady of the House. "Why, I doubt whether all her mother's popular Catholic novels ever reached one-tenth of that."

"Is it true that three editions of a

Catholic book is unusual?" asked the Young Lady from Around the Corner. "That is about three or four thousand."

"Yes; and the reason is that most Catholic books are very stupid or very dear," said the Critic. "Or both."

"I do not agree with you," began the Host.

"Of course not," said the Critic, with an affectation of deep injury. "That's your line—disagreement with all sane observations; if you do not drop that pose people will begin to think you mean what you say. When they come to that conclusion, you'll be ruined. There is a batch of translations—pious things calculated to produce impiety. Hervey's 'Meditations among the Tombs' is gay compared to that red-covered book on the edge of the table. What is it called? I dipped into it the other night—oh, yes! 'Pearls of Science and Religion,' from the Spanish of Padre Leon y Arragon, translated (with the aid of a bad dictionary) by MacAlys Smithe, just out of her convent school; with commendatory letters from three eminent prelates, a sketch of her short but studious life by her pastor, and a kodak picture, somewhat out of focus, by herself."

"I do not believe there is any such book!" said the Young Lady from Around the Corner.

"You don't? In spite of your attack on the veracity of a man of honor, I can show you half a dozen of them," said the Critic. "Now, there's a sweet little story, 'The Lily Maid of Artobal.' It is printed on bad paper; the typographical errors are awful, and the story deals with trivialities, told without art, interspersed with hair-breadth escapes, and relieved by solid chunks of theology. You can't expect Catholics to buy that sort of thing. The authors must pay the publishers to bring out such books. And the good books sent over from

England—and lots of stupid ones are sent over, too,—are very dear. I'd like to buy that 'Life of Coventry Patmore,' but I feel it a duty to look at ten dollars twice."

"It's worth it," said the Host.

"Lend it to me, then," answered the Critic, promptly. "There is no doubt that a book sent out by a Catholic publisher has a 'sectarian' air. It's ranked at once, in the eyes of the public, with the other sectarian things. Who would buy a novel with a Baptist or a Methodist imprint upon it?"

"I wouldn't," said the Young Lady from Across the Street; "though my father used to force us children to read only books that came from Bible House. But even among Protestants sectarian light literature is going out of fashion. I wonder that you Roman Catholics keep it up?"

"Because we are not 'sectarian,'" said the Critic.

"Because," said the Host, "we know that what you call 'light literature' has a great effect on the ethics of the world. And we do not propose to let the devil have all the clever books."

"But what's the use of the Authoress confessing her cleverness to a circle of people who do not see how clever she is—"

"You do us an injustice," interrupted the Critic.

"And who do not pay her."

"She certainly does great good to a comparative few."

"She might broaden the minds and enrich the culture and add to the amusement of tens of thousands!" exclaimed the Young Lady from Across the Street. "Besides, she is not half so much considered by Catholics themselves as if she had a large non-Catholic following. At the Embassy the other night, where everybody went to meet the Prelate, very few persons—nearly

all Catholics—knew her as an author; while they all knew Miss Bacarole was the writer of 'A Romantic Fool,' which is in its six hundred thousandth. Miss Bacarole's a Catholic, but she doesn't obtrude it in her books. She keeps sacred names out of print, and I do not think she ever alludes to the Mass, except in her mediæval stories. The Authoress assumes, as a matter of course, that everybody believes in the Mass; that's what would kill 'Only a Rose,' even if she did not issue the book through a sectarian publisher."

"She's a very obstinate person," said the Host. "Probably if she were not so sure of her talent, she'd follow the example of the author of 'A Romantic Fool,' who certainly does make money. Being sure of her talent, she offers it directly to God."

"It's a question of vocation," said the Lady of the House.

"I do not understand it at all," said the Young Lady from Across the Street. "It's altogether too absurd and too unworldly. Ah, here she comes!"

"You had better tell her how absurd she seems to you," suggested the Critic. "It might be impolite, but you might get an explanation."

"It would be unchristian," said the Young Lady from Across the Street, who believes in Theosophy; "and I am not quite uncivilized."

The Authoress came in as graceful and princess-like as usual, and nobody asked any questions.

A CYNIC is a man who is morally near-sighted and brags about it. He sees the evil in his own heart and thinks he sees the world.—*W. G. Jordan.*

A LUMP of mud does not become a creator when spelled with a capital M, and God can not be expelled from His universe by being spelled with a small g.

—*N. D. Hillis.*

The Neglect of Little Things.

ONE of the most common causes of failure to attain either material prosperity or Christian perfection is undoubtedly the disregard of little things. To neglect details in the business world is to invite bankruptcy; to condemn small things in the spiritual life is, according to Ecclesiasticus, "to fall by little and little." What Arthur Helps styles "an almost ignominious love of details" is an indispensable element of success in all enterprises, temporal or spiritual; and it is precisely because this necessary love is so often replaced by a careless or contemptuous indifference to what are called trifles that thoroughly successful business men and relatively perfect Christians are so rarely met with.

That little things should be so commonly disregarded as the experience of most of us proves them to be is passing strange when we consider the importance attached to them in all didactic and religious literature. If, indeed, men were always consistent, if they reduced to logical practice the principles of conduct which theoretically they believe to be correct, the lesson so often inculcated from time immemorial by profane and sacred writers would need no reiteration at this period of the world's history.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

Like quotations might be extended indefinitely, even though we confined our attention to mere moral philosophers. In so far, however, as fidelity to small things is an essential means to Christian perfection, the Fathers and Holy Writ itself furnish us with instructive maxims more than sufficient to convince us that we can not afford to neglect the most trifling details. "If thou wouldst become great," says St. Augustine, "begin with

that which is little." "He that is faithful," declares Our Lord, "in that which is least is faithful also in that which is greater; and he that is unjust in that which is little is unjust also in that which is greater." So, too, it is to the accomplisher of little things that He addresses the commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many things."

Practically, therefore, in the spiritual life there is nothing so insignificant as to justify our disregarding it. Little infidelities to grace ultimately lead to grievous lapses. Carelessness as to slight faults of the tongue is the forerunner of inevitable sins against truth and fraternal charity. Occasional postponements of little daily duties soon degenerate into systematic neglect thereof, and trivial concessions to the spirit of indolence or of sensuousness may result in lamentable downfalls. A little imprudence in relaxing the custody of our senses may be the occasion of a catastrophe that will embitter a whole future; and contempt of the little preservatives against temptation is sure to be followed by a weakly yielding to the tempter.

The mental condition, in fine, of those who content themselves with following out the great lines of a Christian life, considering the details of the Christian law—the Gospel—to be practically beneath their notice, is the reverse of sanity. Nothing is surer than that the great lines will eventually be abandoned if the details, the little things, are habitually neglected. No act is so insignificant that it may not be supernaturalized and made a source of merit, and no Christian can afford to disregard such sources.

A FAD lives its life in a few weeks; a philosophy lives through generations and centuries.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Why is Saturday Dedicated to Our Lady?

IT is a time-honored tradition and deeply-rooted opinion in the Church, dating from the earliest ages, that the Blessed Virgin was the only individual who at the time of Our Lord's Passion and during His rest in the sepulchre never wavered in her confident belief that He would rise again from the dead. The Apostles and chosen followers of Christ, like all their fellow-countrymen, expected that the Messiah would be a majestic ruler; that kings and peoples from the ends of the earth should come and bow down before Him to pay Him homage; that through Him, the great Lawgiver, the Father of future ages, who would wield the sceptre of David, Israel should rule all nations.

When they saw the Master whom to follow they had given up all, to whose teaching they had listened, at whose miracles they had marvelled, arrested and dragged before the Roman tribunal, His career cut short at so early a stage, Himself satiated with suffering, scourged, loaded with obloquy, sentenced to the ignominious death of a traitor; a runaway slave accursed by the law—"Cursed be he that hangeth on a tree,"—a spectacle to men and angels, they forsook Him and fled. Only St. John, a relative of the Blessed Mother of God, remained with her to see the last of the Lord whom he loved. Afterward he joined the other Apostles; and when, on the third day, they assembled together, with the faint, lingering hope that "He who should have redeemed Israel" might yet make good His promise and appear again on earth,—St. John too, with the rest, felt, as the hours sped by, that their cherished hopes had proved a sad and sorrowful delusion. Even St. Peter, who had professed his faith in Our Lord so boldly,—St. Peter,

the rock on whom the Church was to be founded, shared in the general disappointment and despondency.

Mary alone of all Christ's followers and fervent disciples was not scandalized in Him; she alone did not distrust His word, did not despond at the sight of His sufferings, His abasement, His death. It is on this account that Saturday is specially dedicated to her. She was the purest, the humblest of all; and here we have the reason of her invincible perseverance, her unshaken faith, her constancy and fidelity when all appeared lost. Fittingly indeed, then, does the Church consecrate the day intervening between that whereon we commemorate Our Lord's bitter death and that of His glorious resurrection to the honor of the one who alone, despite all appearances, believed that on the third day He would infallibly rise again, triumphant over death and the grave.

With Correspondents.

Will you kindly answer the following questions?

- (1) Why is the Church opposed to the Masonic order? I have been told that until the sixteenth or seventeenth century many prominent prelates of the Church were Freemasons. Is this true?
 (2) I am also informed that "open" confession dates back only two hundred years. Is this true?

I take great pleasure in reading each week the "Notes and Remarks." I am a member of the Masonic order, and so far have discovered nothing antagonistic to the Church. If you should reply through the columns of your estimable magazine, kindly suppress my name.

(1) It is true that during the Middle Ages "many prominent prelates of the Church" were members of the guilds from which modern Masonry was developed; it was only on April 24, 1738, that the Church, through the reigning Pontiff, Clement XII., issued the Constitution *In Eminenti*, which pronounced excommunication against all who should join a Masonic lodge or assist at a Masonic assemblage.

Thirteen years later, on March 18, 1751, Pope Benedict XIV. issued the Bull *Providas*, reaffirming the excommunication launched by Clement and giving the reasons for the censure. These were: (a) that Masonry unites men of all sects in intimate association, to the prejudice of Catholic doctrine; (b) the absolute secrecy enshrouding all that is done in Masonic lodges; (c) the oath of inviolable silence touching even those matters regarding which legitimate authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical, has a right to inquire. Two other reasons special to the time of the promulgation were given; and a third was added which still has force—the fact that wise and prudent men condemn Masonry. History has since supplied another indictment against the order—namely, that at various times it has undoubtedly betrayed hostility to the Church and to lawfully constituted civil authority.

We could fill a large folio with quotations (in fine print) from authorized writers on Masonry, who express violent antagonism to the Church. Experience provides still another objection—the fact that Masonry displaces Christianity in the affections of its devotees. It amounts to a sect, inculcating, it is true, the natural virtues that were found even in paganism; but any religious sect whatever must always be condemned by the Church to which Christ committed exclusive authority in matters of religion. For further information we refer you to Dr. Parsons' "Studies in Church History," Vol. IV.; article *Freemasonry*.

(2) Exactly what "open" confession is we do not know, unless you mean sacramental confession; and if you do mean sacramental or auricular confession, we have only to say that for the past fifteen hundred years confession has figured as prominently in all Christian writings as the name of Mr. Bryan did in the last campaign. The boldest anti-

confessionists among historical scholars are obliged to admit that the Catholic priesthood claimed and exercised the power of absolving from sin since about the year 225, when the heretic Tertullian said some very impudent things to Pope Zacharias on account of that same doctrine. Tertullian admitted that he found the practice of confession general in the Church when he entered it; but after his apostasy, when he pretended to have special revelations and to be therefore superior to a mere pope, he did not approve of confession. That, by the way, is the usual thing with those who separate themselves from the Church: they nearly always begin by finding confession very inconvenient. Moreover, the absence of any formal explicit teaching of the doctrine of confession in Christian literature prior to the beginning of the third century has no special significance. "With the exception of the Pastor of Hermas and the short tract called the Didache," says the Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., in his learned "Notes on a History of Auricular Confession," "we have nothing more than a dozen letters from the Fathers of the first one hundred and fifty years of Christianity"; and of these writings there is not one single chapter that professes to explain the Christian doctrine regarding the remission of sin. Let us quote Father Casey:

If a man claims that by right of inheritance he owns a certain piece of property bequeathed to his family many years ago, there is no use in trying to disprove his claim from documents that make no mention of this piece of property, unless it can be proved that the documents would necessarily contain an account of its transfer, if such a thing had ever taken place. What would the testimony amount to, if the documents in the case were not municipal records, wills or testaments, but a few family letters or a few instructions sent by parents to their children? Now, this is precisely the character of testimony from the early Fathers. There is no reason whatever why any of the documents... should bear express testimony to the Power of the Keys. In the first place, as we have seen,

the documents that survive from those early days are extremely few. May not the absence of positive testimony be owing to the absence of documents? Again, the documents are of such a nature that the absence of positive testimony from their pages is far easier to explain than its absence from numerous Catholic writings of to-day. We have seen several cases of this.

Furthermore, sermons and instructions may be heard in our churches Sunday after Sunday without any express mention of priestly absolution. For those who know the teaching of the Church, the very word *penance* suggests absolution, the word *confession* does the same. Can we not suppose this to be also the case in regard to the early Christians? Do not the words *confession* and *penance* frequently occur in the writings of the early Fathers? St. Clement, for example, says in his second epistle (c. 8): "Let us also while we are in this world repent with our whole heart of the evil deeds we have done in the flesh; for after we have gone out of the world no further power of confessing and repenting will there belong to us." St. Barnabas writes in his epistle (c. 19): "*Confess your sins*; do not come to prayer with a bad conscience; this is the way of light." And in the Didache of the Twelve Apostles we read (c. 14): "Coming together on the Lord's Day, break bread and give thanks; *confessing your transgressions*, that your sacrifice may be pure." How do we know that words such as these did not mean as much for the early Christians as they do for the Catholics of to-day?

This answer is already too long, but we must suggest one other reflection. Why does not history record the date "when confession was invented"? In the Anglican church to-day an attempt is making to introduce the practice of confession, and the world is filled with the din of the conflict, and history will have no trouble whatever in fixing the date of it. Why is not a similar date easily discernible in the history of the Catholic Church?—for so signal a change in the faith and practice of every Christian soul the world over could not have been accomplished without protest or discussion. And, finally, if priests had invented confession they would have excepted themselves from the obligation of confessing their own sins. Our correspondent is a professional man with opportunities for knowing human nature. We ask him to reflect on these things.

Some time ago I sent you a clipping from a Protestant paper, hoping you would refute the calumny it contained.... It seems to me our Catholic papers ought to defend the Church "in season and out of season," and not let a single false statement go unchallenged.—*Subscriber.*

The calumny to which you refer has been refuted a thousand times, and has lost its force with enlightened people. It is repeated nowadays only by bigots, and bigots are not easily dealt with. Perhaps the best way of combating them consists less in opposing arguments than in showing the contradiction of facts. "The Catholic religion fosters superstition." How is it that so many who are not Catholics believe Friday to be an unlucky day, the spilling of salt an evil omen, and the presence of thirteen guests at table a "bad sign"? The Catechism *condemns* superstition. A Catholic who is superstitious falls so much short of being a good Catholic.

As for refuting all the misrepresentations of which the editors of sectarian journals are guilty,—it would be as useless as to talk back at a phonograph. These men are possessed of a certain number of "records" which are their stock in trade. The consoling fact is that those longest in use are wearing out and that many of them are no longer manufactured anywhere.

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You would oblige me very much by informing me whether a book entitled "Letters of a Country Vicar," by Yves le Querdec, has been translated into English. Father F—, who read it in French, speaks of it as a delightful volume, and thinks it would have many appreciative readers in this country, if a good translation were made.—*A Reader of THE AVE MARIA.*

We are much pleased that this question has been asked, thus giving us occasion to recommend "Letters of a Country Vicar." It is one of the most enjoyable books that we know of,—one that no reader can forget or fail to praise. A very good translation of it by Mara Gordon - Holmes, author of "Silvia

Craven," was published a few years ago by Dodd, Mead & Co.

As a further recommendation of "Letters of a Country Vicar," we may quote here a few of many passages which we find marked in our copy of it. The book abounds in good thoughts:

My rôle ought to be to make myself all things to all men, and, while preserving the priestly dignity, to treat everyone as he likes to be treated. To give pleasure is the supreme law of politeness; it is also the rule of Christian charity. I shall always have enough people if I speak and act in a charitable spirit; and I can not fail to please if, without thinking of exalting myself, I only trouble about doing good gently to others. One can not, thereupon, trace a programme or plan out one's conduct minutely. Tact ought to guide, and it is the heart which gives that; before all things it is necessary to love. One must also be conscious of what is owing to one's own character, so that amiability may not become complacency; that is to say, that one must love God before all things, and our neighbor for His sake—not with one's lips only, but truly from the bottom of one's heart. That is the just rule of charitable action. St. Paul was right: without charity we can do nothing; with it the impossible becomes possible, the difficult easy. "Who shall separate me from, the charity of Christ?"...

The poor folks are evidently more pagan than Christian: religion for them consists of an assemblage of rites and ceremonies, which must of necessity be fulfilled. That done, they are quits with God and can sleep in peace. But to reform their lives, be scrupulous about their manners when they are young, and the honesty of their transactions when they become masters of their own houses, to obey the Commandments and worship God in spirit,—oh, how far we are from that!...

We would reform society, let us begin by reforming ourselves. If hatred, injustice, oppression, resulted some day in awakening brotherly charity, disinterested love of souls, the spirit of abnegation and sacrifice in us, then, even though the official number of Christians might be diminished, Christianity would have lost nothing, I believe. Its soldiers would be less numerous; but they would be more courageous and would truly bear the fine name of faithful, which is so difficult to merit fully.

They hate religion; therefore it exists, therefore they recognize life and strength in it. To insult God proves that they believe in Him; in the same way insulting priests is a fashion of rendering homage to priestly dignity. Yet, again, it is homage rendered to the priesthood to be scandalized at any lack of virtue in the priest. Ask them if they would be astonished if the elders of their lodges

were not chaste, or their journalists pillars of the taverns. In spite of everything, they have a high opinion of priests, and that should not be displeasing....

The idleness of men, the secret vexation at new things, the desire of undisputed domination, have caused us more defeats than victories. Besides, the spirit of Church and Gospel is contrary rather, it seems to me, to those theories of domination and constraint. The religion of Jesus Christ does not consist in shams; it is not merely an assemblage of rites, forms, and ceremonies. One is not Christian because inscribed in the parish registers; but only if, being baptized, one participates in the life of Christ, if one loves God, one's Church, and one's neighbor, and at the same time takes part in rites and ceremonies manifesting and preserving charity. Consequently, to make a man Christian, his soul must be subjugated, his love conquered; and that can only be done through love and persuasion. It is to persuasive liberty that the Church will henceforth owe, not merely her conquests, but the maintenance of her moral empire.

We may add that we know of no work which throws more light on the present situation of the Church in France than "Letters of a Country Vicar."

How does THE AVE MARIA spell *whiskey*? See No. 3, present volume, page 86, first column, fifth line from the top. I notice very few typographical errors in your magazine. You have praised your compositors, and they deserve praise. But you were a little "off" that time.

The word in question is properly spelled with a *w*, an *h*, an *i*, an *s*, a *k*, an *e*, and a *y*, thus co-ordinated; or without *e* in second syllable. There is no other variant. Your familiarity with the orthography of this word and the phrasing of your final remark are not without significance to our mind. But perhaps you consult the dictionary more than you do the decanter. We hope so. Any way, it would be no harm for you to enroll yourself in a temperance society. If there were an association for the suppression of anonymous letter-writing, we should advise you to join that also. It would be no great discredit to you if you didn't know how to spell *whiskey*, but no one is excusable for sending off a letter which he is unwilling to sign.

Notes and Remarks.

In a free country, where the electoral franchise is the right of practically every citizen, the ruling powers, be they national or municipal, are just as good or as bad as the majority of the people deserve. If the civic government of New York or Philadelphia or Chicago is of a character to excite the indignation of the great body of the citizens, the remedy is in these citizens' own hands. Let them depose the precant officials and substitute honest men in their stead. If the great mass of the people of France are being outraged and oppressed by a virulently anti-Catholic government, we can not but believe it to be the people's own fault. Frenchmen choose their rulers; and if they persist in allowing Freemasons, socialists, agnostics and anti-clericals to head the polls, they are hardly justified in feeling astounded that these rulers do not act as reverent sons of the Church and conscientious, practical Catholics. The responsibility must rest with those who made existing conditions possible, and it is the merest folly to disavow it.

Educators will be interested in at least some portions of the annual report of President Eliot to the overseers of Harvard College. According to Dr. Eliot, one of the results of the elective system of studies is that many of the strongest students of the college abandon the classics and mathematics for studies which seem to them more likely to be useful in their actual life-work; and that the elective system has really no such demoralizing effect as alluring students into "snap" courses. "The general conclusion is," he says, "that the boy of eighteen who has had a good training up to that age will ordinarily use the elective system wisely, and that the boy

who has had an imperfect or poor training up to eighteen years is more likely to accomplish something worth while under an elective system than any other." We do not feel obliged to enter into the subject of electives, which is a fruitful source of contention among educators. It is only reasonable to hope, however, that Dr. Eliot will be less intolerant of the non-elective system since the juniors of Holy Cross College, Worcester,—a college whose degrees the Doctor's *confrères* refuse to honor—defeated the juniors of Harvard in a public debate.

"Pitching into Rome" is still, it seems, a favorite diversion at preachers' meetings. The Baptist Ministers' Conference recently held in Philadelphia memorialized the President against "the decision of the Philippine Commission to allow religious teachers, even at the request of parents, to give religious instructions to Filipino children in school buildings set apart for secular education." The memorial goes on to glorify the principle of separation of Church and State, and in the name of four millions of Baptists the President is commanded to defend and propagate that principle. "Our people," it says, "have been well satisfied with its operation,"—which proves that our Baptist brethren know a good thing when they see it. It is true that between the Church and the State there is violent divorce, and Catholics would like that divorce to extend to the sects also. But there is the notorious fact that nearly all the chaplains in the army and navy, in state and national legislatures and in all public and charitable institutions, besides consuls not a few, are Protestant ministers. From these godly men, these exponents of Christian truthfulness and charity assembled in the City of Brotherly Love, we also learn that there are now five cities in the State of New York

"where Romanist priests are stealing money from the public funds to support their schools"; in Cuba "a like state of affairs exists"; while priests in the Philippines are charged with theft of public funds and with the corrupting of public officials. The question is often asked, What keeps Protestants in ignorance and fosters bigotry among them? We know now: it's the preachers.

Regarding church affairs in the Philippines, we may advise Catholics in this country not to worry. An American Archbishop has been stationed in those islands on purpose to worry about the interests of the Church there, and we are not aware that he has complained of unfair treatment. Until he does so, it is lawful to assume that he requires no extraordinary help.

Commenting on the universal acts of homage paid to our Redeemer at the dawn of the new century, the *Liverpool Catholic Times* observes: "Let the enemies of Christianity say what they will, it is clear, without the shadow of a doubt, that faith in the divinity of Christ is not a moribund belief; but that, on the contrary, it enters upon the new age as a conquering and vivifying creed." Whatever may be thought of the moral condition of civilized nations, the conviction must force itself upon everyone that Christianity is losing no ground.

If the inherent justice of a cause, or the preponderance of argument in sustaining it, counted for anything in France, the iniquitous laws proscribing the religious Congregations of that country would long ago have been consigned to merited oblivion. The legislation in question has been time and time again demonstrated to be absolutely opposed to liberty of con-

science and to the equality which is presumptively the right of all citizens of France. Among the eminent publicists who have recently held this anti-Catholic legislation up to the ridicule naturally incurred by projects that embody downright tyranny under the guise of liberty and law, we notice M. Edmond Rousse, of the French Academy. His paper on "Religious Associations and Monastic Vows" is a trenchant arraignment of the short-sighted policy which, in oppressing members of the Congregations, is undermining the liberties of the whole nation.

The great fact that the place of woman in Christian civilization is due primarily to the honor paid to the Mother of the World's Redeemer has been enunciated by all the great voices of the world, but one is always glad to hear echoes of it from unexpected places. Usually the persons who write on such subjects as "The Rôle of Woman in Society" in the secular magazines avoid even such casual mention of the model and glory of all womanhood as the Hon. Lady Ponsonby makes in the current *Nineteenth Century*. She remarks: "The cult of the Virgin Mary in the Middle Ages did far more to raise the status of woman than any other cause at work since the age of chivalry, and the efforts toward intellectual discipline in our day are futile in comparison."

That London High Churchman, Canon McCall, credits the Vatican with serious alarm at the prospect (sic) of union between Anglicanism and the schismatic Churches of the East. According to the imaginative Canon, the Vatican has "privately disseminated among Russian and Eastern ecclesiastics a document which aims at proving that the Anglican communion is a mere Protestant sect,

which is completely separated from the Churches of the East." This statement needs confirmation; because, on the face of it, 'tis an absurdity. Why, in the name of common-sense, should the Vatican aim at proving to Russian and Eastern ecclesiastics something of which these ecclesiastics have never had the slightest doubt? Of course the Anglican communion is a mere Protestant sect. Even on the supposition that some few of the Eastern schismatics once upon a time did entertain doubts about it, the declaration of Leo XIII. anent the non-validity of Anglican orders settled the point for good and all. Anglicanism is as completely separated from these Churches of the East as heresy is from schism, and all High Churchmen would do well to recognize the fact.

Commenting on the fact that Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Pekin, was to submit to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs the sum total of the losses incurred through the Boxer insurrection, by the Lazarists, the Jesuits, the Society of Foreign Missions, and other communities, and that he would ask the Minister to ensure its payment by the Chinese government, the *Gazette de France* recently remarked: "While Mgr. Favier is in France, he might also prepare an estimate of the losses which our Waldock-Boxers have occasioned to the Lazarists, the Foreign Missions, and the various congregations in France itself, and demand that these losses be made good at the same time." The point is well taken.

While the majority of names selected to adorn the American Hall of Fame will perhaps commend themselves to the great bulk of the American people, not a few of those names are safe to give rise to invidious comparisons. The admirers of eminent Americans that do

not figure in the honor list will quote with appreciation Cato's remark, "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up than why it is"; and possibly the presence in that list of other names may recall ex-Speaker Reed's definition of a statesman—a successful politician who is dead. The only species of posthumous fame that is really worth striving for—viz., canonization—is attainable by the humblest and least talented child of Mother Church; but it is invariably bestowed on those who never made it the goal of their activities, never thought of it as a possible contingency. Ordinary worldly fame is at best a precarious good which it is far better to merit than to win. In the meantime the average citizen of our great republic very likely subscribes to the sentiment of which Chauncey Depew once delivered himself at a dinner in Buffalo: "'Tis sweeter far to receive taffy while living than to be decorated with epitaphy when dead."

We have often remarked on the preciousness of everything written by Cardinal Newman. It would seem that he never put his pen to paper without producing something of permanent value or interest. It is to be hoped that no scrap of his writing has been lost, and that the biography of him may contain all sorts of bits like the following extract from a letter bearing directly on the question of Anglican ordinations, published in the *Guardian*. The letter was addressed "to one in doubt," and is dated May 1, 1870:

Of course I have not any doubt that the Anglican communion, as a communion, is no part of God's Church—that which was from the beginning. It is not a question of Orders. Were the Anglican Orders ever so good they would not avail a communion which is cut off from the Church. Orders do not make the Church—they are but a portion of its prescribed characteristics. Nor can you have any certainty about them, even though you know nothing against them.

We believe our Orders to have been transmitted without break, *because* we are the Church of God. We believe that God will not fail His Church; but Anglicans must first prove that they are part of the Church before they can be sure that, by the promise of God, their Orders have been transmitted safely. And besides this there is actually reason to doubt their Orders. They are not *certainly* good; and whenever there is doubt in so grave a matter it is our duty to go by what is *safe*.

The Premier of Ontario having in a recent speech asserted that England will always guard Quebec, a perfervid French Canadian contemporary has taken umbrage at the statement, and informs the Premier that England will guard Quebec just so long as the French Canadians wish, and no longer. As a sign of the times, our contemporary's admission of the existence of an intense racial dissension in Canada is more or less significant; but we may, perhaps, be allowed to discount its cocksureness in making the following statement: "All we have to do is to make a sign to Uncle Sam and in fifteen days an American army would occupy Quebec, Montreal and Toronto." On behalf of Uncle Sam we respectfully submit that his armies, actual and prospective, have sufficient occupation provided for them just now; so we trust the sign will not be made.

Multiple as are the causes permitting divorce in one or another of our forty-five States, it seems that our sapient legislators have not yet achieved such notable success in facilitating the dissolution of the marriage bond as has been attained in China. Minister Wu recently addressing the New York Bar Association at Albany on "Chinese Jurisprudence," stated that the law sanctioning divorce in his country gives seven justifying causes, and among them is—talkativeness. It is to be hoped that no ambitious American Solon will attempt to import this bit of Celestial legislation. The majority of mankind—to say nothing of

womankind—probably think too little and talk too much; and one shudders to contemplate the multiplication of divorce courts that would be necessitated by the acceptance of loquacity as a sufficient reason for dissolving partnership with a husband or wife suddenly become *persona non grata*. Western civilization can hardly give points to Mr. Wu's people on the divorce question.

One hears so much of "the aristocracy of wealth" in this country that it is a pleasant diversion for the mind to dwell upon other forms of aristocracy from which we have pretty well escaped. Col. T. W. Higginson said in a recent address:

In the early days, when hereditary aristocracy was well recognized in America, it was customary in the older colleges, such as Yale and Harvard, as soon as a new class arrived, to send around to the villages from whence they came and get their comparative social positions; and then, as you will see in the older catalogues—down to 1774 in Harvard and 1776 in Yale—they were arranged according to the social position of their families at home, and not alphabetically, as is the case now. It is rather interesting for one of a democratic turn of mind to notice in the early classes of our colleges how large a proportion of distinguished men were at the lower end of the class.

Vestiges of this aristocratic spirit still linger round these ancient schools, or they are much belied; for we have heard that no student who hadn't a grandfather may aspire to a place on the Harvard football team. In spite of this painful restriction, however, the "distinguished men" will probably still be recruited largely from the democratic quarter of the college.

In his eighty-seventh year, Giuseppe Verdi, the great Italian composer, passed away last week. The history of music, it is safe to say, hardly affords another instance of a great career beginning so early and persevering with so much vigor into extreme old age. Verdi was

appointed organist at his birthplace, Roncole, when he was only ten years old, and he wrote great music after he had passed the age of fourscore. It is as a maker of operas—eighteen really powerful operas bear his name—that he is best known; though his "Requiem" and his other sacred compositions entitle him to a place among the writers of religious music also. So marked a genius must surely have betrayed itself in his early years, and yet there was at least one man who was disappointed when Verdi became famous—the *maestro* who refused him admission into the Conservatory of Milan when he was eighteen, "owing to lack of musical ability." Private teachers were less exacting; and, though he had still many crosses to bear before the road to success was clear, his courage never failed him. Of his private life little is known. He was credited, however, with innumerable deeds of charity; and it seems to have been one of his ambitions to render easy to as many as possible the path which he himself had found so difficult. Verdi's tastes were marked by the simplicity of greatness. His directions for his funeral were that elaborate music be omitted and that all should be done with liturgical simplicity. *R. I. P.*

The Fathers of the Institute of Charity mourn the loss of their beloved Father General, Padre Lanzoni, who for nearly a quarter of a century governed the Order with singular prudence, and was endeared to his spiritual children for the tenderness of his charity and his devotion to their interests. The Brothers of the Christian Schools also have lost their Superior-General, Very Rev. Brother Joseph, who passed to his reward on the 17th ult. He had only recently been elected to his high office, and it was hoped that he would fill it for many years. *R. I. P.*



A Conqueror.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WE'VE heard of Alexander,
Of Cæsar brave and bold,
Of many a famed commander
Victorious of old;
We've read of warlike legions
Far, far away from home,
Bearing through unknown regions
The flag of haughty Rome;
We've read in history's pages
Of conquering Tamerlane,
And of the distant ages
And royal Charlemagne:
But still I hold those greater
Than any conqueror,
In times remote or later,
That set the earth astir,
Who, striving in brave fashion,
Unnoticed victories win
O'er self and lawless passion
And each besetting sin.

Jerry's Good Luck.

BY HOPE WILLIS.



JERRY had finished the eighth grade; and his good mother, Mrs. Doherty, had called at the convent to express her gratitude to the Sisters for the care and pains they had taken in his regard since the day when, eight years before, she had led him by the hand into the school building and up to Sister Martha's desk, whom his clear, innocent blue eyes and bright, shining face had taken captive on the spot.

And now Jerry was thirteen; the Sisters could take him no further in his studies, and there was no Catholic school for large boys in Stanton.

"And what are you thinking of doing with the boy, Mrs. Doherty?" inquired Mother Aurelia.

His mother sighed.

"Well, I'd like to give him a *grand* education if I could," she replied. "But that can't be. And maybe he would not be equal to it if I could. What do you think, Mother?"

"Jerry is very studious,—that you know," said Mother Aurelia. "What he has acquired has been through great labor. He is thoroughly well-grounded. If you could send him to a commercial college it might be the best thing you could do for him."

"We'd like that, his father and I," said Mrs. Doherty; "but we can't afford it this year, anyway. Work has been very slack at the mill, and we have many mouths to feed. I'm afraid Jerry will have to go into some store as a cash-boy for a while. There's one thing, Mother: I'd rather have him working for nothing than idling on the streets."

"Jerry would never wish to do that, I am quite sure," answered Mother Aurelia. "He is anxious to be earning something to help you."

"He's a good boy, God bless him and keep him!" said his fond mother. "And my prayers and his father's will be for you and the rest of the Sisters while we live."

Jerry was much concerned about his future. He longed to be at the Business College. To this end he had formed a little plan of his own. Without saying a word to his father and mother, whom he did not wish to disappoint in case of failure, he went boldly up to the

college one day and presented himself to the principal.

"Well, what is it, my man?" kindly asked that gentleman.

"I would like to have a course in bookkeeping, typewriting, and stenography," said the boy; "but I have no money to pay. My father and mother are poor. Maybe you could let me take care of the rooms, sir,—wash windows and sweep and run errands. I can bring recommendations from the Sisters and from Father Jones."

"Oh, that is where I have seen you—at church! You serve sometimes?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Yeager looked thoughtful.

"My boy," he said, "I'm sorry I can not take you on these terms. I have a competent young man who attends to the work. But couldn't you earn your tuition in some way and come to the college later?"

"I might, sir," replied Jerry. "I'll try to get a place."

"Do your parents need your earnings very badly?"

"They would be glad to have me earn enough to pay my way," said the boy. "But it will take me a good while, won't it?"

"Yes, if you wish to have a full course," was the rejoinder.

Mr. Yeager was summoned to the telephone and Jerry walked slowly away. He felt somewhat discouraged: he had counted more than he had realized on the possible chance which he now saw dispelled. He would not go home yet, he decided; he wanted to think a little: perhaps he might be able to devise some way.

An hour later he found himself on the outskirts of the city. Some prettily dressed children were playing in an arbor in a beautiful garden. Jerry stood watching them, when suddenly a servant rushed from the house into the yard,

screaming and wringing her hands. The boy hurried forward and ran into the house. A child of two years was sitting on the floor, in close proximity to a blazing gasoline stove. The boy seized the infant in his arms and ran with it into the yard; then, after leaving it on the grass, he hastened back to the kitchen, where several women had already assembled, screaming, running about, and crying: "Fire! fire!"

Lifting the reservoir from the stove, the boy ran with it outside; after which he returned, exclaiming:

"There is no danger now: the fire will burn itself out in a few moments."

"Oh, but see the flames!" cried one of the women. "They will set fire to the ceiling. There will be an explosion. Get the firemen, please. Oh, do turn in an alarm!"

"The stove can't explode now that the reservoir has been taken away," said Jerry. "Don't get excited, ladies. You can see for yourselves that the flame is going down."

And so it proved. By the time a crowd had gathered in the garden, in response to the cries of the servant, all was over; and the baby, whom Jerry now learned was a cripple, was safe in its mother's arms; the danger was entirely past.

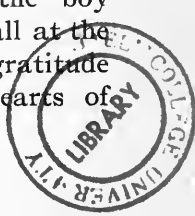
Jerry was stealing away when he met the master of the house, who had come home to dinner. It was the principal of the Business College.

"Well, my boy, do I see you again?"

"Is this your house, sir?" inquired Jerry. "I was in the neighborhood and happened to be in time to put out a little fire. You'll find them all confused inside, but there's no harm done."

Then he quietly ran away before the surprised gentleman could say a word.

But the next day, when the boy received a note asking him to call at the college, he was to learn that gratitude is not entirely dead in the hearts of



men. Jerry is now in his third year at the college; pupil and assistant, he bids fair to be retained as a professor after he has completed his course. Mr. Yeager considers him his prize-scholar. Already in receipt of a small salary, he is no burden on his parents, but the delight of their eyes and the pride and glory of their hearts. The whole parish is proud of Jerry Doherty.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.—A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

A few days later Señor de la Guerra announced that business would call him to the mountains.

"Would you like to come, Robert?" he asked. "We may stay for the fiesta, and you will get a glimpse of life on the reservation."

"Oh, that will be grand!" said the boy. "When shall we start?"

"May we go with you, papa dear,—Genevieve and I?" asked Marie.

"No indeed, *chiquita*," said her father. "We will go on horseback; that would be too hard for you."

"Perhaps in the summer, then, we may go—to San Luis Rey?" said Marie.

"Perhaps. But I thought of Santa Barbara for the summer."

"Santa Barbara!" exclaimed the child, clapping her hands. "To Tia Carmela?"

"Perhaps, if she can take in so large a family. But that is in the future. Meanwhile Robert and I will take our trip to the mountains."

"But what fiesta will it be, papa? I forget," said Marie.

"The Annunciation," said her father.

"It is a little cool yet, papa."

"Cool!" repeated Robert. "The sun is dreadfully hot to-day. It must be terrible here in summer time."

"On the contrary," said De la Guerra, "it is cool, except on rare occasions. And it is always pleasant riding."

"Will it be necessary to take provisions with you?" asked Mrs. Degler.

"Oh, no!" replied De la Guerra. "We have many friends along the way, and we'll be welcome at every farm-house. Besides there are houses of entertainment at various points of the road. We shall do very well."

"And when you have arrived at the reservation?"

"There we shall live in clover. My grandfather was ever a champion of the Indians; the name of De la Guerra is a passport to all they possess—which, poor creatures, is very little."

Robert was all impatience to be gone. They started bright and early the next morning. After a brisk canter over the hills, seven o'clock found them in sight of the ocean.

"This is Oceanside," said De la Guerra.

"It is well named," replied the boy, drinking in long breaths of the sharp, salty air with infinite delight. "Oh, how grand it is!" he continued. "There can be nothing finer than a life at sea. Think of miles and miles and miles of water, with only the sky above you; and then think of what one sees when the journey is over."

"Sometimes it ends in the middle of the ocean," remarked his cousin. "Many voyagers never return."

"There are risks, of course," admitted Robert. "But there are not so many wrecks, when you compare them with the ships that come and go for years and years."

"I have a fancy for the sea myself," said De la Guerra. "And I would not give a cent for a boy whose blood it did not thrill."

They soon came in sight of the hotel, where they had a good breakfast. Their repast in the morning had been slight,

and they enjoyed the excellent meal set before them. After it was finished they resumed their journey, riding along the beach for some miles until the tide began to rise more rapidly. Then they turned into a short defile between two overhanging rocks, and, mounting a steep incline, soon found themselves in the foothills. De la Guerra enlivened the journey with many reminiscences of his boyhood, during which he had often traversed the same road with his father and grandfather.

"Do you see yonder ruin?" he said, as they rode into a fertile valley where some cattle were grazing. "It is all that is left of the once hospitable house of the Carillos. It was called La Laguna Blanca (The White Lake) because of a large circular pond which was never dry even in the dryest season. In winter it really became a lake. It was from this point that the deputations coming from various localities to attend the fiesta of San Pasquale always made the final start. I tell you it was a gay and yet a reverential procession. In my boyhood it was on the wane, but I have heard my father describe its glories."

"It must have been a very large house," said Robert.

"It was. They had a private chapel and a resident chaplain, who was also tutor to the boys. In those days the girls did not learn much, save the beautiful embroidery for which the California ladies were then so famous. The house was a curious mixture of simplicity and elegance. The walls were of adobe within and without, unadorned save by some gaily colored print or sacred picture. The floors were earthen, but almost covered with rich and beautiful rugs. The furniture was haphazard as regarded fashion, but fine in quality. The women dressed in silk and satin of the best. All the cooking was done in a smaller house across the patia. The Carillos had a

garden containing vegetables such as were not common in these parts. But perhaps you are not interested in these old-time stories, Robert?"

"Indeed I am," said the boy. "I never tire of hearing you tell about them."

"Well, the sight of that old shed-like enclosure down there at some distance from the main walls recalls something to my mind. That enclosure was built as a sort of carriage-house for the vehicle which good Padre Vincentio had constructed to convey him in his journeys from place to place, in the discharge of his ministry. His home was at the Carillos, but his sacred duties frequently called him elsewhere. I saw the carriage in the time of its decay, when it was falling to pieces. It was a very curious-looking vehicle."

"What was it like?" asked Robert.

"I must try to describe it to you. Padre Vincentio invented it himself, the Indians built it under his direction. It was a low and very narrow affair, holding only one person. The frame was covered with brown cotton, frequently renewed; for in those days the Carillos were prosperous and Padre Vincentio welcome to all their purse contained. The seat was thickly stuffed with lamb's wool, and the harness was made of green hide, not beautiful but very strong. Padre Vincentio's carriage always led the cavalcade. Nowadays the whole effect would, perhaps, be comical, but in those times it seemed natural enough. The carriage was drawn by a fine mule, generally a black one. Astride of it sat a little Indian boy, who assisted in guiding the animal. Beside them rode another Indian leading the mule, with a *reata* fastened about its neck. They were followed by several other boys gay with red and blue ribbons. The common people brought up the rear."

"And the priest,—did he ride in the carriage?" asked Robert.



"Oh, yes! In those days the fiestas were held at the mission—that is, the religious part of them; and when the rancheros—or, as you would call them, farmers—and their retainers were seen coming from a distance, headed by the priest, the bells of the mission would begin to ring out a joyous welcome. This custom, however, was abandoned because of the jealousy of one of the Mexican governors, who decreed that such honors should be reserved only for himself. So, too, with other customs."

They had now left the ruins of the Carillo house far behind them. It was nearly noon and Robert began to feel hungry. They had passed very few houses on the road, and were already well into the mountains. Up and down from one ascent to another they passed, with occasional fertile valleys between, where many cattle were browsing.

"Here, when I was a boy," said De la Guerra, "it was quite a common thing to meet bears and mountain lions, and in my father's time antelope were abundant. It is a great thing now to shoot a bear or lion as low down as this, though they may still be found higher up. See, over yonder is the hotel where we shall have dinner."

They had crossed a sharp spur of the mountain while he was speaking. A white wooden house, altogether hidden, peeped from a mass of greenery.

"I don't mind saying I'm glad to see it," said the boy. "Aren't you hungry, Cousin George?"

"Yes, I am," said De la Guerra. "We shall get a good dinner here, well cooked and well served. This is the half-way house between the mining town above and the country below. It is kept by a genial Englishman, whose wife and daughters know how to cook."

"Does it pay?" asked Robert.

"I think it does. There is a great deal of local travel hereabouts; tourists

patronize the place also, and there are many hunting parties in the season. Do you see those blasted trees standing in a semicircle down there?"

He pointed to a spot in the centre of a little valley now far beneath them.

"Yes," answered Robert. "Were they struck by lightning?"

"They were, before I was born. There is a very curious story connected with them. When we start again after dinner I will tell it to you, if you would like to hear it."

"You need never ask me if I would like to hear anything you choose to tell, Cousin George," said Robert. "I have a dreadful appetite for stories."

"But not for dreadful stories, I hope," replied De la Guerra. "Not blood and thunder stories."

"If you mean shooting and all that, no. But I do like to hear of a good, honest fight once in a while."

"You would not be a real boy if you didn't. Just now I imagine you have a dreadful appetite for rabbit stew, which we are sure to get at Hodgson's."

Five minutes' ride brought them to the hotel, where they found a number of horses and wagons, and several groups of men standing about.

"What's going on?" inquired De la Guerra of a hostler who came forward.

"Court day at Santa Maria," said the man. "There's some big mining case on, and these are mostly witnesses. Pass right into the dining-room, sir, if you want the first table."

"Come, Robert!" called his cousin. "We must lose no time."

The boy, quite willing, followed him into the dining-room, where they met the proprietor, who at once conducted them to a table.

(To be continued.)

LUCKY stones are only found in plucky paths.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Burns & Oates announce a history of the representation of the Blessed Virgin in art, translated from the Italian of Adolfo Ventura. The work will have five hundred illustrations, and Mrs. Meynell will contribute an introduction.

—The revised edition of the late Lord Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary will be published in the Spring. It will be in one volume. The need of a new edition will be clear from the fact that copies of the first edition now sell for fifty dollars and are eagerly snapped up at that price, though its cost when published was only a fraction of the amount.

—The famous Clarendon Press will signalize the first year of the new century by issuing next Autumn an exact *fac-simile*, by colotype process, of the First Folio of Shakespeare. Four attempts at this work were made during the past century, but failed on account of the slovenliness or incompetency of the editors. Mr. Sidney Lee, author of the standard biography of the great poet, has now undertaken to do the work properly. He is competent.

—In turning over the white, perfectly preserved leaves of a volume published hundreds of years ago, one is reminded that few of the books printed nowadays will be legible a century hence. "The perishability of modern paper," says the *Scientific American*, "is due primarily to the use of wood pulp which is not thoroughly made, and the introduction of loading materials. The Prussian government has taken the matter up and passed stringent laws upon the subject. Standards of quality have been set up, and all papers for documents must be submitted to official tests."

—Fifty thousand dollars is a large price to pay for a book, but a copy of the Gospels—the famous "Evangelia Quatuor" that once belonged to the Abbey of Lindau—was sold last month by the Earl of Ashburnham for that price. The *Athenæum* says of this precious old tome: "The MS. is more remarkable on account of the elaborate binding, with its setting of over three hundred and fifty precious stones, than as a specimen of the art of illumination. Indeed, as an example of the goldsmith's art of the eighth or ninth century the volume is one of the most perfect in existence." This illustrates incidentally the curiously different ways in which different people honor the Word of God. In the terrible "Dark Ages" the people read the Bible and adorned it with what they held most

precious; nowadays people who don't read the Bible themselves send millions of copies of it to the heathens of China, who make fire-crackers out of it.

—The publishers of "The Saints" may well regret that circumstances (convenient word!) have made it necessary for Father Tyrrell to discontinue, for the present, the editing of the English edition of the series. The next best editor should be selected to take his place without delay, or the interest and value of these biographies will be immeasurably lessened.

—The veteran author, Edward Everett Hale, lays down these three rules of life: "First, live as much as possible in the open air; second, touch elbows with the rank and file; third, talk every day with a man whom you know to be your superior." Dr. Hale is now almost eighty, and his health is so good that his friends describe him as "Hale and hearty." He is therefore competent to lay down rules for longevity; but we think the advice of a certain cynical physician is even a surer road to length of days: "Get an incurable disease in your youth and nurse it till old age." Pleasure kills more people than either age or work.

—A writer in the London *Tablet* affords interesting information about Thomas Forster, the author of the famous "Perpetual Calendar" and other less celebrated works: "Forster was one of a Quaker family of bankers, and a most interesting man. He was a convert to the Faith, taking on the occasion the names 'Ignatius Maria,' which he afterward added to his original 'Thomas.' His books are of marked interest and originality; he wrote with fluency, both prose and verse, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German; and his autobiography is full of curious individuality. His eccentricity found an outlet in the quotation of passages from works which existed only in his own imagination. For some time these antiques were accepted, but they are now known for what they are; although they figure largely in compilations, and have in their time caused much fruitless search and some confusion." The *Tablet* writer might have added that Forster won fame as a meteorologist and is credited with the discovery of a comet.

—It is a delight to turn the pages of "Cranbrook Papers." Fair-faced type, the finest paper, and skilful printing, with exquisite illuminated initials and other artistic ornamentations, combine to

render this publication the most creditable specimen of American typography. The edition is limited to 240 copies, but we hope this is not the publishers' estimate of the number of persons capable of appreciating anything so unique as "Cranbrook Papers." The work is edited with uncommon taste, painstaking and fairness. In a brief, though not inadequate, notice of Koberger of Nuremberg, one of the most famous 16th century printers, in the current part—the numbers appear "monthly or thereabouts"—we find this statement:

He not only employed 100 men and kept 24 presses busy in his Nuremberg office, but he sent out work to be done in other cities near by. He printed no fewer than 12 editions of the Latin Bible, and then caused it to be translated into German. . . . This was printed 34 years before Luther's revolt from the Catholic Church.

Of course all these Bibles were printed just for the fun of it. There was no demand for them, and nobody ever bought or read a copy. They were all carefully concealed so that the Rev. Martin Luther could discover one when the right time came. Which is "a sarkastick observashun," as Artemus Ward would say.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Orestes A. Brownson's *Latter Life*: 1856-1876.

Henry F. Brownson. \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Molher Mary Salome.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. P. T. Butler, of the Archdiocese of Chicago; the Rev. Eugene Mahony, Diocese of Brooklyn; the Rev. Peter Van Holderbeke, Diocese of Nesqually; and the Rev. Jean B. Sylvestre, O. M. I.

Mother Helena, of the Sisters of Charity, Newburyport, Mass.; and Sister Francis, Sisters of Charity, Lanark, Scotland.

Mr. William E. Finck, Sr., of Somerset, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen McDermott, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. John Sarsfield, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. James Curtis and Mrs. John O'Leary, Montgomery, Ala.; Mr. John Cantwell, Dundas, Canada; Mr. John G. Auer, Mr. Robert Sebastiani, and Mr. F. J. Aukenbauer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Stukesburg, Covington, Ky.; Mr. Hugh Bruton, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine McDonald, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John O'Malley, Leadville, Colo.; Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. C. E. Hickey, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Patrick McGrath, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Hugh McCaffrey, Millville, Minn.; Mrs. James Mackey, Newberry, Mich.; Mr. Dennis Meighen, Spraggs, Pa.; Miss Genevieve McVay, Jefferson, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Laverty, Hoboken, N. J.; and Mr. J. H. Fedewa, St. Johns, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 1

For the famine sufferers in India:

L. Hinssen, \$10; Mary Carvill, \$1; A. H., \$2; M. H. N., \$1; Isabele Moore, \$1; T. F. C., \$2; "A., Mobile, \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$1; R. J. F., \$5; J. F. Stoughton, \$2; E. V. M., \$1; Mrs. M. M., \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

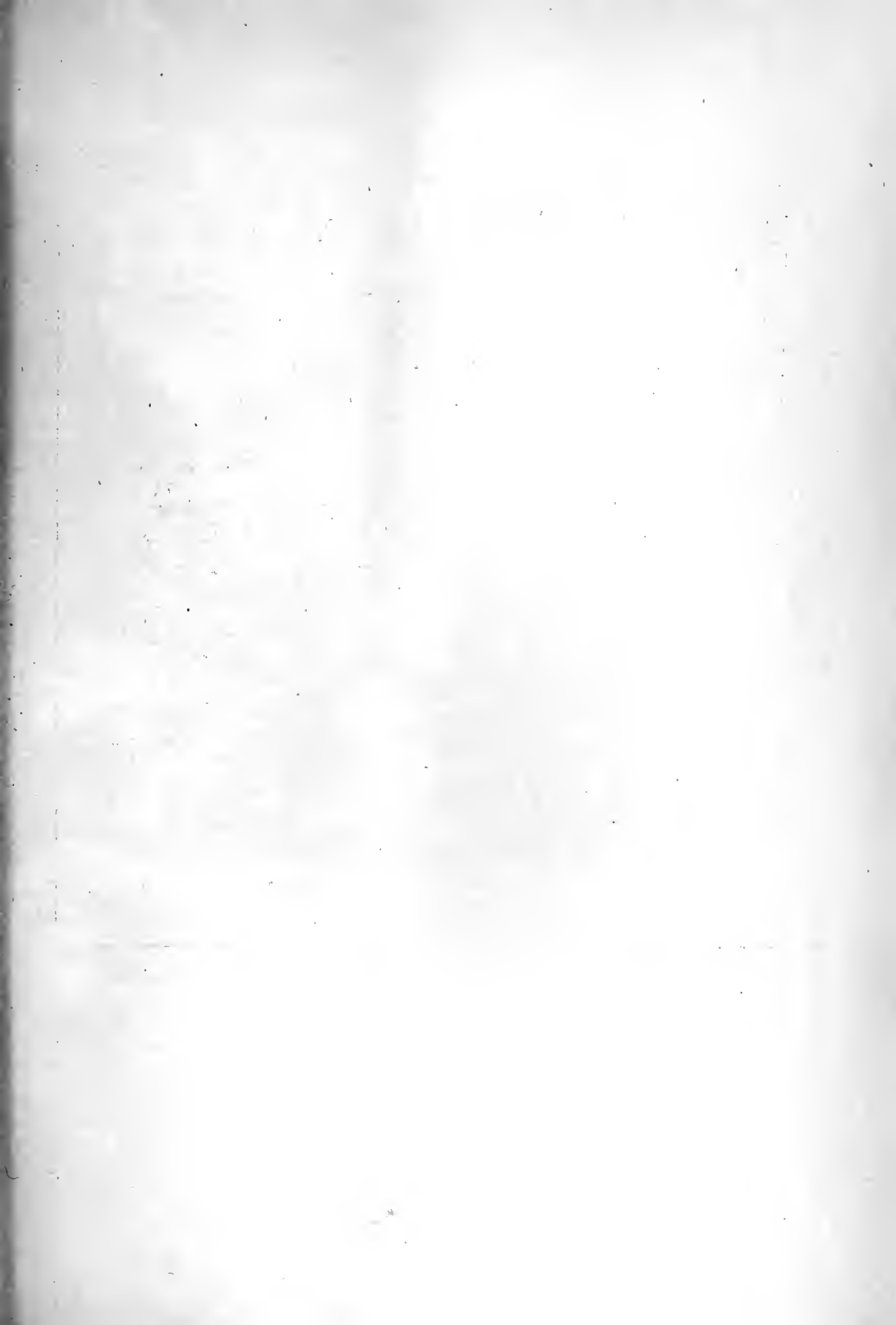
Friend, \$1.60; Friend, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$2; John O'Connell, \$2.

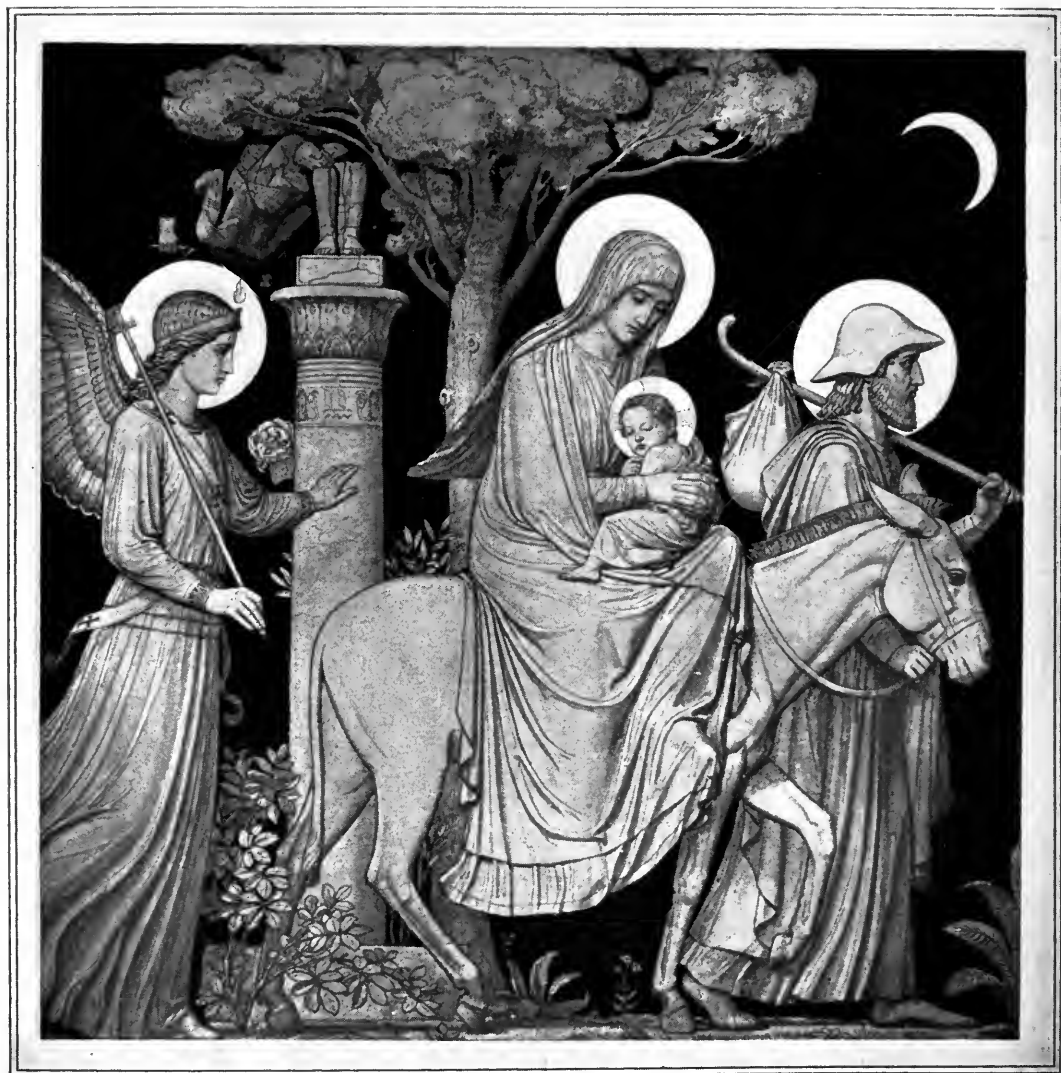
For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:

L. Hinssen, \$10; B. J. M., \$1.50; Mrs. H. V. J., \$1.

For the Chinese Christians:

Mrs. H. V. J., \$1; A. E., \$1.





THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Flight into Egypt.

O LITTLE uncrowned King! that men
Should threaten Thee with harm,—
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,
Thy throne her arm!

And didst Thou feel the thrill of fear
That made her press Thee still more near?
And did the tremor of her heart
Its anguish unto Thine impart?
I see Thee fleeing through the night,
The shadows leaping into light
To guide Thee o'er the desert sand
To strangers in an alien land.

O little uncrowned King! that men
Should threaten Thee with harm,—
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,
Thy throne her arm!

Thoughts on the Pope's Encyclical.*

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

THIS Encyclical Letter from Leo XIII., on Jesus Christ our Redeemer, is, of course, great and admirable like all which have preceded it; but is also peculiarly beautiful. It comes from the heart as well as from the head: from one who has not only a keen intellectual appreciation of Jesus Christ, but a deep personal love for Him.

Those of us who share this love with our saintly Pontiff at all, must deplore with him the absence of it in

the world at large, and particularly among professing Christians. And, since "judgment must begin at the house of God," let us first look at the many Catholics who make but a tepid and fitful show of it, or, indeed, seem to lose it altogether.

I. Neglect of Mass, staying away from the Sacraments, indifference to hearing the word of God,—all these things come from want of love to Our Lord. People may be well enough instructed in their duties as Catholics, yet find the Master's yoke anything but sweet, His burden anything but light. To be told, and reminded again and again, that if we would follow Him along the only way to heaven, it must be with the cross upon our shoulder—that to love Him means to keep His Commandments, which involves constant mortification—is doctrine directly contrary to our natural inclinations. No wonder, then, if, in the case of youth especially, there soon come a parting of the ways. "We'll think about this self-denial later," it is said. "For the present, let us have a good time." While, again, not a few who have outlived the follies of youth find the duties of religion quite irksome; and, perhaps, *could* the "higher criticism" of the day triumphantly disprove the claims of Christianity, they would welcome such a cataclysm as an immense relief.

Now, this love, which is so easily lost, is the charity infused into the soul at Baptism along with faith and hope.

* "Tametsi Futura."

It is the gift of the Holy Ghost, and unites us with our Divine Lord Jesus Christ, making us living members of His mystical body, the Church. Moreover, it is seated in the *will*, and therefore is especially to be exercised in keeping the Commandments both of God and of the Church. Indeed, unless it be what is called "effective" or "operative" love, it is not the real thing. At the same time let us remember (what seems to be commonly forgotten) that "*affective*" love (or the love of the affections), with regard to God—and particularly with regard to our Lord Jesus Christ—is a great and precious grace: to be prayed for, if we have it not; to be cultivated, if we have it. So says the late Mgr. Charles Gay in his conference on the love of God.* Some theologians, he tells us, have ventured to say that *this* love is not required of us; but the decision of sound theology is to the contrary. Is not a *cordial* love commanded, he asks, by the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy *whole heart*"? To be sure, as he explains elsewhere, "there are two hearts in us—the heart that feels and the heart that wishes to feel"; and "the latter alone is free": so that, undoubtedly, to will to love God, by keeping His Commandments, is loving Him. Nevertheless, the thought of what God is—of His beauty, His goodness, His loveliness—ought to excite in us the love of affection; and in Jesus Christ we have God made visible—God with a human love like our own.

I am deeply persuaded that a principal reason why so many Catholics take no interest in their religion, or find the practice of it weary work, is because they have not been accustomed to pray for or to cultivate this cordial affection

toward our Divine Redeemer. And, of course, the question arises, Have they been taught to do so? This love must be fostered by instruction, especially in the case of people who can not make mental prayer or do much at spiritual reading. As it is not enough to teach children catechism—unless you make them take it well into their intelligence,* so neither is it enough to explain to grown folk the Mass, the Sacraments, or the mysteries of Redemption. They must be shown the *love* of Jesus Christ in all that He has done and in all that He has suffered. Love begets love, we know. I fear there is too much hammering at consciences—too much threatening as to what will follow if this thing be done or that left undone,—and too little appealing to responsive affection. One sermon on the mercy of God—particularly if it deal with the Sacrament of Penance and with the gift of Our Lady as the Refuge of Sinners—will do more for the conversion of souls than a dozen, however forcible, upon subjects that are terrifying.†

II. Now to look at Christendom outside the one fold. How much love for Jesus Christ can we suppose to exist among the schismatical and heretical churches of Russia and the East? (The schismatical churches now are heretical too, though they persist in styling themselves "orthodox.")

No doubt there are simple souls to

* See "Memory and Religious Education," in THE AVE MARIA for the 19th ult. A most valuable and timely article. I have caught a classful of children more than once by the simple question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" No answer. This in first-rate parochial schools.

† Of course terrifying subjects must be dealt with, especially on missions; but they are not always handled judiciously. I speak from long experience in the mission field. I would call attention here to one of the "Oxford Conferences," for Hilary Term 1900, by F. Raphael Moss, O. P.—"Hell the Failure of Grace": the only perfect discourse on Hell that I ever read.

* "The Christian Virtues Considered in the Religious State," Vol. II.

be found who, by reason of invincible ignorance, are unconscious of rejecting the claims of the See of Peter. Such as these may have a personal love for our Saviour. But how can this be the case with the bishops, the priests, and the more educated laity? Do not these know well enough that there is a See of Peter which claims their allegiance, and the words of Christ which it appeals to for that claim? Yet they dare to disregard those words, or to explain them away! Any real love for Our Lord would work its way towards Catholic unity.

The aspect of the Protestant world, again—or of what may be called Reformation Christianity,—while exhibiting *some* encouraging signs, is for the most part melancholy indeed.

It is encouraging, certainly, to witness the growth of the Ritualist party in the Established Church of England and in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Ritual means doctrine; and a great deal of Catholic truth is now held by numerous congregations within the pale of either communion. Undoubtedly, too, there is thorough sincerity—among the lay element, at least. They think they are Catholics, and fully intend to be. But the clergy, though I would not accuse them of *conscious* dishonesty (as a body, at any rate), are really playing a part which is, in itself, dishonest—as well as illogical. Had they more love for Our Lord and less for themselves and their own opinions, surely they could not remain satisfied with the conclusions of *private judgment* as to what He would have them believe, or as to the constitution of His Church? Believing, as they profess to believe, that He founded a Teaching Society for all time, and gave it His own authority, and endowed it with infallibility, how can they suppose that He made no provision for securing its visible unity? Why do they not see

that, if this “kingdom” has become “divided against itself”—so that it has been unable for centuries to assemble in Œcumenical Council, or to speak with a living voice, but can only appeal to a dead past—such a theory is fatal to Christ’s Divinity? The ship which He built to weather every storm is on the rocks, and has split up irremediably.

If they would study Our Lord’s *words* in a spirit of loving obedience, they would cease to explain away the very clearest He ever uttered—the three great “Petrine texts” upon which the Papacy is based,—and would joyfully acknowledge the See of Peter a contrivance of Divine Wisdom and an evidence of Divine Power.

As to Anglicanism in general, and the other large Protestant sects, there are, of course, earnest souls among them, whose aim is “personal religion,”—who strive to please a gracious Saviour and to keep up spiritual communion with Him. But these are the few—the very few. Some of them are led into the body of the Church; others left to do good where they are, and to live and die united to her soul. I know, from my own observation while a Protestant, that even in the case of those who make a practice of church-going, religion is put on like a Sunday dress, and has nothing *vital* in it, as a rule. Then, again, it is notorious that *dogmatic* Christianity is nowadays voted out of date among them. Their ministers preach on sensational topics or on something of passing interest; and the people are losing hold of what positive truths they once had. No wonder that polite agnosticism and even coarse infidelity are gaining ground both here and in Great Britain.

Can anything more palpably absurd be imagined than “undogmatic” Christianity? The love of our Lord Jesus Christ is absolutely incompatible with

indifference as to what He taught. The true disciple will study the Master's words; for "no man ever spake like this Man." His Divinity shines forth in His words even more than in His wondrous deeds. Prophets before Him and Apostles after Him wrought miracles, but only God could have *said* many of the things which He said. Had human genius undertaken to draw such a character as the Jesus of the Gospels, it could never have *imagined* half the language we find recorded as His. And equally true is it that never could human art have depicted a Being so divinely perfect. "I know men," said Napoleon—and certainly no one had a better right to say so,—"I know men: Jesus Christ was *not* a man."

III. It remains to glance at the polite agnosticism to which I alluded just now. I call it polite, for it studies to be so. It does not trade in blasphemous ribaldry, like a certain American infidel lately called to his account. It leaves such vulgarities to readers of Tom Paine. Its attitude is strictly negative: maintaining that, while much can be said, and ably said, on the side of faith, more—a great deal more—can be urged on the side of doubt; so that an enlightened man has to stand on neutral ground.

With regard to the Founder of Christianity, it speaks of Him respectfully; calls Him an extraordinary "religious genius"—indeed the greatest ever known; says that, of course, He never uttered many of the sayings attributed to Him, any more than He really wrought miracles; that, in short, the Christ of the Four Gospels is the product of an *idealizing* age—such an age as will never come again.

Now, we who believe in Him, and know by happy experience that He is indeed "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," can afford to smile at this absurd

attempt to make our Divine Lord a half-mythical personage. But must we not also be deeply pained at seeing so many thus shutting themselves out from what we *know* to be the blessed realities of the spiritual life we have in Him? "I am the light of the world," He says. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Ah, what awful darkness comes upon the soul that turns away from this "light of life"! Whether infidelity be polite or coarse, it equally deprives the soul of the treasures of grace designed for it by its Redeemer. It is, therefore, always deplorable.

But, again, is this our only sentiment regarding it? I hope not. When we read, for instance, "The Reign of Law," by Mr. James Lane Allen, we must needs lament that so pure-minded an author, and one endowed with such a tender love of Nature and such rare powers for describing her charms, has gone out of his way to advocate what sets up for scientific doubt. He makes Darwin's books destroy his hero's faith in the Bible and in Christianity; then asks, "Have they ruined him or not? Who can tell?" He draws a lovely heroine, a true and noble woman, full of religious faith. She loves the hero none the less for his loss of faith; but confidently hopes for his recovery of it—at all events, *in the life to come*. This reminds one of Catherine in "Robert Elsmere," who, after poignant distress over her husband's loss of faith, comes to the conclusion that his "neologian" Christ is equally true with her orthodox one. What a notion of faith both these novelists have! How determined is their agnostic position!

I say, then, shall we only *deplore* such unbelief? Is it not also *detestable*? Must we not *hate* it, if we love Jesus Christ as "the Way, the Truth, and

the Life"? Our hatred of it, assuredly, will be in proportion to our love of Him.

We shall never, therefore, countenance this unbelieving spirit; never show ourselves indifferent to its presence. While commiserating those who are deluded by it, and praying for them most charitably, we shall insist upon the irrefragable proofs of the Divinity of Christ which fearlessly challenge investigation, and equally upon the inexcusableness of the *will* that ignores or rejects them.

But let us, at the same time, remember our obligation of living up to our holy faith; so that unbelievers may have to acknowledge that religion is a real thing with us, and not a varnish or pretence. And to this end we must heed the Holy Father's Encyclical, and cultivate earnestly a *personal* love for our Divine Redeemer. The best helps to doing this are three: first, to keep in our hearts an affectionate remembrance of Our Lord's passion and death; secondly, to make devotion to His Sacred Heart, its interests and intentions, a business-like thing; and, thirdly, to cherish a tender and intelligent devotion to His Blessed Mother—for the more we love her, the more shall we learn to love Him.

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION B. V. M.

WE should find great peace if we could imbue ourselves with this thought: we are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his task unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully; that man can no more create his moral being than his physical. The greatest men are those who never planned their own destinies beforehand, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led.—*Frederic Ozanam.*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—MR. MORAN GIVES HIS NEIGHBORS A SURPRISE.

SATURDAY afternoon found the inmates of Vine Cottage full of a certain excitement, despite their despondency. It was pleasant once more to have a visitor coming, and one who belonged to that brilliant world which they had been forced to abandon. They were very fond of Mr. Mortimer; he had been exceptionally kind to them, and was their father's dearest friend. Kate was especially attached to her "fairy godfather," as she called him, while she stood arranging some flowers in a vase in his room.

"A substantial fairy," replied Pauline, who in a small way aspired to imitate Kate's witticisms.

"He will have to dine off fairy meat to-morrow," said Mary, with a grimace. "However, the place really looks rather nice and habitable. And we shall have to give him bread and butter and vegetables, with some 'sweet fixin's,' as our old Jane used to say."

"Very unsatisfactory diet for a man," observed Pauline.

"Hush!" said Elinor; for their mother was approaching, and she had looked so worried and depressed all day that the girls had on her account tabooed the subject in her presence. But she caught Kate's query, though it was in a low voice.

"Aren't there some sort of people who object to meat on principle?" Kate went on.

"Well, Mr. Mortimer is not one of them," answered Mrs. Raymond, with a faint smile, thinking of past dinner-tables at which Mr. Mortimer had been an honored guest.

"If we could only tell him the truth!" said Kate.

"Impossible!" said the mother, her head erect with the old graceful pose which had been so celebrated in the days when Mrs. Horace Raymond was the beautiful Katherine Fairfax. Her still handsome features assumed an inflexible expression as she added: "It would be simply an appeal for help, and he may be coming for the very purpose of discovering if we are in need."

She said the words as though she found them difficult of utterance, and her countenance presently resumed its despondent expression. It would be a bitter humiliation to her should Mr. Mortimer discover their sore straits. There was in her heart a feeling not precisely hostile to this family friend, but one which prevented her from willingly accepting aid at his hands. Ever so long before, there had been a project to marry Horace Raymond to Mr. Mortimer's daughter. This had been a darling scheme with the fathers on both sides; for two fortunes would thus have been united. Katherine Fairfax's beauty had been the stumbling-block, and one which Horace Raymond refused to allow his family to overthrow. He had made a love match which had been singularly happy. His father had died quite reconciled to the union; and Mr. Mortimer, after a brief estrangement, had long since forgotten and forgiven. He had remained devotedly attached to his young friend Horace, had shown a paternal kindness to the bride, and stood godfather for the second child.

As to Katherine Fairfax, it was the Christian rather than the woman who remained friendly, with a passive sort of friendliness, to the man who had once stood opposed to her marriage with Horace Raymond. She was a conscientious woman, and strove at all times to dominate her life by the principles

of that faith which she had accepted at her marriage with her late husband; so that she had driven from her heart all ill-will toward Mr. Mortimer, but still felt that she neither could nor would accept direct financial assistance from his hands. He had indeed helped her in other respects through many difficulties, and she appreciated his true and loyal friendship and his kindness to her children. Still, she would rather subsist on the charity of strangers.

Curiously enough, it was at this instant that there came a tremendous ringing at the door. Life is full of these small coincidences, which are so frequent as to be scarcely observed. It was an expressman, who, with a grunt, deposited a huge hamper in the hall. Mother and daughters protested at once that there must be some mistake; that it must be for next door.

"Guess not!" observed the expressman dryly, holding out his book, with finger marking a certain place upon the line. "It's for here all right enough. Sign, please!"

Mrs. Raymond mechanically affixed her signature with the pencil which the expressman put into her hand. She saw her name in the book: there could no longer be any doubt.

"Thank *you*!" said the expressman with professional curtness, going his way with his finger in the book and his pencil behind his ear.

The girls crowded about the hamper eagerly, their faces aglow with anticipation. They could hardly wait till the expressman had left the house to unfasten the cover. But the mother's countenance had darkened and stiffened. She sank into a seat as Kate cried out:

"O mother dearest, what can it be?"

"The simplest way will be to open the basket and discover," said Mrs. Raymond, so dryly that the girls looked at her in wonder. "But it seems to

me that it is not very hard to guess whence it comes."

She said no more, and the girls knelt round the basket, Mary untying the cords and cutting in her haste all Gordian knots. The cover once off, disclosed—oh, wonder of wonders!—a brace or two of partridges, a dozen of quail, some woodcock; and, in a separate compartment, fruits—fairlylike fruits, such as they had not seen for many a day. The girls gave vent to their pleasure in a variety of ways,—exclaiming, singing, and Kate executing a war-dance.

Mrs. Raymond, a bright spot burning in either of her cheeks, sat looking down into the basket as though it had been a living and hostile object. Her daughters stood suddenly still, awed by her voice as, with a bitterly ironical intonation, she exclaimed:

"The fairy godfather again, who, having divined our wants after the manner of his kind, has supplied them."

"Mother," said Kate, "even if it be so, Mr. Mortimer is our best and oldest friend; and game and fruit are things which almost any one may send."

"That he should think it necessary when coming to visit us!" cried Mrs. Raymond. "As if he foresaw, as if he feared—" She broke off suddenly, only to resume more passionately: "And the worst of it is we can supply very little other food to supplement his gifts."

"He may think we used the game in compliment to him," answered Mary, practical as ever. "He probably knows we have no cook and can not serve many courses."

Elinor, who had been peering into the basket, exclaimed suddenly:

"I don't think it's from Mr. Mortimer at all. Look here!"

They all looked at the card which Elinor drew from the depths of the fruit, and upon which was written:

"The old gentleman next door begs that Mrs. Raymond will do him the favor to accept a brace or two of game, though he can not claim the merit of having shot it himself."

Mrs. Raymond was all eagerness and animation now.

"How very kind! how very considerate!" she exclaimed. "And done in so gentlemanlike a fashion."

It was Kate's turn to be indignant now, though she could scarce have told why. Her face flamed, her eyes flashed. Perhaps there was a touch of remorse—of suspicion even that some of her sayings might have been overheard—in the vehemence with which she said:

"Why should he send us these things—he whom we have never seen, may never see? It is an intrusion, an impertinence. He must have heard of our poverty, perhaps from the butcher."

"Hush, Kate! You are absurd," said her mother. "It is very unlikely indeed that he could know any of our affairs; and, as you yourself remarked, any one almost may send game or fruit. He is an old man too, possibly bedridden or an invalid; and it was a most kind thought. Why, very possibly the game was sent to him by some friend."

Kate was appeased somewhat; but Mary said, doubtfully:

"I fear Mr. Mortimer may think we have been rather extravagant in our purchases, and it may make him feel uncomfortable."

"If he notices at all—and men are not usually very observant, provided you give them a good dinner," said Mrs. Raymond, "we can explain that the kindness of a friend—no, I mean of a neighbor—has given us this treat."

Even Kate refrained from distressing her mother by any further reflection upon the gift. She as well as the rest was delighted to see her so cheerful.

An hour later Mr. Mortimer arrived.

X.—MR. MORAN ENJOYS MR. MORTIMER'S CON-
VERSATION AND HEARS SOME MUSIC.

On alighting from the cab—which was almost the only public vehicle of which that town could boast,—Mr. Mortimer had a glimpse of a lovely group of girls, gathered about their still youthful and handsome mother. The vines upon the wall seemed to frame them in a softness of youth and freshness, which was heightened in the vista afforded by the row of cherry-trees laden with rich clusters, and of maples clad with still virgin foliage.

In Mrs. Raymond's gracious, dignified manner of receiving her guest was no trace of the feeling which had caused her to flush with annoyance upon the appearance of the hamper. Indeed she already felt that she had done Mr. Mortimer an injustice in suspecting him of sending the provisions. His breeding was far too perfect to permit of such an error in tact. It is true that misgivings had occurred to him upon the journey. Would his visit be, perhaps, a source of inconvenience to the Raymonds, or would they endeavor to receive him in a manner incompatible with their present circumstances? He concluded that if he knew Katherine Raymond aright, she would be incapable of such folly. This thought recurred to him at dinner upon the following day, when he had observed with perfectly concealed surprise the expensive game and costly fruit, and had heard Mrs. Raymond's explanation:

"I hope you will enjoy the partridges, which are the gift of a—neighbor."

Mr. Mortimer, who enjoyed them all the more for this explanation, praised them cordially. Indeed he was, from the moment of his arrival until that of his departure, the most genial and delightful of old gentlemen.

The evening he arrived there was no going out on the grass in the garden; for Mr. Mortimer dared not risk the

dew. But the whole party, happily for Henry Moran, brought out their chairs upon that side of the gallery which faced the great house. Of course he could not hear quite so distinctly, nor see the faces so well, nor catch shades of expression. Still he was thankful for what he got—the soft murmur of voices, the laughter, and the general tenor of the discourse. Kate's voice he could always hear, her enunciation was so distinct. The talk was on all manner of subjects,—sometimes on poetry and sometimes on old superstitions; for these topics seemed suggested by the scene that lay stretched before them with a weird loveliness. The moon did not rise till later, so that the splendor of the previous night was not repeated. Splendor is, by the way, rarely repeated in life. Its absence, or perhaps the suggestion of it somewhere behind the clouds, lent a touch of melancholy to the landscape; so that the group upon the gallery fell to jingling of rhyming couplets, with hints of prophecy in them; or to telling weird tales of ghosts who walked in dull midnights, haunting old dwellings or wandering forlornly over moors or in the fastnesses of mountains. Now and again these tales of the supernatural took on a religious character, and were made credible by the authority of the sources whence they came.

One of these stories was told by Mr. Mortimer, and was distinctly overheard by the solitary man who sat silent in the shadow of the great house. He felt depressed and lonely as he listened; for he seemed to be hundreds of miles away from those people of another world than his,—people who had poetry, romance, folk-lore and history at their finger-tips; people who were a part of that inner fineness of life; but, above all, people who believed. Indeed, there was the essential difference, there the

almost impassable barrier, the almost incredible thing. Mr. Mortimer's manner was deeply reverent when he talked of sacred things; and, as Henry Moran felt, it was not only the reverence which seems intuitive in men of the finest breeding, nor the reverence which comes from years and a true perception of the value of things, but the reverence which comes from the heart; while Mrs. Raymond and the girls seemed to him to talk as freely of the world beyond the grave, and its inhabitants as they did of this one.

Some of the anecdotes which were told had a singular effect on Henry Moran, and produced in him a cold creepiness, as though the spirits they discussed had stolen back indeed. But presently the conversation flew back to lighter topics, and Kate was pressed, by Mr. Mortimer to sing some ballads which were his special favorites.

"We old fellows, my dear," he said, "cling to the old songs and the old themes and the old thoughts. We want to persuade ourselves, you see, that our world is still alive, or some fragments of it at least."

"Well, I am going to sing you an old song and a Scotch one," declared his godchild.

"That's right, my bonny Kate; for there's a bit of Scotch in me somewhere for all my Americanism, and a bit of Irish as well; and it is these Celtic chords in my make-up which wake to life at the Celtic note."

Kate went into the little drawing-room, the side door of which led out upon the gallery where the group was gathered. Seating herself at the piano, she struck a few chords, and then her voice rang out into the night with a fire and enthusiasm indescribable:

Who wadna fight for Charlie, for Charlie;
Who wadna fight for Charlie,
My own chevalier!

She followed this ballad by a second and a third of those immortal Jacobite songs, the outcome of a passionate loyalty to a lost cause:

Charlie, Charlie, who wadna follow thee,
King of the Hieland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie!
I hae but ane son, the gallant young Ronald;
But gin I had ten, they should fight for Glengarry.

And again:

A wee bird came to my ha' door,
Wae's we for Prince Charlie.

Suddenly the notes changed; and just as the moon rose, a thing of splendor, above the shoulder of the mountain and began dimly to illumine the landscape with its pale fire, the indescribably mournful strains of "The Flowers of the Forest" and "Lochaber" brought tears to the eyes of Mr. Mortimer, who had been softly tapping with his fingers upon the chair during the previous ballads, and keeping further time to the ringing melody by the motion of his head.

And Henry Moran listening, too, was strangely disturbed by the passionate ring in the girl's voice. All his battles of the past in the arena of commerce seemed to come back to him as he heard those war-cries of a fervid patriotism. He felt again the fierce though controlled excitement of many a contest; and saw once more the swaying forms, the distorted features, heard the groans of the vanquished and the laugh of the victor. He saw himself the conqueror where so many had fallen, his brow wreathed with fresh laurels won neither in field nor in forum. This mood lasted for a time, during which he rose and paced the lawn, smoking furiously. Then the sense of isolation came back upon him with a strange force. His were not the conquests of which this girl was singing; nor could they appeal to her young imagination, as did the tartan-clad chiefs, redolent of heather, their lifeblood spent for a hopeless cause,

stretched grim and gory under the skies of their native land,—chivalrous and pathetic figures; the young men seeking glory at the cannon's mouth, not for glory's sake, but for loyalty; and the old men sending forth their sons to "die for Glengarry."

When on the evening air arose that weird complaint, the young voice singing out its final passion of pity for what had been—for the brave hearts whose lifeblood darkened the natal sod around them, for the high hopes killed in a fatal conflict,—Henry Moran stood quite still, paling and flushing. It seemed as if the young fingers were playing upon his heartstrings and waking into life what long had slept—poetry, the idealism of his youth, the spiritual faculties long dormant; while the young voice seemed uttering for his ears alone some plaintive appeal which carried him out of himself and made him long to devote himself to this girl and do battle for her before the world and shield her from every trial.

The music ceased, and he could have cried out to her to go on—to sing and sing; for the singing seemed, somehow, addressed to himself and not to those others, on whom the smiles and pretty talk were lavished. Then he sank into a garden chair, behind the leafy screen of trees and bushes, and shrugged his shoulders, and laughed with a touch of cynical contempt, such as he would have shown toward any other man who was in his plight. For though Henry Moran was too shrewd an observer to disbelieve in the existence of love or its power over men, he had, somehow, come to suppose himself invulnerable to its darts. And he had consequently regarded men who were so afflicted with some pity and some amusement. Most of the women he had met repelled him. He did not like their slang, their loud talk; above all, their hard materialism.

When Kate came out again upon the gallery, Mr. Mortimer, who had also been affected by the song and had openly wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, thanked Kate in his wholesouled way; and then he fell to talking of the charm that lay in those old songs and in the country of Scotland itself, with its mist-producing tarns and rugged hills.

"And yet what could be finer, my dear lady," he said to Mrs. Raymond, "than some of the indescribable scenery in this very spot?"

He pointed as he spoke to the brow of the mountain, over which the moon was pouring its glory, and throwing the dark ravines into deeper darkness.

"Our Blue Ridge Mountains there," continued Mr. Mortimer, "our loftier Alleghanies over the border, have all the beauty and the mystery of the Scottish hills about them, all their sternness and ruggedness. Their rocky sides are as thickly wooded and their forest-clothed heights are as deeply secluded. But they lack associations."

"They have one little bit of history about them," said Kate. "A certain rock upon the heights there is shown as the spot where Washington stood and surveyed his army on some great occasion—I don't remember what."

"Well, even that fragment of history," Mr. Mortimer answered, "gives an individuality to one of those boulders; and had there been some fiery minstrel to celebrate the chieftain's sojourn here, why, this little spot of the earth would have been, so to say, recreated, and every schoolboy would have gazed with awe at its name on the map."

"I wonder if Washington ever did stand there?" said Kate. "Sometimes I don't believe it a bit."

"We must drive up there to-morrow, if it is as fine as to-day," interposed Mary, quietly; "for no doubt you know there is a mountain drive, thanks to

the public spirit of a wealthy resident."

Mary stopped suddenly, in confusion. She began to reflect that perhaps, after all, they had not the money for such expeditions.

"Oh, I have been beforehand with you, Miss Mary!" said the old gentleman. "I had a conversation with the Jehu who drove me here this evening, and he told me of one or two fine drives in the neighborhood."

The girls made a faint protest; but their mother, who knew that drives were altogether beyond their means, remained silent.

Mr. Mortimer went on:

"He promised to procure a comfortable carriage, holding as many as possible. To-morrow we will take one drive up the mountain, and on Monday another; after which my train shall carry me not to 'old Virginny,' but to the town of Philadelphia."

"Must you leave us so soon?" said Mrs. Raymond.

"Must, indeed," said the old gentleman. "Necessity is a stern taskmaster, which reminds me of an anecdote I heard lately."

"Tell us, please!" exclaimed the girls in chorus.

"A learned and witty member of the bar, in a certain town, walking with a friend one day, saw approaching a well-known judge. 'Here,' said the man of law, 'comes old Necessity.'—'Why do you call him that?' asked the friend. 'Because,' said the lawyer, 'necessity knows no law.'"

When the laugh that followed had died away, sending a pleasant echo up to the hills, the girls returned to the subject of the proposed drives, saying that they would be delightful.

"And, to tell the truth," added Kate, "we don't take many drives, owing to the condition of our exchequer."

(To be continued.)

The Soul to the Body.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

YOU who like not Sorrow's psalm,
You shall tingle with her calm.

You who dream mere Joy will last,
You shall find your feast a fast.

You who hear all sound with fears,
You shall hear the singing spheres.

You who prize Life's frigid breath,
You shall taste the warmth of Death.

You who fear the sacred night,
You shall learn how dusk is bright.

You who thread the Hills of Sin,
You shall feel Life's discipline.

You who wish to weep and sigh,
You shall learn how not to die.

You who cling so close to earth,
You shall trace the solar girth;

You shall walk enskied by woe,
You shall find Delight your foe;

You shall hear the Lark of Pain
Shaking down his fiery rain;

You shall feel when unaware
All the lightning of Despair;

You shall live to meet the past,
You shall find each day your last.

You yourself each day shall die
To prove we do, not—you or I!

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.—ANCIENT SANCTUARIES.—(Continued.)

FOOD for meditation on human ingratitude is not exhausted amid the ruins of the great monastery of San Francisco. Mexico is covered with despoiled religious foundations; for in old New Spain religion was so closely interwoven with the fabric of the State that every public institution was a religious foundation. Schools, hospitals, asylums,—all had their origin in the Church; and before the separation of Mexico from the Spanish crown the

Church was a part of everything. Not yet had the new doctrine of thrusting God as far as possible out of the affairs of His own world taken root; not yet had men looked with covetous eyes on the wealth with which pious hearts had endowed the Church for her great work; and not yet had the old, the orphan and the sick been defrauded in the name of liberty and progress.

For in Mexico, as in France and Italy, we behold the strange anomaly of a Catholic people represented by a government not only hostile to religion but showing its hostility in constant persecution of the Church. Not tamely, however, have the people of Mexico submitted to this. The longest, the bitterest, the bloodiest of all the wars Mexico has known was the war between those who supported the rights of the Church and the so-called party of Reform bent upon plunder and suppression. The last finally triumphed when Miramon and Mejia died with the Emperor Maximilian on the sad Hill of the Bells; and when Juarez, one of the worst of modern enemies of God, entered Mexico and set his ruthless foot on the neck of the prostrate Church. For the Church we can understand this. Is she not always being led to some Calvary on the long road of human history? The first stage of her work in Mexico was finished. Magnificently had she wrought, magnificently brought an alien people within the fold of Christ, magnificently planted the great works of charity and enlightenment which testify for her still, and magnificently also been endowed. So the day came when she was to be stripped of her rich garments, turned out of the stately houses she had built, and left as poor as when, in the person of her first missionaries, she entered on foot the city of Mexico.

Thus on every hand are found the

splendid buildings of which she has been robbed. Secular institutions of all kinds are housed in what were once the homes of the religious orders, or the very house of God, whence He has been driven to make way for some work of man. Among the confiscated churches there is one, however, which has found a use not altogether unworthy. It is the grand old church of San Agustin, in which the books from the libraries of the plundered monasteries have been placed and called by the high-sounding name of the Biblioteca Nacional. As one stands before this magnificent building it is difficult not to think it the most striking edifice of the capital; and, leaving the cathedral aside, there is hardly a doubt that it is. The massive proportions of San Francisco are more majestic; but, even with the splendor of its interior partially restored, San Francisco is but a melancholy wreck of former grandeur, with its great walls shut in on all sides by modern houses. In the case of the noble church of the Augustinians, care was taken to destroy nothing which enhanced the general imposing effect of the building; although cupidity destroyed, as usual, many fine and invaluable details. For example, the choir, "of exceeding magnificence," the cost of which alone was \$240,000, was, at the time the church was seized and dismantled, sold out of the country for \$3,000!

But, although the hand of the robber and the vandal has passed over it, San Agustin still remains a magnificent monument of the art as well as of the faith which erected it. "In common with all Spanish-American churches," says Janvier, "its mass is admirable, and the columns, basso-relievos, friezes, and other embellishments, are executed in excellent taste. Particularly to be noted is the fine basso-relievo of San Agustin over the main portal." Looking at the last,

one can not but wonder if it occurred to any of those engaged in the work of spoliation to think that there was a certain fitness in converting a temple dedicated to St. Augustine, Doctor of the Church and patron of students, into a temple of learning, or how very appropriate even to its present use is his sculptured image above the door.

The superb mass of the church gains in effect by the fact that it stands in a partially open space, having upon its north and west sides an ornamental garden, surrounded by a high iron railing, the posts of which are surmounted by portrait busts of the following Mexican celebrities:—poets: Manuel Carpio, Francisco Manuel Sanchez de Tagle, José Joaquin Pesado, Fray Manuel Navarrete, and Netzahualcoyotl; dramatist, Manuel Eduardo Gorostiza; historians: Fernando A. Tezozomoc, Fernando A. Ixtlilxochitl, Francisco Javier Clavigero, Mariano Veytia, Lucas Alaman, and Fernando Ramirez; jurist, Manuel de la Pena y Pena; philologist, Fray Juan Crisóstomo Nájera; humanist, Carlos Sigüenza y Gongora; naturalist, José A. Alzate; chemist, Leopoldo Rio de la Loza; Joaquin Cardoso, José Maria Lafragua. Facing the garden from a niche in the western wall of the library, is a large statue of Minerva.

But it is when one has entered by the noble north portal—where wrought-iron gates give access to a stately vestibule, from the marble pavement of which rises a line of Ionic columns, supporting the groined arches of the old choir,—and has passed thence into the ancient church, that one almost forgets the sacrilege and shameless robbery, in feeling that never had learning a nobler home, nor one more suggestive of all things that the true scholar loves. For the great nave, which in fine architectural proportion and effect is not surpassed in Mexico nor in the world, has become

a magnificent, statue-adorned hall, where scores of studious men are seated at tables covered with books. There are no aisles. Graceful pilasters support on each side the rich cornice, above which are the windows, and whence spring the arches of the vaulted roof. Between these pilasters were formerly the openings into the chapels which lined the nave. These openings are now walled up, and the chapels are converted into a series of alcoves lined with books, connected with each other by doorways cut through their divided walls.

In the apse, on the elevation where once stood the high altar, of a splendor to accord with all the other details of the splendid church, now stands the desk of the librarian, immediately before a large and very fine window, in front of which is displayed a colossal cast of the arms of Mexico—the symbol which has taken the place of the crucifix! Opposite this, a statue of Time, also colossal, fills the open arch above the choir; and ranged on pedestals along the walls of the great nave are statues of the following “fathers of learning,” who fill the places of the saints of God: Valmiki, Confucius, Isaiah, Homer, Plato, Aristophanes, Cicero, Virgil, St. Paul, Origen, Dante, Alarcon, Copernicus, Descartes, Cuvier, and Humboldt. To consecrate further the building to its new use, there are placed on each side of the entrance two medallion portraits,—one of Juarez, and the other of the minister of justice (!) by whom his decree, ordering the establishment of the library, received its official authorization.

And yet, with all this to jar upon the Christian spirit, what has been said remains true. Desecrated and despoiled though it is, the noble church, with its commanding beauty, its imposing space, its ancient chapels filled with books, its subdued light, and its atmosphere of repose, remains in a certain sense a

sanctuary still,—a sanctuary of the intellect for those who understand study in its truest and noblest sense. Rare and precious are the volumes gathered here from the monastic libraries,—such a collection of interest and value as does not exist elsewhere on the American continent. For, as we owe the preservation of letters in Europe to the monks who toiled in their cloisters during the long Middle Ages, so we owe almost all that we know of the early history of America to the same source—the monk who transcribed while his brother went forth to preach and to convert. There are more than 150,000 volumes here, which were taken from the despoiled religious houses; and when one reflects on the immense number which must have been stolen, destroyed or otherwise made away with, it is possible to form some faint idea of the temporal side of the great debt which Mexico owes to her religious teachers.

Among the treasures here are a Spanish and Aztec dictionary, printed in Mexico in 1571; catechisms of Christian doctrine printed in Aztec in 1531; a book of autographs of soldiers and notables of Cortés, and a roll of deerskin on which are despatches (painted pictures) sent by Montezuma to his allies, and intercepted by Cortés. There is an atlas of England, printed at Amsterdam in 1659, with steel plates and colors as bright and fresh as if just off the press. Another volume bears date 1472; and another, still older, is printed in two colors with a perfect register. There are books on vellum and parchment, priceless original manuscripts, and immense volumes with every Old English letter done with the pen. There are rare books of all ages and nations,—all spoils of the libraries of the plundered monasteries.

It is truly a place for many meditations, this beautiful Biblioteca Nacional. When one considers that the great edifice

and all which it enshrines alike represent the labor and sacrifice of the monks who have made Mexico, that the man who ordered the confiscation of both was a pure-blooded descendant of the natives whom those monks defended, taught, raised from the savage to the civilized state, that he personally owed his education to religious charity, and that the vast majority of all who gather within these walls also owe their ability even to read the books they have stolen to the men from whom they were taken, one feels that one has received a new and most impressive lesson on the possible depths of human ingratitude.

(To be continued.)

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—THE FILIPINO.

“**A**Y de me!” said the Convert, entering the hall with a sprinkle of snow on his overcoat. “You are going to have strangers here to-night. I saw through the window that the Host has on his evening dress, which I thought was tabooed on Friday nights. I will not come in; I will not be disturbed by social butterflies.”

“You will certainly come in,” said the Lady of the House; “for the very reason that you say you won’t.”

“The only persons we expect are the Baron and the Filipino,—nice people, but not exactly social butterflies,” said the Host.

“The Baron, being a German, doesn’t wear evening dress, except in the daytime; and the Filipino will probably come attired in a bath-robe and an umbrella,” remarked the Young Lady from Across the Street, who sported pink silk and a silvery aigrette. “The German aristocracy have ways of their

own,—I know *that*; but I have never seen a Filipino."

"Oh, well, so have we queer ways of our own!" said the Convert. "Queer ways, and one is that we know as little of the real life of foreigners as they know of ours."

"At Rumpelstadt, where I was with my brother, who was consul, a splendid officer came carrying an enormous card inviting us to dine almost in the middle of the day. My brother was a bit nervous, and so was I; but I pretended not to be because he *was*. The equery was so magnificent! We arrived in the palace of the Grand Duke punctually; and I was mortified to find that everybody wore gloves but my brother the consul, and that everybody not in evening dress was in uniform; whereas my brother had a new frock-coat, and he had forgotten even his Son-of-the-Revolution button. Just before the dinner began, two tall footmen carried large silver plates around the table, beginning with my brother. My heart stood still when I saw him trying to fish in his pocket for a coin,—he thought the waiters expected to be tipped first! Fortunately, he had nothing but a ten dollar note; and, as he afterward said, he 'didn't think the best dinner in Germany was worth *that*.' So we were saved."

"The silver plates were for the gloves, of course," said the Lady of the House.

"Of course. But wasn't it queer?—like a collection?—Ah, the Baron! I know him by his ring. It is a Wagnerian ring of the electric bell."

"I am a'most late," said the Baron. "But I have had some very strange experiences,—the street cars in America are indeed extraordinary! And what for is everything so upside-down,—so *umgeworfen*? So?"

"The Filipino!" said the Host.

"He wears clothes just like other

people and a red cravat," whispered the Young Lady from Across the Street, in a disappointed tone. "I have been deceived about the Filipinos."

"Señor," said the Filipino, with a very graceful bow, "you will present me to your friends—a little late. But I find your city more difficult than Manila. It is delightful of course, but not so comfortable."

"Ah, yes," said the Baron, "I am also glad to meet you! I am sympathetic—from my heart—with you and the Boers. We Germans understand the Boers better; they are of our family and language and religion—though they sing hymns too much,—they are of the Teutonic race; they will best govern themselves."

"It is liberty we need, too," said the Filipino, in good English. "We ask only for our chance."

"Yes, yes," said the Baron, in parentally soothing tones. "You will have it in time. I have assurance that the United States can not keep you. A republic is always weak. You are Latins and mixed. Later, you will appeal to the Kaiser, and we will protect you until—"

"It is snowing fast," said the Lady of the House, rather abruptly. "You would like to see your country free, Señor?"

"As free as yours, Madam. We are not unhappy in our country. Our people do not need the kind of schools you would give us any more than we need furnaces and Bibles. The lower persons in our country are happy enough. If you want riches, you would do well not to come to us. The money spent in developing the Philippines will be enormous in amount; you had better spend it in your own country, in which English capitalists see great prospects of gains."

"But you have gold mines," observed the Baron.

"Yes; but so far every company that has attempted to make them pay has

failed. There are reasons. You do not understand our country or our people. You will not have riches from us. You may buy some of our Filipinos with offices, but you will always have to keep soldiers among us because you have not learned to understand."

"The Spanish—" began the Young Lady from Across the Street, in a severe tone.

"They were despotic politically, but not socially or commercially. You Americans will try to be all three. We do not want your religion,—I mean we do not want the Protestant religion. You make us Agnostics, like the Japanese—idolaters without idols,—but you will never make us, high or low, Protestants. It is not in our souls. We are better than the Japanese because we are Catholics, and we are just as capable of governing ourselves. We are not barbarous because we do not wear so many clothes or because our lower people can live on fish and rice. You might as well try to change our climate as our religion—for the better."

"So?" said the Baron, doubtfully.

"As for our people, we are learned according to our position in life. As for me, I am a lawyer of the University of Madrid. It is well that I should have taken the prize for poetry at the Jesuit college before I left for Spain. It is not well that the poor fisherman should take the prize for poetry."

"Under our flag, he should have his chance," said the Young Lady from Across the Street, solemnly.

"She is a madwoman to say that," whispered the Baron confidentially to the Host.

"All men—and all women—should have the same opportunities," said the Young Lady from Across the Street.

"The fisherman would then lose his chance to catch fish," said the Filipino, gravely. "And we are a mixed people;

you do not understand us. For a time we governed ourselves, and even the Sultan of Zulu accepted our right and was peaceful."

"But you are against the priests, are you not?" asked the Convert.

"You, as I said, do not know us. We are Catholics. We owe much to the friars and we are devoted to the Jesuits; all our higher people are for the Jesuits. If Americans understood our religion and our language, it would be better. But you read your newspapers and you talk about your Bible, but you really want our country because it will pay. It will not pay."

"I regret that you should talk thus of the Bible," said the Young Lady from Across the Street.

"I thought you were a Theosophist?" said the Convert.

"The Constitution, the flag and the Bible are very dear to us," said the Young Lady.

"They teach you to take our country because it will pay!" said the Filipino. "It is strange,—I find it strange."

"The Americans are a queer people," said the Baron. "They will have freedom and equality of religion, yet the Bible must be for eferypetty—eferyputty in the world! Why not Science without the Bible. You give the Filipinos Science—"

"There must be Progress, to be sure," said the Young Lady from Across the Street. "But I can conceive of no progress without the Bible and the Little Red School House. The mind and heart of your women—no doubt at present unaware of the great privilege of being a woman—must be opened. While they are prettily engaged in idle amusement in Manila or as drudges in—"

"They are not all pretty—no! very few are pretty," said the Filipino, solemnly. "But they are mostly very sweet and good and docile,—what do you call it?—homely, for their homes,—"

and motherly. You are more pretty in America, but not so homely."

"Docile! I hate the word applied to women," said the Young Lady from Across the Street.

"It is a good vort," said the Baron, gravely,—“a very good vort for women. We have found it so in Germany. If the United States will agree, the Kaiser—”

"You have seen this new edition of 'The Physician of His Own Honor'?" asked the Host.

"Ah, Calderon is grand!" exclaimed the Filipino; coming from under his cloud. "The hero was general in the Philippines. Ah, Calderon is of all poets the grandest!"

"Goethe discovered him," said the Baron. "No: I will have coffee, thank you!—the American tea is bad. If you are going to talk of poets, we will talk of Goethe."

The Young Lady from Across the Street looked at him and shuddered.

Keeping the Third Commandment.

A LESSON that needs to be impressed with some insistence upon a considerable number of Catholics is that the first Precept of the Church is not coextensive with the third of God's Commandments. Legitimate dispensation from the observance of the Precept may be obtained from the Church's representatives; but neither pastor, bishop nor Pope can exempt the faithful from the obligation of sanctifying the Sunday. To imagine that abstention from servile work on the first day of the week, in the case of those whose attendance at Mass on that day is morally impossible, constitutes adequate observance of the command to keep holy the Sabbath Day, is to cherish an opinion which a little reflection will show to be decidedly erroneous.

To the question, What is forbidden by the third Commandment? the little catechism that is, perhaps, most familiar to the majority of English-speaking Catholics answers: "All unnecessary servile work, and whatever may hinder the due observance of the Lord's Day or tend to profane it." Of the sinfulness of performing servile work on Sunday it is, perhaps, needless to speak at any length. The practice is not, so far as we know, common in any portion of this country; and if in occasional instances individual Catholics do violate the third Commandment in this respect, it is with full knowledge that they *are* violating it and are therefore deliberately sinning.

As for "whatever may hinder the due observance of the Lord's Day," a word or two of comment may be useful. It is quite feasible to arrange for the Sunday a programme which, while not involving any servile work, practically excludes any genuine sanctification of the day; and it need not be said that the carrying out of such a programme, even though it be in itself perfectly innocent, is strictly forbidden. Let us take a practical case. There are, scattered throughout this country, towns, villages, and settlements whose Catholic residents have an opportunity of attending Mass only on alternate Sundays, or even still more rarely. Now, if on a vacant Sunday a Catholic spends the forenoon in bed, or in reading newspapers, novels, or other profane literature, and then devotes the afternoon to driving and the evening to social intercourse with friends, it is clear that, although he does no servile work, he does that which hinders, which quite prevents, in fact, any due observance of the Lord's Day.

It is important to remember that those who are lawfully excused from hearing Mass on Sunday are exempted from the chief duty, but not from all

the duties, imposed upon us by the third Commandment. True, attendance at the Holy Sacrifice is the only positive work that the Church prescribes under pain of grievous sin; but she very strongly recommends that we should, moreover, hear the word of God, attend Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, read moral and pious books, and go to Communion. Even to those who have heard Mass she recommends these exercises as additional means by which the day set apart for the Lord's peculiar honor and glory may be profitably and religiously spent. How much more forcibly, then, may she not be legitimately supposed to insist on such exercises in the case of those who are precluded or exempted from attendance at the Holy Sacrifice!

Some theologians do not hesitate to say that the fulfilment of the Church's Precept by assisting at Mass is of itself insufficient for the full observance of the third Commandment—insufficient to excuse one from grievous sin,—since, after all, that Commandment prescribes the sanctification of the Sunday,—the whole day, and not merely an hour or an hour and a half of the day. While this opinion may pretty safely be set down as ultra-rigorous, there is no exaggeration in saying that those who, being prevented from hearing Mass, do not even take the trouble to attend such other religious exercises as lie within their opportunity, are likely to experience considerable difficulty in satisfying either Almighty God or their own conscience that they have in any genuine, positive sense sanctified the Sunday.

It is a regrettable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that a good many people—a good many men especially—have formed erroneous consciences about this matter; they have practically convinced themselves that the dominant idea in

"Sunday" is that it is not the Lord's Day but man's; that their rights and privileges on that day are illimitable, while their duties and obligations are infinitesimal. "When there's Mass in our church and I'm not seriously hindered from going," says one of this class, "I attend; when there's no Mass, of course I don't go. And there's no precept or law of the Church obliging me under pain of sin to attend Vespers, the Rosary, or Benediction." There is no precept of the Church, true; but there is a distinct Commandment of God obliging us to keep holy His one day in the week; and while, of course, it is possible to sanctify the Sunday without being present at such services, even when one has not had the privilege of hearing Mass in the morning, still, the sanctification likely to be effected by those whom sheer indolence, careless indifference, the desire for some little outing, or a similar reason, keeps from visiting the house of God at least once on God's own day, is clearly open to suspicion.

Possibly those who habitually absent themselves from Sunday afternoon or evening services supply the omission by reading pious books, by the recitation of additional prayers in the family circle, by instructing the ignorant (their own children and their servants, for instance) in the truths of religion, by visiting and consoling the sick and unfortunate, or by other spiritual or corporal works of mercy. Even so, occasional attendance at these services is to be recommended if only for the sake of example, and to avoid impressing upon their children the pernicious idea which a good many of those children are likely to entertain—that when they grow up it will be the correct thing to avoid going to church on Sunday afternoons or evenings.

BAGDAD is not far to a lover.—*Turkish Proverb.*

Notes and Remarks.

According to the instructions of the new Encyclical extending to the whole world the indulgences proclaimed last year for Rome, the bishop of each diocese will designate a day on which the Jubilee privilege begins; and from that date for a space of six months all the faithful—even those who have already “made the Jubilee” in Rome or (as religious in their convents) in exempted places—may gain a plenary indulgence by fulfilling the conditions which will be laid down in the bishop’s letter. The other usual privileges of a Jubilee may also be enjoyed; for example, all regularly approved confessors have the faculty during the six months designated of absolving from excommunication, suspension, and other penalties usually reserved to the bishop or the Pope; and also of granting dispensations in cases which at other times are reserved to the bishop. Religious of both sexes have a right to choose for Jubilee confession any priest having ordinary faculties in the diocese. In reading the Encyclical one is deeply impressed with the charity of Holy Mother Church, no means being left untried to *compel* sinners to enter anew into God’s friendship.

It is gratifying to note that the only conflict between this country and England which appears to be within measurable distance is the inevitable war of trade. Sagacious political economists on the other side of the Atlantic have long foreseen that the enormous development of American commerce and industries would eventually endanger the supremacy of Great Britain as the world’s foremost trader; and eminent Englishmen now talk gloomily of the issue of the coming conflict. Lord Roseberry views without alarm the

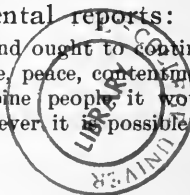
accumulation of immense and costly European armaments, claiming that they make for peace rather than war; but he is inclined to be pessimistic as to the outcome of England’s opposition to American competition in industrial and commercial affairs. Let us add that, from our viewpoint, his gloomy forebodings are amply warranted.

The report of the Commission appointed by the President to report on conditions in the Philippines has been duly submitted to Congress, and the press and pulpit will soon be discussing nothing else. It is plain that the Commission has been at considerable pains to see and report things fairly, but on certain points its conclusions are at variance with the utterances of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Philippines. These divergencies can easily be investigated later; for the present we may be grateful for the light thrown on other subjects about which there is some dispute. Probably there is not a village in the United States in which calumnious reports have not been circulated in print regarding the friars in the Philippines, whose enormous “ill-gotten wealth” and “immoral lives,” we were all assured, were the cause of the insurrection. It is therefore good to read that the friars as a body are worthy men, whose chief fault lay in over-officious devotion to the Spanish cause.

The feeling against the friars is solely political. The people would gladly receive as ministers of the Roman Catholic religion any save those who are to them the embodiment of all in the Spanish rule that was hateful.

The Faribault plan is recommended for the proposed public school system, and one finds in this passage an altogether new note in Governmental reports:

As the Catholic Church is and ought to continue a prominent factor in the life, peace, contentment and progress of the Philippine people, it would seem the wisest course, wherever it is possible to



do so without infringing upon the principle that Church and State must be kept separate, to frame civil laws which shall accord with views conscientiously entertained by Catholics, priests and laymen, and which shall not deal unfairly with the people of a different faith.

Finally, we quote this well-intended and rather edifying paragraph:

We earnestly hope that those who control the policy of the Catholic Church in these islands, with the same sagacity and prevision which characterize all its important policies, will see that it would be most unfortunate for the Philippine Islands, for the Catholic Church, and for the American government to attempt to send back the friars and that some other solution of the difficulties should be found. The question for the prelate and statesman is not whether the bitter feeling toward the friars is justified or not, but whether it exists. It does not seem to us, therefore, to aid in reaching a conclusion to point out that all the civilization found in the Philippines is due to the friars. Be it so. Ought they on this account to return to their parishes in the face of a deep popular feeling against them? A popular bias or prejudice, deep-seated in an ignorant people, is not to be disregarded because it can not stand the test of reason or evidence. It must be reckoned with. It would, of course, be of much assistance to the American cause if the Catholic Church were to send among the people American priests with the love of their country that they have always shown, and with their clear understanding of civil liberty and conservative popular government; but it is said that such priests are not available for the work. This is a question of purely church policy with which we have nothing to do. It is enough to say that the political question will be eliminated if the friars are not sent back.

In his admirable letter setting forth the views of the Catholic laity on the question of the independence of the Papacy, the Duke of Norfolk shows its necessity for the sake of the peace and interests of Europe, and explains that the question is one in which interest is felt in every part of Christendom. He reminds his critics that Victor Emmanuel, when invading Umbria and the Marches, issued a proclamation declaring his intention "to respect the seat of the Head of the Church, and to give, in combination with allied and friendly powers, all the guarantees of indepen-

dence and security." The failure to keep this pledge amounted to a breach of faith with the whole Catholic world. The Duke makes a strong point when he dwells upon the mistaken view held by outsiders of the position of the Catholic laity, as though they were coerced or beguiled by clerical influence into action on behalf of their faith. "They appear to forget that the vast majority of the Church is composed of laymen,—of men who glory in their faith, who know what their religion means to them, and who would deplore any signs of weakness on the part of the clergy in upholding the dignity of their sacred office, in safeguarding the integrity of the truth, or in carrying out the duties of their trust."

The proposed legislation against the religious Orders in France would make it impossible, without an express and separate act of Parliament in each case, for any community having houses in any other country, or whose superior-general is a foreigner or non-resident in France, to exist in the republic of liberty, equality and fraternity. Unless the government is bent on selecting a quick and efficacious form of suicide, this law will never appear in the statutes. There are several reasons why M. Waldeck-Rousseau will hesitate to adopt such extreme measures. It would deprive about one-half of the French people of the schools of their choice; it would still further aggrieve the army, which is strongly Catholic and has small love for the atheistic republic as things are; and in places where the religious Orders have the confidence and respect of the people the law could not be enforced. Besides, as *Le Gaulois* shows, the Pope could make reprisals along several lines himself. There are very strong reasons why France does not wish to break off diplomatic relations with the Holy

See: there is the possibility of a French Centre Party; and there is the likelihood that the privilege of protecting Catholic missionaries in pagan lands—so the hypocritical phrase runs—may be transferred to the Germans, whom the French, we fear, have not yet learned to love. Petty persecution is the forte of statesmen of the calibre of M. Waldeck-Rousseau; a Kulturkampf is emprise too large for them.

The report of the Taft Commission flatly contradicts certain false witness which Methodist and Baptist preachers in this country have borne against Catholic missionaries in the Philippines. But one would have to read something like Robert Louis Stevenson's famous "Open Letter" to the infamous Dr. Hyde (who with another black-hearted minister, the Rev. H. B. Gage, vilified Father Damien) to get up the right amount of indignation against the fanatical bigots who accuse the friars of all sorts of wrongdoing, and now call for their expulsion from the Islands, as the Methodist preachers of New York did last week in a petition to President McKinley. The whole world knows—or may know from the writings of Protestants themselves—that long before the work of exterminating the Indians of North America had begun (the preachers are not credited with having retarded it) the self-sacrificing friars were Christianizing and civilizing the natives of the Philippines. Their country, as every traveller bears witness, is a land of churches and schools. All that they have of civilization they owe to the missionaries who are now—if the preachers could have their way—to be "banished forever" and their property confiscated. But let us make no sweeping charge. It is not stated how many Methodist ministers were present at the meeting in New York; but there were two men

among those enemies of Catholic Christianity who raised their voices against the adoption of the resolutions, declaring that in their opinion the demand for the banishment of the friars was "going a little too far"!

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There are American ministers of every denomination whom we respect and remember with affection; but it would be a moral blunder to blink the fact that the majority of them hate the Catholic Church, and are willing leaders in every movement against her interests. They persistently misrepresent her doctrine, attack her institutions, vilify her missionaries; in a word, do their worst and utmost to destroy her influence and arrest her progress. It would simply be a sacrifice of truth to politeness not to declare on occasion to the Protestant clergy of the United States that they are known by these presents.

When Dr. Hyvernât visited the Orient last summer to make some researches in archæology, he enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Tobias Shelhub, whose father had entertained Ernest Renan during his stay at Gebeil in 1861. To an article in *The Catholic University Bulletin* describing some of his experiences, Dr. Hyvernât appends this readable footnote referring to the famous French rationalist and his sister Henriette:

Mr. Shelhub had installed me in the very room once occupied by the famous explorer; and there he and his family sat with us until late in the night, commenting upon the good qualities and piety of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Renan. Renan, he said, never missed Mass while he was there; and so devoutly did he behave in church that he was the edification of all. "But," we asked, "what kind of a death did Mademoiselle Henriette die?"—"Why, a most edifying death!" answered our host (whose testimony was also confirmed by a priest who was there present as altar boy). "She devoutly received the last Sacraments, and is now buried in our own family grave. Monsieur Renan said he would bring her home or erect a separate tomb for her, but he never wrote any more about it." Renan says

("Mission de Phénicie," p. 12) that, hastily summoned to the death-bed of his sister, he was struck with a spell of the same fever, and swooned by her side, not to recover consciousness until she was dead.

Renan's sister Henriette was as brave a sceptic as her brother when she was enjoying good health, but death is a powerful convincer in the case of a certain kind of unbeliever. As for Renan's "piety" at Gebeil, it signifies nothing. He lost his faith while in the seminary, through pride of intellect; though he admits in his autobiography that all the difficulties raised against Catholic truth had first been made known to him by his teacher, Father Le Hir, who, he says, "was a scholar and a saint, and both in an eminent degree. There is not one of the difficulties brought forward by rationalism which had not occurred to him; but he had surrendered nothing to them." The difference between the venerable Le Hir and the youthful Renan is the difference between mental ripeness which is humble, and mental rawness which is proud.

Father Monsabré, the eloquent French Dominican, recounts an incident that throws considerable light on the hopes of Leo XIII. concerning France. In the course of an audience with the Holy Father, the distinguished preacher spoke in a somewhat disheartened tone of the moral, social and political evils to which his country was subjected; and expressed a fear that, in chastisement for their ingratitude, God would soon abandon the French people. The Pope drew himself up, and, fixing his penetrating eye on the speaker, exclaimed: "My son, don't believe that! The Gospel can not lie. Now, in the Gospel there is one promise that reassures me as to the fate of France, notwithstanding her present crimes and errors: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' And where is there in the world a

merciful nation, if it be not France? Is she not at the head of all good works? Is not her generous heart known to the extremities of the earth?"

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The Holy Father has reason indeed to be hopeful for France, but it must be admitted that there is good ground for Père Monsabré's forebodings. The condition of France at the beginning of the new century is thus described by the *Annales Catholiques*, one of the sanest of our French contemporaries:

We are a demoralized people. Even the treasury of our vital energies is ebbing. At the beginning of the last century France was the most thickly populated of the great countries of Europe: the contrary is the case to-day. France ranks first among European nations in the matter of taxes and the public debt, in the number of divorces and free-love unions, and in the consumption of alcohol; she ranks fifth or sixth in commercial importance—and ranks last as to birth-rate. Our debt is thirty-five billions; our budget is three billions and a half, and increases sixty millions annually. That is folly. Egypt lost; the shame of Fashoda; our soldiers commanded in China by a Prussian leader; the Russian alliance compromised by the insane folly of a Minister of War who is a delegate of the Masonic lodges; a rupture with the Vatican (and the consequent loss of our influence in the East) imminent,—these are some of our New Year gifts at the sombre dawn of the twentieth century.

Hazing puts a bumptious fellow into his proper place; it takes all the conceit out of him; it makes him tractable and modest; and therefore its existence has a thoroughly defensible *raison d'être*. — *The Bookman*.

Now, with all due respect to our clever contemporary, this is not the common sense of the matter. On the contrary, it is pretty nearly diametrically opposed to the common sense of the American people—i. e., to the sound, practical judgment of the great majority of the citizens of this country. That judgment, we venture to say, is quite in accord with the decision of the Congressional Committee: that hazing in its latest phase is brutality, inconsistent with the courage, manliness and heart implied in the term "gentle-man."

Notable New Books.

The Sermon on the Mount. By Jacques Bénigne Bossuet. Translated by F. M. Capes. Longmans, Green & Co.

The foremost of living French critics, M. Brunetière, is laboring with an earnestness and courage which can not be too much admired to restore the cult of Bossuet, the great bishop who saved France from the "Reformation," the illustrious orator and teacher who expounded the faith once delivered to the saints, in words of such classic beauty that—like Newman's in English—they must continue to be read even by those lovers of literature who have not Bossuet's Catholic faith. Statues have been reared to the Eagle of Meaux, and beautiful eulogies spoken in his honor, but we shall be pardoned for saying that the devoted editor who gathered Bossuet's sermons on the Blessed Virgin into a volume and who now makes a pretty little book of the great bishop's meditations on the Sermon on the Mount, has hit upon the right way to realize the hopes of M. Brunetière. These simple meditations, so lofty in sentiment, so finished in form, and withal so fit for everyday purposes, will be welcome to readers of solid religious literature, whether lay or cleric. They cover not only the Eight Beatitudes, but every moral truth inculcated in the great Sermon. There are forty-seven meditations in all.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Stopford Brooke introduces this much-desired anthology by an enjoyable essay on the genius of Celtic poetry. It is not exhaustive nor is it remarkably penetrating, but it is generous and appreciative. On p. xxi Mr. Brooke, who is a Unitarian and an ex-Anglican, writes thus of the religious element of Celtic poetry:

Ireland's religion is linked closely to her nationality, and has been as much oppressed. The note of the poetry is nearly always Catholic, and Catholic with the pathos, the patience, and the passion of persecution added to its religious fervor. English poetry, on the other hand, is a poetry of many forms of religion; men of all churches and sects can find their spiritual sympathies represented in it. But it has no specialized, no isolated religious note, because persecution such as existed in Ireland did not deepen its music into a cry.

The religious poetry of England (there are only a few exceptions, like Southwell) is comfortable and at peace. It plays its pleasant, quaint, or solemn flute in quiet vicarages or bishops' palaces, or in the classic gardens of the universities. Even the Nonconformist verse breathes the settled consolations of a warless land. But, the Irish religious

poetry of the early nineteenth century was written in prisons, under sentence of exile or death, on the wild moor and in the mountain cave. Its writers lived under the ban of government crushed by abominable laws; and the mercy given to the wolf was the only mercy given to men whose crime was the love of their own religion. Their religious poetry gained from that experience a passionate love for the Catholic Church, and well the Church deserved it. And we have in this book only too few of the poems which image and record this love, expressed with an intensity and devotion which, though it has but little art, has much of nature. Things have changed since then; persecution has ceased, and the present Catholic poetry is written by comfortable persons. Yet the old savor clings to, and the ancient passion rings in, the modern poems. The memories of martyrdom are as powerful in song as its realities.

The matter and the manner have both changed. The sacred legends of Irish saints are now told, and the glories of the ancient Church of Ireland. The mystic elements, so deep in Catholicism, are selected for the music of verse; and their intense spirituality, white and rose-red with the heavenly flames of wisdom and love, is a vital part of the mysticism which is one of the powers of the Celtic revival.

This anthology is more select than Charles Gavan Duffy's, and not so select as Mr. W. B. Yeats'. Its purpose is not so much to collect Irish verse of uniformly high standard as to illustrate the growth of Celtic poetry since the poets of Erin, toward the end of the eighteenth century, began to use the language of England. We need only say that this purpose has been so admirably carried out that we see little room for even the most captious criticism. Irish-American poets like Boyle O'Reilly and Irish-English poets like Goldsmith are excluded because of the hyphen, but we do not consider this a fair cause of complaint. The biographical sketches of authors prefixed to the selections are all useful as data, and a few of them are distinctly valuable as criticism.

The Life of Christ. By Ernest D. Burton and Shailer Mathews. University of Chicago Press.

Both authors of these "Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ" are professors in the University of Chicago, and may therefore be presumed to represent the vanguard of learned Protestant opinion regarding the Redeemer of the world. It is not quite clear to us after perusing the work whether either of these professors would accept the statement, "Christ is true God"; but that He is the Messiah and that He really rose from the dead is strongly insisted on. There are certain other points on which Catholics will find this work utterly unsatisfactory, as on p. 126, where the idea of a personal devil is impugned; p. 154, where the famous Petrine text is prestidigitated away, though "no stress is to be laid on the difference between *Petros* and *petra*"; p. 244, where the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist is denied, etc.

etc. We also observe a tendency to replace the old-fashioned word *miracle* by *deeds of power*; and the darkness that fell over the face of the earth after the Crucifixion is attributed, by surmise, to "a storm of sand."

We hope the really learned and earnest men whose names appear on the title-pages of this volume will not think our comments captious or unfair. Nothing so interests the average Catholic reader as the newest account of where Higher Criticism stands with reference to the Bible. The present work was prepared for use in academies and colleges, and for obvious reasons can not be recommended to Catholic youth; but for advanced students it is perfectly innocuous so far as religious faith is concerned, and as a text-book it has great merits. We wish some competent Catholic scholar would prepare just such a work for our schools.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. By the Rev. T. E. Cox. J. S. Hyland & Co.

Father Cox has made a book out of seven Lenten sermons dealing with the Church and the marks by which she may be recognized by any earnest seeker. Every pastor experienced in the instruction and reception of converts knows that the primal difficulty lies in imparting to the non-Catholic mind a clear idea of just what the Church is; that idea once firmly grasped, the difficulties regarding the Eucharist, confession, special devotions, indulgences, etc., fall of their own weight. Lucid and dignified explanations of the idea of the Church are, therefore, the most useful helps to searchers after truth. Such explanations, indeed, are not lacking, but each new one may meet a special need or a particular taste. Father Cox has followed the familiar lines of such works with sufficient closeness; and he has added a quantity of illustrative and argumentative material drawn from contemporary sources and not usually found in similar books. It can not be said that the book will supersede many of its older rivals; but it is conscientious, clearly reasoned and meritorious.

The Rosary Guide. By the Very Rev. J. Procter, S. T. L. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

This work is to be recommended to all seeking information about the devotion known as the Holy Rosary. The origin and growth of the "Beads," the apostolate of the Rosary, the beauty, significance, and Scriptural derivation of the prayers used in its recitation, as well as the proper manner of saying the Rosary,—all are explained simply, clearly and fully. Not only is

there information in this book by the Very Rev. Provincial of the Dominicans in England: there is inspiration in it; and we feel sure it will aid the movement noticeable in all lands toward a better knowledge of and a tenderer love for the Mother of our Redeemer.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. By Jules Roy. Duckworth & Co.

It is most unfortunate that the editing of this series of biographies has been interrupted; and we feel sure that a majority of its readers would have been willing to wait until a successor to Father Tyrrell could be found, or until he himself was able to continue the work.

The present biography is the least satisfactory that has appeared, being too much of a study for the generality of readers, and not sufficiently abridged for those who will be interested to make further investigation of the pontificate of Nicholas I. The merit of M. Roy's work consists rather in the great amount of material which he has collected than in the way any portion of it is utilized. But it is fair to state that it is his intention to develop the results of his studies more fully in a larger volume under the title of "Church and State under the Pontifical Government of Nicholas I." The main purpose of this abridgment, as the author states in his introduction, is to relieve the name of this holy pope from the reproach of having built his claims to supremacy on a false foundation, by showing that even where his teaching and the False Decretals coincide, he always derived his doctrine from sure and original sources. Of the inner life of the saint nothing is to be learned from this book; indeed the element of piety is notably lacking. It is a study of his pontificate, not a biography.

The Two Stowaways. By Mary G. Bonesteel. D. H. McBride & Co.

Already are our new possessions affording an attractive field for writers; and among the stories for young folks, having the Philippines for stage setting, one of the best is "The Two Stowaways." It reads almost like a true record of the doings of a bright American boy and his chum; and the introduction of Generals Lawton and Wheaton, of Aguinaldo and Tugela, the Filipino sorceress, gives just the right touch to insure interest. This tale of adventure is bright, and abounds in thrilling incidents which must appeal to our American children; and it will also please older readers,—a sure sign of merit in juvenile literature.



Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.—READY FOR THE FIESTA.

WHEN De la Guerra and Robert were on their way again, and in sight of the little valley which the former had pointed out in the morning, Robert said:

"Will you tell me the story about those trees, Cousin George?"

"Yes: I was about to do so. When I was a small boy—a very small boy indeed—there suddenly appeared in this neighborhood a man of fine presence, of cultured manners, and of extremely kind and sociable disposition. My grandfather was then living on one of his mountain ranches, and I spent much of my time with him. We soon became acquainted with the stranger, who was called Andrew McDonald. He was a typical Scotchman, an ardent naturalist and a great hunter. Why he came to this country was a mystery. He had plenty of money; we knew from his conversation that he had travelled in every country of Europe and Asia. It is probable that his idea in coming to the wilds of America was only for the purpose of adding another experience to the many he had already undergone.

"After he had been among us a few months he became so infatuated with our beautiful climate that he announced his intention of remaining here for some years at least. He did not like our adobe houses, however, and soon began to look about for a site where he could have one built of wood. This he soon found in yonder valley, which you

see is sheltered on one side from the winds and is watered by a perpetual stream. Choosing that pleasant spot, he had a dwelling constructed in the centre of a small grove of oak-trees; I have often visited him there. He had one Indian servant, a young man, familiar with the camping-grounds of all the wild animals which even at that late day abounded in these mountains. He was the most fearless of men: nothing seemed to please him more than an encounter with a bear or mountain lion. But he had one great antipathy—a mortal fear of bulls."

"So have I," said Robert. "I think they're dreadful. A boy near Decatur was gored to death by one, not so very long ago. I knew him real well; he was an awfully foolhardy fellow."

"You should have seen our vaqueros in the old days, Robbie," said his cousin, with a smile. "We had bull-fights then in California. There was never a fiesta without one. And those *were* bulls to be afraid of, I can tell you. But Mr. McDonald was afraid of the most ordinary bullock, even if not full grown. He could not understand it himself, and neither could his neighbors."

"That does seem odd, doesn't it?" said Robert.

"Wait until you hear the sequel and you will think so," said De la Guerra. "Farther up in the mountains, near the Cuyamaca, the Indians were in the habit of trapping wild bulls in pits prepared for that purpose. These animals were to be used later at bull-fights. On one occasion McDonald went for a hunting trip unaccompanied by his servant. Time passed and he did not return. No one had seen him. A search-party

was sent out, and after a few days he was found at the bottom of a bull-pit. He had been gored to death by the furious animal below. His faithful little dog sat beside the mouth of the pit, keeping guard over his gun and a small basket of plant specimens which he had collected during his journey."

"How did he fall into the pit, do you suppose?" asked Robert.

"It was thought that, hearing a noise in the hole, he had gone to the edge in order to see what animal was ensnared there. The earth probably gave way beneath him, as the bank had crumbled. His was certainly a dreadful fate and it seemed prophetic."

"It certainly did."

"But that is not all, Robert. When the search-party returned they found that in their absence a terrible storm of thunder and lightning had visited the neighborhood, during which three of the oaks near the dwelling of McDonald had been struck by lightning and completely withered. It was a curious coincidence, was it not?"

"And did they think the place haunted after that?" asked the boy.

"As a matter of course, they did. Some years later another stroke of lightning set fire to the house, already half in ruins, and destroyed it. Since that time the place has been called by the Indians *Maldito* (the accursed). They will never camp there, preferring to ride several miles farther; though, as I said before, it is the most delightful valley around here, from the abundant and delicious water always to be found even at the driest season of the year."

A sudden, sharp sound of horse's feet behind them caused the pair to look around. An Indian mounted on a splendid horse was riding toward them.

"It is Juan Antonio Jimeno," said De la Guerra. "He is the captain of the Indians on the reservation to which we

are going. A grand fellow, Robbie. We will wait for him."

As the man approached he lifted his broad sombrero, revealing a fine, well-shaped head. His clear, well-cut features and large, intelligent eyes showed him to be a superior Indian.

"Welcome, Señor!" he cried before he reached them.

"*Gracias, gracias, Juan Antonio!*" replied De la Guerra.

The three horses were now abreast.

"They told me down at the hotel you had been there," said the Indian, "and I hastened to overtake you. They are expecting you, Señor, and they are glad. It is long now since you have been at the fiesta."

"This is my cousin, Juan,—a boy from the East, who has come, I hope, to live among us for good."

The Indian again saluted.

"He is a De la Guerra," he said. "He has the forehead and the eyes and the figure, and he rides well."

At which Robert smiled and blushed with pleasure. He was already making a hero of the newcomer; though he would have preferred to see him dressed, or undressed, in more barbaric costume.

"How is it that you expected us?" inquired Señor de la Guerra as they rode along, now in single file, for the path was narrow.

"Miguel told Dionysio, who was down last week at the ranch; and he told Ignacio, who came home with the news. Everything is ready for you."

"*Gracias!*" again replied De la Guerra.

"Will there be many at the fiesta, do you think?" asked Robert.

"Yes, I think so. From Pauma they will come, and from Rincon, and many from La Jaya. They are better friends all round now than they were, Señor."

"That is well," said De la Guerra.

"Will Padre Gregorio be there?"

"No: he is ill. But there is a young

priest, Padre Eduardo, who has been twice there now; he speaks Spanish as well as any one, though they say he has been only two years from Ireland."

"That is good," said De la Guerra. "I am glad, for this boy's sake, Juan, that there will be a large gathering; for that means games and old-time sports and war-dances, does it not?"

"Yes, Señor," answered Juan. "We shall have everything this year."

After this they began to talk about the crops and herds,—subjects in which Robbie was not greatly interested. But as they rode farther and farther into the mountains they were joined at intervals by groups of Indians, men and women, all of whom exchanged hearty greetings with De la Guerra, after which they would fall back to the rear, allowing the white man to take the lead. They were all on horseback; some few astride of fine animals, but the greater number were mounted on sorry-looking beasts. Two or three women on one horse, followed by several children on another, was no unusual sight. Again, a young or middle-aged woman would be seen; clinging to her, gray hair streaming in the wind from beneath the invariable red handkerchief, was an old woman, her face a perfect network of wrinkles, who was taking the one journey of the year—a ride to the fiesta.

After a while the houses began to grow thicker, and at length a sudden turn of the road brought the whole party in sight of a small adobe church surmounted by a rude wooden cross. This church overlooked a sort of plaza, or square, on either side of which were a few shops and one or two dwelling-houses. The plaza was filled with Indians, who greeted the new arrivals with joyful cries of welcome. Juan Antonio Jimeno was treated in a manner befitting his superior position; and while many of the younger men

and women preserved a stolid silence, the older ones advanced by turn to pay their respects to Señor de la Guerra. Horses and mules of all kinds and conditions were tethered round about. At some distance outside the plaza tents and booths had been erected, where several visitors had pitched their camps.

But Señor de la Guerra and Robbie were not to remain in this vicinity. They rode steadily on for fifteen minutes or more, until Juan Antonio drew up in front of a neat-looking adobe house, set in the midst of a blooming flower-garden, in which geraniums and roses made a brilliant mass of color. Behind it was a fine orchard; while back of that, great fields already green with wheat and barley stretched away in the distance. An old woman stood in the doorway, three little girls clinging to her skirts. All were as clean as they could possibly be, and each had a touch of red somewhere about her clothing.

Señor de la Guerra spoke some words in Spanish. The old woman replied in the same tongue; and, with a deep bow, long-drawn out, motioned the way into the house, which was as neat within as on the outside.

"Welcome to my house and all that is therein!" said Juan to the boy.

The room to which he led the travellers was small but very clean,—two beds standing close together, a couple of chairs, a washstand with toilet articles, comprising all its furniture. After they had refreshed themselves by a generous application of water to their hands and faces, they were invited to enter the living-room, where an excellent repast was served. The three little girls waited on them, their grandmother being busy in the kitchen.

After supper Juan Antonio excused himself: he was obliged to meet the priest, who would arrive in a short time. He was to lodge at the house of Juan

Antonio's father-in-law, Pedro Montana, who from time immemorial had enjoyed that happy privilege. Juan's wife was dead. It was his mother who took care of his household.

"Old Pedro Montana was formerly captain of the tribe," said De la Guerra as Juan departed. "The honor usually descends from father to son, as long as each individual in line proves himself worthy. To be a captain, Robbie, a man must be brave, honorable, honest, and the possessor of at least a decent share of worldly goods, according to Indian valuation. No drinking man can be accepted. Pedro had no sons, and when he became too old Juan was elected to fill his place. His grandfather had also held the same office."

"What does he do? Can he order men to be killed or imprisoned?" asked the boy.

"Not in these days," answered his cousin. "Before the Mission Fathers came—that is, before the Indians were civilized—the power of their chiefs was absolute. But now the chiefs give advice; they settle disputes, keep order, and are looked up to and obeyed by all. Shall we go out for a little walk now?"

Robert was willing, so they set forth. They had not gone far when they heard the beating of drums.

"The priest must be coming," said De la Guerra. "That is the way they always greet him. Let us go in the direction of the plaza."

As they came to the corner of the square a buggy drawn by two splendid horses passed in front of the church. In it was a young priest, who bowed and smiled, and extended his hand to the people crowding about him to kiss it and ask his blessing.

"That must be Padre Eduardo," said De la Guerra. "Let us join the crowd and make his acquaintance."

(To be continued.)

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

V.—PALISSY THE POTTER.

Every schoolboy has seen the picture in which a man is furiously breaking up tables and chairs with which to feed his fire, while his wife and children stand weeping around him. The man is Bernard Palissy, who was the first French person to discover the secret of covering pottery with white enamel, and who did it under circumstances which would have disheartened any one not possessed of the strongest will and greatest perseverance. There were other things about him that were not so admirable, for he was a most stubborn bigot in his hatred of the Church; but as a discoverer and artist he occupies a high rank.

He was a poor boy who knew one thing well; for his father early taught him to paint on glass, and his love of nature and artistic ability made him very expert at that trade. About the time he was eighteen he started out to see the world, and for ten years was just a rover, painting for a supper in some peasant's hut, or taking notes about the habits of flowers or animals; always studying as if the future had something great in store for him, as indeed it had.

At last he married and gave up his wandering life. But as children began to fill his poor little home, Palissy found it very difficult to make even a scant living, and pondered early and late as to which way to turn for daily bread. Then all of a sudden there seemed to be a way, if he could only find it. Some one showed him a beautiful cup that came from Italy. It was covered with white enamel, the secret of which was limited to its makers.

"If I can discover the secret of that enamel," said Palissy, enthusiastically, "my fortune is made!"

You may know how the glaze on pottery is formed. After the clay has been shaped and baked, certain powders are spread over it and it is fired again. Then the powders, if they are the right ones, melt and make the smooth enamel on the surface of the vessels. But poor Palissy could not find the right ones; nor had he the pottery upon which to experiment; so with the little money that he had he bought the commonest sort of earthenware, broke it up, and spread the fragments with the various powders that he thought might be those that would melt and make his fortune. He worked on, always failing, succeeding only in making away with his last bit of wood and his wife's patience.

At last his furnace fire went out from lack of fuel, and he had to beg a place in the oven of a potter some miles away, whom he promised to pay as soon—and he was sure it would be very soon—as the pieces came out with the beautiful white glaze on them. So he ground and pounded drugs and made powders, and sent more than three hundred pieces of pottery to his neighbor to be fired. The result, however, was the same. The powders remained simply powders; and again his wife—and we can not blame her—said: "I told you so!"

For three years things went on in this way. One of the potter's children had died from want, and all had suffered beyond words to tell. At last he said he would give up, would search for the elusive secret no longer, and went back to painting glass. He was skilled in surveying, and the king gave him some of that to do; and for a little while there was comfort of a certain poor kind, and the children got something to eat and some warm clothes. And then—the inventor's fever came back!

"Perhaps," he said, "the powders will melt in a glass furnace, where the heat is greater."

So he began again the old labor of spreading pieces of pots with pounded drugs and waiting for the result. To his joy, suddenly one day he found that some of them had a glaze upon them. It was very rough and imperfect, but it served to keep hope alive while he went on experimenting. His wife was heart-broken.

"Just one more attempt," he assured her; "and if that fails I will never try again."

But it did not fail. The pieces of pottery were in the oven four hours, and very long hours they must have been to the patient potter who waited the result; but at last they passed, and on some of the fragments there was white enamel!

Poor Madame Palissy thought her troubles at an end, but the worst were to come. Her husband had an excuse now for building a furnace for himself; and this he did, borrowing the money necessary to buy the materials. The bricks he brought home upon his shoulder, and when his oven was ready set to work all over again. It took him eight months to get ready for the first firing, for he wished to be very sure and careful; but at the end of that time his clay pots were ready and he built his fire. He would not allow himself any time for sleep or rest; and all the food he took was some thin and weak soup that his good children, though hungry enough themselves, brought him at mealtime.

For six days and nights he watched his pots, and the powders did not melt; so he began all over again, buying new ware and grinding new drugs. By this time his fuel was gone, his credit also; so he pulled up the fence posts, and burned fence posts and all to feed

the fresh fire. When these threatened to go out he broke up the tables and chairs and the boards of the floor and added them to the flames. And then the white enamel began to appear. Alas! the furnace was ruined; and he made another on a better plan, bruising and cutting his hands in doing it. But the pottery in the improved furnace proved to be full of imperfections and good for nothing.

At last he gave up. Six of his children had died from lack of nourishment, and he was a physical wreck; but just as everything was in as sad a plight as possible the tide turned. After sixteen years of experimenting, he began to make pottery that kings and nobles coveted, and it was not long till he became rich and renowned. His work is distinguished by the numerous natural objects—such as lizards, snakes, and other creatures—upon it; and if you once see a piece of genuine Palissy pottery you will never forget it.

Near the end of his life he incurred the displeasure of Henry III., and, becoming involved in the troubles of the time, was shut up in the Bastille, where he died. He had made a great discovery; but in spite of that we can not help thinking of the poor wife to whom wealth and ease came too late; and also of the six little children, victims, it must be said, of the stubborn enthusiasm of Palissy the Potter.

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In his memoirs General Sherman explains his victorious march to the sea by saying that during his college days he spent a summer in Georgia. While his companions were occupied with playing cards and foolish talk, he tramped over the hills and made a careful map of the country. Years passed by. The war came on. Ordered to march upon Atlanta, his expert knowledge won his victory.—*Hillis.*

Honored by the City.

There are two cities in France that have erected monuments to animals. In Montargis you will see a bronze dog in the public square, and the citizens will all tell you that it is placed there in memory of a brave animal that, after his master had been murdered, held the assassin all night and prevented him from escaping. The murderer stabbed the faithful dog also and he died the next day.

Now we hear that the authorities of Grenoble have voted a large sum of money to erect a bronze statue of a monkey that died a short time ago. His name was Charlemagne, and for nine years he was the pet of the town. Everyone was his friend, and there was no house where he was not welcome. At the shops he was always sure of a good meal of nuts or fruit, and he was fond of watching the card-players in the cafés or the men and boys who fished by the river-bank. It is said that he looked more sober and attentive than any of them.

Charlemagne belonged to the family of chimpanzees, the most intelligent division of the monkey tribe. He was dressed just like a citizen; but, unlike one, preferred to go about on all fours. His favorite haunt was the hospital for children, and his coming was looked forward to by the little ones as the greatest event of the day. He would visit the various wards, and indicate to the sufferers, as well as a monkey could, how sorry he felt for them. Five years before his death he rescued a child that had fallen into a deep well, climbing up the rope triumphantly with the boy in his arms.

When Charlemagne died the entire population of Grenoble, we are told, mourned his loss.

With Authors and Publishers.

—An adequate biography of Pasteur has appeared in France. The author is René Vallery-Radot.

—Of books aiming to teach students to write good English there is no end. "The English Sentence," by Lillian G. Kimball, and published by the American Book Co., seems to be based on a careful analysis of the relation of words and thought.

—The Rev. Dr. Barry describes his forthcoming novel, "The Wizard's Knot," as "a pure tragedy, shot through with the Irish April lights of frolic, folk-lore and old customs." The story is Celtic, the scene being laid in southwestern Ireland half a century ago. It is announced to appear on March 18, which makes one wonder why it could not appear a day earlier.

—There are several metrical translations of the Pope's ode on the opening century, but the one by Francis Thompson is incomparably the best. It appears in the London *Tablet* of the 26th ult. A comparison of all the versions that have been made convinces one that only Mr. Thompson has caught the full meaning of the lines. They are characterized by vigor of expression and profundity of thought, thus affording a proof of the healthy condition of the Pope's intellectual faculties.

—A careful examination of "The Influence of Catholicism on the Sciences and the Arts," a recent translation from the Spanish by Mariana Monteiro, leaves us in doubt as to whether the book was worthy of the pains. We feel sure, at least, that the translator could have written a better one. It is questionable whether many persons nowadays maintain that the Catholic religion is hostile to the arts and sciences. Dr. Gilavert is doubtless a learned theologian, but as a writer he is inclined to be exclamatory and to insist upon the obvious. Quotations from this book would not give a favorable impression of it. B. Herder, publisher.

—Our clerical readers at least will remember that a diocesan commission on Church Music was established in Cincinnati about two years ago. Archbishop Elder made it plain that the commission was no joke by forbidding the use in church services of any music save such as was found in approved liturgical books or such as had received the approval of the diocesan commission. The second report of this body has just been made, and, like its predecessor, will be interesting and

helpful to choir-masters everywhere. A noteworthy fact is that a number of composers whose work was disapproved by the commission "have altered their scores and their words so as to come within the lines of proper liturgical music."

—From Mr. J. Schaefer, New York, we have received a set of Monthly Devotional Leaflets in honor of the Holy Ghost. There are seven in the set, each containing an explanation of one of the Seven Gifts, and appropriate devotions for the days of Whitsuntide. A novena and litany in honor of the Holy Ghost, in preparation for Pentecost, is issued by the same publisher.

—A month or two ago, M. Brunetière, at the Catholic Congress of Lille, delivered a notable discourse which, for matter and form, cogency of argument and practicality of application, certainly merited as ample quotation in the international philosophical and literary reviews as any work he has ever done; yet, so far as we have noticed, only our Catholic exchanges in France have given it mention. "The Actual Reasons for Believing" was his subject; his paper forming a sort of supplement to his "Need of Believing," read two years ago before the Congress of Catholic Truth at Besançon. It is not our purpose to summarize the discourse; but we may be permitted to recommend its attentive perusal to any of our hazy theorists who profess to find in the actual conditions of society to-day a state of affairs with which the Church is incompetent to grapple. Now, as ever during the Christian era, the Church, and she alone, offers a satisfactory solution of the mighty problems that perennially confront both the individual and society at large.

—The deplorable mistranslation of Janssen's "History of the German People"—which makes the great historian responsible for such phrases as "the sale of indulgences," etc.—is explained in this way. The task of making an English version of the work was entrusted to a Protestant publishing house in London—Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Mr. Kegan Paul himself is a distinguished convert; but the publishing house which bears his name is not professedly a Catholic one, and is not exclusively controlled by Mr. Paul. It is not credible that the translators consciously perverted the original text, but in so delicate a matter a blunder is almost as bad as a deliberate malfeasance. The house of Herder issued an American reprint of the work, evidently without

reading the proofs; but their responsibility ends there. The American representative of Herder has protested to the central management at Freiburg, and the result will probably be a revised translation. Those of our readers who intend purchasing the work would do well to wait for this revision.

—Book-lovers and friends of literature can not afford to overlook "The Cornhill Booklet," published by Mr. Alfred Bartlett, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. Each number consists of some precious but little-known or forgotten bit of literature, like the uncollected chapters of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; or some production of a favorite author that one desires to possess in the most convenient and desirable form. Nothing could be more satisfactory in every way than the "get up" of the Cornhill Booklets. It is evident that the publisher himself is a book-lover. A recent issue of this series is Robert Louis Stevenson's famous "Open Letter" to the infamous Dr. Hyde,—“the most powerful *apologia* in English letters.” This reprint has a fac-simile inscription by Father Damien and the Clifford portrait, detached. Price, 10 cents.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stofford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Arken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Canon Roelants, of Ghent, Belgium; the Rev. Charles Burns, Diocese of Providence; the Rev. Nicholas Rivers, Milwaukee; the Rev. William Kinney, Grand Rapids; the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, V. G., Ogdensburg; the Rev. F. A. Schmidt, Columbus; the Rev. Rochus Schuele, C. P. P. S.; and the Rev. Suitbert de Marteau, O. S. B.

Sister Mary, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister Magdalena, O. S. B.; Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Bernardine, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Loretto, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. William Campion, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Annie Weis, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John H. Farrell, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Finnegan, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Rome, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Maria Banigan, Providence, R. I.; Miss Pauline Beale, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Plover, Mrs. Frank Mahon, Dr. Joseph Pescia, and Mr. Henry N. Tobin, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. J. T. Simpson, Marigold, Ill.; Mrs. Martha Harrison, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Lydia Loutzenheizer, Grass Valley, Cal.; Mrs. Annie Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Annie Gallagher, Revere, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Fallahee and Mrs. Margaret Wilson, Hamilton, Canada; Miss Ellen Spellman, Bellevue, Ky.; Mr. George Rennekamp, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mr. John Regan, Mrs. Owen Smith, Miss Elizabeth Reilly, and Mrs. Katherine Fischer, Cincinnati, Ohio; also Mr. Michael O'Connor, Newport, Ky.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine sufferers in India:

In honor of St. Joseph, \$1; Friend, \$4.

For the Chinese Christians:

H. L. R., \$5.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

S. M., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 8.

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There's No Time Like the Present.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THINK not to find in coming years an epoch-making morrow,

When duties that you shrink from now full easy will appear;

To-day is all of time you own: the future none may borrow,—

There's no time like the present a straightforward course to steer.

Distrust the poisoned accents, be they e'er so sweet and luring,

That tell you noxious habits with the years will grow less strong;

The wisdom of each bygone age proclaims with voice adjuring,

There's no time like the present to break loose from habit's thong.

Postpone no kindly word or deed you feel is due a brother,

With pretext that a fitter time will surely come full soon;

This day alone is yours and his: you may not see another,—

There's no time like the present to bestow a loving boon.

Delay no single moment when sin's shadow lowers o'er you,

When weakly you have wandered from the path you should have trod;

No sage can tell how few may be the years or days before you,—

There's no time like the present to recover peace with God.

THE veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of Mercy.

—Lord Lytton.

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.—OUR LADY OF MEXICO.



IF the many interesting excursions to be made from the city of Mexico, the one which the Catholic visitor will naturally desire to make first is to the famous shrine of Guadalupe. Let us fancy, then, that it is such a morning as only Mexico knows—brilliant, beautiful, exhilarating, with an inexpressible buoyancy in every breath of the delightful air. We have, perhaps, heard Mass at the altar *del perdon* in the cathedral; and, leaving the shadowy dimness of the great church, emerge from its deep, dark doorway to be met and almost smitten blind by the glory of the day, the jewel-like brightness of the sapphire sky, the floods of dazzling sunlight. Surely it is no wonder that on the spot where we stand, this mighty power—this lord of light and life, the Sun—should once have had his temple and his worshippers! Passing through the garden of tropical trees and plants which now covers the larger part of the atrium of the cathedral (and should be summarily swept away, as it destroys much of the effect of the noble façade), we find in the roadway between this and the garden of the Zocalo, which occupies the centre of the immense old Spanish Plaza, a tramcar bearing the legend "Guadalupe." Into this we

enter and compose ourselves to wait until the time for departure arrives, happily conscious that we are in a blessed country where that terrible disease of modern and especially American life called "hurry" is unknown.

As we wait, various persons enter the car, generally with a smiling salutation of "*Buenos dias!*"—for lovely are the manners of the people of this land of sunshine and flowers. Ladies dressed in black, as a Mexican lady almost invariably dresses to go to church; priests wrapped in the graceful Spanish cloak, which they wear as a distinctive article of costume, since forbidden by petty tyranny to appear in their cassocks on the street; gentlemen, old and young; an officer or two in uniform,—so the car fills up. Meanwhile into a second-class car behind—there are two classes of cars, with different fares, on all tramways in Mexico—are entering women with stiffly starched skirts and enwrapping *rebozos*, and men in white cotton *calsones* and gay blankets. Presently the deep mellow bell of the cathedral clock strikes the hour; the driver mounts to the front platform of the car, utters some energetic remarks to his lively mules, and we are off at a rapid pace, which becomes a gallop as soon as we have passed through the city gates.

It is some time, however, before we reach these gates; and our way thither lies through streets in which there is not one sight or sound to remind us of New America. They might belong to Seville or Granada, these wonderful, picturesque, color-filled thoroughfares, with their ancient houses, where through great, carved doors of dark old wood we catch a glimpse of paved courts and stone staircases, arches and galleries; their shops with fanciful titles, brightly-frescoed exteriors, and small, dark interiors; their churches with time-

mellowed sculptured fronts, overlooking some *plazuela*, where trees droop over the brimming basin of a mossy fountain, and old stone benches stand in the shade. Days and weeks may be delightfully spent in wandering through these streets, and in exploring these old sanctuaries, with their faded splendors and touching histories; but we can not pause now. Our driver winds his horn in imperative signal to any person who may be on the track; the mules increase their already rapid pace; we whirl through the city gates; and around us spreads the open country, while before us lies the causeway that leads to Guadalupe, two and a half miles distant.

It was once a worthy approach to Mexico's great sanctuary, this magnificent causeway, which was constructed in 1673 by the Viceroy and Archbishop Fray Payo de Rivera Enriquez; and adorned along its straight and splendid length by fifteen shrines, beautiful, altar-like structures of stone, richly sculptured and dedicated to the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary; so that pilgrims telling their beads along the way could pause before each to say the prayer appropriate to the mystery. This noble work, of great artistic as well as historical value, has been suffered to fall into shameful decay. Several of the beautiful shrines have disappeared; the *glorieta* which adorned the middle of the way is in ruins; the arches of the picturesque bridges are broken down; and, as a crowning vandalism, the Mexican Railway has been allowed to utilize the causeway for its track. But even in its partial ruin, it remains an enduring monument to the piety and artistic taste of the Viceroy-Archbishop, of whom we are told that "his resignation of his twofold office was regarded in the Province, and with reason, as a public calamity." As we roll rapidly along the broad, level way—elevated, like all causeways leading

out of the city of Mexico, above the green fields over which the waters of the lakes once spread,—we look afar over the fertile valley toward the eastern rim of azure mountains, dominated by the great snow-clad peaks; or, glancing northward, catch a glimpse of the rugged, volcanic height of Tepeyácac, at the foot of which lies the splendid basilica of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.

A little later our car enters the town and pauses in front of the church, where almost all of its passengers descend and cross the road to the great, open doors. It was a noble building, this sanctuary of Guadalupe, before the alterations and renovations were undertaken which closed it to the public for five years during the past decade; but if the design was to show the world how gratefully Mexico remembers the wonder of love and mercy wrought here, that design has been triumphantly accomplished. The free-will offerings of the people have been lavished in untold wealth upon the shrine of the miraculous picture, which, by permission of the Holy See, was solemnly crowned in 1895,—the splendid crown itself being a gift of the women of Mexico. The time-mellowed beauty of the old interior, as the writer saw it first, has vanished; but in its stead is a new magnificence, which will tell to coming generations that in the end of the nineteenth century Mexicans had lost neither their faith, their generosity, nor their artistic sense. For it is strikingly noble in architectural effect, as well as almost overwhelming in the richness of its decoration, this great interior, adorned with sculpture and painting, and burning with gold, as its lofty nave and pillared aisles stretch away to where the superb high altar stands under a soaring, frescoed dome, enshrining in the light of hundreds of tapers the wonderful picture—Our Lady of Mexico.

How wonderful this picture is let us

for a moment consider; for those who doubt its miraculous origin have little idea what questions regarding it present themselves for answer,—questions which in point of fact never have been answered, for the simple reason that they are unanswerable. Its beautiful story has been often told, but it may not be amiss to tell here again how it was on the morning of December 9, 1531, that an Indian, who had received in baptism the name of Juan Diego, and who lived with his wife, Lucia Maria, in the town of Tolpetlac, went to hear Mass in the church of Santiago Tlatelolco. The chronicles relate that “as he was near the hill called Tepeyac he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he amid splendors a Lady who spoke to him, directing him to go to the Bishop and tell him that it was her will that in that place should be built to her a temple. Upon his knees he listened to her bidding; and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the Bishop with the message that she had given him.

“But while the Bishop, Don Juan Zumaraga, heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy that he was told. With this disconsolate answer he returned; finding there again the Lady, who heard what he had to tell and bade him come to her again. Therefore on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside, when she appeared to him for the third time and repeated her order that he should convey to the Bishop her command that the temple should be built. The Bishop heard the message still incredulously, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which might be known that what he told was true. And when the Indian departed the Bishop sent two of his servants to watch him secretly; yet as he neared the holy hill he disappeared from the

sight of these watchers. Unseen, then, of these, he met the Lady and told her that he had been required to bring some sure sign of her appearance; and she told him to come again the next day and he should have that sign.

"But when he came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernardino, lying very ill (having that fever which the Indians call *cocolixtl*). Through the next day he was busied in attendance upon the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12 he went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by that Lady's importunities, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But as he passed the hill he saw the Lady coming down to him and heard her calling to him. He told her of his errand, and of its urgent need for quickness; whereupon she replied that he need not feel further trouble, as already his uncle's illness was cured. Then ordered she him to cut some flowers in that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the Bishop as the sign that he had requested; and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to no other until they were seen of the Bishop's eyes. Therefore he wrapped them in his tilma, or blanket, and hastened away. And then from the spot where Most Holy Mary stood there gushed forth a spring of brackish water, which now is venerated and is an antidote to infirmities.

"Juan Diego waited at the entrance to the Bishop's house until he should come out; and when he appeared and the flowers were shown him, there was seen the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's tilma! The Bishop placed the miraculous picture in

his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego, returning to his home with two servants of the Bishop, found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in the very hour that the Virgin declared that he was well. As quickly as possible the Bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared and where the miraculous roses had sprung up from the barren rock; and here he placed the holy image on the 7th of February, 1532. Juan Diego and his uncle Bernardino became the servants of the Virgin in this sanctuary; and Juan Diego, being moved by a sermon preached by the Venerable Fray Toribio Motolinia, and his wife Lucia Maria consenting and taking a like vow, took there the vow of chastity. Thenceforth he lived in a little house beside the chapel; and there he died a most Christian death in the year 1548."

In this story as it stands there is to the Catholic every mark of probability and truth. For what could be more characteristic of the Mother of God than the tender condescension of the act and the selection of the person to bear her message? No saint, no holy monk or nun, but a poor Indian, one of the humblest of those on whose foreheads the waters of baptism were hardly dry. Then the touches of nature in the story: how he went around by another way, when in haste to bring a confessor to his uncle, "to avoid the importunity of that Lady"! And what a picture follows—of the Lady hastening down the hillside toward him and bidding him gather roses on the bare, volcanic rocks where not even a blade of grass grows to-day! Happy Juan Diego to have been called to gather those roses of Paradise! And when he placed them in the tilma, or blanket, which he took from his shoulders, how little he could have guessed that this poor blanket was to be venerated above all other things

in Mexico through centuries to come! Yes, with reverence be it said, it is all like the Blessed Virgin—very like. And as in the case of Bernadette of Lourdes, so to Juan Diego the great honor of being the messenger of the Queen of Heaven, so far from becoming a cause of pride or worldly advantage, was a call to a life of humility, retirement, and perfect detachment from the world. The Catholic knows well that it is not of such material as this that impostors are made. But those for whom “miracles do not happen,” those who either doubt the existence of God or limit His power, and who, therefore, deny the supernatural origin of the picture, are confronted with some difficulties which they are altogether unable to explain.

The first of these is the nature and composition of the picture itself. This is executed on a coarsely-woven native fabric, than which no worse cloth for the purpose could possibly be selected; and the most careful examination has always failed to detect the least sign or trace of any preparation or priming, such as every artist knows is absolutely necessary to prepare cloth to receive colors. And, as if this were not wonder enough, the picture combines four kinds of painting, each requiring a different preparation of the canvas, yet all four harmoniously blended here, though inconsistent with each other according to the rules and possibilities of art—viz., oil, distemper, water-color, and a second species of distemper which the Mexicans call *labrada al temple*. And lest this sound incredible, even to Catholic ears, let it be clearly understood that the assertion is made under oath by various distinguished painters and men of the highest character, who, on different occasions, have composed the commissions appointed to examine rigorously and report upon the picture.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.—HENRY MORAN HEARS HIMSELF DISCUSSED.

THIS plan of Mr. Mortimer's, to take the inmates of the cottage for a drive or two, irritated Mr. Moran unreasonably. Why was this old man privileged to minister thus to their pleasures, while he could do nothing? He had horses waiting idly in the stable, which the groom had to take out for mere exercise. He had carriages, too, of various shapes and sizes; but of what use were they under the circumstances? He began to think with longing of that lovely mountain drive, which he had so often taken carelessly with men out from town. He remembered feeling a certain pride in the admiration which the scenery had always called forth, as though it were something which belonged to him.

But all this had been very vague. Now, however, he brought before his mind as in a panorama the spots which that driving party would visit on the morrow: the lovely breaks in the wooded road, whence the valley appears, overhung with soft mists, through which the sun penetrates, transfusing it into golden gleams and glints; or dazzling in the splendor of a summer day, languid yet radiant; with streams wandering through it in sylvan quietude; or farms enlivening it, stretched forth, prosperous and comely, with every sign upon them of American thrift, and with the plenty, without luxuriance, which marks the temperate zone. There cattle graze, and their tranquil figures are emblematical of the calm of country life. There human outlines, dimly perceptible, disturb the harmony, and symbolize the perpetual unrest of man.

Henry Moran fancied himself standing upon those heights with Kate, a figure of youth and hope; and herein was a symbol, too, dimly understood. The thought occurred to him, vaguely indeed, that in some undefined future she might lead him to heights where they should look down upon the valley of his present life. His mind followed the wanderings of that much-envied driving party, along those cool mountain paths of variegated green. Around them oaks—primeval oaks,—maples and larches and elms and sycamores, with the white birch, the lady of the forest, crowding together, a silent multitude, hearkening to the voices of the wind; while those heights and depths were haunted, as are all American forests, by the sombre ghosts of the half-mythical red-men; for their canoes are on all the rivers, their names on the hills and in the cities built upon their former possessions.

Now, these thoughts as they are set down here were certainly not in Henry Moran's mind. But his imagination was at work, reclothing with new attributes those scenes so long familiar; and the coolness and the quiet and the verdure of those mountain paths, looking upward to rugged heights or downward to deep gorges, haunted him as a very dream of peace. The truth was that he had been overwrought by the wild fever of the wreck in Wall Street, during which his iron will had kept him, at least outwardly, cold, immovable, impenetrable. Now his mind and heart had reacted; for human minds and hearts are not made for such scenes nor to have such fierce constraint put upon them; so that whatever was the antithesis of that tumult charmed him. It was part of Kate's attraction for him that she was removed by an infinite distance from such clamor—by her faith, by

the poetry of her nature, and by her surroundings.

It is true that her sisters were equally removed from the strife; but attraction is never logical, and they had not the same sort of unusual beauty as Kate, nor the same magnetism; to which must be added that new excellence he had just discovered—the gift of song. Why, with that voice of hers she could play upon him as on a harp, could move him at her will as though he had been a dummy on a dress-board! All his life he had loved music; for under his exterior hardness was, curiously enough, a passionate response to melody, to harmony, to musical expression of any sort.

Henry Moran was recalled by the mention of a name from the unusual regions into which he had strayed.

"I had almost hoped," said Mr. Mortimer, "to meet my young friend Holloway here."

The mention of this name brought a blush, unseen in the shadow where she sat, to the face of one of the girls.

"And we almost expected him," Mrs. Raymond responded; "but at the last moment he telegraphed us to the contrary."

At which the girls began to exchange half-comical, half-remorseful glances, when they remembered their delight upon the receipt of that dispatch, which had followed close upon Mr. Mortimer's. For though Jack Holloway was a prime favorite with the whole Raymond family, and something much nearer and dearer to one of them, the fatal *fiat* of that fateful butcher had precluded any pleasure in the promised visit.

"He is a charming fellow and a clever fellow too," continued Mr. Mortimer; "and I wasn't half sorry to hear what a little bird had to say of him and one of my girls here."

There was the same flush on one face and the same withdrawing of one youthful figure into the background.

"But," said Mr. Mortimer, "there is one obstacle at present. The boy has just met with some reverses in Wall Street. The fortunes of war, my dears. To-morrow he may be up again."

"Poor Jack!" said Kate. "That is why he didn't come, I suppose."

Moran had listened breathlessly. No name had been spoken in connection with that of Jack Holloway. He could almost hear the beating of his own heart. Kate's tone and words might, of course, mean anything. However, after a pause, suggestive, full of thought to all, there, in the palpitating night, a majestic moon slowly rising to her zenith, with the stars as torch-bearers upon her pathway, Mr. Mortimer's voice spoke out clear, incisive, with almost startling distinctness:

"Talking of Wall Street, my dears, you must have heard of that extraordinary fellow, Mr. Henry Moran?"

The listener started to his feet. In his excitement and anxiety, the scruple which might have occurred to him as to hearing what was obviously not meant for his ears was swept away. The girls all cried out together:

"Yes, we have heard of him, of course."

"But," added Kate, "we know very little about him."

"You would no doubt have known more—" Mr. Mortimer said to Mrs. Raymond.

But that lady shook her head.

"I once was interested in Wall Street, with all its works and all its pomps," she observed; "I used to make it my boast that I knew every man of mark on the Exchanges."

"Well," said Mr. Mortimer, "Moran is a speculative genius; a very Napoleon of commerce, they call him."

"He may chance to find his Waterloo,

then," Mrs. Raymond remarked, sadly.

"Nothing could seem further off," said Mr. Mortimer. "He seems to have the gift of reading other men's minds, of foretelling future events, of holding destinies in the palm of his hand, of making or marring."

Kate was leaning forward, listening intently. Henry Moran could see her distinctly from where he stood, but scarcely the sudden flush which dyed all the fairness of her face.

"There is something grand in it," she said, breathlessly; "a whole epic poem, the story of a conqueror."

"What! Kate, my poetic little Kate, turned Mammon-worshiper!" said Mr. Mortimer, with a quizzical look at her.

"It is not the money I am thinking of," she said, in the same breathless fashion: "it is the power of the man, godlike, in a certain sense—I mean the heathen gods, of course," she interrupted whimsically.

"Thousands—millions of dollars are at stake many times in the year; and he stoically wins, and wins unmoved and impassive as a sphinx," continued Mr. Mortimer.

"Has he ever lost?" asked Kate again.

"Yes, he has lost; and without the quiver of an eyelash, they tell me," answered Mr. Mortimer.

"Oh, that is still grander!" said Kate. "It's a wonder we don't weave laurel wreaths for the monetary victors, or celebrate their triumphs by odes, singing pæans in their praise. For the self-control, the endurance, the patience they require are surely themes for song and story."

Everyone looked at Kate. Nobody had ever heard such sentiments before from her, nor pronounced with such enthusiasm. No man had ever, indeed, seemed to awaken the slightest interest in her. It is true Henry Moran was to her only an abstraction, a type;

but his image seemed in some strange manner to fascinate, to dominate her.

"He, and such men as he, are assuredly playing a losing game," observed Mr. Mortimer, composedly. "And, Kate, they are hoarding up no treasures there where they would be safe from the rust and from the thief."

Kate sighed, she scarcely knew why.

"I suppose it is because this wonderful genius of yours possesses the qualities that I lack that he so interests me," said the girl; "just as if he were the hero of some historical novel. And you know my few heroes have always been worshiped at a distance."

"Worse luck for some of the heroes," said Mr. Mortimer. "But, O Kate, do not allow yourself to be blinded by the glitter of gold!"

"No, no, never by gold!" said Kate.

"Nor by the gold-makers," insisted Mr. Mortimer, with curious persistency. "Such men as this Henry Moran are mere jugglers with fortune; their own reverses may come."

"I should like to see this man," she declared, with pretty wilfulness. "Is he young? I suppose not. Good-looking? I should fancy him ugly."

"Kate, Kate, my child!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer. "Can you who are seeking the kingdom of heaven so earnestly really set such store by this kingdom of earth won in Wall Street?"

"It is not the kingdom but the king that interests me."

Then a sudden thought came into her head; for she was young and she had her weakness. Would it not be a glory to conquer this all-conqueror and to lead him toward that other kingdom? Many women, by the way, especially when they are young and ardent, have that idea. How few successfully carry it to completion! Conversion is much more than it seems. It is the uprooting of a whole set of maxims, ideas and

standards of conduct; the driving out of the spirit of the world and the infusing of another and very contrary spirit; the learning to deny self and to consider others; the respect for poverty, the contempt of wealth. But Kate was very inexperienced, and she began to dream this wild dream which took sudden and powerful possession of her. What good might be done with this man's money! What a power for religion might he himself become!

"As to his age," Mrs. Raymond said, "he can not be very old, or he would come within the scope of my Wall Street knowledge."

She had listened with amusement to the little war of words between the old man and the young girl, but an amusement not unmixed with sadness. She had gone back to her own days, when Horace Raymond had been a leading figure on Change; never, indeed, so dominant, so commanding a figure as this strange man, toward whom for a moment she felt a jealous resentment.

"I fancy he is a man of middle age," assented Mr. Mortimer. "And, by the way, I thought I heard that he was living out this way."

This suggestion produced a strange excitement in Kate, as though some game of chance had been beginning in which she was eager to win.

"It must be a mistake," went on Mr. Mortimer. "You would surely have heard of it if he lived in these parts. He is not one to remain in obscurity anywhere. Probably it is in some other of these Jersey towns, in the shadow of these same hills, that he chooses to bury his greatness."

Mr. Mortimer broke the silence which followed by observing:

"I must confess that, like Kate, I have a curiosity to see and know this man. His personality attracts me. Jack Holloway knows him very well. He

has, I believe, done the boy some good turn; and Jack gives such glowing descriptions of his hero as should make Mr. Henry Moran a *persona grata* here. But, indeed, the newspapers are full of him these days."

Kate took mental note of this saying. In the excitement of moving and of getting settled, she had read the papers very little indeed.

"The great pity of it is," added the old gentleman, in a regretful tone, "that he never, so they tell me, enters any church at all. It appears he has no religion whatever."

"There are, unfortunately, so many like him," said Mrs. Raymond, "that these indifferentists are fast becoming a type amongst our countrymen. I am glad they do not cross our path," she added; "for wealth, unaccompanied by religion and moral principle, is too often a curse."

"True, indeed, Mrs. Raymond; you and I, with our experience of life, can see that all about us. The dear girls and yourselves are better and happier as you are, believe me."

"Only we should like a little more money," suggested Elinor, demurely.

"Aha, my pretty wood-pigeon, my violet of the woods, Miss Elinor, you, too, are bitten with the prevailing mania!" cried Mr. Mortimer. "Not that money, rightly used, is not a good thing and very useful. But it can't buy happiness, children, nor even contentment. Take an old fellow's word for that."

"We wouldn't ask for much," said Kate, wistfully.

"Well, it's hard if you can't have a little," said Mr. Mortimer. "But with those eyes and that complexion, Kate dear, there's no knowing—no knowing! And now I must away to bed. We shall all be up to early Mass in the morning. I don't like to miss my Sunday Holy Communion."

"Some of us will be going to eight o'clock Mass," replied Mrs. Raymond, "others to seven; so you can choose."

"Is the church far away?"

"Only half a mile, and a lovely walk," said Kate.

When Mr. Mortimer had bid them good-night, and the mother too had retired, the girls stood a moment, a pretty group, looking about them silently, and thinking, perhaps, of what their elders had been saying.

Mary broke the silence.

"Now we must go and wash the dinner dishes," she said. And off they all trooped to the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

The Man-God's Tender Eyes.

OSPIRIT of Eternal Light!
Break Thou upon my soul,
That far the darkness of sin's night
To mercy's deeps may roll;
Illume with rays of life and love
Divinity's disguise,
Cleanse Thou my vision to behold
The Man-God's holy eyes.

O Mary, thou didst gaze therein
For three and thirty years;
Dost wonder that, though full of sin
And dimmed with bitter tears,
My eyes would fain look into deeps
Where heavenly comfort lies?
My gaze shall follow thine to see
The Man-God's tender eyes.

Two wellsprings of eternal love,
With source above;
Two founts of saving wine
From the true vine;
All the mother-love of ages
Gleaming through,
All the wisdom of the sages
In their depths of blue!

Dear Eyes aglow with love-light,
Dear Eyes that Mary knew,
What must the Loved Disciple
Have seen that night in you,
When resting on that bosom
He felt the Christ-Heart beat,
That drew his eyes to speak their love,
And answering love to meet!

Dear Eyes with anguish shadowed,
 Where love with sorrow blends,
 You speak in tones undying:
 "I was wounded by My friends!"
 Ah! weak yet loyal Peter,
 What said those Eyes to thee,—
 Those Eyes that never weary
 How faithless e'er I be?

Dear Eyes with pain o'erclouded,
 The love-light struggles through.
 "Forgive!" each glance speaks mutely;
 "Men know not what they do."
 With gaze fixed on our Mother,
 The love-light dims and dies,
 Her heart-grief mirrored in their deeps,
 Death seals the Christ's dear eyes!

*When Vesper hymns have all been sung,
 And 'Benediction's o'er,
 We watch with eager, loving hearts
 The Tabernacle door;
 So those white lids we gaze upon
 Hide that which never dies;
 The key of death will show to us
 The Man-God's tender eyes.*

Washington's Catholic Aid-de-Camp.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE title of personal friend of George Washington can justly be borne by four men unconnected with him by family ties. These are: Dr. James Craik, who was his family physician and frequent companion; La Fayette, whose connection with the great chief is known by all men; Lund Washington, the Mount Vernon manager, whose intimacy with his employer was so great as to allow him to be captious in his letters to his great namesake; and John Fitzgerald, his Catholic aid-de-camp. None of the others was the equal of Fitzgerald in absolute personal devotion to Washington and reverent intimacy with him. Faithful in danger to his person and his reputation, Fitzgerald had a large place in Washington's heart. He was one of the most active Catholic laymen

in the early days of the Republic; he gave assistance to the foundation of Georgetown College, and was the principal lay promoter of the building of a Catholic church in Alexandria, of which town he was mayor in 1787, and Collector of Customs in 1798. A sketch of his life and times may well interest the readers of THE AVE MARIA.

From what portion of Ireland he came is not known. His sept of the Geraldines has been so prolific of great men that his name carries honor with it. In 1769 or 1770 he came to Alexandria, then a village which gathered tobacco for foreign ships. When he reached America, Washington had apparently ended his military career. His first revolutionary movements against the stamp act and the illegal British taxes had softened down under the peace policy of Governor Botetourt, who, as Irving relates, had given such assurances that the illegal taxes would be repealed that Virginia grew quiet; and Washington, having supported the colony against the French and Indians as a warrior, and against the British Parliament as a statesman, had settled down with his bride in his honeymoon of ten years at Mount Vernon, and become a quiet Virginia planter.

All through these years Washington's private life had won the esteem and confidence of the people, and they were more willing to press him into the public service than he was to undertake it. Soon after Fitzgerald arrived in Alexandria an election for the House of Delegates took place. Fairfax then chose two delegates. Washington writes in his diary, under date of December 1, 1770: "Went to election of burgesses at the court; and was there, with Colonel West, chosen. Remained all night to a ball I had given."

At this ball John Fitzgerald, the young merchant, made his first appearance in

Virginia society. A graceful dancer as well as one of the finest horsemen of the time, he speedily became popular in the community of which Washington was the head. But his acquaintance with the great chief was of slow growth; for Washington was reserved, and tested merit was the only key to his friendship.

In those years, when Fitzgerald was busy with commercial pursuits, there was a disposition to look upon him askant as an Irish Catholic; for the law of the colony still persecuted Catholics and forbade Mass. The Anglican church was by law established, yet there was no public persecution of Catholics; and Dissenters were so far tolerated that the Presbyterians were building with their own money a church almost as fine as that which the Anglicans had just put up with tobacco money derived from public taxation. Maryland Catholics, too, were close at hand. The Potomac was not wide enough to prevent interchanges of kindness, which soon rose to friendship and was fast extinguishing bigotry. Fitzgerald, genial and fine-looking, was quite a favorite with the English maidens and the Scottish lasses that made Alexandria even at that time true to its original name of Belle Haven. Fitzgerald, however, avoided a mixed marriage, and led to the altar Miss Jane Digges, of Warburton Manor, in Maryland, a few miles away, opposite Mount Vernon. Her father, Dr. Digges, had become one of Washington's friends.

Meanwhile Governor Dunmore had succeeded Governor Botetourt, and British misrule in 1774 drove the colonists to arms. In that year a new political and social alignment was made in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon. The churchmen who adhered to the King became distrustful of Washington. The spirit of the time is well displayed in a letter of Mr. J. T. D. Smythe, who in his book gives a Tory's bird's-eye view

of Washington's neighborhood in those days. He writes:

"It was at Alexandria that George Washington first stepped forth as the public patron and leader of sedition and revolt.... Although there were a number of gentlemen of loyal principles in this place with whom I was very well acquainted, yet I could not associate with them, nor could we even converse together, only with the utmost caution and privacy, lest I should be discovered and we should all fall victims to the lawless intemperance and barbarities of an ignorant and frantic mob."

With the liberal churchmen who stood by Washington, and the Presbyterians, Fitzgerald soon became a favorite; for they welcomed Catholic or infidel, Jew or Gentile, who became identified with the patriot cause. Fitzgerald thus took a prominent place in the public esteem, which he never forfeited.

The call to arms against British misrule was sounding throughout the land when, at the close of the fishing season in the year 1774, Washington returned to his home to find there several gentlemen. These were Mr. Tilghman, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Dr. Digges. At Washington's invitation they "dined and stayed all night," says the diary of the great chief. Dr. Digges and Mr. Tilghman were Marylanders, while Fitzgerald had already become a Virginian. More than that, he came to be trusted by Washington; and henceforward, as long as Washington remained at Mount Vernon, he was the guide of all the officers of Irish birth, like Colonel Moylan, who called on the great chief.

Very soon Fitzgerald's offer to follow Washington to the war was accepted, and he became aid-de-camp to the commander, thereafter attaching himself specially to his person. He organized Washington's life-guard, whose flag

hung in the Alexandria Museum until it was destroyed by the fire which consumed that building in 1871. George W. P. Custis, Washington's step-son, never tired of narrating circumstances which proved the extraordinary attachment of Fitzgerald to his commander. In his "Recollections of Washington" he gives a vivid sketch of the conduct of Fitzgerald when, at a critical point of the movement of the American army between Trenton and Princeton, the chief dashed to the front of the American lines and rode direct toward the enemy, being between two fires. Says Custis:

"The arms of both lines are levelled. Can escape be possible? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of his loved commander, dropped the reins on his horse's neck and drew his hat over his face that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeds and then a shout. The aid-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes. Oh, glorious sight! The enemy are broken and flying; while dimly, amidst the glimpses of smoke, is seen the chief, alive, unharmed, and without a wound, waving his hat and cheering his comrades to the pursuit! Colonel Fitzgerald, celebrated as the finest horseman in the American army, now dashed the rowels into his charger's flanks and, heedless of the dead and dying in his way, flew to the side of his chief, exclaiming, 'Thank God, your Excellency is safe!' The favorite aid, a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin, a man of thews and sinews, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' now gave loose rein to his feelings and wept like a child for joy. Washington, ever calm amid scenes of the greatest excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of his aid and then ordered, 'Away, dear Colonel! Bring up the troops; the day's our own.'"

Washington's person, reputation and fortune called out the continued devotion of his Irish aid-de-camp. When in

1777 General Conway's cabal made conspiracy to deprive Washington of the command of the armies, and assailed his reputation, Colonel Fitzgerald, hearing that General Roberdeau, who also lived in Alexandria, had in his possession a letter bearing on the conspiracy, of which it was important that Washington's friends should have a copy, followed Roberdeau to York and there, tradition has it, threatened to whip him if he did not produce the letter; and allowed him to escape only on Roberdeau's solemnly assuring him that he had returned the letter to General Conway.

Fitzgerald's townsmen at Alexandria became quite alarmed for the safety of Mount Vernon when Dunmore, with his rabble of freed slaves and Tories, was making excursions up the Potomac and spoliating on its banks. Lund Washington had packed up much of the movable goods, ready for a removal; and provision had been made for the residence of Mrs. Washington and her family in General Washington's town house, a small frame building in the city.

A raid up the Potomac happened at a time when Fitzgerald was in Alexandria making a connection, on Washington's personal account, between the commander at the North and his Mount Vernon manager. As the little fleet came up the river Fitzgerald took command of a small fort, ready to drive them off; but the militia colonel, who was gathering troops at the market square, on hearing the fire of the flotilla, and having little or no ammunition, hauled down the flag which had been proudly flying over the market whence Washington had in 1754 marched with his small troop against the French and Indians. The raiding flotilla, however, finding the little fort manned, turned its rudders, after firing a shot or two, and went down the river. Fitzgerald proceeded to the market square and

gave the colonel a sound "drubbing," says a contemporary authority; then hoisted again the flag, that was never lowered until peace had been proclaimed.

When, in 1783, Peace came with Independence, Fitzgerald resumed his business in Alexandria, and was for a while a prosperous merchant. He was engaged with Washington in a plan of internal improvement, organized the Potomac Company for the purpose of removing obstructions in that river, thus enabling Alexandria and Georgetown (for the city of Washington did not then exist) to connect their trade with the great West, which then began on the head waters of the Potomac river.

Known as a gallant soldier and an active citizen, the people of Alexandria in 1786 elected him their mayor, and he presided at the Court of Hustings. At this time he assisted the Rev. John Carroll in the beginnings of Catholic education in America by the foundation of an academy at Georgetown, which has now grown to be the University of that name. No Saint Patrick's Day ever passed without a celebration at the hospitable home of Colonel Fitzgerald. The few Catholics who had returned from the War of the Revolution to Alexandria included, says Custis, John Burns, who, on the deck of a British prison-ship, sick, half-starved, but still true to his country, cried, "Hurrah for America, if I die for it!"

Saint Patrick's Day, 1788, was also election day in Virginia for the choice of delegates to the State Convention, which should ratify or reject the Federal Constitution proposed at Philadelphia in 1787. Washington came from Mount Vernon to vote for candidates in its favor; and Colonel Fitzgerald entertained him at a dinner party, to which some of the principal inhabitants of the town were invited. In the after-dinner talk some one asked why a Catholic

church had not been built in Alexandria; and Colonel R. T. Howe, who had been the first mayor of that town, offered to donate two acres as the site of a church and graveyard. Fitzgerald accepted the offer, and within the next decade the first little church was built.

Fitzgerald's last official service to Washington is narrated by George W. P. Custis, the child of Mount Vernon, who was himself the companion of Fitzgerald upon the occasion. He writes: "In the November of the last days, when the great chief reviewed the Alexandria Blues and other volunteer companies from the steps of the City Hotel, opposite the market, Colonels Fitzgerald and Custis were the honorary aids at the review."

A bitter Federalist, Fitzgerald stood by John Adams even when Adams had grown unpopular in consequence of the Alien and Sedition Laws. He named his suburban villa "Federal Spring." Adams made him, in 1798, Collector of the Port of Alexandria; but his popularity waned and his business interests languished. When Washington died he said he had no longer a desire to live, and he survived the great chieftain only a few months. His estate was encumbered, and in 1818, nearly two decades after his death, his debt to the United States was settled by the sale of "Federal Spring," and its name was changed.

The road over which the Electric Railway to Mount Vernon carries tens of thousands of pilgrims every year skirts on the east the Catholic graveyard; and there, on a grassy knoll, not many rods from where Fitzgerald assisted to rear the first Catholic church in Tidewater, Virginia, a monument will one day stand, upon which the pilgrim to Mount Vernon may read as he passes:

TO THE MEMORY OF
COLONEL JOHN FITZGERALD,
WASHINGTON'S CATHOLIC AID-DE-CAMP.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—POINTS OF VIEW.

"ALL the good books," said the Student, with conviction, "are dear. You can buy, of course, the old fellows for almost nothing."

"Which is a bad thing for their heirs," answered the Critic. "Think of what the Shakspeare family would have accumulated by this time."

"If Sir Thomas Lucy had managed to get a lien on Will's future profits," said the Host, "the Lucys of Charlote would have been able to purchase a peerage by this time. The Shaksperes have all disappeared, but the Lucys are at the old place. I sympathize with the Student; but I think the good books would not be so dear if publishers would adopt the French plan and send out their books in paper covers."

"And reduce their gains," said the Convert.

"The publisher ought to live for the benefit of the public," said the Critic.

"No: only the author is expected to do *that*," replied the Host. "Here is Macmillan's beautiful edition of Coventry Patmore's 'Life and Letters—'"

"For which I paid ten dollars," said the Newspaper-man, with a groan, "because I allowed a friend to choose his own Christmas gift."

"And there was the Life of Tennyson," said the Student. "I have been waiting for it to go into a cheaper edition."

"I can not say that I like Coventry Patmore when I get near enough to hear some of his 'thinkings aloud,'" said the Lady of the House. "His critical attitude toward priests is very shocking."

"It is a delightful book," said the Host. "I think that his supreme faith atones for everything."

"That's heresy," answered the Critic,

promptly. "Faith can not possibly atone for the lack of charity. Mr. Patmore was certain to say the worst thing possible about priests—that is secular priests."

"And his unkindness about Cardinal Manning!" said the Lady of the House. "Surely you don't forget his speech to the horrified young convert. Here it is, page 35, Vol. II. I think it is really atrocious."

"And I think it is very amusing," the Critic observed, laughing. "As Mr. Basil Champneys says, Patmore intended it only as an irritation for those who hold that every priest must be immaculate and that the Church is dependent on the moral perfection of her priests. The friend of Mr. Patmore asked: 'Weren't you surprised, Mr. Patmore, to hear of — church being burned down? I can't imagine how it could have happened.'—Patmore. 'I know very well how it happened.'—V. 'Oh, I do wish you'd tell me how!'—P. 'The priests burned it.'—V. 'Why, what on earth could they have done that for?'—P. 'To get the insurance money.' After this a dead pause," continued the Critic, reading. "V. 'Weren't you sorry to hear that Father — was dead?'—P. 'No: I was very glad.'"

"I don't see how anybody can excuse a speech like that!" exclaimed the Lady of the House. "After having read this book, I shall never again be able to enjoy 'The Angel of the House.'"

"A sense of humor—a peculiar quality of whimsical humor, like Sir Thomas More's—" began the Host.

"No humor can excuse the ill-concealed bitterness and want of charity in some of these pious men," the Lady of the House went on. "No, I will not listen to reason or humor either. I can not understand how such good men can be so bad."

"As you would probably never read 'The Angel of the House' a second

time, as it can not possibly appeal to any one who has got beyond the age of bread and jam, I advise you to try to find some beauties in this 'Memoir and Correspondence,'" said the Host. "How deeply Patmore feels! How original his line of thought is! The mystical meaning of religion is his very life. He seems to have been the only man of the English-speaking race that could approach the flights of St. Teresa or St. John of the Cross. One may smile at his whimsicalities, and I can not be so indignant as the Lady of the House when he hesitates between the Sistine Madonna and the Venus of Milo for the walls of one of his rooms."

"There!" said the Lady of the House, triumphantly.

"They've both been cast out of the public schools of New York," said the Newspaper-man, gravely.

"He is so devout, so mystical, so essentially poetical, so distinguished in an undistinguished time, so beautifully unlike everybody else—"

"And he makes you laugh," said the Young Priest from the sofa by the grate. "You'd forgive anybody who makes you laugh."

"One of the worst qualities of the Celts!" said the Convert, mournfully.

"It is that *bon-mot* about Louis Veuillot that makes you see all Patmore's virtues and defects in a rose-colored light," said the Young Priest, hastily. "Patmore didn't like Veuillot; Veuillot was too exaggerated. 'Ah, Monsieur!' said Veuillot's admirer, a French lady, 'he is the best man in the world.'—'No,' said Patmore: 'only the best man of the *Universe*.' That decided your appreciation of this strangely contradictory person."

The Host laughed.

"You've hit me hard. I think you are all inclined to apply the practice of destructive criticism to these two beau-

tiful volumes, which contain as much sense, common and uncommon, as any other great books of the last century. And the letters to him! And his letters! And his criticism! Listen to this: 'I have been reading Shelley again, after never having looked at him for thirty years. My young impression of him is quite unchanged. Most of his poems—even his most celebrated, as 'Prometheus Bound'—are all unsubstantial splendor, like the transformation scene of a pantomime or the silvered globes hung in gin palaces. He is least unreal when he is wicked or representing wicked people, as in the 'Cenci.' And: 'Browning had nearly every poetic quality—except that of writing poetry—in an eminent degree.'"

"I call *that* destructive criticism," said the Student, gloomily.

"Ah! but there is that simply faithful passage about the Rosary," exclaimed the Convert, "which, quoted by THE AVE MARIA, called my attention to the book!"

"I admit," answered the Lady of the House, "that a man who had such childlike faith must have been, at heart, good. For thirty-five years he had not felt so warmly toward the Blessed Virgin as he should. He therefore resolved to do the very last thing in the world which his natural inclination would have suggested: he went to Lourdes. Will somebody read the rest?"

"Accordingly," read the Student, "'on the 14th of October, 1877, I knelt at the shrine by the River Gave, and rose without any emotion or enthusiasm or unusual sense of devotion, but with a tranquil sense that the prayers of thirty-five years had been granted.'"

"These volumes contain the life-records of a wonderful *man*," said the Host.

"When I am a publisher," sighed the Student, "I will print all the fine books in paper covers, as they do in France."

About Certain Troublesome Words.

IN a famous letter to a preacher who yearned to debate a point of Catholic faith with him, Cardinal Newman begged to be excused, but playfully offered to fiddle against his challenger if some sort of contest must take place between them. The reason which the great Cardinal assigned for his refusal was that the proposed debate would be "like a duel between a dog and a fish, because we live in different elements." We have sometimes thought that certain Catholic apologists do a little less than justice to the adversaries of our holy faith through failure to grasp the terminology of the science and the philosophy that are current among unbelievers; and it is certain that many of the opponents of the Church are quixotic chevaliers charging windmills—men honest and earnest enough, whose opposition would vanish if they understood the language in which Catholic apologists speak to them.

For instance, one frequently reads in Catholic books about the "worship" due to the Mother of the World's Redeemer; and the phrase, as everyone knows, is perfectly orthodox. But in many minds the word *worship* exactly connotes *supreme worship* or *adoration*, and in these minds a prejudice is immediately created by any reference to the worship due to the Mother of God. Again, it is a question whether the word *confession* is not an unfortunate expression for the Sacrament of Penance. The notion prevails among those outside the Church that Catholics believe a mere recital of sins, followed by priestly absolution, is all of confession, and that we approach the holy tribunal merely to wipe off old scores and to secure a fresh slate for new ones; while the essential notion of confession is, of course, penance with a firm purpose of amendment. Undoubtedly

the expression *Sacrament of Penance*, which is the correct theological term, is better suited to convey a right notion of the sacrament than the word *confession*. Still another troublesome word is *indulgence*, the misapprehension of which recently brought a "literary lady" to grief and enforced on the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* the painful necessity of apologizing to his Catholic readers.

In his masterly article on Indulgences, in the same review, the Bishop of Newport observes that "the word 'indulgence' is in England a marked and branded word, especially when it occurs in connection with sin. I remember being once engaged in a mild newspaper controversy with a venerable dignitary of the Establishment, who wanted to fasten upon me the immorality of 'indulgences' by quoting what Gloster flings in the face of the Bishop of Winchester in 'Henry the Sixth,' First Part, Act i, sc. 3. I had to point out to him that the ecclesiastical meaning of the word *indulgentia* was by no means identical with the literary force of the term 'indulgence.' ... The old English 'pardon' is better; it does not, at least, suggest that the Church is allowing a man to enjoy himself. But 'pardon' may be of many kinds, and would always require some interpretation. The German *Abläss*, although better than 'indulgence,' is also too indefinite. In fact, the peculiar kind of spiritual 'remission' which is intended to be designated by the ecclesiastical and canonical *indulgentia* can not be defined by any one English term."

And Mr. J. Herbert Williams, whose name is not unknown to Catholic readers in this country, states the difficulty plainly in a letter to the *Weekly Register*. We quote a part:

Let a Catholic make a great effort, and, if it be possible, forget for the time his religious associations with the terms he employs, wipe them clean off his mental slate, and consider only what the word "indulgence" means in ordinary English.

Does it mean "remission" of anything? Now frankly. When I promise myself a temporary indulgence in fault-finding do I mean any remission? Not at all. I mean to put on more fault-finding. The holidays are just over, and many persons have allowed themselves a seasonable indulgence in eating and drinking. It has not been remission.

Indulgence is euphemistic. What I call indulgence my doctor calls indiscretion, my enemy calls excess, and my spiritual adviser may sometimes name vice. We do not talk of indulging in virtuous practices, but we do of indulging in what is suspiciously otherwise. An indulgent parent is one who spares the rod and spoils the child. Sensual indulgence is as natural a collocation of words as moral restraint. An indulgence is an allowance I give myself, or a fond parent gives me, to do what I like, but what I am aware, or the fond parent is aware, deflects somewhat from the line of strict virtue. Take the case of a dipsomaniac who allows himself now and again a week's indulgence. Everyone knows what that means in plain English. And we can be understood by the plain Englishman only when we speak to him in plain English. What, then, should mean "an indulgence of ten days" or of "thirty days"? Do you blame the plain Englishman for his misunderstanding of it?

An indulgence is defined as "remission of temporal penalty," and "temporal" is as opposed to everlasting. So the Catholic says, but so does not say our modern English. The opposite of "everlasting" is not "temporal" but "temporary." "Temporal" is opposed to supraterrrestrial, expressing what belongs to the things of time, to the earthly sphere, as contrasted with the other world, the life beyond the grave. "The things which are seen," writes St. Paul (II Cor. iv., 18), "are temporal." It matters not that he means thereby "lasting but for a time." Thenceforward in ordinary English "temporal" has grown to be synonymous with the other expression. "Temporal" things are the things of the visible world. Hence to define an indulgence as a remission of temporal penalty is for the ordinary Englishman *ignotum per ignotius*.

It is easy enough to say, as Mr. Williams points out, that if people want to know about Catholic doctrine they ought to learn our terminology; but this demands more interest and good-will than the average critic of our holy faith possesses. Rhetoricians tell us to write not so that the reader *may* understand but so that he *must* understand; and zeal for the souls of our brethren estranged suggests a similar rule for apologetics. The non-Catholic person we have in mind is not hungering after

the teachings of the Church, nor does he spend his evenings studying the Catholic Dictionary to learn the meaning of the words we use. "He does not trouble himself about such things; they are priestly gammon; he understands well enough what it all comes to, and he goes on traducing the Catholic doctrine. It is unfair, it is malevolent, it is wrong. But we are dealing with our traducers. And is it quite inexcusable? Has it no handle to start from?" And—we insist on this—it is not our traducers alone, but thousands of fairly good people, who honestly believe there is no justification for Catholic teaching, who are victimized by our troublesome terminology. It is ancient, correct, traditional, and we will not give it up; but let us at least acknowledge that it holds a difficulty, and let us lose no opportunity to cry out its meaning before the ignorant self-sufficiency which scorns it.

Kaffir Devotion to Our Lady.

THE following extract from the record of the Zambezi mission, which began with failure and disappointment, but now flourishes beyond all expectation and gathers many souls into the garner of the Lord, will be of interest to our readers; for it shows how our Heavenly Mother is loved by her black children.

One of the Fathers of this mission speaks of a Kaffir named Catherine, a widow, the mother of many children, who after her conversion relapsed into heathenism. Her second conversion was brought about with difficulty, through the special intervention of the Blessed Virgin; and once effected, it proved lasting. Ever after it she went to church most regularly, evidently taking an especial delight in the daily recital of the Rosary. One day an attack of influenza

deprived her of this consolation; but as soon as she regained sufficient strength, she came as before to say her beads; and several times the priest found her sitting by the roadside lamenting, not over her weakness and pains, but over her inability to visit the house of God, to kneel before the statue of Our Lady more frequently.

At length she was confined to her bed, a helpless invalid. Whenever one of the Fathers visited her, he invariably found her with her Rosary in her hand, calmly awaiting the last summons, which came on the 3d of May last year. On the morning of that day she sent her eldest son to ask the priest to pray for her. He promised to do so, and then told the messenger to inquire if she would like to receive Holy Communion once more. The offer was eagerly accepted, and the Viaticum administered to the poor woman; though the Father, on returning to the house, remarked that he did not think the end was near. Only a few minutes later a messenger came running up to announce that the Lord had called His servant home. She had departed this life with her beads clasped in her hands, and her last words had been a request to her son to assist her to kneel that she might reverently say at least part of her beloved Rosary once more.

Thus even is "Darkest Africa" made lightsome by the love of these simple people for the Mother of Holy Hope.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars? The open heart knows, in a revelation which comes to it with every dawn and sunset, that life does not mock its children when it holds this cup of peace to their anguished lips, and that into this tideless sea of rest and beauty every breathless and turbulent streamlet flows at last.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Notes and Remarks.

So far at least as this country is concerned, the Holy Father's new encyclical on Socialism is of exquisite timeliness; for the public press is still discussing the expulsion of two professors from well-known universities on account of alleged socialistic teachings; and it is only necessary for the memory to go back three or four years to recall two other cases almost exactly similar. Formerly the disciples of Socialism were wont to foregather chiefly in beer-gardens; but since the doctrine, in one or other of its innumerable forms, has been adopted by a large number of college and university students, it takes on a new importance. The Holy Father insists strongly on this important point:

We spoke just now advisedly of virtue and religion. For it is the opinion of some, which is caught up by the masses, that the social question, as they call it, is economical merely. The precise opposite is the truth—that it is first of all moral and religious, and for that reason its solution is to be expected mainly from the moral law and the pronouncements of religion. For suppose the productiveness of capital doubled, the hours of labor shortened, food cheap; yet if the wage-earner listens to teaching—as he commonly does, and acts upon it—which tends to destroy reverence for the Deity and to corrupt morals, his labor, too, necessarily deteriorates and his earnings fail. It is found by practical experience that many a workman lives penuriously and miserably, in spite of shorter hours and higher wages, because of his character being bad and religion having no hold upon him. Without the instincts which Christian wisdom implants and keeps alive, without providence, self-control, thrift, endurance and other natural qualities, you may try your hardest, but prosperity you can not provide. That is the reason why we have never encouraged Catholics to form associations for the assistance of the poor or introduce other schemes of the kind, without at the same time warning them that such things must not be attempted without the sanction of religion, without its inclusion and aid.

The economists, of course, have always considered religion a useful conservative force and a powerful ally, but there was need of just such a forcible declaration as the Father of the Faithful has

made. Other points which he emphasizes are that diversity of social classes is a practical necessity in government, that the rights of the wealthy are as sacred as those of the poor, and that rightly constituted authority must not be overthrown. There are, of course, forms of so-called "socialism" that do not conflict with Catholic morals; but the question is a much-muddled one, and the Holy Father's letter will help to clarify it.

They are counting heads in New Orleans. The evangelical churches having disputed the accuracy of the Catholic statistics, a house-to-house canvas was made of the city. "The result," we are told by the press dispatches, "creates some surprise, though its accuracy is generally recognized. This canvas [which has so far covered only one-third of the city] made by the evangelical churches shows that if the same ratio is preserved throughout the city (of which there is no reasonable doubt), the Catholics constitute 164,800 of a total population of 287,000, or even more than they themselves claimed." The number of people who had "no religious preferences" is disappointingly large, and is another reminder that indifferentism, the child of Protestantism, is rising up to call her cursed.

In his manly reply to the virulent critics who assailed him for his address to the Holy Father during the English pilgrimage, the Duke of Norfolk makes no apology for expressing the hope "that the new century may witness the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to temporal independence." He warmly reiterates "a hope which is repeatedly expressed in every part of Christendom"; and he is able to quote some words of a Protestant English statesman, Lord Lansdowne, and even of Signor

Crispi himself, that are quite as ultramontane as his own. But the best paragraph of the letter, it seems to us, is this one—we have already quoted some sentences:

Writers on these subjects too frequently appear to regard the Church as a merely clerical institution, in which the laity are reluctantly yielding to the commands or beguilements of clerical influence. They appear to forget that the vast majority of the Church is composed of laymen,—of men who glory in their faith, who know what their religion means to them, and who would deplore any signs of weakness on the part of the clergy in upholding the dignity of their sacred office, in safeguarding the integrity of the truth, or in carrying out the duties of their trust. It is the failure to appreciate this on the part of non-Catholic writers about the Church, it is this perpetual "missing of the point," which makes so much of what they write and say appear so inept to Catholic readers.

These brave words are good reading for our non-Catholic friends in this country as well as in England. The *ecclesia discens* is not less zealous for pure doctrine and the interests of the faith than the *ecclesia docens*.

About as clever a retort as has come to our notice for a long time is that contained in the protest of the Osage Indians against the abolition, by the United States, of their tribal government. The Commission of Indian Affairs gave the following reasons for their somewhat drastic course of action:

1. Acrimonious disputes between the two tribal factions over elections.
2. The entire absence of harmony between the Osage tribal officers and the Indian agent in the administration of tribal affairs.
3. The selection of ignorant men as office-holders.
4. The profligate use of moneys received from permit taxes.

The memorial which the leaders of the Osage nation have addressed to the President and Senate contains, among other paragraphs, the following adequate reply to the alleged reasons:

We feel, if the Department in abolishing our national government for the causes so assigned by it was administering the principles of eternal justice, that the existence of the United States Government is itself imperilled, provided some power stronger than itself shall undertake to

act as its protector. We note that under your government elections are hotly contested as well before as after election day; that entire harmony does not always exist between your government and others; that the best and most learned of your citizens are not always those who are chosen to fill your offices; and that the disposition made by the Congress of the United States of public moneys is often subjected to the severest and most bitter criticism.

The Indians will doubtless get the worst of the bargain, as usual; but most people will agree that they have the best of the argument.

For the good name of Kansas, it is regrettable that the erratic, if well-intentioned, matron who has been wielding a small hatchet and a large assortment of verbal pyrotechnics for some time past in that State, was not at the outset of her self-imposed crusade gently but firmly compelled to keep the peace. Not a whit less than the men who keep saloons in defiance of the law, is she herself a lawbreaker. No theory upon which one attempts to classify this saloon-wrecking as justifiable war can logically exclude lynching from the same category of human acts. Practically, the condition of affairs in certain parts of Kansas is anarchical; and while the first impulse of the rest of the country has been to smile at the quixotism of Mrs. Nation's crusade, it may be that she has inaugurated a course of violence and bloodshed. This gentle creature is a new kind of New Woman.

Our Protestant Episcopal friends of Brooklyn are nothing if not up-to-date, thoroughly "young century," if one may adopt the latest Parisian phrase. Only a few weeks ago we read of a cake-walk given at a P. E. church entertainment in that city; and now comes an Eastern exchange with an item corroborating the opinion we then formed as to the progressive spirit animating the members

of the sect. At the fifth annual meeting of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, held recently at St. Mark's, Brooklyn, the report of the council discussed "the church plant" of the city,—a suggestive commercial phrase, to say the least of it; and the Rev. Mr. Allis deplored a serious difficulty which confronts him in Sunday-school work. It is the tendency of children to belong to three or four Sunday-schools at once "for what they can get out of it at certain times of the year." Verily, the youthful Brooklynites are not behind their elders in up-to-dateness. After digesting Mr. Allis' remark, we are not greatly surprised to learn from the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain that "if you took an iceberg into some of the churches in this city, the iceberg would crack from the cold it would meet." Cold as are the churches, there are evidently some ardent ministers directing them.

One of the problems which nineteenth-century science perforce left unsolved is aerial navigation. During the closing quarter of the century, it is true, the announcement was more than once made that the long-awaited air-ship had at last been constructed; but while successive tests proved that progress was certainly being made, it still remains for the new century to witness the realization of Tennyson's fancy, "the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,"—if indeed the conquest of the skies is ever to be effected, and travelling in the air in dirigible vessels be more than an iridescent dream of the scientist.

Few of the public men of our time possessed the confidence of the whole country, regardless of parties, in so high a degree as the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, in whom a strong moral character was wedded to the power

of quick, clear reasoning and eloquent speech. He had a scholarly knowledge of many things, and his readings in history and especially in philosophy had inclined him for a few years during his youth toward scepticism. But in later years he returned to plenary belief in the immortality of the soul and the divinity of Christ. A clergyman who knew him well records a conversation in which Senator Davis spoke freely of his religious faith. "I know human history," he said; "and I know that in the first century something happened that destroyed the old world and gave birth to the new. The Resurrection would account for that change, and I do not know that any other adequate solution has ever been proposed."

While the French Chamber of Deputies is hastening the passage of the "Law of Associations," directly aimed at the existence of all religious congregations in France, we notice that week after week these congregations are sending their members to Tonga, Samoa, New Caledonia, the Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides,—in a word, all over the missionary world. If these associations of religious are eventually suppressed in France, that misguided country will have dealt itself a deadly blow, so far as its influence and prestige in the exterior world is concerned. Not only in the Orient, but in every colony where civilization is stamping out barbarism, France will lose incalculable credit. Her missionaries for centuries past have constituted her highest claim to the admiration of humanity; she can scarcely afford to cut off the supply.

Father Oswald Moosmüller, O. S. B., late prior of Wetaug, Illinois, was a striking instance of what a strong soul may accomplish even in an infirm body. While suffering from painful maladies

he filled several important offices in his community, besides caring for a small parish. Nor did he ever welcome even a weighty reason for relaxing his labors; for a writer in *St. Vincent's Journal* records that "when, in unfavorable weather, there were but three worshipers, the pastor omitted nothing of the services, not even the Rosary or the sermon." In spite of his laborious life, his meals were austere frugal, and "nobody ever saw a bed in his cell." In 1885 he was elected abbot of Maryhelp, North Carolina; but he was then acting as schoolmaster to a roomful of forsaken Negroes, and "no amount of persuasion could induce him to accept the election." The fact that this good priest, borne down by physical infirmity, attained the age of sixty-eight in spite of his mortified and laborious life, suggests some seasonable reflections for Lent. *R. I. P.*

An editorial misstatement in the New York *Sun* drew from a Catholic reader an energetic and, we fancy, enlightening letter. The following paragraph replies with admirable brevity and force to the common taunt that our faith forbids us "liberty of thought,"—a taunt usually flung at us by people who don't understand liberty and who are seldom troubled with thought:

Our Lord established for all time one institution to teach religion, and requires obedience to its voice. Now, the Catholic Church claims to be that institution. On the other hand, the Protestant denominations do not make such claims; in fact, they put forth express disclaimers. It is, then, a simple matter for us to keep our faith intact; we hear the Church. Loss of freedom? We are not frightened by an empty phrase. When a man learns arithmetic he loses freedom of thought; he forever commits himself to say nine times nine are eighty-one. We can not conceive how we suffer disadvantage by submitting to that truth whose overlordship is our very aim and object. Not to accept it, not to be bound and compelled by it, would be stultification. And it may be added that here the untroubled bands of logic are not less welcome because they are entwined with strings that wrap the head.



The Lenten Time.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

FULL forty days in the desert waste

Spent Our Lord in fervent prayer,
Nor took of food or drink a taste

All the weeks He tarried there.

No need had He to fast or pray,

Since His grace and strength were ample;

But He wished for us to trace the way—

To leave us His example.

And so each year comes holy Lent,

Come days of fast and prayer,

When Mother Church bids us repent,

And follies past repair.

We all may fast from wilful sin,

Our souls with grace adorning,

Resolved a goodly share to win

Of the joy of Easter morning.

A Rival of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



HE last time I spent an evening at the house on Main Street where sundry young relatives of mine reside, I discovered that my reputation as a story-teller had become perceptibly lessened. My appearance was not, as had hitherto been the case, hailed with joyous shouts of welcome; nor was I importuned before I had removed my overcoat to favor half a dozen eager applicants with "a nice, *true* story about bears or wolves or tigers." On the contrary, I was very quietly received with a "Good-evening, uncle!" and was permitted to spend a full hour in pleasant chat with the elder members of the family before the subject of stories was even broached.

Now, so unusual an experience rather whetted my curiosity, and I waited patiently for the disclosure of the reasons underlying it; feeling pretty confident that Bride would, in the course of the evening, explain my loss of prestige as a recounter of entertaining narratives. Sure enough, after repeated efforts to confine her attention to the book which she pretended to be reading, Bride finally broke in rather abruptly on the conversation of her father and myself with the remark:

"By the way, uncle, don't you know any stories in verse?"

"Stories in verse? Oh, yes! I fancy I can recall one or two. We used to learn some by heart when I went to school. Let me see. Did you ever hear 'The boy stood on the burning deck'?"

"Yes, thank you; and 'Mary had a little lamb' also. But I don't mean those short pieces."

"Well, possibly I could give you pretty lengthy extracts from *Evangeline* or *Hiawatha*.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
indistinct in the twilight.

How does that impress you? Or do you prefer:

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitchie Manito, the Mighty—"

"Oh, that's Longfellow! And I don't mean that kind either. But Aunt Annie was over here on New Year's Eve and she told us a fine story—something like your tales about animals, only it was in rhyme, and of course sounded much better."

"Indeed! That's complimentary. Am I to understand that, unless I turn

poet, I shall hereafter be obliged to play second fiddle to Aunt Annie? But what animals was her story about?"

"'Bout wats," said Frankie, whose bright eyes glistened at the recollection. "'Ots and 'ots of wats, untle; big ones and 'ittle ones,—doodness knows how many kinds."

"Then, Frankie, I guess I must be 'doodness'; for I think *I* know. Isn't this right:

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats;
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers;
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins;
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens:
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives?"

"By George, Uncle Austin, that's the very story!" exclaimed Charlie. "Did Aunt Annie tell you about it? Where'd you learn it? Isn't it great? And didn't the Piper fix them old magistrates fine for not paying him like they said they would?"

"But that was revenge or spite," spoke up gentle Clare. "If the Piper had been one of uncle's saints, he wouldn't have taken all the little children away from their parents; would he, uncle?"

"No, my dear, he certainly wouldn't. 'Tis quite clear that the Pied Piper was no saint. Of course, Charlie, since you liked the story so well, you asked Aunt Annie the meaning of *pied*, did you not?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I never thought about it. What does it mean, anyway?"

"Suppose you consult the dictionary, my boy. There's one on the lower shelf of that bookcase."

After a search long enough to show that Charlie was not so familiar with the book in question as it is advisable for all boys of his age to be, he finally exclaimed:

"P-i-e-d,—'mottled with various colors.'"

"Exactly. Don't you remember the Piper's dress?

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red."

"That's so. Well, anyway, 'twas a first-rate story."

"Ess, but wot 'ould the mans do if he was a taint?" asked Frankie. "Does oo know, untle?"

"Perhaps the best way to answer that question, Frankie, is to tell you another story,—that is, if Miss Bride will condescend to listen to it; for, I regret to say, it is not in verse. 'Tis a true story, however; so possibly that circumstance may atone for the lack of metre and rhyme."

"Certainly," replied my precocious niece. "And I'm sure, uncle, if I had thought you would feel so bad about Aunt Annie's superiority, I should not have mentioned her at all. Perhaps, if you *can* write poetry, you'll oblige us on some future occasion. Just now we will all be satisfied with your prose story,—not *prosy* though, I trust."

"Bride, my dear, you are developing rapidly. I shall have something to say to you later. In the meanwhile did any of you ever hear of Blessed Martin of Porres? No? Well, you *have* heard of St. Rose of Lima, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes! She is Sister Rose's patroness, and is an American saint."

"Well, like St. Rose, Blessed Martin was born in Lima, Peru; and like her, too, he lived in the seventeenth century. He was educated as a surgeon and practised for several years before he became a friar. He entered the Dominican Order, but was so humble that he would not consent to take Holy Orders, contenting himself with remaining a simple 'brother servant.' Like so many other holy men of whom I have told you, he had a notable liking for animals, and more especially for the weaker ones and for those that were unfortunate,

suffering, or abandoned. He frequently used his medical or surgical knowledge in ministering to them, and was not at all disturbed at hearing himself called the 'animal doctor.' Father Vincent of Modena, the author of Blessed Martin's biography, tells a number of charming stories of his kindness to wounded birds and beasts. Two in particular relate how he cured a little dog and a bird of prey, both of whom became favorite pets when they grew well and strong.

"This, however, is not informing you how Blessed Martin rivalled, as he did, the Pied Piper of Hamelin. You must know, then, that the monastery in which he lived was as completely overrun with mice as was Hamelin Town in Brunswick with rats. In the sacristy of the monastery church, especially, a great deal of damage was done to the altar linen and even to the rich vestments. Hundreds of these little animals were scampering about,—gnawing now at the partitions, now at clothing, now at candles,—at everything in fact.

"When one day the Brother sacristan pulled out a drawer to examine his finest set of richly embroidered red velvet vestments, and discovered that a big hole had been eaten through the back of the chasuble, he lost all patience and vowed that he would utterly destroy the pernicious vermin—would massacre their 'whole breed, seed, and generation.' He accordingly hunted up all the traps and snares about the monastery, took them to the sacristy and was placing them in the different corners, when Brother Martin entered. Seeing what he was doing, Brother Martin exclaimed:

"Come, now, Brother, don't do that! Are not the poor mice God's creatures as well as we? Don't they have to suffer when they can find nothing to eat?"

"And is it nothing less than my finest first-class chasubles that can serve them

for meals? Arrah, Brother Martin, go way with you! Be after doctoring your dogs and your hawks. Faith, 'tis myself, please Heaven, will give these sacrilegious marauders a dose that will spoil their appetites from this day out.'

"Brother Martin didn't reply, but went out and secured a very large basket. Re-entering the sacristy, he placed the basket in the middle of the floor, and then knelt down and prayed. The sacristan didn't know what to make of this performance, but kept on arranging his traps. After a few minutes' prayer, Brother Martin stood up, and, assuming a tone of authority, ordered all the mice who were hidden in, about, or under the sacristy to come out of their hiding-places, leave their nests and holes, and jump into his basket. No sooner said than done. From all the holes near which the traps had been set and from half a hundred others the mice came scurrying as though racing to see who would get into the basket first.

"'Holy Virgin!' cried the astonished sacristan, 'did one ever see the like of that? May I never, if they don't obey him as if he were Father Prior himself! Sure, 'tis a downright saint he is, this same Martin. Well, more power to him if he takes his subjects out of here!'

"In the meantime Brother Martin took up the basketful of mice and carried it out to a corner of the garden. Then, turning his little prisoners upon the greensward, he told them to make their home there, and he would see that they received all the food they needed.

"This proceeding proved satisfactory to the sacristan, but it didn't help matters in the infirmary, where the mice had become so great a pest that the infirmarian and his assistant, Brother Joachim, were at their wits' end to preserve salves and ointments from destruction. Hearing of the exodus from

the sacristy which had been brought about by good Brother Martin, Brother Joachim decided to invoke his aid.

"'Brother Martin,' said he, 'I hear you have set up for a friend of those pestiferous little beasts, the mice. Very well. Now mind me. I'll give you till to-night to take all your friends from my domain, the infirmary. If there's a solitary individual mouse left there by that time, I'll exterminate him without the faintest suspicion of pity. It's up to you, then, to take your measures in good time.'

"'Oh, come, come, Brother!' was the reply. 'The mice are not so bad. If you gave them something to eat, if you fed them as the refectorian feeds you, they would injure nothing. However, let us go to the infirmary.'

"They did so, and just as they entered they noticed a timid little mouse peeking out from behind a cupboard.

"'Sister mouse,' said Brother Martin, 'you are not very well off here. You are not safe. Now, you just run off and tell your friends and companions that they must all go to the garden, where I have already placed a number of your relatives. Tell them that hereafter I'll provide them with food every day, and so they won't run the risk of being trapped and killed at almost every instant.'

"As he finished speaking, the obedient messenger started, and scampered all over the monastery, from cellars to garrets. Pretty soon mice by dozens and scores, in companies and battalions, came scurrying into the corridors from all sides.

"'The Lord be good to us!' said Brother Joachim. 'Where have they all come from? Sure, I'd be greyer than Methuselah before I could catch one out of every hundred of them.'

"Paying no attention whatever to Brother Joachim, or the other friars

who came out of their cells to see what all the commotion was about, the mice proceeded to their new quarters in the garden. Every day after that Brother Martin supplied them with food, and his colony forthwith became as inoffensive as formerly they had been annoying.

"There, Frankie, how does Brother Martin suit you?"

"He's a berry dood mans, an' I 'ike him, untle."

"Do I understand you to say, uncle," said Bride, "that this story is *true*?"

"Yes, my dear, you certainly did. Do you doubt it?"

"Oh, no! Only it sounds as though you *might* have made it up, just to offset the tale of the Piper."

"Well, my incredulous young lady, you may disabuse yourself of that idea at once. The story of Brother Martin was written several hundred years before Browning, the author of the 'Pied Piper,' was born. Moreover in the pictures of Blessed Martin you will always see him surrounded by mice; and there is a tradition (for which, however, I will not vouch) that all you have to do is to place one of those pictures in a house in order to rid it immediately of mice and rats. But here it is ten o'clock,—too late for Frankie, or the rest of you for that matter, to be sitting up. Go, say your prayers; and get to bed quickly. Good-night!"

THE Brahmins tell us that six little words rule the passing day: ought, must, can, will, dare, and may. I ought—God's law must be obeyed; I must—that is the bound set to keep me from straying; I can—that measures out the power entrusted to me; I will—that is freedom's signet seal which I wear upon my forehead; I dare—that is the device upon the seal; I may—that is my right to choose good from evil.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.—INCIDENTS OF THE FIESTA.

Robbie and his cousin passed part of the evening with Father Eduardo,—that is, after he had finished hearing confessions. The next morning, very early, they were awakened by the beating of the drums. Hastily dressing, they repaired to the church, which was already filled with people, kneeling on the bare floor. The priest was again hearing confessions, and had been since four o'clock. Nearly everyone in the church received Holy Communion.

As soon as breakfast was over, Juan Antonio asked his guests to accompany him to the plaza, where many booths had been set up, containing *dulces*, or sweetmeats and candies; cheap plated jewelry, ribbons and perfumes for the women; with belts, suspenders, tobacco pouches and pipes for the men.

In front of one of these booths an old man was sitting, who, Juan told them, was one hundred and twenty-five years old. He understood everything that was said to him, and remembered the early days at the San Diego Mission when the Franciscan Fathers were still in possession. Farther on they saw two women, both of whom had passed the age of a hundred and twenty. Their sight was comparatively good. They grasped eagerly for the coins which Señor de la Guerra offered them; and one of them, snatching a bright red bandanna which Robbie had bought a few moments before, removed the faded covering from her head and adroitly wound the new one in its place. At this her companion began to cry aloud.

"Why, what is the matter with her?" inquired the boy.

"*Que tiene usted, Margarita?*" asked Juan, tenderly.

"*Mi, mi!*" whimpered the old woman, pointing to the bright red kerchief now adorning the head of her companion.

"She wants a handkerchief like it," said De la Guerra. "Run, Robbie, and buy one."

The boy did so, and returned presently with another. But this one was striped blue and red, with yellow dots scattered over it.

"There were no more red ones," said Robbie, handing it to Margarita.

She examined it critically for some time, finally pointing to the one on the head of Dolores, who had been gazing at the latest purchase with an envious eye. She needed no further solicitation, but unwrapping the handkerchief from her own head, she began to arrange it on Margarita's. This accomplished to her satisfaction, she donned the variegated one; and both old women, giving a satisfied grunt, presently subsided into their accustomed quietude.

"They are more childish than little children," said Juan, leading the way to another booth. "I am going to show you an old man who for fifty years has said the Rosary and litanies aloud in our church every Sunday. You know we seldom have Mass any more, except at the time of the fiestas."

"Ah! that is old Martino," said De la Guerra. "He is a grand character."

Seated outside of the booth, over which his daughter presided, they found a venerable man, whose thin white hair hung straight upon his shoulders. He had large, gentle eyes; an expression of peace and goodness made his old face beautiful.

Robbie stood in the background while his cousin and Juan Antonio conversed with Martino. At length De la Guerra turned to Robbie, saying:

"This is my young cousin, Martino. He is from far away. He would like your blessing."

The old man looked at the boy.

"He has the eagle eye and the slim, straight shape of the race, Señor," he said. "He is somewhat like your dear brother Roberto, God rest his soul!"

"And he, too, is Roberto," answered De la Guerra.

"May he be as brave and good!" said Martino. Then, lifting his hand in benediction, he continued: "The God of your fathers bless you, my son, and make you an honor to the house of your people!"

The old man spoke in Spanish, but De la Guerra translated his words. The boy was much impressed by his genuine piety and native dignity.

"He would have been the very greatest of chiefs if he had lived in old times," said Robbie. "He looks like a king."

"In his youth he was a great hunter and a good fighter," said Juan Antonio. "He liked much Padre Alvarez, the last of the Fathers at the Mission; and one day, when they were in the woods together, his gun went off, almost killing the priest. Martino made a vow to God—and the Padre recovered. Since then religion has been all his thought."

As Robbie looked at the groups of young men lounging about, he occupied his mind in wondering how they would look in semi-savage garb, such as he had seen at the circus and occasionally on the stage.

The morning wore away very quickly; they were summoned to dinner at eleven, as they had had an early breakfast. The priest joined them about one o'clock. They went over to the plaza, where they found a number of Indians—principally women, half-grown boys, and children—seated on the bare ground.

"What are they going to do?" asked Robbie, in surprise.

"They are now preparing to have the war-dance," said Juan. "Come! here are some seats for the guests."

He led them to a good position. On a platform, a little raised, some rude benches had been constructed. Here they took their places, with a number of other visitors who had arrived since morning. Juan Antonio then left them. Soon a series of blood-curdling yells followed each other in quick succession; and, with a sudden, dreadful burst of "Wah-wah-wah!" made by slapping the palm of the hand against the open mouth, some thirty or forty savages rushed from behind the church into the centre of the plaza. They were naked to the waist, save for the hideous streaks of red, blue, yellow and green paint which had been laid on in all sorts of queer figures over their shoulders and breasts. Their faces were painted in a similar fashion; huge bunches of feathers surmounted their heads. Their legs, from the knees, were also bare, and, like their bodies, painted in ugly, glaring stripes. Each carried a miniature weapon of some kind, which he brandished above his head with every yell. To Robbie they seemed like demons, and he involuntarily pressed closer to his cousin.

Suddenly a deep silence fell upon the Indians. They stood like statues, their eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Ugh! ugh!" cried the leader, a man of unusual height, and by all odds the most repulsive figure in the band. The women, who sat on the outside of the circle, at once began a slow, monotonous chant, to which the men responded by jumping slowly up and down, keeping perfect rhythm with the intonations.

This went on for some moments. The spectacle was certainly grotesque but not inspiring.

"It isn't very fierce, is it?" whispered Robbie to his cousin.

"Wait a little while," was the reply.

As he spoke the women changed their monotone; the singing grew louder, in faster time, and the men changed

their positions. Faster and faster they stamped with their bare feet on the hard ground; wilder and wilder grew their antics, their eyes almost starting from their sockets. They seemed in a frenzy, which ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

All at once there was silence; the women rose and marched in a circle around the statuesque figures with bedraggled feathers, dripping with perspiration and panting for breath. Then, with one wild shout, prolonged until they were unable to keep it up any longer, they rushed from the scene, and the dance was over.

"Cousin George, do you know who that horrible man was that seemed to be the leader?" asked Robbie, after drawing a long breath.

"That was Juan Antonio himself," replied De la Guerra, laughing. "That transformation proves to you what war-paint and feathers can do. Would you have recognized him?"

"No, I would not," said the boy.

"Have you ever seen the fire-dance, Father?" asked De la Guerra, turning to the priest, who had been much interested in the proceedings.

"No: this is my first experience of the kind," he responded. "And while I was looking at it, I wondered if, when the enthusiasm is on, weapons in the hands of these people, civilized though they now are, might not become dangerous."

"Yes, indeed," said De la Guerra. "On that account Padre Gregorio forbade the fire-dance some years ago. In it they work themselves into such a frenzy as not to be responsible for what they do. I saw it once; it is a dreadful orgy. They jump into the fire, seemingly without burning themselves; catch up live coals in their hands and throw them at each other; their limbs tremble, their eyes glow like demons; their yells are frightful."

"It beats anything I ever saw at the circus," said Robbie. "I don't believe now they were real Indians that used to come to Decatur. They made more noise than these fellows, but it seemed just like acting."

"Probably they were *not* Indians," said the priest.

At this moment Juan Antonio made his appearance in his usual garb, his face washed clean, his smile as gentle as ever. Robbie looked at him curiously. Juan Antonio smiled.

"Did you know me over there?" he inquired of the boy, who could not take his eyes from the Indian's face.

"No: I thought it was some terrible savage Indian we had not seen before," said Robbie. "Did you feel savage?"

"Not at all," replied Juan. "I don't like to do it at all. I don't think any of them do. The younger men can not be persuaded to join in the dances any longer: they are ashamed of them. Like many others of our old customs, it is passing."

De la Guerra looked at his watch.

"It is three o'clock, Robbie," he said. "To-night we must sleep at San Ignacio, unless we want to be caught in some hovel along the road, which will not be pleasant. Juan, will you see that the horses are ready?"

"Yes, Señor," answered the Indian, as he hurried away.

Father Eduardo also rose to go. He must make half his journey homeward that day, he said.

"Is the fiesta over now?" inquired Robbie, as they left the plaza.

"No: to-night there will be bonfires, and rockets will be sent up. And during the remainder of the afternoon they will keep up the sales at the booths. I am glad there is no liquor this year, thanks to the sharp eyes of Juan."

"Who brings it in?" asked Robbie.

"I am sorry to say the very men

who profess to legislate against its sale. I mean the whites, who sell it to the Indians on the sly. A drunken Indian is a savage Indian, Robbie. Much as I esteem our friend Juan Antonio, and thoroughly good as I believe him to be, I would not trust him in liquor—if he should have the misfortune to become intoxicated. All their savage instincts seem to return in full force. 'It is a crime to give them liquor,—a deadly crime.'

As they mounted their horses, though there were a number of Indians gathered about, Robbie noticed that they kept at a respectful distance. De la Guerra scattered a couple of handfuls of pennies on the ground, which the children picked up with evident pleasure.

"When are you coming down to Las Rosas, Juan?" asked De la Guerra.

"Not till June, I think," said Juan.

"You will be welcome any time."

"I know it, Señor. But it is hard work getting away. *Adios!*"

They rode off rapidly, and the village was soon out of sight. They passed several miserable-looking houses, all closed to-day, as their inhabitants were at the fiesta.

"To-morrow they will begin to start homeward," said De la Guerra. "Many of them have forty and sixty miles to ride. The next fiesta will be that of San Pasqual."

"What do those tunnels mean?" asked Robbie, as they began to climb higher up the mountain side.

"They are made by the miners," said De la Guerra. "You must know we have discovered gold in this region, Robbie. People are taking up claims everywhere. There are some very productive mines hereabout. A great deal of gold has been taken out of them. I am interested in one; that is why I am going up to San Ignacio."

Night was falling when they rode into San Ignacio, a mining village, containing

about three hundred inhabitants. An unattractive-looking building, dignified by the name of "Golden Crescent Hotel," loomed up before them at the entrance to the hamlet. It had never been painted; the ground around it was destitute of grass or flowers; the walls gaunt, and scarred with vestiges of many storms. On one side the blackened woodwork gave evidence that the house had once been partially burned.

Robbie was glad when he saw his cousin pass the forbidding-looking house of entertainment.

"I never stop there," observed De la Guerra. "It is a horrible place: dirty, mouldy, and the food is abominable. We will push on to Thomson's, where I always stop. You may find it rather primitive, but it will be clean at least. The meals are plentiful and good, and the people very nice."

In a few moments they had left the village behind them. They soon came in sight of a house built on a knoll in the midst of an orchard. It was a barnlike structure, of one story, with a loft. But an abundance of climbing vines had been trained about the walls; the dooryard was filled with flowers; and at the old-fashioned well, with a bucket at either end of the chain, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman was drawing water. Beside her, feeding a dog, stood a lad about Robbie's age,—the first white boy he had seen since the morning they left Las Rosas.

(To be continued.)

A Learned Squirrel.

A BOSTON squirrel, so 'tis said,
Fell fainting on his back
When he heard a Hoosier squirrel remark:
"I have this nut to crack."
For he had learned to say it thus
While at his mother's knee:
"I have this indehiscent fruit
That now must fractured be."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Congressional Library is issuing a series of bibliographies on important public questions. For this really important service Mr. Herbert Putnam and his associates deserve the best thanks of serious readers.

—The Duc de Broglie, the brilliant French author whose death we lately chronicled, was a grandson of Madame de Staël. He was a brilliant stylist, and was elected to the French Academy for his "History of the Christian Church and of the Roman Empire during the Fourth Century."

—With his accustomed buoyancy, Father Yorke, of San Francisco, entered upon a campaign against certain persons who seemed to be making "a deliberate attempt to create a monopoly of education" in California. These persons were rash or inexperienced enough to "answer back," and the consequences were three vigorous letters on "The Smaller Colleges," "The State University," and "The Public Schools." These now form a pamphlet issued by the Text-Book Publishing Co. of San Francisco.

—There are many signs that *The American Ecclesiastical Review* is enjoying the success it so thoroughly deserves. In the current issue a new department, which will include "criticism of books, pamphlets and notable magazine articles," is announced; this new departure, we learn, will necessitate the addition of sixteen extra pages to each number. In consequence the *Review* will be issued hereafter in two parts and sent under one cover to its subscribers. The price remains unchanged. We notice among the good things promised by the editor "Memoirs and Letters of Lord Russell of Killowen," prepared by his brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

—There is a perfect chorus of benisons awaiting the author, be he historian, essayist, or novelist, who will take the trouble to indicate by foot-note or other means the pronunciation of all the uncommon names of places and persons mentioned in his work. Not all readers have the Century, the Standard, or the International Dictionary at hand to determine what orthoepy demands in a given case; and there are numerous cases in which these authorities are of no avail whatever. Just recall the variety of pronunciations given a few years ago to the names Paderewski, Sienkiewicz, or Roentgen; and then think of the confusion worse confounded prevalent among those who discuss the characters in, for instance, the works of the

Polish novelist. If "Cholmondeley" spells Chumi'-li; "Magaguadavic," Mag-a-day'-vic; and "Hawarden," Har'-den, why may not the fact be indicated by the writer who uses all such names?

—An interesting cantata, "The Rose of Sleat," by S. M. Lyne, gives ample opportunity for effective costuming and good singing. The old Scottish airs always charm, and the days of Prince Charlie are fraught with romantic interest. Six male and four female characters make up the cast. "A Debt of Gratitude," a new play for young people, by Mary T. Robertson, is full of action and historic interest. The scene is laid in France in 1790-1794, and calls for eleven characters. Published by R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros.

—A quarto volume containing reproductions of "The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley" has just been issued by John Lane, the price being forty-two shillings. A volume uniform in size and make-up, comprising his "Early Work," was published a few years ago. The influence which this brilliant but erratic young artist exerted over his contemporaries was one of the most striking phenomena of the last decade. Just now it is worth noting that a sympathetic account of his reception into the Church and of his last days was written by Mr. Henry Harland, whose own latest work, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," reproduces a phase of Catholic life so faithfully that it is hard to realize that the author is a non-Catholic. "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," we are glad to say, is now in its seventieth thousand in England, and is one of the best selling books in this country also.

—A correspondent who takes an active and intelligent interest in the growth and spread of Catholic literature has this to say in regard to what he is pleased to term "the periodical wail about the insufficient support given to the Catholic press." He is frank enough to declare that there are in this country a goodly number of "Catholic" journals receiving too much support if they receive any at all. "The essential requisite for a valuable paper is a capable editor; and until bishop, joint-stock company, or individual proprietor can afford to pay such a salary as will secure the exclusive services of an efficient editor, the paper had best be left unestablished. The zealous priest who endeavors to acquit himself of the double function of editing a weekly paper and attending to the duties of a pastor is safe to score a double failure: he will fill neither office thoroughly well." All of

which may be true and some of which is trite; but the fact remains that the Catholic laity need an occasional stirring up in the matter of supporting Catholic periodicals, many of which are edited by thoroughly competent men.

—The quality of timeliness, at least, can not be denied to Mr. L. T. Chamberlain's pamphlet on "Patriotism and the Moral Law," the whole meaning of which is expressed in the following sentence: "If those charged with the governance of states realized that at every step, in every emergency—first, last and always,—good citizens were sure to decide in the fear and love of God, they would direct their course with an equity and prudence of which they are now comparatively careless. It were well that that day should speedily come." The pamphlet insists strongly upon the essential immorality of shouting with the mob when the mob desires or permits injustice. Jingoes never read anything more solid than a newspaper, but we venture to say that if they should dip into Mr. Chamberlain's pamphlet they will not love him. The Baker & Taylor Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénéigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.
In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.
Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.
Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta, *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Martin Lawlor, of the Archdiocese of Chicago; the Rev. James Callaghan, Montreal; and the Rev. William Joyce, O. M. I.

Sister M. Winefred, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross,

Mr. John Hussell, of Middletown, N. Y.; Mr.

James Young, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ellen Fox, Law-

rence, Mass.; Mr. John O'Leary and Mrs. Michael

Delahunty, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Stevens,

Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Victoria Moeler and Miss

Catherine Quinlan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Elizabeth

Miller, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. William Jordan,

Dunmore, Pa.; Mr. Lewis Cass Watson, Detroit,

Mich.; Mrs. Mary Murphy and Mrs. Catherine Hall,

Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. John Ternes, Ypsilanti, Mich.;

Mrs. John Gallagher, Avon, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Titer,

Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Kennedy, Co. Limerick,

Ireland; Mrs. Jeremiah Walsh, Eyota, Minn.; Mr.

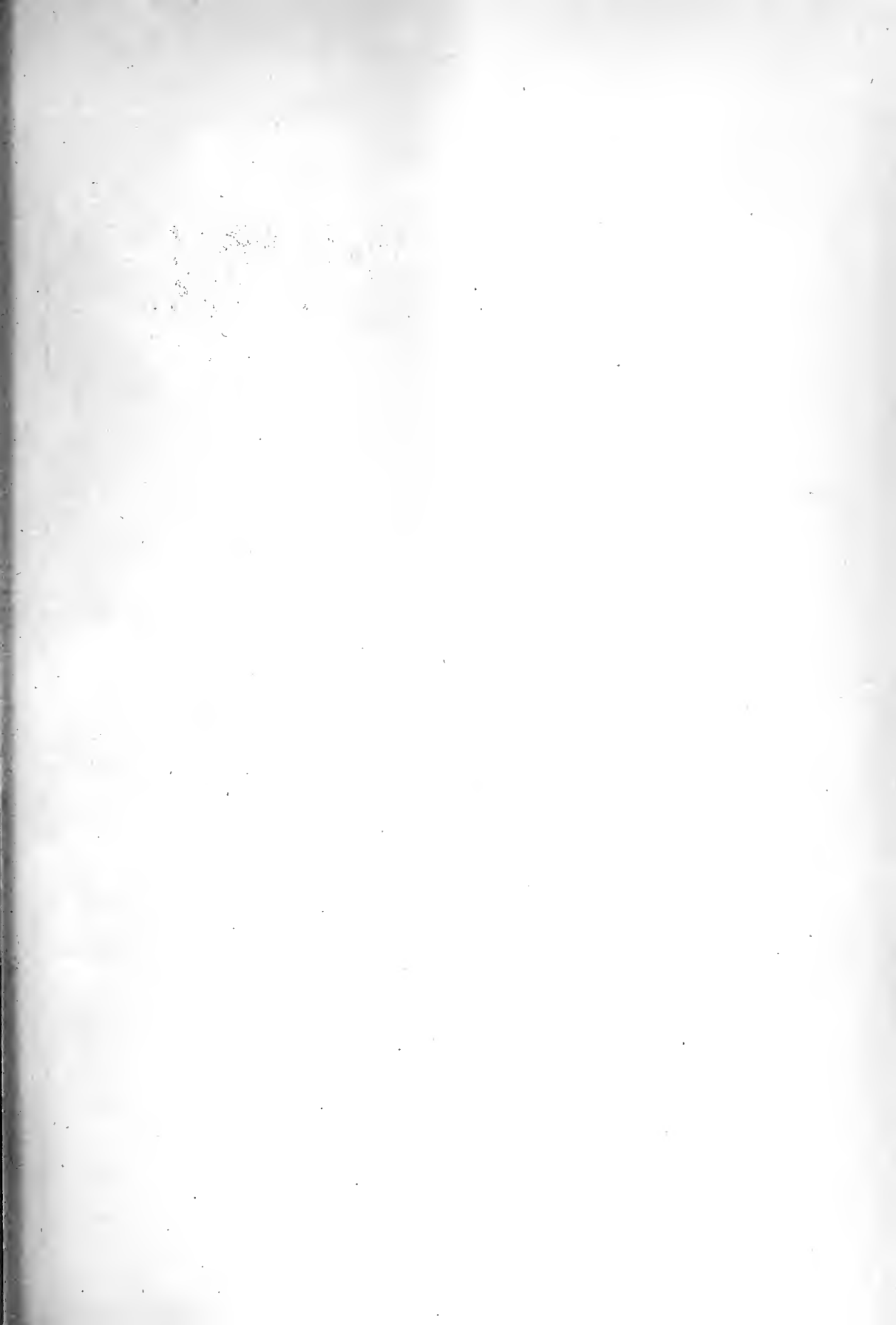
Frank Lecouvreur, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. John G.

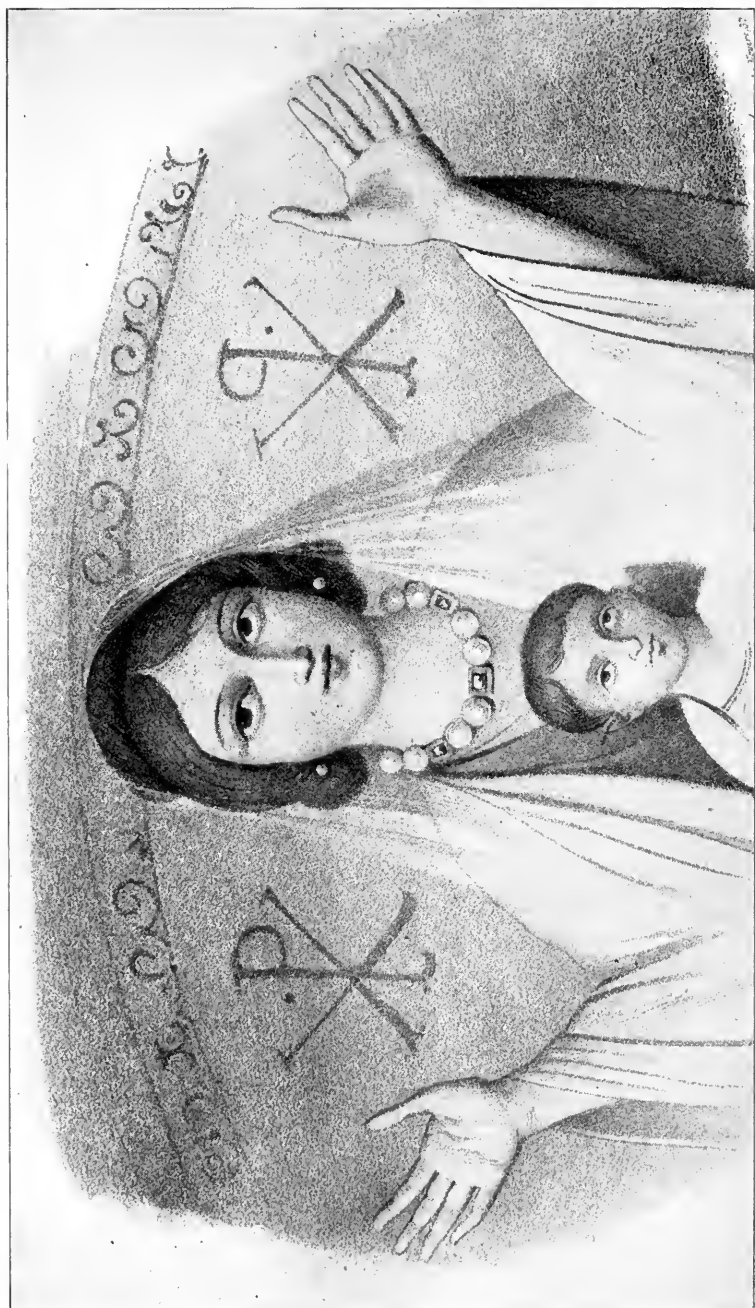
Baasen, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Francis Baasen, New Ulm,

Minn.; and Mr. John A. Baasen, St. Paul, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful

departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





THE MADONNA OF THE CEMETERY OF ST. AGNES.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 2, 1901.

NO. 9.

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A Test.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THE test supreme of love is sacrifice,
Renunciation of the fixed will,
The choice deliberate of seeming ill,
Self-immolation in whatever guise
May best enhance their glory whom we prize,—
Our weal to theirs subordinated still—
Acceptance e'en of death's abhorrent chill
For love's fond object, should the need arise.

Such test severe what earthly love can bear?
The mother's for her child? the youth's for maid?
The husband's for his spouse? Ah, passing rare
Are these unwanting found when duly weighed!
The truest love, because 'tis shadow faint
Of His of Calvary, illumines the saint.

The Blessed Virgin in the Liturgy of the Church.*



Of all the saints in heaven, the Mother of God is undoubtedly nearest to Him, most powerful with Him. This is why she occupies the highest place in the liturgy of the Church. In following the natural impulse thus to honor her, seeking in Mary a patroness and advocate, and relegating her to the most privileged place, Christian piety has committed no error; on the contrary, it has shown itself to be inspired by the truest principle of Christianity.

This piety has its root in the Gospel

by the clearest and most indisputable evidence; and the evidences of Christian piety in her regard, which have multiplied through the centuries, and are still multiplying, are simply the logical and harmonious development of truths which have their origin in the pages of the Bible.

Very early in the history of the Church, we see represented on the walls of the catacombs and on ancient tombs several scenes of which Holy Scripture makes mention: the Angel announcing to Mary that she has been chosen to be the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ; the Visitation; the birth of our Saviour in a stable; and especially the Adoration of the Magi, represented more frequently than any other. In this picture Mary holds the Divine Infant on her knees, as though to offer Him to the homage of the Eastern Kings. In another fresco—which evidently belongs to the most ancient epoch of Christian art, the end of the first century or the beginning of the second—Mary is holding the Infant Jesus to her heart, while a man, presumably the Prophet Isaiah, points out the star which announces the birth of our Saviour. Above Mary is traced the inscription *Sancta Dei Genitrix*—the Holy Mother of God.

In early Christian art the same scenes are depicted on ivory as well as on glass. This refutes the assertions of certain Protestants who have pretended that devotion to the Blessed Virgin originated only with the Council of Ephesus, and

* "Le Livre de la Prière Antique," by Dom Fernand Cabrol.

that previous to that time there can not be found in Christian art any representation of Mary with her Divine Son. The instances we have just cited are all anterior to this date; some of them belong to the first three centuries.

Both the Gospel and the most ancient Christian tradition prepared the way for the liturgy of the Blessed Virgin, wherein are celebrated the principal events in her life: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the birth of the Infant Jesus, the Presentation in the Temple, her sorrows and her "compassion,"—attributing to Mary her place in each, far above the other saints and close to the Redeemer. Some of these feasts of the Blessed Virgin are among the oldest in the Church; thus the Feast of the Purification was celebrated in the fourth century and with the same solemnity as that of Easter. The text of the Gospel for that day is the same as we still read on the Feast of the Purification.

Since that period each century has added a flower to the crown which the liturgy of the Church has woven about the brow of the Virgin Mother; each century has vied with the other in the dedication of a new feast in her honor. Thus the liturgy of the Marian feasts was early developed, keeping pace closely with that of the festivals of Our Lord. The principal events of her life have been the occasion of the foundation of her feasts, some of them even having been established in memory and imitation of similar ones of the Saviour; as, for instance, that of the Holy Name of Mary, the Nativity, etc.

As for the liturgical elements which unite in the celebration of these festivals, they are more numerous than one would suppose. They are also of very ancient origin. The different parts which compose the Common of the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin date as far back as the ninth century. They are from the most

undoubted Catholic sources, everything apocryphal having been severely eliminated. It will not be without interest to give here some of the prayers of the Marian liturgy; they form a sheaf of devotion in honor of the Mother of God.

The words of the Gospel, *Ave Maria*, etc., recur often in the gradual and offertory, forming the prayer which is called the Angelical Salutation, and to which the Church has added this final part: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Psalm lxiv, which is so often employed in the Office of Virgins, has also furnished for Our Lady numerous introits, responses, graduals, etc. It is interesting to notice that in that other beautiful psalm, the eighty-sixth, Mary is compared to the fortress of Sion. But perhaps the most beautiful of the liturgical applications is that of the Canticle of Canticles.

In the Common of the Blessed Virgin there are a great number of verses inserted in the liturgy which, though not drawn from the Bible, are the composition of pious authors, known and unknown. For instance, the beautiful lines taken from a poem of Sedulius, a writer of the fifth century:

"Hail, Blessed Mother! who hath conceived the King: He who ruleth heaven and earth from all eternity. Amen."

"Rejoice," says another response,—
"rejoice, O Virgin Mary! by whom all heresies have been exterminated, thou who hast believed in the word of the Angel Gabriel. Remaining a virgin, thou hast borne the God-Man; after His birth still, as before, a virgin. Mother of God, pray for us!"

It is said that this response was chanted in Rome in the Church of the Pantheon at the beginning of the seventh century; one author even affirms

that it was used in the fifth. We can easily believe that the first part makes allusion to the Nestorian heresy.

The following anthems are often used in the Office of the Blessed Virgin:

"Happy art thou, heavenly Virgin Mary, and worthy of all praise, because from thee hath come forth the Sun of Justice, Christ our God.

"Blessed the womb of the Virgin Mary, who hath borne the Son of the Eternal Father.

"O Virgin, after thy delivery thou didst remain a virgin. Mother of God, intercede for us!"*

Also this beautiful and appropriate response:

"The rod of Jesse hath bloomed. The Virgin hath borne the God-Man. God hath restored to us peace, in Himself reconciling the lowest things with the highest [the humanity with the divinity]."

The prayers are of classic form, and several of them are very ancient:

"O God, who by the fruitful virginity of the Blessed Virgin Mary hast procured for mankind the gift of eternal salvation, vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, that we may obtain the intercession of the Virgin, by whom we have had the happiness of receiving the author of life, Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord, who livest and reignest one God with the Holy Ghost for all eternity. Amen.

"O God, who wast pleased to take flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the moment of the Annunciation, grant, we beseech Thee, that we, who believe her to be the true Mother of God, may be helped by her intercession. Through the same Lord Jesus Christ."

The hymns consecrated to the Blessed Virgin are: the *Ave Maris Stella*, the *Quem terra, pontus, sidera*, and *O Gloriosa Domina*, sometimes attributed

to Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers in the sixth century, and again to St. Bernard; but they are certainly anterior to either. As to the *Stabat Mater*, it is one of the most admirable hymns which has come down to us from the Middle Ages; a veritable masterpiece of sincere, touching piety, at once comprehensive, simple and learned.

The common Litany of Loretto recalls very beautifully all the titles of Mary and the figures under which she is represented; but its composition belongs to later times. Ancient authors, however, composed litanies in her honor. St. John Damascene addressed her by these titles: the spiritual Eden of the Second Adam, the Ark of the Covenant, the Burning Bush, the Rod of Aaron, the Ladder of Jacob, the Fleece of Gideon, the Mount of Daniel (from which detached itself the little stone which was the figure of Christ), the Closed Door.

In conclusion, we are obliged to acknowledge that, however rich our Marian liturgy may be, it does not compare with that of the Greek Church. Several feasts—the Nativity, the Annunciation, and the Assumption—appear to have been of Greek origin; the same is true of a number of liturgical chants which the Roman liturgy has borrowed from the Orient.

THE spiritual element explains the note of distinction in the highest life and art. Fra Angelico, preparing to paint, entered his closet, expelled every evil thought, subdued every unholy ambition, flung away anger and jealousy as one would fling away a club or dagger; then, with face that shone with the divine light, upon his knees he painted his angels and seraphs; and the spiritual breaking through the common lent a radiant glow and an immortal beauty to his priceless pictures.

—*Hillis.*

* Alluding to a heresy which denied the virginity of the Blessed Virgin after the birth of Our Lord.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XII.—MR. HENRY MORAN OVERHEARS A KITCHEN DISCUSSION.

HENRY MORAN, being left to himself, drew breath again, and sat down with his cigar to smoke. He had heard all that had been said of him—Mr. Mortimer's disapproval and admiration, Mrs. Raymond's pointed comments, and Kate's passionate enthusiasm over those very exploits of his which he had supposed would have interested her but little. It seemed as if, after all, there was some common ground of sympathy between them, in the very opposition of their natures. But were these natures so very opposite, or only warped into different directions by circumstances? This was a psychological question which he did not take time to examine very closely. But he repeated over again and again to himself those words, which had fallen like jewels from the girl's lips: "It is not the kingdom but the king that interests me. No, no, never by gold!"

This was the light in which he wanted to regard Kate—as indifferent to gold, careless of its value, looking above and beyond it for the qualities she sought. It pleased his masculine vanity, too, that she had spoken of him as a conqueror and had awarded him a laurel wreath; and this not for the mere fact of his success or its results, but for the qualities which it implied. So that he felt the evening to have been a very delightful one, even though through a great part of it the moon had withheld its light and he had sat there alone in darkness.

More glorious even than the gradual uprising and fully displayed splendor of the moon over these mountain peaks, when it came at last, was the knowledge

he had gained. The golden heart of that girl had seemed to be opened to him, with all the fine depths of her nature. Her contempt for what was purely material, her quickness to admire and to idealize power, even such power as he possessed, were in some sort a revelation to him. Her enthusiasm for himself had touched and attracted him with a strange new attraction. He did not even ask himself if he were worthy of that homage, or if his ethical code would, if understood, commend itself to her. Nor did he pause to consider, in his first elation, that the girl had spoken merely of a type, an abstraction. Called by any other name, it would have been the same to her.

Now, it is ordinarily supposed that men who have spent days from youth upward in pursuits which are the essence of modern life should be more or less indifferent to "the tender passion." No doubt in general they are. But when it enters into their existence and crosses the busy thoroughfare of their lives, it erects there a landmark not likely to be torn down. With such a man as Mr. Henry Moran, for instance, love would be an era in his life or it would be nothing; and, having been accustomed to pursue all ideas to their ultimate end, it might be presumed that he would hasten forward.

The difference lay in the fact that he had entered a new country. Smiling and fair he found it so far, with roseate skies and golden moons, with fragrance of many flowers in the air. There was no strife nor noise of battle nor the groans of dying men; only peace and mirth and the glow of new ideas. He had not as yet set any goal before him. When he did so, would he pursue it with the same relentless vigor as he had pursued those other aims and objects? Would he bear himself as valiantly in this new combat as in the old? Would the pins

prick and he give no sign, or the darts wound and he not wince?

Now, apart from Kate altogether, Mr. Henry Moran had heard a great many things which were entirely new to him. He began to feel as if he had been all those years in darkness, and that around and outside of him people had been sitting in a shining circle of light,—people with faith and certainty and a definite guide for their actions. Mr. Mortimer, for example, a man of the world, a power in that world, actually believed, actually prayed, actually practised! He talked of going to church, not that he might sit comfortably on luxurious cushions, listening to a fashionable preacher, and impress everyone by his regularity and respectability; but talked, as a matter of course, about getting up early after a fatiguing journey for a man of his years, and walking half a mile to a little country chapel, frequented only by the poor, and kneeling on bare benches. This fact astonished Mr. Henry Moran to an extent hardly credible to the ordinary devout Catholic.

And the talk of these women,—Mrs. Raymond, who did not want wealthy men to cross her daughters' path unless they united religion and moral principle with their wealth! Why, many of the women with whom the stockbroker had had acquaintance threw out baits, more or less delicately, to him, and to other golden fish like him, without so much as knowing anything whatever of their religion, their principles or their conduct. And he began to recall some of them, whom he had escorted perhaps to plays which were more than doubtful, and where they had laughed and chatted happily, in presence of much that now revolted him.

Thus far had he progressed upon that path which Kate in her fantastic dream would lead him. He knew nothing, of course, of this fancy which had occurred

to her; but if he had known, the idea, in his present mood, would have charmed him; for he had very little idea of what such a change would really mean to him. Religion was a matter of indifference in his code; and if it pleased these people, if it pleased Kate, why, if matters ever went so far as that, he might embrace her religion. His own father had been a Catholic and a good man. Why should he not be one too? But, not being aware of Kate's scheme, he had not gone thus far in his reckoning.

His reverie was, however, interrupted by the voices of the girls in conclave in the kitchen, whither they had all repaired to wash the dishes.

"If only there was another butcher in the place!" said Mary. "I have two or three dollars that I was saving for Christmas. But I couldn't—wouldn't go near that odious Gregg."

"He was so unusually insolent and presuming that last day!" sighed Kate.

Henry Moran felt that he would like to choke old Gregg, and he further felt quite convinced that this must be "Martha's doings."

"I wonder if there is any place we could get some mutton?" said Elinor. "It's cheaper, of course, than beef."

"In town," suggested Pauline.

"But it would take a good deal of my money to get there and back."

"We shall have to give him the remains of the game, then," said Pauline.

"I'm sure he will be tired of it," said Mary, dolefully.

Kate suddenly burst into one of her merriest peals of laughter.

"Well, what's the joke, Kate?" asked Pauline, her eyes already brimming with sympathetic fun.

"I was only thinking that we had come down from the sublime to the ridiculous," replied Kate. "Moonlight, poetry, travel, elegant conversation, half an hour ago, and now—mutton!

It strikes me, too, as absurd that Mr. Mortimer should be upstairs, quite unconscious that we are worrying as to whether he will be content with cold game, or a stew of the cold remains. As if Mr. Mortimer cared!"

"You are so unpractical," said Mary. "All men care for their dinner."

"I suppose so," said Kate. "But doesn't it seem ungrateful to that dear old soul next door—gouty and paralyzed perhaps—supplying us with that game, to despise it now as we are doing? I send him my love in return for his hamper; and I forgive him, though I confess I was a little angry at first. Only mother took it so sweetly. She is such a perfect lady."

Mr. Henry Moran had been a little anxious as to the hamper and its contents. Would the inmates of the cottage consider his sending of it as an impertinence? He was reassured by Kate's remark, and almost as much cheered by her message as if it had been really intended for himself. Certainly, if the girl had gone to work deliberately to charm this fastidious man, with his world-weariness and his cynicism, and the veneer, at least, of cold materialism which covered his real nature, she could not have better succeeded. Possibly she would not have succeeded at all. It was her very unconsciousness, her perfect naturalness, which gained the victory. As it was, she charmed and satisfied him entirely, with her smiles and tears and her unworldliness and enthusiasm, and that religiousness which had been implied rather than spoken. He could find no flaw in her so far; and her near neighborhood and her unconscious capture of him brought out all that was good and generous in him, and that had lain dormant for years.

Early on the following morning Martha Finney handed her master a

note. Her face was vinegar solidified, while her form had an awful majesty. But since the scene of yesterday she dared say nothing; for she had not given warning, nor had she the slightest intention of giving warning; and she did not want again to hear herself called "a miserable old woman" without power to resent it; or, worse still, to be sent coldly and promptly packing, in a manner characteristic of Mr. Henry Moran, provoked too far.

"Who left it?" inquired Mr. Moran.

"A boy, sir. I told him that wasn't your name on the cover, but he would leave it. He said it was for here."

Henry Moran said not a word more, but merely glanced again at the letter in his hand. Martha was therefore compelled to retire without further information. But she knew with fatal prescience, though the boy scampered away before she could question him, that the note was from next door. The battle had begun, then; this was the first shot. So thought poor Martha; whereas the contest was nearly over on Mr. Moran's part, and he was almost prepared to lay down his arms.

The note was from Mrs. Raymond. It read as follows:

"Mrs. Raymond very cordially thanks her neighbor for his exceeding kindness in sending the choicest of game and rarest of fruit, which were most acceptable."

Nothing more. A cold sense of disappointment chilled Mr. Henry Moran. Had he unreasonably hoped that Kate would have written? He looked once more at the superscription:

"To — Moore, Esq."

He had known from the conversation of the previous evening that they did not know his name and were quite unaware of his identity. But here was "confirmation sure as Holy Writ."

A Fool for His Master.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ONCE with the company gathered round the king
A stranger stood, his black brows lowering.
The monarch, kindly beckoning, made room
Close to his side; and, smiling, asked: "To whom
Art subject?"—"To myself alone," he said,
With arch of neck and scornful toss of head.
Thoughtful, the king replied: "Thyself? I see!
Friend, what an idiot must thy master be!"

The Passion of Our Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

AS the day is declining in the holy season of Lent, the Church calls her children about her, and, reminding them that next day is set aside for the Feast of the Sacred Passion, she invites them to reflect on its coming and prepare for it, by the following antiphons. It need not be said that each of these antiphons has a deep spiritual meaning in the mind of the Church; and we should not be treating either the Church or our Divine Lord with reverence if we hurried lightly over them, or did not endeavor to understand them:

"I will receive the chalice of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.—With those who hated peace I was peaceful; and while I spoke to them they attacked me without provocation.—From unjust men deliver me, O Lord!—From the net laid for me, and from the stumbling-blocks of them that work iniquity, deliver me.—I looked on my right hand and saw, and there was not one who would know me."

Raising her voice, the Church cries out: "He was offered because He wished it."

Children: "And by His wounding were we all saved."

Antiphon: "O all you that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto Mine!"

But it is in the night-time, when the world, for which the Lord would not pray, is asleep, that the Church raises her voice in mourning for that same suffering Lord.

Church: "Christ, the crucified King, come ye and let us adore."

Children: "Christ, the crucified King, come let us adore."

It is a strange thing that the Church should on these exceedingly sad occasions choose for the first psalm she chants in company with her children one full to overflowing of gladness and joy—*Venite, exultemus*,—and that it is only in the three mournful days of *Tenebræ* in Holy Week that she drops it. The reason, perhaps, that she clings to it in those sacred offices of the Passion is to testify that all joy comes to the human soul through the Passion of our Divine Lord; but on the last days of Holy Week the corporal sufferings so dominate, as it were, her mind and heart and thought, that, as she changes the ritual of the morning Sacrifice in these days, so in like manner is she forced from the ordinary routine of the sacred Office.

Church: "Come let us praise the Lord with joy; let us joyfully sing to God our Saviour."

Children: "Christ, the crucified King, come let us adore."

After singing a sacred hymn, the Church proceeds at once to the antiphons. These, with the lessons and prayers, always give a direct insight into the mind of the Church:

"The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes gathered together against the Lord and against His Christ.—They are multiplied who trouble Me; they are many who rise up against Me.—They divided My garments, and on My vesture they cast lots."

Church: "He was offered because He willed."

Children: "And by His wounding we were healed."

The Church calls on St. Paul.

Lesson 1: "But God commendeth His charity toward us; because when as yet we were sinners, according to the time, Christ died for us. Much more, therefore, being now justified by His blood, shall we be saved from wrath through Him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by His life. And not only so: but also we glory in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received reconciliation.... For if by one man's offence death reigned through one, much more they who receive abundance of grace and of the gift and of justice shall reign in life through one Jesus Christ."*

Church: "O My chosen vine, I have planted thee and thou hast become bitter to Me! saith the Lord."

Children: "A cross thou didst prepare for thy Saviour."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 2: "Therefore, as by the offence of one, unto all men to condemnation, so also by the justice of one, unto all men unto justification of life. For as by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners, so also by the obedience of one many shall be made just. Now, the law entered in, that sin might abound. And where sin abounded, grace did more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord."†

Church: "I led thee out of Egypt; Pharaoh I overwhelmed in the sea; and before thee I went in the pillar of cloud."

Children: "And thou didst betray Me

to the priests, and lead Me a prisoner to Pilate's hall."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 3: "What shall we say, then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. For how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein? Know you not that all we who are baptized in Christ Jesus, are baptized in His death? For we are buried together with Him by baptism unto death; that as Christ is risen from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection. Knowing this that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin may be destroyed, to the end that we may serve sin no longer...."

Church: "For thy sake I scourged Egypt in her first-born. And thou didst deliver Me to be scourged."

Children: "As a lamb before the shearer, I was silent and did not open My mouth."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Antiphons for the second nocturn: "My enemies said evil things to Me: when shall He die and His memory pass away?—Strangers rose up against Me, and the strong have sought My life.—My enemies have buffeted Me all the day; every thought of theirs is for evil against Me."

Church: "Even His own Son God did not spare."

Children: "But delivered Him up for us all."

The Church calls upon St. Augustine to speak on the Passion of Our Lord.

Lesson 4: "Dearly beloved, we are called to the recollection of the Lord's

* Rom., v, 8-17.

† Ibid., v, 18-21.

Passion by the day itself; for in that day not even the mute elements held their peace. Let the light of faith, then, celebrate with the tongues of men that day which the silence and the darkness proclaimed. To-day* on the balance of the cross the Lord weighs out the price of our salvation; and, as Creator of all [He created the whole world by one word], so, Redeemer of all, He absolves the whole world by one death. For unhesitatingly we believe that He redeemed the whole world, who paid down more than the price of the whole world. For the dignity of the venerable price far outstripped the purchase-value of the thing redeemed. Between the Redeemer and the thing redeemed there was dispensation, not compensation. He, therefore, who had no sins of His own fitly took away those of others. He alone was cast down a pitying victim for all, that through Him all might be raised up; and because He alone had no debt to pay, He rightly besought the credit-font of mercy for all debtors."

Church: "For thy sake I struck the Hethite kings and put in thy hand the royal sceptre."

Children: "And thou didst crown Me with a crown of thorns, and My head thou didst strike with a reed."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 5: "Now, consider what usury will He not exact from us, who has paid such a price for us. On this day indeed is the faith of the prophetic vision fulfilled, which says: 'My body I gave to the strikers, and My cheeks to them that plucked Me. My face I have not turned away from the squalor of their spittle.' He took our evils that He might give us His benefits. Hence let us understand what was His love for man before the fall, when after His ruin He loved him

so much. Recognize, O man, how much you are worth and how much you owe; and while you behold how great is the dignity of your redemption, let that same declare to you the shame of your sinning. Lo! for the impious, Piety is scourged; for the foolish, Wisdom is mocked; for the untruthful, Truth is slain; for the unjust, Justice is condemned; Pity for the cruel is tormented; for the miserable, Happiness is filled with bitterness, Honey intoxicated with gall; the Innocent is arraigned for the guilty; and Life lays down life for the dead."

Church: "Forty years I led thee through the desert, and fed thee on manna from heaven."

Children: "And with stripe and blow thou hast filled Me."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 6: "Nature stands aghast at the crime of man. A rebellious creature does not recognize Him; but the trembling earth acknowledges Him to be the Lord of the world, and the hiding sun proclaims Him the King of heaven. He is clad in a crimson garment, because the body of the Church is adorned with the blood of her martyrs. A crown of thorns is laid upon His head, because the sharp points of our sins, whose remission is the glory of the Redeemer, are compared to parched thorns. Let us now, on the other hand, endeavor that the life of [us who are] members be the crown of [Jesus Christ] the Head. But that, hanging on the cross, He says that He thirsts, [is that] He covets the faith of an incredulous nation. But they offer Him the vinegar of malice, because the wine of wisdom which they had received from God they by their sin had corrupted. The veil of the temple is rent, because the Synagogue is stripped of honor; the ancient observance is discon-

* This sermon was preached on Good Friday.

tinued, and the unity of the Church is foreshadowed. Graves are opened, because the rights of death are by a [stronger] right overcome."

Church: "With mighty power I exalted thee, and thou didst raise Me up on the wood of the cross."

Children: "And there I stretched forth My hands to an unbelieving and contradicting people."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Antiphons for the third nocturn: "Sons of men, their teeth are [as] arms and arrows, their tongue [as] a sharp sword.—They stretched the bow, a bitter thing, that secretly they might wound the Immaculate One.—I am as one without help, a free man among the dead."

Church: "He became obedient even unto death."

Children: "Even to the death of the cross."

The Church opens the Gospel of the Beloved Disciple and reads: "Then Jesus, knowing all things to have been accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, said, I thirst," and so on. Closing the venerable page, she calls on St. John Chrysostom to explain this Gospel to her children.

Lesson 7: "Jesus, knowing that all things were consummated, said, I thirst! even in this word fulfilling prophecy. But now behold the wickedness of those who stood around. We may have many enemies, who have grievously persecuted us; and yet when we see them being struck down by death we are moved with pity. But they, nothing moved, are more unbridled, and mock and offer Him vinegar and a sponge that He might drink as one guilty of death. It was on this account that the hyssop was added; and when He tasted He expired. See how He carries out all, not confusedly,

but powerfully. And this the sequel shows; for when all things were accomplished He bowed His head, which alone was not fixed to the cross, and gave up the ghost—that is, expired."

Church: "I gave thee water from the rock to drink."

Children: "And thou gavest Me vinegar and gall."

Church: "O my people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 8: "But not after inclining His head He expired, but after He had expired He inclined His head. Now, this happened contrary [to nature]; and by it the Evangelist shows that He was Lord of all. But the Jews, swallowing the camel and straining at the gnat, after all this hardihood of wickedness, consult about the day. And since it was the Parasceve, in order that the bodies might not hang on the cross during the Sabbath, they requested Pilate that the feet [of the criminals] be broken. Behold, how great is truth! For in all things that they do prophecies are fulfilled, and one is hereby made manifest. The soldiers, therefore, came and broke the feet of the others, but not of Christ; but, to conciliate the favor of the Jews, they open His side with a lance and continue to persecute Him even when dead. O wretched and most wicked will!"

Church: "I opened the sea before thee, and thou openest with a lance the side of thy Saviour."

Children: "Who redeemeth the world with His own blood."

Church: "O My people, what have I done to thee? Answer Me, in what have I offended thee?"

Lesson 9: "Be not disturbed, O beloved! for what they with a most wicked mind have perpetrated, in that they consented to truth. For in this also was the prophecy fulfilled, which

saith: 'On Him whom they transfixed they shall gaze.' And not this only: it is, moreover, an argument of faith to those who will not believe—to Thomas and those with him. Because of these things also a [further] hidden mystery is accomplished—for *there came forth blood and water*. It was not simply and by chance these fountains are opened up, but because from both together the Church is come forth. The initiated understand this; for by water are they reborn, and by blood and flesh are they fed. It is here these mysteries have their beginning; and so as often as you approach the adorable chalice, so approach as if about to receive from the divine side itself."

Antiphons at Lauds: "I was scourged all day, and My chastisement was at morning.—Come to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of incense [Calvary]; I was silent as a lamb led to the slaughter, and did not open My mouth.—They dug My hands and feet, they numbered all My bones.—I sought for one to console Me and did not find him; they gave Me gall for food, and for My thirst vinegar.—When Jesus had received vinegar, He said, All is finished; and, bowing His head, He expired."

Little Chapter: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal to God; but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant; being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." (Philip, ii, 5-8.)

Church: "He was wounded for our iniquities."

Children: "And stricken for our sins."

Antiphon: "But when they had come to Jesus, and saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs; but one of the soldiers with a lance opened

His side, and immediately there came forth blood and water."

Prayer: "Almighty and eternal God, who, to give us an example of humility, didst cause our Saviour to take flesh and undergo the cross, mercifully grant, while celebrating the solemn commemoration of His Passion, that as we endeavor to follow the lowliness of His patience, so we may deserve to share in the glory of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.—OUR LADY OF MEXICO.—(Continued.)

THE most notable commission was that which in the eighteenth century was presided over by the distinguished painter, Miguel Cabrera, with whom were associated the following famous artists: José de Ibarra, Antonio Vallejo, Manuel Osorio, Juan Patricio Ruiz, José de Alcibar, and José Ventura Arvaez. In his report, published in 1756 under the title "*Maravilla Americana*," Cabrera, who was a man of the highest character as well as a great painter, sets forth the results of this examination, and the reasons for the decision that the picture of Guadalupe was not the work of human hands, but clearly miraculous. After describing the four different kinds of painting found united in it, he observes: "The union or conjunction of these four is something that no artist has ever attempted on one single canvas. These kinds are so distinct that each requires a separate and distinct preparation; and finding no preparation whatever in this painting makes their combination still more marvellous on one canvas. For me this is an argument so strong that it convinces me that this painting is

miraculous." He adds that "such is the combination of perfections in the picture that it is impossible to suppose it a human work. Its originality of conception and execution and the extraordinary artistic effects produced, not only beyond the power of artists, but in defiance of the very rules of art, place it altogether above human origin."

Indeed these artists found every detail of the picture marvellous. The perfection of the drawing amazed them, and they note the absolute impossibility of reproducing even in the most carefully exact copy the wonderful colors and effects. This is not only because the head and hands are in oil-color; the tunic, or dress, as well as the cherub and clouds, in distemper; the mantle or cloak, in water-colors; and the field over which the rays fall, in *labrada al temple*; but because the colors do not belong to any known coloring substances, and the closest investigation has failed to detect of what they are composed. "This is most evident," says another writer (Cuevas), "in the gilding. By human means it is not possible to obtain metallic lustre without metallic substances prepared in one form or another; yet in this painting the effect is produced without any metallic substance, so far as can be detected." The same author adds:

"With a single color it is impossible to obtain different colors; that is to say, different degrees of the same color, or colors essentially different, with one single color. In the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, as has been seen for ages, the colors that it displays are indefinable, and this is because they really form a diversity of colors under one base of coloration. It can not be explained or understood, but it is a fact that the cloak is blue and green at the same time; the tunic pink and violet; the face brown, pearl and leaden

gray; and in each of these colors is observed at the same time many shades or degrees of themselves. This effect can not be ascribed to the light over the glass which protects the painting, nor to the light over the picture itself, because it is visible with or without the glass, and remains no matter by what light the picture is viewed.... Were it possible to make a complete analysis of the constituent elements of the rose, it might be found, perhaps, that with them alone the miraculous image has been painted."

Surely a beautiful suggestion this—that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by Juan Diego the Blessed Virgin painted her own image on his tilma; and as we study the wonderful picture we feel that it may well be true. For the more closely one regards it, the more one recognizes the strange and touching charm of this absolutely unique representation of the Mother of God. The fact that it conforms to no traditional type of the Blessed Virgin is to the Catholic mind another proof of its miraculous origin; for what, again, could be more characteristic of the tender condescension of her whom mediæval faith called the Most Holy Lady than that she should have imprinted her image on this Indian blanket according to the type of the people she came to save?

"The Guadalupean picture," remarks Cuevas, "is outside of all the traditions. It is the Blessed Virgin Mexicanized, transformed into Aztec, sublimating the beauty of the Aztec race to the highest degree of which it is capable." It is indeed the type of an Aztec maiden at which we gaze; and yet about the slender, girlish form breathes, indefinitely but distinctly, all the majesty of the Queen of Heaven. The pose is of exquisite grace and dignity, the bent head draped in a cloak which falls over the shoulders

and partially covers the breast. Under this the tunica, or dress, extends to the feet, which rest on a cherub's head. The body is inclined toward the right; and the face, of inexpressible gentleness and sweetness, looks downward; while the hands are joined as if in prayer, and the entire figure is surrounded by a splendor of rays of gold.

To describe the colors of the picture is impossible. "Somehow," says a modern writer, "they are indescribable. The cloak is a sort of green and blue at the same time; the tunica is pinkish and violet, with rare flowers of gold here and there. The manta, or cloak, is decorated with stars. The exquisite finish of the tunica is such that a great painter of the last century declared no human artist could have performed it. The touches are finer than hair. Seen close, the hands and face are a delicate shade of brown, like those of Indians; while in the distance they assume a pearlish tint. The hair, as left uncovered by the cloak, is black and arranged somewhat in the simple style of noble Indian ladies. Strange to say, the face is at the same time Jewish and Aztec, as has often been remarked; and the whole painting suggests something of the ancient Greek and Oriental figures,—something of the figures of the Middle Ages and of the last centuries, as well as of the Egyptian and the Aztec. 'What human painter,' exclaims Cuevas, 'could have united in his work all the art schools of the world in all ages with a supreme originality of conception and execution?'"

The question is unanswerable; for no painter has ever claimed the picture of Guadalupe as his work, nor has the faintest whisper ever identified the name of any human artist with it. It stands alone amid so-called works of art; and those who deny its miraculous origin can only remain dumb before the

wonders which a critical examination reveals, and of which only the most striking have been touched upon here. But truly it is well to forget everything save simple faith when, kneeling among the adoring multitude of those for whom this gracious miracle was wrought, one sees the slender, dark hands lifted high in supplication to her whom they call "Mother of Mexicans." For this is indeed "the Blessed Mary's land,"—a land which she made her own when her feet trod this hill of Tepeyac, and which not all the powers of hell will ever snatch from her; a land which owes its original and marvellous conversion to the wonder wrought here. A writer who simply and modestly calls himself "Un Sacerdote" of the Archdiocese of Guadalajara, in an admirable historical and critical compendium of all the facts concerning the picture of Guadalupe, says:

"There can be no doubt that the rapid propagation of the Catholic religion in Mexico is due to the apparition of the Virgin at Tepeyac, and to the holy picture which, as a proof of her apparitions, our Blessed Mother left with us. For it is contrary and repugnant to Divine Providence that falsehood and imposture should produce so wonderful an effect. It would also be an extraordinary occurrence in ecclesiastical history for an entire nation to become converted to the Catholic religion in so short a time without prodigies, miracles or other extraordinary signs, such as we read of in the East Indies and in other countries. All admit the fact that Christianity had its beginning in Mexico through no ordinary cause; all admit that the foundation of Christianity was laid in Mexico by no ordinary method; but not all agree in assigning it to the true cause. We know that an effect must have a cause adequate to itself,

so that if the effect is an extraordinary and uncommon one, the corresponding cause must also be extraordinary and uncommon. Now, we find the adequate cause of the rapid conversion of the Mexican nation to the Catholic faith in the apparition of the Virgin at Tepeyac. This was the miracle which God performed to lead Mexico from the darkness of idolatry and from the horrors of human sacrifices to the light of faith and the law of love in the Church of Christ. It is recorded in history that previous to the year 1531 few of the natives applied for baptism: after the apparition a great change took place. Within one year (1540) the Franciscans alone enrolled in their registers more than six millions of baptisms. Father Motolinia and another priest, between them, baptized in five days over 14,200; and in the year 1548 the number of persons who received the Sacrament of Confirmation in less than two months amounted to 400,000. To this miracle of the rapid propagation of the faith among the Mexicans we may well apply those words which form the motto on the arms of the Church in Mexico: *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*"

With the writer we can not fail to ascribe this rapid propagation of the faith in Mexico to the miracle of Tepeyac. And as we turn our gaze from the lovely, bending face of her who stands impressed in the tints of the roses on the blanket of the poor Indian she so greatly honored, to the splendid basilica which is her shrine, to the jewels flashing in her crown, to the tapers burning at her feet, and to the unceasing throngs which kneel before her, we feel that no more wonderful or beautiful miracle has been wrought by the power of God since Gabriel uttered the first *Ave Maria*. Hark how its echo swells like the voice of the sea through the great church! And how

the voices rise in the closing petition: *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte. Amen, Jesus!* And we, aliens as we are, belonging to the arrogant race which fancies itself in no need of heavenly miracles, but is satisfied with the riches of earth,—we, too, in the unity of faith, lift suppliant hands to that sweet image of compassion as we cry, "Our Lady of Mexico, pray for us!"

(To be continued.)

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—I FIORETTI.

"I AM opposed to all this aristocratic symbolism in a republican country," said the Newspaper-man. "The president ought to ride in a street car to the Capitol, and be sworn in like an ordinary American gentleman."

"Ordinary American gentlemen are not 'inaugurated,'" said the Young Lady from Across the Street. "Presidents are not just mere ordinary persons."

"You're wrong there, if you don't mind my saying so," answered the Newspaper-man. "The President of the United States ought to be an ordinary gentleman,—not a 'son of his father,' or anything aristocratic."

"Then you would rule out the Cincinnati," said the Young Lady from Across the Street; "and that society was not considered by George Washington to be unduly aristocratic."

"A hereditary society of farmers, or something of that sort, wasn't it?" said the Newspaper-man. "I don't call *that* aristocratic. Now, a hereditary society of cooks would be admirable; it might help to hand down the traditions of good cooking."

The Young Lady from Across the

Street, who is a Colonial Dame and likewise a Daughter of the Crown, looked severely at the Newspaper-man. His rosy face did not in the least change.

"You would insinuate," she said, with a touch of polite sarcasm, "that George Washington was merely a farmer."

"He was a very good farmer, and not at all ashamed of it. If we go on with these pipe dreams of aristocracy," said the Newspaper-man, ruthlessly, "we shall be thrown down as a nation."

"You talk like a Fable in Slang," said the Critic.

"I am telling truths in the vernacular," retorted the Newspaper-man. "All these aristocratic societies are contrary to Jeffersonian simplicity. If all this fuss and feathers increases, we shall be crowning the President next."

The Host laughed.

"These societies are not aristocratic," he said. "Besides, they help to support many button factories."

"You are never serious," said the Young Lady from Across the Street. "Patriotic societies are good things, and they serve to keep alive sentiment by symbolism."

"She is right," said the Convert, emphatically. "I am rather a Tory myself, but I don't think anybody or any principle is likely to suffer from what is called the aristocratic pretensions of some persons in these societies. As for the President, I think—notwithstanding Jefferson's principles, which can not in all cases be taken as precedents,—he ought to be inaugurated with all possible pomp. At the inauguration of a President we are of no party: we are all Americans, one in loyalty to the symbol of the people's will—now don't interrupt me," said the Convert, seeing fire in the eye of the Newspaper-man. "I know what you are going to say. Consider it said, whatever it is. There is not enough symbolism or sentiment

in American life. We might borrow much from the practice of the Church. And the Latin races could teach us something about those little ceremonies that make family life tender and dignified without causing it to be artificial."

"The birthday bouquet and the speech to the grandparents in France," said the Host. "I remember, when I was in Normandy—"

"You are going to tell the story of your life," said the Convert. "In Latin countries—"

"Why not quote the Germans?" said the Professor of Physics. "What can be sweeter, finer than the sentiments they express symbolically in their family life? I recall a thousand instances. Christmas in Berlin is the apotheosis of the family. I certainly think that in our family life we neglect too much the little flowers of sentiment."

"But we were speaking of the big flower of sentiment—the sunflower of sentiment, in fact,—the symbolism of the Inauguration," said the Newspaper-man, "and the aristocratic tone—"

"And we were about to speak of family sentiment," said the Lady of the House, "which is more important."

"We have no time for that," said the Newspaper-man. "In our countries families show at their best when they are outside of their own home. You know what the home-mother means when she says, '*Only* the family dinner.' As a bachelor, I understand it to imply a combination of food made especially for domestic consumption."

"But what," asked the Host, with the irritation of a man whose story has been cut short, "has this to do with the question of symbolism and sentiment? The Newspaper-man is wandering into a criticism of those families that ask him to dine without sending him a *menu* card and a list of the guests."

"Not at all!" said the Newspaper-man.

"What I mean to say is that nothing in a family ought to be considered inferior. It is the hostess' 'only' I object to. Her point of view seems to be wrong. To be asked into a family circle is to receive a very high honor, and it seems to me that the symbol of this should not be the derogatory 'only.'"

"After all," said the Professor of Physics, "the ceremonial home dinner of the English, their habit of dressing every night, has its value. It symbolizes the fact that the family is united again. Since, with our improved heating apparatus, the hearthstone—the 'soul of the house,' as Sydney Smith says—has disappeared, the dinner table takes its place. It is too bad that the chimney place and the open fire, so full of sentiment, so symbolical of the hospitable heart of home, should have to go."

"One wouldn't expect people to dress for a dinner of bean soup and hash," said the Young Lady from Across the Street, with a withering glance at the Newspaper-man.

"It ought not to make any difference as to the material of the dinner," put in the Host. "It's always easy to have flowers and lights; and the question of ceremony—of symbolism—ought not to be dependent on the richness or the frugality of the meal. Why should I wear this coat for pork and beans and an evening coat and a white tie for a terrapin? If I did it would mean a loathly idolatry of the material."

"I must say," answered the Critic, "I think there is something in that. The refinements of life, the sentiment of daily routine, are, with us Americans, made to depend too much on money. In this respect we have much to learn from other countries. '*I fioretti*'—delicious words, always recalling St. Francis!—ought to grow among the rough and commonplace ways of life; but they must be cultivated."

"I try in vain to get something solid out of your talk," said the Convert. "Do you mean to say that every member of a family ought to put himself into his Sunday clothes just to eat his dinner in a symbolic manner? I declare I can not follow you."

"One may grow poor," remarked the Critic, meditatively, "but one does not go below the ideal so long as the symbols of refinement are preserved. The French—"

"When I was in Normandy—" began the Host.

"Some tea, if you please!" said the Critic. "He *will* tell the story of his life!"

The Utility of Fasting.

A RECENT issue of the *Church Economist*, a non-Catholic publication, contains an interesting account of its editor's efforts to ascertain whether fasting is still practised by any Protestant communities. The following information was elicited:

Professor Merriam, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, said he knew of no persons who practised physical fasting. In answer to an inquiry on the subject, the pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, says: "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts no longer appoints a day annually as a fast-day. For many years before the discontinuance of it the observance of it was not spiritually impressive. In former times in New England fasting was a practised custom among all devoted Christians. There may be more of it now throughout the region named than any one can know, but it is my strong impression that, save as it is observed by Catholics and extreme Ritualists, the custom of fasting as a religious duty has gone out." The pastor of the First Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, says: "I know of no Protestants who practise fasting. Roman Catholics do, of course." The pastor of the State Street Church, Portland, Maine, says that, so far as his experience and observations are concerned, fasting after the old fashion is obsolete.

Among Protestants, therefore, the custom seems practically to have died out. How is it among our own people? Nothing is more common at this season

of the ecclesiastical year than to hear middle-aged Catholics remark upon the striking contrast between the comparative mildness of the Lenten regulations of to-day and the rigorous severity which characterized the Lent of their youth. A good many readers of THE AVE MARIA can doubtless recall a period when the Lenten fast meant, if not for themselves, at least for their parents, simply one meal a day,—and that, too, a meal at which not only meat but even milk, butter, eggs, and cheese were also forbidden.

Have we ever reflected upon the reasons that have brought about the present relaxation from the old-time rigor? Has the change in the Church's discipline, relative to this matter of the Lenten fast, been occasioned by an increase in the fervid piety of the faithful, by a higher standard of morality and spirituality which obviates the necessity of such severe mortification as the old-time fast compelled? Or, rather, has not a deterioration of our spiritual life, a perceptible lowering of our standard of piety, made it expedient for the Church to grant concessions to our presumed weakness or our actual cowardice?

The question is a purely speculative one, which each may resolve at his leisure and as best suits his personal convictions. Resolve it as we may, however, the one capital fact remains unchanged—that the Lenten fast is just as necessary to man's spiritual well-being now as it ever was in the history of the Church; and that if we are less strict than were our fathers in observing it, it is so much the worse for ourselves.

It is well to remember this fact—that fasting is of divine obligation. True, it is prescribed, not in the Ten Commandments of God but in the Precepts of the Church, and may thus appear

to be a mere ecclesiastical ordinance; but the Church simply designates the time and manner in which, according to circumstances, the divine obligation must be fulfilled. As a matter of fact, we learn from the Old and the New Testament, from the examples of the saints as well as of Our Lord Himself, and from the constant doctrine and tradition of the Church, that fasting is an important and, in general, an indispensable part of religious discipline.

Apart from the fact that the principle of fasting is abundantly justifiable from reason, nothing is clearer than that God Himself approves of it as a means of grace. He imposed a day of fasting—the Day of Atonement—upon the Jews; Moses and Elias fasted for forty days. Not only did our Saviour fast for a like period, but in His magnificent Sermon on the Mount He takes it for granted that His disciples will follow His example, and specifies the manner in which they are to do so. "And when you fast, be not, as the hypocrites, sad."* The Acts inform us that the Apostles fasted, and St. Paul expressly speaks of the practice as a means by which Christians should commend themselves to God.

It would appear from all this that, even if there were no positive precept of the Church commanding us to perform this species of mortification, it would still behoove us to practise it as one of the most effective means of grace and salvation. It would appear too—and this is the point which this paper is especially designed to emphasize—that, even if by reason of our age, our constitutional frailty, our actual feebleness of health, our hard work, or other causes, we are, strictly speaking, exempted by legitimate authority from the duty of fasting regularly and habitually during this Lenten season, we shall, nevertheless, prove ourselves

* St. Matt., vi, 16.

to be but very indifferent Catholics if throughout Lent we do not in some measure restrain and curb our desire for abundant meals; if we do not frequently take only a sufficiency to sustain our health and strength rather than enough thoroughly to satiate our appetites; if we are not oftener inconvenienced by a feeling of hunger than by a sense of surfeit or repletion.

"Fast," says St. Basil, "because thou hast sinned; and fast to prevent the danger of falling into sin." Here we have a succinct expression of the double utility of fasting; a twofold reason for our full, or at the very least our partial, performance of this mortification. It is a part of our penance, an atonement or satisfaction for sins committed; and it is also a preventive of sin, a means to subdue our flesh and make us victorious over our spiritual enemies.

Sin must be punished, as St. Augustine often repeats, either in this world by our voluntary choice; or, if we are recreant to the duty, far more severely in the next world by the avenging justice of the offended Deity. Repentance, indeed, whenever it is sincere, carries along with it, or implies, a resolution to perform a satisfactory penance, proportioned in some degree to the gravity of our sins, by embracing some kind of voluntary chastisement.

The sorrow that is purely and solely interior, that is never translated into exterior penitential deeds, is perhaps somewhat open to suspicion. Now, that such a chastisement as fasting is an excellent external work of penance, is manifest from numerous passages of Holy Writ. In the Old Testament we find that sinful peoples like the Ninevites succeeded by their austere fasts in appeasing the divine anger. By this same means did David and other holy penitents make manifest the sincerity of their contrition. The prophets com-

mended the practice to all transgressors of the law of God: "Be converted... in fasting and in weeping and in mourning." And one whom Our Lord Himself declared greater than a prophet, St. John the Baptist, the very model and apostle of penance, fasted habitually throughout his life. So intimately, indeed, is the idea of partial abstinence from food associated with genuine penance, that St. Basil goes so far as to say: "Penance without fasting is fruitless. By fasting we make satisfaction to God."

It is elementary that if we are ever to reach heaven, we must be able to present at the judgment-seat of God a record either of innocence unsullied or of penance performed. Extremely rare are they who have preserved unspotted their baptismal innocence, so that penance is the lot of the overwhelming majority of Christians. Now, hitherto, what real penance have we done? If we measure our weak endeavors by the maxims of the Gospels, by the severe canons of the primitive Church, by the instructions and exhortations of the Fathers, by the lives of all true penitents, how sadly in arrears shall we not find ourselves! Should we not tremble as we consider our remissness, cowardice, and slothfulness in complying with this important duty? "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," says Our Lord. The great and essential penance for all in mortal sin is, of course, a good sacramental confession. This is the supreme means of reconciliation between the sinner and God, and we presuppose it in the case of those of whom we speak as gaining supernatural merit from fasting or other penitential works.

While, however, the priest's absolution, worthily received, blots out the guilt of mortal sin, it emphatically does not blot out or wipe away the debt of temporal punishment still due to that

sin,—punishment which we must suffer here on earth, or from which we shall else be “purified, yet so as by fire,” hereafter. Now, it is obvious that the species of external penance which most inconveniences us, which occasions us the most discomfort, which costs us the most genuine sacrifice, is quite likely to be the most efficacious. It may, therefore, readily happen that we can merit more by fasting for a single day than by giving generous alms every day for a month; more especially as our fasting, if done in secret according to Our Lord’s counsel, will not expose us to the danger of having our vanity tickled, as it may be tickled by the world’s praise of our charity, self-sacrifice, and liberality.

Fasting, then, is useful, not to say indispensable, to us in our character of sinners. It is equally useful as a preservative from sin, an effective means of strengthening ourselves against temptation. Man was created upright, but through Adam’s sin of disobedience the flesh and its lusts now war against the soul, and tend to enervate its powers, impair its liberty, and bring it into bondage. Hence St. James tells us: “Every man is tempted, being drawn away by his own concupiscence and allured. Then, when concupiscence hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin.” This “law of the members,” as St. Paul calls the rebellion of the flesh, is easily strengthened by indulgence of the sensual appetites. So true is this that the reformation of acquired evil habits is a matter of such difficulty that it is called in Holy Scripture “doing violence” to ourselves, and “crucifying the flesh with its lusts and affections.”

It will readily be seen that in order to establish the supremacy of our higher nature, in order to keep the body in that subjection to the soul which must be maintained if we are to serve God

faithfully, fasting, in some degree at least, is well-nigh indispensable. All the saints have recognized this truth and have regulated their lives accordingly. Each one of them, like St. Paul, ‘chastised his body and brought it into subjection lest he should become a castaway.’ Each remembered that Christ Himself said, speaking of a spirit that is not less rampant in our day than in His: “This kind of devils is not cast out but by prayer and fasting.” The saints, in a word, thoroughly and practically understood that fasting is one of the most effective preservatives against sin, just as it is one of the most meritorious forms of external penance by which we may hope to satisfy the justice of God for transgressions already committed.

Is it not incumbent upon all Christians to imitate in some measure the saints’ example? If we are either truly sorry for having offended God in the past, or sincerely desirous to avoid offending Him in the future, can we afford to dispense ourselves from this obligation of fasting? Instead of alleging the amount of work we have to do, the delicate state of our health, our being under twenty-one or over sixty years of age, and similar reasons for non-compliance with the general law of the Church, should we not rather admit that our spiritual well-being requires fasting just as imperiously as our bodily health requires food? Without endangering the latter in the slightest degree, we can undoubtedly improve the former by practising considerable mortification in the matter of eating and drinking; and throughout the holy season of Lent we should certainly endeavor to do so.

Even on the score of bodily health, fasting is of genuine utility. Numerous as are the indigent poor in many large cities, it is morally certain that for every unfortunate person who dies of inanition or starvation, there are a dozen others

whose death is the direct or indirect result of over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. As a simple matter of hygienic fact, a little judicious fasting from time to time would free our systems from a number of disorders caused by our satisfying our appetites to the full as often as we sit down to eat. There is sound sense as well as epigrammatic point in the Italian proverbs, "He will eat much who eats little at a time," and "The meat which is left on the plate profits more than that which is eaten."

Old St. Mary's in Rome.

IN the course of a very readable letter from Rome published in the *Casket*, Bishop McNeil, Vicar-Apostolic of St. George, Newfoundland, refers to the excavations going on in the Forum, and tells of a visit to the old church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin of which we lately made mention—a church that was called *antiqua* in the seventh century. The interest of this discovery is all the greater from the fact that the existence of such a building was not suspected by archæologists.

The sanctuary and side chapels are well preserved; and, most interesting of all, the plastered walls are literally covered with paintings and inscriptions. It is astonishing to see how vivid the colors remain. The church is quite large, and the paintings on the main walls constitute what might be called an illustrated Bible. Over the altar, in a side chapel, is a very remarkable painting of the Crucifixion. Our Lord is represented alive on the cross and not suffering,—conquering death, as it were, not subject to it. The figure is draped by a garment reaching the feet. Beside the cross stand the Blessed Virgin and St. John; also two soldiers, of whom one holds a lance and the other a sponge. The name of the former soldier is given—Longinus. *Sancta Maria* is also written over the figure representing the Blessed Virgin.

The archæologists were able at once to determine the date of the paintings. In olden times a round nimbus, or halo, about the head of the painting indicated not only that the person was holy, but also that the person was dead; while a square nimbus indicated that the person was still alive. In this church two figures with square halos

have names inscribed—namely, Pope Zacharias and Pope Paul I.; so that the paintings, or some of them, were executed at different times between the years 741 and 767. But the church itself is older than that. Three days ago the inscription showing the name of the church was discovered. A literal translation of the title is this: "To Mary, the Holy Mother of God and ever Virgin."

This inscription is not older than the paintings, but other discoveries threw more light upon it. It is recorded in the Papal Archives that Pope John VII., in 706, put a new pulpit in the church called Old St. Mary's; and last week the workmen unearthed part of a marble pulpit, on which is the inscription, both in Latin and Greek: "John, the Servant of Holy Mary." In one of the side chapels is a painting of the Blessed Virgin in the act of receiving a building from the hands of a man who is described as the "Administrator of the church called Old St. Mary's." Hence the building was old in the seventh century. Indeed it is certain that the walls are part of the palace of the Roman emperors. The only doubt is as to the time after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine at which that part of the palace was turned into a church. Anyhow, the name, the inscriptions, the paintings, all show that devotion to the Blessed Virgin was as much a part of the Christian religion in the seventh century as it is to-day....

This church also emphasizes the union which then existed in religion between Latins and Greeks. The inscriptions are usually in both languages. There is a number of Latin saints painted on one wall, and a similar line of Greek saints near by.

Of course we knew all these things before, but it is interesting to see works buried nine or ten centuries ago rise from their graves to repeat the lesson. The catacombs carry the lesson on right through the preceding centuries. I was in one this afternoon, and saw the remains of Christians buried there when Rome was still a pagan city, and chapels underground, hewn out of the rock, with altars, credence tables for wine and water beside the altars, stone seats for the clergy, etc.

Fair-minded Protestants must now make an end of all those absurd statements regarding the modernity of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin. The Magi "found the Child with Mary His Mother"; and their gifts to Him, of which the Gospel makes mention, must have been offered through her. From that day to this all true Christians have thus approached the Blessed Virgin. It is impossible to separate the Mother from the Son; and to honor her is to honor Him.

Notes and Remarks.

The touching appeal of the Pottawat-
omie Indians, of Oklahoma, to Cardinal
Gibbons begging that some means be
devised to save their children from
Protestant or irreligious schools, ought
to swell the annual collection for the
Indian missions this year. But if any
other stimulus be needed it is furnished
by the persistence with which agents of
the government schools, knowing the
financial stress under which Catholic
schools are laboring, tempt the children
away from them. "The inducements held
out are quite flattering to the ever-
hungry and easily-duped people," say
the Sisters, whose reluctance to give up
the little ones that have been under their
care so long amounts almost to agony.
In Bishop O'Gorman's diocese Commis-
sioner Browning has even denied the
right of the Indians to send their children
to the school of their choice!

The worst aspect of the Indian ques-
tion is that there is so little prospect of
a betterment of conditions. The entire
collection for the missions last year
amounted only to about sixty-six thou-
sand dollars; and when one considers
the number of priests, Sisters, and
Indian children dependent on that sum
it seems only a trifle. As showing how
difficult it is to arouse the interest of
Catholics in this apostolic work, we
may mention that four bishops who
made collecting tours in some of the
wealthiest districts of the country were
able to add only thirteen thousand
dollars to the sum named above.

Mr. Leslie Stephen lacks only a year
or two of man's commonly allotted
period of threescore and ten. He has
figured more or less prominently in
the world of English letters during the
past twenty or thirty years, his most

notable productions, hitherto, having
been "The Science of Ethics" and
"History of English Thought in the
Eighteenth Century." Mr. Stephen has
recently published "The English Utilita-
rians," a work that is receiving generous
praise from reviewers who belong to
the author's school of thought. What
that school is may be approximately
inferred from this declaration, taken
from the new book: "To found a
religion which shall be compatible with
all known truth, which shall satisfy
the imagination and the emotions, and
which shall discharge the functions
hitherto assigned to the churches, is
a problem for the future."

Mr. Stephen is astray. The problem
was solved once for all two thousand
years ago. The religion founded by
Jesus Christ is thoroughly compatible
with all known and all knowable truth;
it completely satisfies the imagination,
the emotions, and the reason as well;
and in the person of the Catholic Church
it is regularly discharging its proper
functions, although some of these have
been rashly usurped by "the churches,"
or sects, whose pernicious illogicality
has developed just such benighted philos-
ophers as Mr. Leslie Stephen.

The Archdeacon of London has been
writing to the *Humanitarian* on the
religious aspects of the English capital.
The following extracts from his paper
may perhaps be thought not inapplicable
to other latitudes than that of London:

A vast mass of human beings, possibly nominal
Christians, are indeed Christians only in name.
Fashionable religion is to an increasing degree a
mere perfunctory attendance at some magical
ceremonial, which has little or no effect on morals
or conscience.... Our danger lies in a scientific
philosophy, which, while availing itself of the
morality of Christianity, is gravely dubious about
the possibility of a revelation, of eternal life, of
the soul, and even of God Himself. Then there is
a growing intolerance of all authority and im-
patience of restraint. The appetite for material

enjoyment and self-indulgence is largely on the increase. The sober duties of domestic life are more and more set aside....The growing neglect of the observance of the Sunday is a significant sign of the times....In this country, if men do not pay any respect to the day which by common consent has been set apart for special religious thought and devotion, they will in almost every case lose their sense of religion altogether.

It is a well-known fact that no small percentage of non-Catholic professional and business men in our own country are "Christians only in name," and that there is among such circles a growing disposition toward agnosticism. The age needs dogmatic infallibility to satisfy its cravings; lacking that, it will inevitably revert to nothingarianism. Catholic or infidel in its last analysis the world will surely be.

The world must seem a small place sometimes to some people; for instance, when they unexpectedly find themselves face to face with persons with whose actions, thousands of miles away, they had just become familiar. Not long ago, through the kindness of a friend in Canada, we quoted an extract from a letter written by a French religious in China to her family in Marseilles, telling of the brave rescue of herself and her companions from the fury of the Boxers by a Protestant gentleman, named Chamot, his wife and employees; telling also of his great charity to the Sisters and their orphans, and their great gratitude. A reader of *THE AVE MARIA* who lives in San Francisco had just been edified by this recital when he met Mr. Chamot, whose noble wife is a native of that city. Needless to say it was a pleasure to show him the notice, or that he was pleased to read an expression of gratitude which had reached him in so roundabout a way, without a thought on the part of the writer of his ever seeing it at all.

Mr. Chamot is a Swiss. We learn that he has received as many as eleven

decorations, including one from the Pope. He deserves them all; and there should be one for Mrs. Chamot, who on an occasion that will be memorable in history proved herself a valiant woman, worthy of her sex, her country, and her noble husband.

The everlasting public school question has again become a practical issue since the rabbis of Baltimore made their formal protest against Bible-reading in the schools. The contention of the rabbis is that since the money to support the schools is drawn impartially from Catholic, Protestant and Jewish pockets these schools should be strictly unsectarian as they pretend to be. Therefore, say these masters in Israel, not only must the New Testament be excluded, but all poems, hymns, songs, and prose selections referring to Christmas must also be banished, and "the celebration of any holiday that has a religious significance or origin" must be discontinued. When it is pointed out that this rule would make the Christian Sunday an ordinary school-day, it will be seen that the worshipful rabbis propose a very drastic reform. And the little circumstance that they are perfectly reasonable in what they propose—that they are only pushing the theory of undenominational schools to its logical conclusion—shows how impossible is the principle on which the public school system is based. Supposing even that the demands of the rabbis were granted, and all references to God, the Bible, Christ, prayer, Christmas, and Christianity were remorselessly eliminated, the schools would still be sectarian, for they would be promoters of infidelity.

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The Protestant clergy, of course, have rejoined, and as usual it will suffice merely to quote their words. One, bear-

ing the ancient and multitudinous name of Smith—the Rev. Dr. J. T.,—speaking for his own flock, says:

Presbyterians sympathize with the general feeling that this is a Protestant country under a Protestant government.... I think that the overwhelming majority of the people who send their children to the public schools are of the Protestant faith. The Bible is their standard of belief and they believe in having it read in the schools. And in this country the majority rules.

Brother Canter—significant name!—who is Presiding Elder of the Southern M. E. Conference, reminds the rabbis that the Catholics support schools of their own, and adds cheerfully:

If our brethren of the Jewish faith are not willing that their children should be taught in the schools as they are now conducted, let them establish parochial schools.

Bishop Latane, Reformed Episcopal, bids the children of Abraham rejoice that they are permitted to live:

In view of the freedom from persecution which the Jews enjoy in this land of religious liberty, and in view of the avenues to wealth and position and education and influence which are open to them, they are certainly indiscreet in seeking to open the way for the agitation of the various questions involved in the memorial; and I hope the board will promptly dispose of the matter.

There is more—but this is enough. The speech of such men as these will do more to show the American people the unreasonableness of our present school system than volumes of argument by Catholics. We venture to say that millions of Protestants in this country will despise these illiberal preachers as cordially as the rabbis will despise them.

Kansas may be content to accept the practical dictatorship of one of her female citizens, but she draws the line at being thanked for her "loyalty to a foreign sovereign." The House of Representatives in that State having forwarded a message of condolence to King Edward VII., his Majesty ordered his private secretary to return his thanks to the Western legislators. The secretary, who had been sending thousands

of such acknowledgments to British and colonial bodies, inadvertently used the phrase "expressions of loyalty and sympathy," instead of "expressions of sympathy." Attention was called, in the Topeka House of Representatives, to the fact that, by implication, its members were made subjects of the English King; and forthwith the House asserted its abhorrence of any such idea by expunging the whole royal message from its journals. Possibly the message of condolence sent by President McKinley might have sufficed in the first instance. Artemus Ward praised the great Washington for a trait that those Western worthies seem to lack.

We are aware that certain able converts, not less than many "traditional" Catholics, deprecate any attempt among newcomers into the Church to organize themselves into a separate society, or in any other way to segregate themselves from the mass of the faithful. But it is impossible to read the statement issued by the Catholic Converts' League (with headquarters in New York) without feeling that the purpose of the new society is as wholly admirable as the spirit in which it has been organized. Converts receive great benefits by association with one another; and, besides, they can exercise an influence over non-Catholics which is often beyond the power of non-converts. As the president, Dr. De Costa, observed in his address to the League:

Converts have an experience that specially prepares them to deal with those who are alienated from the Church, and who, nevertheless, may become reconciled. The convert will often be listened to when an original Catholic is unable to make the least approach. In a thousand cases, the fact that a person is a convert opens the door to usefulness, there being among non-Catholics at times an irrepressible desire to learn from a former associate something of the reasons that led to a change of faith and made him a Catholic.

Organization alone will enable converts to attain to their special and highest usefulness. By keep-

ing in touch with one another they will find unequalled opportunities for knowing the actual non-Catholic conditions, as every new convert will bring in his quota of that information so essential to successful work among non-Catholics.

The Archbishop of New York is a zealous friend of the new movement, one chief object of which, we may add, is to afford pecuniary assistance to converts who are temporarily embarrassed as a result of their change of faith.

Of all the hard reading that is presented to the patient public the dullest and driest is the output of the Protestant pulpit. We can imagine few torments more intense than to be doomed to read forever and ever the sermons printed in the Monday papers. The intolerable length and aridity of these productions, however, are sometimes relieved by the frankness and fairness of a preacher who thinks thoughts and is not afraid to express them, regardless of what any one else may think or say. Such a clergyman is the Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett, of the Kirk Street Church, Lowell, Mass. In a recent sermon on "The Lost Power" he was outspoken enough to make this declaration:

In our own city the church buildings which have been going up for the past ten years have been Catholic. These almost cathedral-like buildings are thronged with people, rain or shine, with nine Masses a day said for the accommodation of the multitudes who go when they can. Contrast that with the story of Protestant church life. From almost every quarter there is going up a cry of distress. Audiences are small, the incomes of churches are reduced, and vestries are but half filled in the evening, while thousands are upon the streets or having the social hour at home.... Whatever we may think of the doctrine of the Catholic Church, she is, from the standpoint of numbers and financial strength, a success.

"What is the difficulty?" asks Dr. Bartlett; and he answers himself thus:

From my point of view, the reason lies in the fact that having shorn our giant, we wish him to do battle for us as before. In other words, having robbed the Bible of its doctrines as the book of life and as a revelation from God, we have robbed it of its powers. Having set our own imaginations and speculations higher than

the Book, we have undertaken to carry on the conquest of the world with our own feeble and limited forces. We have forgotten in our specializations that the Bible is the special book of life.

Brother Bartlett, you hit the nail on the head that time! The Bible used to be a fetich, but now it is a football. Bring back the Amen corner, and restore the Book. That latest-novel kind of religion is a snare of Satan, and the exponents of it may well fear, as your saying is, "to be caught in the earthquake of the wrath of God."

The accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne of Great Britain recalls an incident of his visit to this country which is creditable to him, though of course much more so to an American Catholic lady. At a fashionable ball in New York the future King of England was presented to the oldest daughter of Gen. William T. Sherman, and after some conversation his Royal Highness requested the pleasure of dancing with her. But Miss Sherman's mother was a model Catholic and she had been educated in a convent. The dance was a waltz, and accordingly the young lady declined. Far from being offended, the Prince of Wales waited until a square dance was played and again claimed Miss Sherman for it. On the eve of his departure for England the future King was asked what lady he admired most of all that he had met during his visit. Without a moment's hesitation he answered: "I must say I admire Miss Sherman the most."

The hierarchy of the Church universal now counts sixty cardinals, fourteen patriarchs, one hundred and seventy archbishops of the Latin rite, fifty-four archbishops and bishops of the Oriental rite, three hundred and sixty-eight titular archbishops and bishops, and eight bishops unattached. The entire number of prelates of all ranks is 1322.



Bubbles.

DID you ever blow bright bubbles,
Watching them around you float,
Catching from the light, gay colors,
Each one like a fairy boat?

Did you see them turn to vapor,
Passing from your eager eyes,
While you wondered if the bubbles
Had sought refuge in the skies?

Well, earth's fame is like a bubble
Made of breath of changeful men;
And it floats till, without warning,
It returns to breath again.

The Lily of the Golden River.

A TALE OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

BY SISTER MARY.

I.



O called from the color of its sands, the Golden River flowed between the two large provinces of Lac-Sin and Xi-ne; and on its banks the good Italian Fathers of St. Francis had toiled for many a year with very variable success. The province of Lac-Sin, on the right bank, was well administered by a wise and honest governor, and the mission had prospered and increased. But in Xi-ne it was quite another story. There corruption, trickery, and deeds of violence were openly tolerated; and the zealous Franciscan Fathers, who had left fair Italy to win souls in China, could hardly hold their ground. In the last five years three churches and two schools had been sacked, and the good missionaries and nuns had been put to death with the secret connivance of the

mandarins, who were utterly hostile to the introduction of Christianity.

At the time of our history there remained only two mission stations: one on the north among the mountains, served by some Fathers; and another on the shore of the Golden River, where a few Franciscan nuns conducted a school and orphan asylum under the supervision of the Fathers, who visited them at intervals. It was a small enough affair to escape enmity, they hoped. A school and work-room frequented by about a hundred boys and girls, and an orphan asylum containing fifteen young children, did not seem to threaten ruin to the Celestial Empire. But they *did* menace the empire of Satan over young hearts, and so must be opposed; and that little spot, as we shall see, gave more glory to God than all the British army with the world-wide British Empire at its back has ever yet done!

..

"Suor Maria Crocefissa! Suor Maria Crocefissa!" several young voices cried in chorus.

"What is it, children?" inquired the superior, a young nun, with the dark, lustrous eyes of her countrywomen, and a motherly look of anxiety on her face at the unwonted excitement of her scholars.

"Padre Serafino is here and has bad news; we knew it by his face as he blessed us."

"Well, well! Bring him here, and ask Suor Agnese to take you to Our Lady's altar to say the Rosary while I speak to him. Run away now!"

Suor Maria Crocefissa was indeed the mainstay of the little mission. Full of resources, indefatigable in good works

for the love of her crucified Spouse, whose name she bore, she was one of the many devoted souls whose lives pass in abnegation and self-sacrifice, often ending in martyrdom if their lot is cast in heathen lands. She now went forward calmly to meet the missionary, whose unexpected arrival she knew boded no good news.

The tale was soon told. A ship from Europe (some said from Italy, which gave the impression that the Fathers were in league with the hated foreigners) had entered the mouth of the river, and was now ascending it. All was in commotion along the banks, and the villagers were taking refuge in Xi-ne and spreading the wildest reports. Some declared the vessel had been sent to avenge the destruction of the churches and schools; and the few who ventured to assert that it had only put in for repairs after a storm which had raged for days, were silenced by threats of denunciation as Christian malefactors.

The little mission school had purposely been placed on the banks of the river, as it could in that case be protected by the large Mission Station opposite in Lac-Sin in case of necessity; and Padre Serafino had come over to arrange that, since the greater part of Xi-ne was in revolt, the day-scholars and a few boarders should be sent home to their families, and the mission house and church well secured, though as yet all was quiet in their immediate neighborhood.

"I have arranged," continued the Father, "that two large boats shall cross from our side at dusk and take you with the Sisters and orphans back with them."

"And Our Lord?" asked Suor Maria Crocefissa, signing toward the modest church where the Blessed Sacrament was preserved, blessing and consoling the little community of the Holy Family.

"I have a long round to go to see and comfort our poor converts and catechumens; they will need all I can do for them. But I shall return before the evening Ave and take the Blessed Sacrament over with us in the boat, and see that all is secured behind us, and the community in safety with our friends around the Good Shepherd Mission. There are many of them who will gladly receive you and yours. God bless you! I must hurry off now." And he was gone.

The arrangements were soon made. By sunset the little band of nine Sisters, and twelve orphans remaining, were gathered together for the Rosary and the litany in the church, awaiting Padre Serafino's arrival.

It was a glorious evening. A golden purple hue spread over the fair meadows along the banks of the river. Gradually a rich crimson tint appeared on the horizon; and as the sun sank, the ruby rays of light ascended the sky, tipped the low hills near with light, and reddened the river till it became like a stream of blood; and then, a dark cloud suddenly sweeping over from the northern mountains, the whole face of nature changed, and the evening Angelus sounded like a melancholy farewell to peace and order.

Meantime, in church, the Aves were taken up from one side and the other with the rhythmic, monotonous chant of the young voices; and the Rosary finished, the harmonium accompanied the three Sisters who sang the *Kyrie* slowly and sadly, but were joyously seconded by the children as they began: "*Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genitrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum*—" but then the Sister portress entered in haste and whispered something to the superior, who went out with her.

When she returned they were singing, "*Auxilium Christianorum*." She stopped the singing and said:

"Finish the litany in a low voice."

It was finished, and she stood facing them.

"Don't be afraid, dear Sisters and children, but we must prepare ourselves for trouble. The people are coming up from the village against us in great fury, but the doors are all well barred. It will be impossible for Padre Serafino to reach us from the front. We must see what is best to be done. But first let us pray our Divine Master to teach us, and Our Lady and St. Joseph to be with us in our peril."

And she knelt, and all united in one hearty *Memorare*.

Then one Sister remained with the younger children in prayer before the Tabernacle, while all the others busied themselves in barricading the principal door with the heaviest furniture and making all as secure as possible. All depended on gaining time for their escape; but the shouts and shots from firearms, with which the Chinese excited themselves to fanatical cruelties, were heard ever nearer.

Suor Maria Crocefissa went to the back where a flight of stone steps led down to the river, and found the Sisters she had sent to watch for the boats in great anxiety. The boats were there, moored to the steps; but the boatmen had gone off, saying they would return if there were any danger. What did it mean? What should they do?

The tumult increased outside. The crowd of ruffians, carrying lanterns and armed with everything they could lay hands upon, seemed to the poor superior, as she watched from an upper window, like a gigantic fiery serpent descending from the hills to crush the Holy Family community in its deadly embrace.

Just then the Sister from the river side came running to say, with bursts of sobs:

"O Mother, Mother, the boats are gone as well as the boatmen! They

have cut the ropes that moored them, and we are lost!"

"Not lost, child!" said the brave superior, though her face whitened as she thought of their position. "None are lost who have God for their protector. Come, courage! Run away and ring the church bell to give the alarm. We have many friends, and some plan may be made for us. Ring loudly and quickly!"

By this time the mob was at the outer door.

(To be continued.)

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IX.—NEDDIE.

The woman laid the bucket on the ground and came forward to meet the travellers.

"Run, take the horses, Neddie dear," she called to the boy.—"Welcome, Mr. Delagair!" she continued, with a strong emphasis on the first syllable, her face one broad smile. "And who is the young gentleman?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Thomson!" said De la Guerra. "This is my cousin, Robbie de la Guerra."

It was the first time he had been called by the name of his ancestors. Robbie was pleased. Mrs. Thomson extended her hand and shook his warmly.

"The old man is not well to-day," said Mrs. Thomson, leading the way to the house.

After a wide grin of welcome at Robbie, who returned it appreciatively, Neddie had gone off with the horses.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said De la Guerra. "I wanted to take him up the mountain with me to-morrow."

"Oh, he'll be well enough for that!" replied the woman, with an unconscious sigh. Although she would never own it,

she was well aware that her husband's principal malady was an indisposition for hard work. Riding across country was not included in that category.

Robbie was now close enough to the house to observe that it must originally have been intended for a barn. There was a very large double door in the middle, half of which stood open.

"Come right in and sit down," said Mrs. Thomson. "A touch of fire is good these evenin's."

And so it was. As they entered a good-looking man, much younger than his wife, rose and stepped forward to greet them. He had been occupying a very comfortable chair, which he now placed at De la Guerra's disposal.

While they conversed Robbie looked around. Curtains made of cheap calico divided the place into apartments. One at either side screened two bedrooms; while another, in the middle, slightly drawn, revealed a second double door down at the opposite end. The floor gradually ascended from either end to the centre. Everything appeared to be sliding toward that part of the room where Robbie sat. He seemed to be gazing in a mirror. The floor was covered with a neat rag-carpet. A bright fire burned in the open fireplace; a savory stew was bubbling in a pot depending from an old-fashioned crane.

Mrs. Thomson busied herself in setting the table. Robbie wished that he could catch a glimpse of the boy through the window. But at that moment Neddie appeared in the doorway, still grinning.

"Want to come out a while?" he called out to Robbie, who awaited no second invitation. The boys were soon exchanging confidences.

"We come from Illinois," said Neddie, after Robbie had accounted for himself. "Pop he wasn't never well there; for that matter, he ain't here neither. But mom she's a hustler. She thought it

wouldn't be so hard for him to work out of doors in Californy,—such a good climate, you know. So then we come along; sold out our big farm first in Illinois, and took up three or four claims here. It's awful hard to make things pay,—at least it was 'fore our apples and cherries and plums begun to bear. Mom had *some* money, but pop persuaded her to put half of it in minin' claims. They haven't yielded nothin' yet; but we're livin' in hopes, and that's somethin'."

"Who works the place?" asked Robbie.

"Mom and me, with pop's help when he's well. Somehow he gits sick mighty sudden when he does collapse." (Here he lowered his voice to a whisper.) "He ain't my own father," he said.

"No?" inquired Robbie. "He's your step-father, then?"

"Yes, and he used to be mighty mean to me off and on. But I run away once, and mom told him when I come back that he'd have to choose between treatin' me decent and takin' his share and goin' off for himself. He didn't like *that* proposition, I can tell ye; so he's been better since then."

"Did your mother know you were going to run away?"

"Know? Course she didn't. Why, it wouldn't have been runnin' away if she did. She took his part again me when we was quarrellin' one day, and I was *awful* mad; so that night I run away."

"How long were you gone?"

"Three months."

"Three months?"

"Yes, sir-ee; and they were the longest I ever spent, I tell ye."

"Where did you go?"

"I was bound I'd go to sea for a bit. I'd always wanted to."

"That's what I want to do."

"Yes, but I don't think you would if you had my experience."

"Did you go to sea and get back in

three months? You couldn't have gone far," said Robbie.

"Not so very," said Neddie. "First I wrote mom a letter, tellin' her I forgave her, but was goin' to seek my fortune; and promised to write again, 'cause I knew she'd be in a worry about me. I put it under her curtain. Notice the way we've got our house fixed inside?"

"Yes," said Robbie. "Why didn't you put up partitions?"

"Too much expense. Mom thought it would be a good plan to build a barn and use it for a house till we'd got a little better off. We keep our provisions and tools, and a lot of stuff like that, in yonder half of the barn, and live in the other, where you was. Kind of cute, isn't it, with the floor goin' up and down that way?"

"Yes," said Robbie; "but it makes me a little sick at my stomach to look at it. I think I should always be dizzy in there."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! You'd git used to it. Folks always laughs about it at first. I sleep in the loft. You and Mr. Delagair will have that corner on the south side. It's the warmest place in the house. We often have folks to stay a night or two. Mom's a splendid cook. Want to peek in and see how comf'table it is?"

"Yes, if you like," replied Robbie, willing to humor his companion, and rather admiring his pride in his mother; though quite anxious to hear the rest of the runaway story.

Neddie beckoned him toward the window. The sash was raised. The single pane of glass, rudely inserted by an unskilful hand, was very clean. The room—or "corner," as Neddie had called it—was covered with a gay rag-carpet. Two cot beds stood close together. A large box covered with white oil-cloth held a bright tin basin and pitcher. This comprised all the furniture.

"There ain't no room for chairs," said Neddie. "You kin set on your bunk when you want to take off your shoes. I put three or four hooks up to hang your clothes. See?"

"Yes," said Robbie. "I think we'll manage to sleep well in there."

"Bet yer life, if ye're sleepy!"

"But what about that running away of yours?" queried Robbie, as they resumed their seat on the horse trough.

"Well, I was awful mad—awful. Pop he struck me, and mom she took his part. He said I was sassy to him, and mebbe I was; but, then, he's only my step-father and he ain't got no right to hit me. He knows that now,—he won't never do it again."

Robbie remained silent, and presently Neddie went on:

"I just made up my mind in a hurry after I got into bed. I didn't pack no clothes nor nothin'; but I dressed myself good and warm, for it was kind of cold weather. I took a rope and fastened it to a hook in the wall, and let it hang out of that window up there—see?"

Robbie nodded.

"Then I clomb down in double-quick time, and was off."

"You had better say you slid down," remarked Robbie.

"Yes, that's what I did."

"Did you run fast?"

"I didn't run at all. I walked slow. I was a little timid after I got away; I hated to leave mom, though I was awful mad. Still, I'm stubborn as a mule when I git started, and I wouldn't turn back. It was moonlight, and after a while I come up with an ore wagon. I just clomb up; the driver didn't ask me no questions. After we'd gone about ten miles I slid off when he was a dozin' and struck another trail. About daylight I come to a rancheria and then I knew I was all right."

"What is a rancheria?" asked Robbie.

"A place where a whole lot of Indians live on little farms or one big farm. I had a dime in my pocket, and I got a glass of milk and some jerked meat and tortillas. Half I ate and half I stuck in my pocket."

"What is jerked meat?" inquired Robbie, who was of a curious turn of mind, and was deeply interested.

"Dried venison or beef. They hang it out to dry, and the air is so pure it never spoils. It's just fine, I can tell ye, when ye're hungry."

"Did you stay there long?"

"No longer than I could help. There's too many dogs and dirty little children round them places for me."

"Where did you go then?"

"I was lucky enough to catch on to another wagon, and so rode down to town."

"And then?"

"Luck again. The man—he was haulin' hay to town—wanted a boy to help him with the horses. When he was through he give me a quarter. I stayed alongside 'em while he went to his dinner."

"I guess you were pretty hungry again by that time?" said Robbie.

"No, I wasn't," replied Neddie. "I'd eat my jerked beef and tortillas while I was waitin'. I didn't have no idea of spendin' that quarter. I thought mebbe I wouldn't git another soon. I made for the water front as fast as I could git there. I was disappointed when I come to the wharf, though."

"Why? Wasn't the ocean as big as you'd thought it?"

"The ocean was big enough, but there was such a few vessels. I couldn't see nothin' but a lumber schooner and a queer-lookin' craft settin' down low in the water."

"Heavily laden, perhaps?" inquired Robbie, who knew a great deal about ships—from books.

"Yes, but you can't guess what with?" replied Neddie.

"No, I can't. Fish, maybe?"

Neddie laughed.

"Abalone shells," he said.

"Abalone shells! I don't know what they are."

"Well, I'll tell ye," said Neddie.

Just then Mrs. Thomson appeared at the door, calling "Supper!" The boys were on their feet at once.

"I'll finish after we've had supper," said Neddie. "There's a story about them abalone shells."

(To be continued.)

A Little Princess.

There is only one little girl in the royal family of Germany, and she is being reared as simply as if she were a peasant instead of a princess. Her name is Victoria, a common and favorite name in her family. At six o'clock in the morning little Victoria is up and dressed; and until one o'clock, when she has her simple dinner, she is busy with her studies; after that she takes a row on the lake with her brothers, or rides her pet pony through the park, or goes on botanizing expeditions with her mother. At eight o'clock she is sound asleep.

Her father, the Emperor, once said: "I can wish nothing better for the girls of Germany than that they should follow the example of their Empress, and devote themselves to the three great *K's*—*Kirche*, *Kinder* and *Küche*"; these words meaning church, children and kitchen.

The Empress looks after the Princess Victoria's wardrobe as well as her mind, and none but the simplest gowns and pinafores ever find a place in it. The boys are the object of similar care, and the household of the powerful Emperor of Germany sets an example to all his subjects.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The reverend clergy will welcome Benziger Brothers' new census book, or "Liber Status Animarum." Indeed we should think that some such book would be necessary to all pastors who desire to know their sheep. The present manual might be improved upon, we think; but it is for those who use it to make suggestions to the publishers.

—"Nan Nobody," by Mary T. Waggaman; and "Dimpling's Success," by Clara Mulholland, are the latest additions to Benzigers' library of stories for our young folk. Both of these tales will find favor, we think. The authors are well known to Catholic children. If the binding of these volumes were as durable as it is attractive, no fault could be found with the series. As it is, the pages turn with an ominous crack that makes one wonder how long they will remain together.

—A new edition of Father Edmund Hill's "Short Cut to the True Church" has been published for general distribution. It is printed on good paper, thread-stitched, and has a neat cover. By the hundred, we can supply this book for 7 cents a copy. There is no work in the language better suited to inquiring non-Catholics who believe in the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Four Gospels than "A Short Cut." Catholic readers will find in it answers to all the objections commonly made against Papal Supremacy, Transubstantiation, Confession, and the cultus of the Blessed Virgin. Father Hill is a convert to the Church, and appreciates as only converts can the obstacles in the path of those who are groping after truth.

—If the writer in the *Catholic Universe* who objects to Catholics expressing gratitude for the appearance of novels like "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," were to reflect on the amount of prejudice such books always remove and the good impressions they are sure to convey to a great many people, and were to consider furthermore how few novel-readers read anything besides fiction, and how many non-Catholics there are that never come under Catholic influence, we feel certain he would rejoice and be thankful over "The Cardinal's Snuff-box." It is a pure book, and its great popularity as indicative of a change in the taste of the reading public is yet another cause for thankfulness. We should find it strange if Catholics did not express gratification at the appearance of such books and rejoice over their

success. One ought to feel happy at seeing good done, no matter how or by whom. The production of a good novel is surely a good deed in a naughty world.

—The American Book Co. have lately added to the Eclectic English Classics "Selections from the Idylls of the King," edited by Mary F. Willard. In addition to the parts of the poem quoted and the introduction which gives the origin and growth of the Idylls, the book contains the history of the Arthurian legends and a reasonably full bibliography.

—Of the 42,800 newspapers of all sorts published in the world, 19,760 are issued in the United States, Great Britain being a bad second with 6050. The *Petit Journal* of Paris enjoys the largest circulation—about a million copies daily; the *Imperial Review*, said to be published for the exclusive benefit of the Emperor of Austria, has the smallest circulation. It is a digest of the most important contents of the European papers and its daily edition is three copies.

—Mr. Charles F. Lummis, himself an editor, is bold enough to believe that man was made for the magazine, not the magazine for man. He has recently written: "I believe our magazines are largely mistaken in taking the public for a consensus of wax-dolls, who mustn't be exposed to the sun lest their faces melt. I believe the sacrifice of strength to policy, of truth to politeness, of instruction to the mere desire of tickling, is a blunder even financially as I am confident it is morally. I believe the American people would welcome a great magazine with a soul of its own; unafraid, applying its vast resources to teaching, stimulating, provoking thought—not to pink-teasing. In other words, I believe a magazine should be a leader, not a smiling head-waiter." In his own magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*, as well as in his books, Mr. Lummis reduces this excellent preaching to very excellent practice.

—Punctuation is an art that is not so sedulously cultivated by the average writer as, from the compositor's point of view, is desirable. Not a few providers of "copy" for the press affect to disregard it altogether; or they compromise by using the dash as a convenient substitute for all the other points or marks. Periods, semicolons, and commas, however, have distinct uses; and to confound habitually the two last mentioned is to invite eventual disaster. The substitution of

a semicolon for a comma in an ordinance relating to the sale of liquor in Boston hotels brought about a condition never intended by the law-makers; and while the bibulously inclined of that city anathematized the offending punctuation mark, the rest of the country made merry at the volume of discomfort growing from so insignificant an error. The text-books used to illustrate the change of meaning effected by the improper placing of commas and semicolons by a story of a member of the British House of Commons. He had called a fellow-member a liar, and was ordered by the speaker to apologize. In complying he used the words: "I said the gentleman was a liar, it is true; and I am sorry for it." This sufficed for the House; but the reporters rather aggravated the insulted member's injury by causing the apology to appear in the next morning's papers in this shape: "I said the gentleman was a liar; it is true, and I am sorry for it." It doesn't do to trifle with the punctuation marks.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stoford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye.* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Sloddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* \$10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, according to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. \$1.75, net.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John Shurz, of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee; the Rev. Thomas Walsh, Cincinnati; the Rev. E. A. Antoine, Monterey, Mexico; and the Rev. John Mullaly, S. J.

Sister Mary of St. Alice, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Clarissa, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Canfield, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Daniel Dana, Mrs. Annie Mahoney, Mr. Denis Mahoney and Mrs. Mary Regan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Bernard Trentman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Joseph Donnelly, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Mulcahy, West Chester, Pa.; Mr. Bernard Wahruls, Mr. Gregory Rossiter, Mr. James O'Keefe, Mr. George Uchtman, and Mr. Edward Grievol, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Condon, Morrisonville, Ill.; Mr. Patrick Langan, Hawley, Pa.; Mrs. Francis O'Connor, Freelon, Canada; Mrs. Margaret Sheehy, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Scannell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Laurence O'Brien, New York; and Mr. J. D. Strouss, Pittsburg, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Star of the Sea.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

WHEN I embark upon the chartless sea—
Whose nearer waters lap the shifting shore
Of life, whose farther stretches softly pour
On vasty beaches of eternity,—
What should I do, dear God, if there would be
No Star of Faith sweetly to move before
And light, across the ocean's lampless floor,
The erring soul Thou hast entrusted me?

At twilight, when the spent sun-flames burn low
And dusk falls gently as a mother's prayer,
I sit alone straining across the dark
To see the evening star: and when its glow
Sifts through the cheerless night, I whisper, "There
Shall be a light to guide when I embark."

Official Information Concerning the Church in the Philippines.

THE unfortunate people with whom our country is now waging war (though we provided them with arms to assist us in overpowering the Spaniards) are at a great distance, and their country was almost a *terra incognita* to us till toward the close of the last century. But it is high time that our stock of information regarding the Church in the Philippines should be increased. A vast amount has been written on these islands and their inhabitants; we have information galore, but it is mostly of an unreliable sort. The ignorance of the writers in many cases is quite evident, and they have taken little pains to

conceal their prejudices. Before our rupture with Spain the Filipinos were barbarians periodically incited to insurrection against civil authority by priests; when the war began they became a noble people struggling for independence; now they are called rebels against the United States government. Formerly we heard much of the advanced civilization of the natives of the Philippines, now they are represented as ignorant savages in sore need of everything that our country can offer, from sectarianism to garden seed.

There is much to learn about the Philippines and the Filipinos; but until there is a more general disposition on the part of the American people to "hear the other side," we shall remain in our ignorance and be influenced by our prejudices. One thing at least ought to be plain to the most obtuse—the Filipinos have no need of missionaries from the United States, and they are willing that we should keep our garden seed for ourselves. The religion which they have suits them exactly. All they want is national independence. It is said that they are incapable of self-government—a mere assertion. Any people willing to shed their blood for liberty—the Filipinos have shed any amount of theirs—deserve to be free, and can be relied upon to govern themselves as soon as freedom is won.

Thousands of people in this country would be interested in a publication*

* "The Civilizers of the Philippines."

lately received from the Philippines, which affords a great amount of information as to the religious and social conditions of the Archipelago, presents many interesting facts of its history not generally known, and contains a refutation of charges against the members of religious orders operating in the islands, together with an explanation of their relations with the people and the Spanish government. This book is almost the first word heard from "the other side," and the correctness of its statements is vouched for by ecclesiastical authority. Unfortunately, it is published anonymously, without a word to indicate where copies could be obtained. It was written evidently by some one thoroughly informed and entirely free from religious or national prejudices. Pains are taken to cite the testimony of numerous authors who have travelled in the Philippines, and to present official statements from government reports, etc.

What a pity that the author of so important a book, one which has been so eagerly expected, did not submit his MS. to some English-speaking friend for revision! Certain portions of the work are utterly unintelligible as they stand; indeed it is a wonderful sample of "English as she is wrote" abroad. Pending the appearance of a revised edition with publishers' imprint, we transcribe some extracts which will show how little understanding of the situation in the Philippines there is on the part of the general public, and how grossly the missionaries have been maligned by ignorant, irresponsible or malicious scribblers for the press.

The work of civilizing and Christianizing the natives of the Philippine Islands was begun in 1521 by secular priests who accompanied Magellan on his first expedition. They were followed by the Augustinians (1543); the Fran-

ciscans (1577); the Jesuits (1581); the Dominicans (1587); the Recollects (1606); the Lazarists (1862); the Capuchins (1866); the Benedictines (1895). Five dioceses have been established in the islands, the Catholic population of which, comprising one thousand towns and villages, is estimated at six and one-half millions. The number of priests all told, including the native clergy, is only 1857.

A more unpromising field of labor could not be imagined, but it was won without bloodshed. The natives were plunged in barbarism, given to war, slavery, polygamy, cannibalism, and infanticide. Their social condition was inferior to that of the most degraded tribes of American Indians. The islanders who still remain uncivilized—the Igorrotes and Negritos—represent the general condition at the beginning of the second quarter of the sixteenth century. The women were devoid of the sense of modesty, maidenhood and chastity being considered a badge of ignominy. The morality of the Filipinos of to-day is acknowledged even by the most prejudiced travellers; and yet until very recently, in almost all the islands, the people had come in contact with few Europeans besides Catholic missionaries.

Schools were established from the very beginning, and never were greater sacrifices made in the cause of Christian education. The most distant villages were provided with schools as well as churches; and we are assured that, until within a short time, in a great many cases the former were supported entirely from the slender resources of the missionaries. As regards elementary instruction, the Philippines compare favorably not only with neighboring colonies in the Orient, but also with many districts of Europe. There are very few men or women who can not write, and fewer still that can not read.

San José College, Manila, the first centre of higher education, was founded by the Jesuits as early as 1601. St. Thomas' College (Dominican, 1611) provided free scholarships for forty poor students. The University of St. Thomas, which received the title of Royal and Pontifical University from Philip IV., dates from 1619. This institution has been a flourishing one from the beginning, though no support was received from the Spanish government. It ranks with the leading universities in Spain. The College of St. John Lateran, another Dominican institution, was founded the year after the University, and was intended solely for poor and orphaned boys. There are other educational institutions elsewhere, like San Juan's College, Agaña, Mariana Islands, of which space will not permit mention. Of schools and academies for girls there are a large number, all in a flourishing condition. St. Isabella College, now conducted by the Sisters of Charity, was established in 1632; its poor graduates receive \$500 as a marriage-portion. St. Catalin's, which is a normal school, dates from 1696. Of seminaries, orphan asylums, hospitals, lazarettos—there are many,—we need not speak.

No accusation could be more unjust or untrue than that the natives of the Philippines have been oppressed and kept in ignorance by Catholic missionaries. On the contrary, nothing that could be done for their betterment and advancement seems to have been neglected. All that they have they owe to their religious guides, who not only instructed them in the Christian faith and taught them the arts of civilization, but were their defenders against tyrannous officials of the Spanish government. Unfriendly witnesses bear testimony to their advanced civilization at the present time; yet it is an indisputable fact that when the missionaries began their work

the greatest barbarism existed. The Archipelago to-day is a land of churches and schools.

To the calumniated religious the Filipinos owe their knowledge of architecture, agriculture, and all else that has improved their condition. Various kinds of seed and grain and unknown trees were brought from distant countries. An Augustinian introduced the white mulberry-tree and the silkworm, and brought the indigo plant from China; a Franciscan introduced wheat and was the first to sow it; to a Jesuit is attributed the introduction of cocoa; other missionaries made coffee known and showed the natives how to cultivate it; the same of potatoes, corn, tea, tobacco, etc. All the domestic animals with the exception of the carabao were introduced by the missionaries, who also set up the first looms; established the first quarries, foundries, and sugar mills; constructed the first dams, dykes, etc. They were architects, bridge-builders, cartographers, surveyors, etc. Special mention is made of a Dominican, Father Villaverde, who transformed the province of Nueva Vizcaya. Forty years of his lonely and laborious life were spent among those rugged mountains.

It need not be said that the first printing-presses were set up by missionaries. As early as 1610 a Dominican, Father Blanco, published two grammars (Spanish-Tagalo, Tagalo-Spanish) and other useful works. St. Thomas' College, Manila, had its own press in 1625, and, instead of athletics, devoted itself to the publication of works dealing with philology, ethnography, botany, statistics, etc. Indeed any one who would study the history, geography, ethnography, and languages of the Philippines must consult the works written by members of religious orders. Among many authors of whom the Archipelago may well be proud it will suffice to

mention the illustrious Cardinal Gonzalez; Father Blanco, whose "Flora of the Philippines" is a standard work; and Father Casto de Eleva, who wrote the "Fauna of the Philippines."

As long as the missionaries were allowed to carry on their work without molestation by the government all went well, and the Filipinos were the happiest people on earth. Oppression was followed by revolution, with what results the world knows. In a letter to an Augustinian friar, Aguinaldo says: "If all the Spaniards in these islands had been like the friars, there would never have been a revolt." As proof of the devoted attachment of the Filipinos to the friars, it is stated that if it were put to a general vote, ninety-nine out of every hundred towns would elect to retain the friars who have been so persistently accused of being the enemies and oppressors of the people.

Naturally suspicious, the Indians nevertheless have implicit faith in the friars; naturally grateful, their gratitude to the missionaries knows no bounds. And was gratitude ever better deserved? The laws enacted for the government of the islands, every one of which breathes the spirit of mildness and charity, were all inspired by the friars. "If any fault can be found with them," says a government report, "it is their disposition to favor their flocks beyond their deserts and the demands of justice." So great is the confidence reposed in their religious guides that the people have a proverb which is repeated everywhere: "Counsels from the friars are always good." Naturally the missionaries were opposed to war; and their opposition to professional patriots among the Filipinos, and to ambitious tyrants among the Spaniards, is the secret of all the persecution they have endured. Calumnies may continue, but they can not destroy testimony. In his book,

"A Visit to the Philippine Islands," Bowring, the Governor of Hong-Kong, expresses admiration of the union existing between the priests and the Filipinos, and pays feeling tributes to the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the members of religious orders. Comyn, a Spanish author who lived many years in the islands, refers to the missionary as the consoler, the peacemaker, the advocate, counsellor, guide, example and friend of the people. Numerous other writers, adherents and opponents of the Catholic religion, write in the same strain.

Great wealth does not exist in the islands, and the stories we hear about the riches of the friars are pure fiction. The clergy of the Philippines are among the poorest in the world. One has only to inquire into their sources of revenue and see their expenditures to be convinced that it would be impossible for them to amass wealth. It is true that certain religious bodies own much land, but it was acquired when it was below valuation; the buildings upon it—convents, colleges, observatories, etc.,—they erected themselves. Only three religious corporations possess other real estate. The churches and schools in the Philippines are ecclesiastical property in precisely the same sense as St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York city.

If the religious orders had been bent on acquiring wealth instead of saving souls, there was nothing to prevent their becoming the principal property-owners in the Archipelago. The profits derived from the insignificant amount of land acquired and improved by the friars were expended for the benefit of the country. Of all the landlords in the world they were the most indulgent; and it was well known that the rents of their real estate were mainly devoted to the support of students in Spain preparing themselves for the Philippine mission.

We have heard much about the ex-

tortion practised by the friars. A few entries copied from the "Parochial Tariff" will show the groundlessness of this charge:

Baptisms.—A wax candle, size and weight of which is left to the donors.

Marriages.—Publication of bans: Spaniards, 90 cts.; Mestizos (mixed race), 45 cts.; Indians, 25 cts. For the rest, including offering for the Nuptial Mass: Spaniards, \$7; Mestizos, \$4; Indians, \$3.

Burials.—Spaniards, \$3.50; Mestizos, \$2; Indians, \$1.50. Services for children one-half. Cemetery charges: Spaniards, \$2; Mestizos, \$1.50; Indians, \$1.

N. B. Poor people who can not pay these expenses except by selling or pledging sown lands or tools shall have the services free.

Not very extortionate, especially as the Philippine coin is worth only half its nominal value. And yet, it is asserted, the friars have become "immensely wealthy" through their priestly ministrations.

There is much else that we had noted in the work from which all this information has been gleaned; but we hesitate to quote any passage the sense of which is obscure. Besides, the writer discusses many points more fully than would be possible to us. Our object has been to show that much of the information concerning the Philippines and the Filipinos presented to the American public is altogether unreliable; and that there is another side to the stories against our missionaries so industriously circulated by anti-Catholics in this country.

There are people with an uncontrollable taste for scandal, who always want to know the worst, especially when the clergy are in question. It will therefore be asked: Is there, then, no truth in all the evil reports we have heard of the friars—their immorality, greed, etc.? Are there no scandals in the Philippines? Alas! yes, there are scandals there as here and everywhere,—as there always have been and always will be. It is, nevertheless, true that the missionaries of the Philippines as a body are among the holiest, most laborious,

and most self-sacrificing priests in the world. Their works are their best defence. They need no vindication with those who are capable of appreciating what they have accomplished—with any one who realizes the injustice of attributing to a band of men the crimes of individual members.

We shall never forget the wrath of an old army officer on hearing a sweeping charge of cowardice against a division in which he once held a command. In a voice of thunder, and with an attitude that boded ill to the accuser, he was called upon to apologize for his injustice and to retract his words. A few years ago, in conversation with a Spanish-American Bishop, we ventured to make inquiries touching the alleged immorality of the clergy of his country, and the laxity of the laity as manifested in their general disregard of the prohibition of eating meat on Friday. The Bishop's reply is worth recalling:

'Always be slow in giving credence to the evil reports that reach you concerning the faithful of other lands. In many cases these reports originate in ignorance or malice, and are spread in the same way. And one falsehood may be made to do service for fifty years. It is true that Catholics in my country eat meat on Friday. The reason is that fish is so scarce and so expensive as to be a luxury. We are far from the ocean and have few rivers. The Pope did not hesitate to grant a general dispensation when the circumstances were made known to him. Our priests, whatever may be said to the contrary, compare favorably with the clergy in other parts of the world. Yes, I know how they are regarded in the United States. We have occasional scandals, of course, as you have here. "It must be that scandals come." But let me tell you something else. Whenever a priest gives scandal he is required to do exemplary

penance; and is invariably put on probation before being restored—if ever—to the exercise of priestly functions. There is a way of nullifying a scandal, you see, and it may be increased—made tenfold worse.’

The listener remained silent, and the Bishop smiled not unkindly. Perhaps his “something else” was for ourselves, but we are willing to share it with our readers.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—HENRY MORAN TAKES A DRIVE INTO THE COUNTRY.

MR. MORAN was not in a very good humor, however, when he mounted his dog-cart; and he curtly informed his groom that he was not going to town by the first train,—that he meant to take a drive instead.

“I will drive myself, Thompson,” he called out. “But be sharp on time at the 10.5 train to take the trap.”

“Very good, sir!” replied the groom.

Martha Finney was distracted when this information was conveyed to her by Thompson. Another innovation on established custom. What did it mean? Mr. Moran had never missed the early train before; and on Monday morning of all mornings in the week, when he usually seemed so impatient to get back to his office. Why, perhaps one of those “hussies” had written to make an appointment somewhere, or was going for a drive with him. If only Martha could have followed! But this was impossible; so her only resource was to shut up Thompson when he ventured to remark:

“I never knowed him to do the like of that before.”

“I guess he knows his own business,” Martha answered. “You mind your work.”

Mr. Henry Moran had taken a drive farther into the country that morning, where things were more primitive, but where the farmsteads, as he passed, one and another, were thrifty and prosperous. The road was rather dusty after days of fine weather; but the grass of early summer was still brightly green, and the daisies raised their yellow hearts and soft white fringes joyously in the morning sun; while the clover gave that fragrance which is so delicious and equals that of the choicest hothouse flower. Occasionally a lilac tree revealed its presence in some farm garden, or the white syringa poured forth its sweetness. These things somehow appealed to Mr. Moran as they had never done before. There was an awakening within him of some new or hitherto dormant faculty: as if the spring of the heart had come after the long winter. He noted the young animals: the lambs in the field and the calves staggering on groggy legs, at which he laughed with a new keen sense of enjoyment.

At last the dog-cart was drawn up before a modest gate, and Mr. Henry Moran called out to a boy whom he saw working in an adjoining field, in shirt sleeves, and who stood still, with a hoe in his hand, to stare at him.

“I say there, is Farmer Hobson at home?”

“Yes,” said the lad. “I guess he’s out yonder digging.”

“Can you find him for me?”

“I guess so,” answered the lad, still standing, with hat on the back of his neck, eying the equipage and its driver.

“Well, be quick, will you?” said Henry Moran. “I’ve got to catch a train.”

The boy seemed as if he were about to refuse and resent the peremptory manner of the other; but the magic

word "train" quickened his steps. There seems to be in the American mind a natural tendency toward the catching of trains, and it is an occupation in which a great part of the nation seem to be engaged; still all regard that occupation with respect, and aid it by every means in their power; so that this boy having come within earshot of Farmer Hobson, cried out to him:

"There's a man at the gate wants to see you, and he's got to catch a train!"

Farmer Hobson, also duly impressed by this circumstance, came into view at once, advancing in the direction of the stranger; while the boy ran on in front, shouting to Mr. Moran:

"Say, he's coming!"

Farmer Hobson having reached the gate, saluted Moran, whom he knew; and, advancing through the gateway, laid his hands lightly on the side of the dog-cart, and, with hat on head, began an easy conversation. He seemed in no way abashed that a millionaire, possibly a multi-millionaire of almost international fame, had stopped at his gate this morning. The farmer had the true American spirit—which, be it observed, is not always found in the mansions of the wealthy, but which exists to a great degree in the remoter country parts—which holds one man as good as another, and considers his wealth as merely an accident.

Henry Moran had but little time for conversation. He asked a question or two about the crops—sharp and incisive questions,—the answers to which he mentally noted and which were made use of at the proper time, as all such knowledge was by this man of assimilation. Then he briefly explained that he wanted Farmer Hobson to supply him with beef and mutton, which the farmer agreed to do at a moderate price. Mr. Moran had two objects in arranging for supplies from the honest farmer.

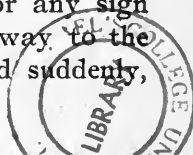
One was that he would have no more to do with Gregg,—for Gregg had hitherto supplied him with beef and mutton; while Martha had procured the poultry, game, and other requisites from Washington Market, New York, which she visited weekly. The other motive was explained in Henry Moran's concluding words to the farmer:

"Possibly some of my neighbors may require meat as well. You might call on one or two of them when you are delivering that side of mutton, which must be at my house by noon; and—well, I think you'd better not mention that I sent you; they might resent my interference and so spoil trade."

With this word to the wise, Henry Moran lightly whipped up his horse and drove away to catch the train. This time he did not linger over the scenery or the natural objects by the way, but went at a brisk pace, causing the dust to fly in his wake; and was very near missing the 10.5, after all. He had just time to throw the reins to the groom and jump onto the rear car of the moving express.

In the train was Jenkins, who was greatly surprised to see Mr. Henry Moran going to town so late.

"I guess he got pretty well shaken up, after all, last week in Wall Street," he said to himself, furtively scrutinizing the broker's face, as the latter sat leaning his head against the cushions and reading the morning paper. Half the men in the train had touched their hats to Henry Moran, who returned all salutations with the same curt nod. Jenkins was on pins and needles till he could draw the great man into conversation. He sat in the seat behind him, and on the very edge of the velvet cushion, in his eagerness for any sign of recognition. About half way to the station, Mr. Moran remarked suddenly, without turning his head:



"I say, Jenkins, have you heard anything about that sensational robbery in our town the other night?"

For Jenkins always knew; Jenkins had always heard, as Mr. Henry Moran was thinking, with secret amusement.

Jenkins was delighted at being hailed so familiarly; for the ceremonious prefix of "Mr.," implying distance, had ever been galling to his self-love.

"The robbery at Wilkins'? Why, yes!" cried Jenkins eagerly, leaning over the cushioned back. "Mr. Wilkins heard a noise, discovered men were entering house, fired. One fell, but was carried off by confederates. Police arrived, late as usual; burglars gone."

Henry Moran listened indifferently to the breathless narrative.

"You know, of course, what Miss Wilkins did?" Jenkins resumed.

"I know only what I see here," said Mr. Moran, tapping the paper lightly. "The headlines are flaming."

"Well, Miss Wilkins got hysterical, snatched a pistol, fired it a heap of times out of window, nearly killed old man Duncan, who had come to see what the noise was about. At least he was half dead of fright, took to running, and ran clear to the other end of town. Symes' dog took to chasing old man Duncan, got its leg grazed by one of Miss Wilkins' shots, set up a howling. Other dogs joined in, and the women began screeching, not knowing what was the matter; and anyway some of the shots had broken a window or two."

"It sounds like the House that Jack Built," responded Mr. Henry Moran, a grim smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"But the police had to be called in to stop Miss Wilkins' shooting; and she turned on them and sent a bullet clean through one of their hats."

"She's a remarkable female if she could

do that, even at short range," observed Henry Moran.

"Well, I don't know as she could do it in cold blood," admitted Jenkins; "but she's plucky, sir,—plucky; one of those bright, clear-eyed, apple-cheeked girls, sir."

Neither the pluck nor the apple cheeks interested Mr. Henry Moran in the slightest degree; so he merely replied:

"The newspaper account, then, is a lying one, as usual. It lays great stress on Miss Wilkins' heroism."

Jenkins burst into a loud, explosive laugh, which caused everyone in the car to turn and stare at him.

"If it's heroism to go stark mad from sheer fright, why, she's a heroine, sure. Not that Dolly Wilkins is more cowardly, sir, than most of her sex. She's got pluck, only she went plump off her head that night."

Henry Moran had nothing further to say on that subject, so Jenkins took the hint and changed the conversation, especially as he had a good deal to say on another subject.

"You had a great man in your near neighborhood last night," he began.

"Is that so?" Henry Moran inquired, carelessly. Jenkins was drawing nearer a point of interest now.

"Old Mortimer, the multi-millionaire from Philadelphia," Jenkins went on, excitedly.

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated Henry Moran, with little enthusiasm.

"Doesn't seem to interest you much," laughed Jenkins. "You're too familiar with the breed."

"I have often heard of Mr. Mortimer," Henry Moran said; for he was interested in this millionaire, and he wanted Jenkins to give him any information in his power concerning him and the family he had come to visit. Jenkins little knew that he had to thank the inmates of Vine Cottage for Henry

Moran's careless civility, of which he was so proud.

"The old man is godfather to one of those girls next door to you,—the one they call Kate."

Henry Moran winced. He could have choked Jenkins for so mentioning her name, but he didn't.

"Mortimer stopped at the cottage when he was out there," resumed the all-knowing narrator. "Folks say he wants to make a match for one of them with young Jack Holloway."

Jenkins paused. His listener was silent and inscrutable as the sphinx. Jenkins, as he grew more impressive, ventured to move into the seat with the great man, continuing with a breathless eagerness as he perceived that the journey was near its end.

"I hear he's got his way, and that Jack's engaged; don't know to which one. My wife couldn't find out. But suppose it's the godchild; for then old man Mortimer can come down with the stamps and make both happy."

Jenkins ventured on a facetious poke in the ribs, and never knew how near he came to being knocked down; for Moran's self-control was marvellous.

"I understood you to say that you haven't seen these girls yet," went on the unsuspecting Jenkins; "but they're a devilish fine lot of women. My taste runs to the godchild, though. I told Mrs. Jenkins to look out or I'd be getting her life insured some of these days; and then there'd be a funeral round our way, and I'd be out with crape on my hat, making sheep's-eyes at pretty Kate."

Again was Jenkins in imminent peril. His best silk hat hung over the brink of a precipice; for Henry Moran had a strong inclination to crush it over his eyes and silence his vulgar tongue. But instead he rose abruptly.

"Good-morning, sir!" he said. "We're at the station."

Jenkins and his hat had escaped, never even knowing their danger. And Jenkins in his blissful ignorance said within himself:

"He's no more interested in women than if they were so many flies."

Then he adjusted the hat which had so narrowly escaped ruin, and went complacently out to find amongst the boat-going multitude another listener.

(To be continued.)

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

GUADALUPE, although the most ancient and most holy of Mexican sanctuaries, is not the only shrine of great antiquity and fame in the neighborhood of the city of Mexico. There are many others, all full of interest to the Catholic, all breathing in their traditions and their observances the exquisite Franciscan spirit, and all greatly beloved of the people. Among these, one of the oldest and perhaps the most venerated is that called the *Sacro Monte* at Amecameca, a town situated at the foot of the great snow-clad "mountain that smokes"—kingly Popocatépetl.

Of such great extent is the valley of Mexico—comprising as it does an area of more than seventeen hundred square miles—that in order to reach Amecameca, which lies on the eastern border, about forty miles from the capital, it is necessary to go by train, on the Morelos division of the Interoceanic Railway. The pilgrim who in this modern fashion leaves the station of San Lázaro at a very early hour of the morning finds himself rolling out of the city over a track which parallels a broad, tree-shaded causeway, the old

highway to Puebla. It is so early that the sun has not yet had time to dissipate the mists that hang over Lake Texcoco, of which there is a glimpse on the left; but by the time Lake Chalco appears on the right, the god of day has taken his tribute from the waters, the mists are gone, and the expanse of the lake stretches away like a sheet of silver, its marshy borders alive with wild ducks.

The track curves closely along the shore, affording an admirable view of the leagues of sparkling water; for although these lakes of the valley of Mexico lack the picturesque beauty, the setting of mountains and forests, which makes Lakes Chapala and Pátzcuaro* truly "places of delight," they have a loveliness of their own, in the silvery distances of their still wide although diminishing waters, set in a rim of emerald marshes. And, then, the "inner eye" of the imagination sees so much upon them! All the mysterious and romantic past of this mysterious and romantic land seems imaged there as in a mirror. For by them and over them have passed all the successive races which from a time so remote that it is lost in the mists of antiquity have conquered and possessed this valley. Our prosaic iron road is but following the old, old way of history and of conquest. Long centuries before the Spaniards climbed these eastern heights which we are approaching, and their great captain looking on the scene before him declared it to be *la cosa mas hermosa en el mundo*, Chichimecs, Acolhuans, Toltecs and Aztecs had fought for supremacy and succeeded each other here. Ruins of ancient cities cover the plains, and the tombs of forgotten races fill the hills. Little which those races saw do we see now. Their cities

are gone, their ancient forests have disappeared, their wide lakes are shrunken; but as we think this we lift our eyes and see the glorious, snow-white crests of the great volcanoes looking down upon us, serene, majestic, unchanged, even as they looked upon the people who have vanished like shadows, leaving not even a name behind.

For by this time we have passed the lakeside village of Ayotla, with its immense olive-trees and hedges of organ cactus; and the twin monarchs have come into view, not to be lost again. A little longer we skirt the lake, and then, with a sweeping curve, the railroad crosses a plain where picturesque towns, each with its musical Aztec name, cluster around domed and towered churches. At La Compañía tramways lead to Chalco on the right and to Tlalmanalco on the left,—places that, like most others in this region, antedate by centuries the Spanish Conquest. At this point (La Compañía) an extra locomotive is attached to the train; for here the ascent of the Sierra Nevada begins. Then onward and upward we go, winding around the great brown hills, with the snowy peaks ever in sight, and constantly growing in majesty as we approach them. Striking views open on all sides. There is a charming picture of the town of Cuatlenchan, which lies upon the long, steep side of a high hill that is imposingly crowned by the church; while afar spreads the smiling plain with its embowered villages and the gleaming waters of the lakes. There is not much time for picturesque contemplation, however; since the wide valley where Amecameca lies is soon reached, and directly overshadowing the town we see the Sacro Monte.

This volcanic hill, about three hundred feet high, rises abruptly from the plain and is covered with a thick growth of trees. The legend connected with it, like

* Pátzcuaro, in the Tarascan tongue, means "place of delights."

all the legends of the country, is very lovely, and furnishes one of a myriad proofs of the tender affection and gratitude in which the people held and still hold their early religious teachers. A cave which the hill contains was, we are told, "the favorite abiding-place of Fray Martin de Valencia, one of the twelve Apostles of Mexico. This holy man was greatly beloved by the Indians for his goodness to them; and he was so loved of wild creatures" (what a Franciscan touch is here!) "that many little animals came to live near him upon the Sacro Monte, and great flocks of sweet-singing birds sang to him from the branches of the trees. Here he dwelt doing good, and here at last he died. He was buried at Tlalmanalco; but it is said that the Indians secretly removed his body thence and buried it here in the cave, that his presence might be with them, and that his bones might rest in the place where he had so loved to dwell."

Is not that charming? And so natural that we need not hesitate to believe that the bones of good Fray Martin, now a saint with God, do indeed rest in the cave which he chose for his earthly home, and that is now the *camarin* of the shrine. But it is not for the sake of this gentle and dearly-loved apostle alone that the hill where he dwelt is held sacred, but for the sake of the Master whom he served, and whom of all men Franciscans, when worthy of the name, most nearly resemble. In the shrine is preserved a greatly revered image of the Dead Christ (*Santo Intierro*), that tradition declares Fray Martin himself placed here about the year 1527. This, no doubt, is true, although there is another legendary account of the matter. According to the latter story, certain muleteers, who were carrying holy images to a southern town, lost from their train hereabouts the mule upon

which this image was packed. When the mule was found he was standing quietly in the cave upon the mount. "Thus it was seen of all the townspeople that the image was pleased to abide with them for their protection; therefore they bought it of the muleteers and placed it in a shrine in the cave that it had chosen to be its home." Surely, in its simple faith, a very charming story also; but one prefers to believe that the image was placed here by the holy religious who elected to dwell in a cave like unto that in which his Lord had lain. At all events, it is certain that it has been here since before the year 1550, and during three and a half centuries has been held by the people in highest veneration.

It is in accordance with a very common Mexican custom that this holy image each year spends a season in the parish church of Amecameca. Many images thus divide their time between different churches, being conveyed at stated periods from one to another. It is on Ash-Wednesday that the *Santo Intierro* is brought down from the shrine and placed in the church. There it remains during the whole of Lent, and on Good Friday is returned with solemn ceremony to its home on the sacred hill. Preceding its return, a masque of the Passion is played, entirely by Indians, in the atrium of the church. "This," says Janvier, "is a most curious and interesting exhibition—a veritable bit of the Middle Ages." Catholics would add that it is not only an interesting survival of a custom of those Ages of Faith, but a proof as well of their deep wisdom in dealing with human nature, which, taken broadly, is much the same in all ages, since one has only to go to Amecameca to see with what deep feeling and devotion these simple people follow this representation of the Passion of their Lord. It is after dark on Good Friday that the holy

image is returned to its shrine—formerly with solemn ceremonial and a great procession. It was only in 1886 that for the first time the law against religious processions was enforced here, and a custom which had lasted for more than three centuries was suppressed. Of this Mr. Janvier temperately remarks: "In the interest of the picturesque it is to be regretted that this custom has come to an end. The return of the image up the winding causeway to its shrine on the hill, after dark on Good Friday evening, accompanied by a great multitude of Indians bearing torches, was one of the most curious and striking spectacles to be seen in Mexico."

Whoever has seen much of the interesting and picturesque customs which are to be found all over the country in connection with religious feasts, can easily imagine the scene: the torches and candles gleaming as the "great multitude" climbed the winding road, the responses of the Rosary, the deep murmur of the litanies floating upward before them,—floating up, we may be sure, to the very battlements of heaven, whence we can imagine good Fray Martin looking down with holy love and joy. But it suits the Freemason State to forbid these lights, these prayers and litanies; so, silently as He was borne to His sepulchre after the first Good Friday, the Santo Intierro is now carried back to the hillside shrine. But how little such tyrannical interdicts can do to stifle the faith of the people any one who has witnessed a pilgrimage to the Sacro Monte—and these pilgrimages are common—can testify. Such a testimony is here at hand, supplied by a writer (Thos. L. Rogers) who is generally as prejudiced and uninformed regarding things Catholic as most Americans in Mexico. But he thus describes a pilgrimage to Amecameca, which for sight-seeing purposes he joined:

"The citizens had made rustic arches over the Via Crucis at several points. Near the chapel at the foot of the hill was a beautiful one made of leaves and *heno*, or Spanish moss, and bearing the words, *Bien Venidos Sean* ("Welcome"). The procession soon passed under this, and began the ascent; the priests reciting the Litany of the Saints, and the pilgrims responding, *Ora pro nobis*. All ages were represented in the solemn march and music. The child of six and the matron of sixty walked side by side, bearing lighted candles and taking an equal part in the service. Slowly the procession of pilgrims moved on and up, bearing various banners and emblems of devotion, to the sacred shrine. All along the way on either side of the procession were throngs of people, mostly residents of the village, but there were also many Indians from the mountain districts. These, all with uncovered heads, moved with the solemn procession, apparently as intent upon the business of the hour as the pilgrims themselves. They joined in the responses and in the chants. It was a devout multitude, inspired by the devotion of the pilgrims from Mexico. To all alike this was a sacred mount, and a looker-on could hardly fail to think that these devotees were in their spirit like those of the olden time who climbed the holy hill of Zion to seek a blessing in the Temple.

"The company arriving at the chapel, the priests celebrated a solemn Mass in the chapel. The cura was the preacher of the day. He took for his text the words of the prodigal son, *Me levantaré e iré a mi padre* ("I will arise and go to my father"). The effect of his earnest and eloquent words was manifest in the faces of his hearers. Many were moved to tears. After the discourse, the multitude scattered about the hill in groups for refreshments; it was pleasing to see so many family groups. All the

people seemed happy; they were not over-serious, but were free from levity and were remarkably quiet.

"At two o'clock the pilgrims gathered again about the chapel, where there was a most happy surprise awaiting them at the hands of the cura. He granted them the greatest favor in his power, and one that nobody had dared to ask—namely, to touch and to kiss the sacred image. The cura and priests took the image from the casket and placed it on a bier prepared for it. Gentlemen begged the privilege of being bearers. The bier was placed in front of the sanctuary, and there it was permitted to as many as could reach it to touch and kiss the feet of the image. All could not do so, but hundreds gratified their holy desire. The time for departure approaching, the cura took the image in his arms and, stepping upon a platform, showed it to the multitude as a sign of blessing. This act deeply impressed everybody, and many were moved to tears and sobs. The cura then dismissed the pilgrims with his benediction, and they left the shrine with every sign of satisfaction and happiness. It was a day of a lifetime to many, no doubt; and children's children will hear of this notable pilgrimage to *Sacro Monte* in August, 1892."

We will now follow—afar off—in the steps of these pious souls. Having left the train at Amecameca, we pay a brief visit to the parish church, which is a large and handsome building, begun in 1547. It contains some curious ancient carvings, and is dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion* and *San Sebastian*. Over the arched entrance to the atrium, where take place the religious dances of the Indians, and the representation of the Passion on Good Friday, a statue of *San Sebastian* once stood; but of this figure only the legs now remain, the rest having been thrown down in a severe earthquake in

1884. This earthquake also destroyed the most interesting relic in the town—the surviving tower of the very ancient foundation of *San Juan*. A small chapel stands at the foot of the sacred hill, and the broad stone-paved road that leads upward to the shrine passes under an arch which bears a statue of *San Simon Stilites*. The way is set with the Stations of the Cross, and devout pilgrims—there are many of these—make the ascent on their knees. It is fatiguing enough when made on foot; but we steadily follow the steep, winding path until we emerge on the hillside platform where the shrine stands. One of the great views of the world is to be had from this parapet-guarded terrace; but if we are true pilgrims we do not pause for more than a passing glance at its enchanting beauty, since the shrine claims our first attention.

This is an extremely picturesque, octagonal building, to which the cave is the *camarin*, or inner sanctuary. Entering, we kneel by the revered image of the *Santo Intierro*—a life-size figure which weighs only a little more than two pounds, being probably made of the pith of cornstalks prepared with some sort of glue. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is enclosed in a glass casket, from which it is so seldom removed that it was a great favor which the cura of Amecameca granted to the pilgrims from afar when he took it out for their homage. *Ex-votos* in numbers hang around; and we feel that it is a fitting place for graces—holy ground, indeed, in no ordinary sense—this spot, hallowed by the presence and labors of an apostle, and hardly less by the constant prayers, the ardent faith, of the people he led to God. Memories throng upon us,—memories of those early days when alone and fearlessly *Fray Martin* came to dwell here, with the *Lady Poverty* for his bride, among a strange,

distrustful, heathen people. How he won their undying love "by his goodness to them," and even the confidence of beasts and birds, the story tells; but we strive to fancy many things which the story does not tell. And it seems to us that we understand why he, who was so deeply beloved, strove to turn the current of that love away from himself and toward his Master. Well has his purpose succeeded; for surely this is a sacred mountain, where through long centuries the devotion which he taught to the saving death of our Lord Jesus Christ—represented in this ancient image—has never failed.

When we have joined our feeble voices to the undying chorus of these centuries, and have laid our humble petitions at the feet of the Santo Intierro, we pass from the holy shrine, and emerge again into the outer air and sunshine, on the terrace where stand trees in whose branches, perhaps, the birds once made sweet music for the gentle Franciscan. And here the full glory of the view bursts upon us, as if it were a vision of Paradise. Such a vision, we are sure, it must often have seemed to Fray Martin, when, kneeling on the floor of his cave, he looked out over this fair plain, stretching in softest beauty to the feet of the heights which rise like a mighty wall against the eastern sky, and dominating which stand forever in unapproachable majesty the splendid peak of Popocatepetl and the unviolated summit of the White Lady—Ixtaccihuatl. As they rise into the stainless azure of Mexico's brilliant sky, these dazzling crests seem to belong more to heaven than to earth; and one dreams that on the highest point of tapering whiteness may have stood the radiant form of the angel who was sent to bid the good and faithful servant enter into the joy of his Lord.

(To be continued.)

Parting.

BY MARION MUIR.

SWING soft and low, thou Western moon,
 Above the sleeping bay:
 The boat will leave its harbor soon
 That bears my love away.
 Wave and wild wind and stranger shore,
 Be kind to him for me,
 That the bright face I love, once more
 I may returning see.
 Pride in the banner o'er him bars
 Regret and tears to-day;
 But, oh, to fill that flag with stars
 How dear must women pay!

A Recent Audience with the Pope.

BY H. G. HUGHES.

JOY came recently to the hearts of the students of a certain English-speaking college in Rome at the news that the Holy Father intended to grant them the signal favor of a special and private audience. The college is one which has the proud distinction of being able to call Leo XIII. its founder,—a fact to which the Holy Father himself was pleased graciously to refer on the happy occasion of which I write.

With every year that passes over the venerable head of the great Pope of the nineteenth century an audience becomes more and more precious, more and more the much-desired crown of a visit to the Eternal City. It becomes, too, more and more of a rarity. It is true that the Jubilee Year gave an opportunity to thousands to kneel and receive the apostolic blessing in person from him who holds the Keys; and the world was astonished at the energy of the Pope in the frequent reception of pilgrims. But to speak face to face with him, to touch his hand, to listen to his kind and fatherly words—this

is indeed a rarity; and for those who are so fortunate as to enjoy this favor, it is one to be recorded indelibly upon the memory and in the heart.

The great day comes, and a little knot of students set out for the Vatican. A quarter of an hour's walk brings them to the great bronze doors which mark the limit beyond which the prisoner-Pontiff may not pass. But though he can not, for reasons many and sufficient, go forth in bodily presence beyond the precincts of the Vatican, his words and his influence go out into all the world, and are listened to with reverence by vast numbers of the human race. Not a few of those in the small band of Leo's children who come to him to-day have been drawn by that voice to where they now stand; led out from error and darkness, from schism and heresy, to kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Him who has the words of eternal life.

Inside the great bronze doors, which give entrance to the long corridor terminating the right-hand colonnade, are a small detachment of the Swiss Guards, standing about, or sitting on a bench within the entrance. Two, however, are on strict duty, scrutinizing all who enter. Should any notability arrive, a Monsignor or one of the Pope's household, the Guards rise on the instant, form line and salute. A constant stream of visitors passes in and out, intent on viewing the treasures of art which the great palace contains; but to us, who come for another purpose, works of art, paintings, statues, are to-day of the smallest interest. We are to see the Pope, to venerate in him the Head of the Church, the representative and the holder of the Apostolic office and dignity.

We have a little time to wait, for our Cardinal Protector is having private audience. Meantime we get ready the objects of piety which the Holy Father

will bless, and which we shall carry away as precious memorials of this day. Presently the wished-for signal is given, and we mount the great staircase on the right which leads to the private apartments of the Pope. On every landing stand guards in the bright uniforms of the Papal regiments. As we reach the Hall of the Swiss, the guards become more numerous, and form to salute the prelate who accompanies us. In another antechamber we lay aside our hats and cloaks—for the day is one of those bright cold winter days on which Rome looks its best—and assume the costume which is *de rigueur* for clerics on these occasions.

Now at last we are in close proximity to the Holy Father. We pass through one anteroom and then another—all simply furnished,—and are brought to a stand in the Throne Room, used for larger audiences and for certain state receptions. This, too, has nothing remarkable in its adornment, except the great throne under a canopy at one end of the room.

While waiting here we are allowed the privilege of entering the Pope's private chapel, in which he celebrates Mass every morning. It is simple in the extreme, though everything pertaining to it is of the best. Folding-doors shut it off from another room of considerable size, where those assemble who are permitted to assist at the Pope's private Mass.

After seeing the chapel there is still a little time to wait, and we are led to look out upon the magnificence of Rome, of the Campagna and the distant Sabine Hills, now capped with snow, which the windows of this palace of the Vatican command. We note with interest the tall crest of the Mentorella, one of the hills upon which great statues of the Redeemer are to be placed in connection with the solemn homage which inaugurates the new century. The scene

on this hill will be in full view of the Holy Father when he looks out upon the world which he may not enter.

While we are admiring the magnificent prospect the moment arrives, and we are ushered, by one of the Pope's most trusted body-servants, through an adjoining apartment to the door of the small reception room where the Pope awaits us. Already before we enter we can hear his clear, ringing tones as he addresses the Cardinal who is with him. A moment more and we are kneeling at his feet, and he is addressing us in words of kindest fatherly welcome. He is seated not on the throne which occupies one side of the room, but upon a simple chair, not raised from the floor. A small table is at his right hand, and a chair for the Cardinal who is receiving audience.

He speaks to us of a subject very near his heart—of the conversion to the true faith of those of our race and tongue who are unhappily in error. He joys to see amongst us so many who have left error for the truth. He urges us to go forth and spread the good news. 'You would like perhaps to stay in Rome,' he tells us, 'and it is good to be here; for in Rome you will learn at its source the doctrine delivered to the saints, and which has spread out from Rome over the world. But you must go forth. Many are coming every year into the Church. They and those who are still shut out from the light of faith are calling for you. You have a work to do among them. Drink here of the fountain of pure truth, and then go and dispense its waters to others.' Such is the tenor of his discourse.

We, on our part, are in the seventh heaven, drinking in every word, and gazing at the wonderfully pale and fragile but wonderfully animated countenance of the aged Pontiff. Spite of years, spite of a life almost coextensive

with the century that has just died, he is full of vigor, keen of intellect; clear, incisive, eloquent of speech. We are listening to one who knew and saw things that our fathers read of as history; to one who has watched the vicissitudes of the Church and world through generations; who has seen dynasties rise and fall, and who himself sits upon a throne that is established for all time.

All too short are these pregnant moments, worth years of everyday existence. Soon the Holy Father ceases to speak, and we bow down for his final blessing. Scarcely is there a face not stained with tears as we hear the sacred words of benediction, and it is with full hearts that we rise up to depart. But an unexpected favor awaits us. The Holy Father wishes to receive each one personally,—a favor we hoped for, but which in the course of the audience we judged would not be possible. Probably the doctor had said "No," and the Pope is ruled in these things by his trusted physician. But we are joyfully disappointed, and before we leave each one kneels at the very feet of the Holy Father, takes his hand and receives a few kind words.

Then at last we go, with new enthusiasm for the Pope, for the Church, for the faith; with the blessing of Christ's Vicar upon us, with new inspiration to do what is in us for the spread of that faith. Sentiment, it is said, rules the world; but this is more than sentiment. He must be cast in a poor mould who will come out from the presence of Leo XIII. without feeling the springs of a feeling profounder than passing emotion,—a feeling deep and strong, and, let us hope, lasting; a feeling which will be a powerful incentive through life to work for the sacred cause so nobly impersonated in him who now sits in the Chair of Peter.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—A LITTLE DINNER.

"I LIKE this sort of thing," said the Newspaper-man. "Just a little dinner before Lent,—eight persons. As the dinner is pre-Lenten, why on Friday? All sound Catholics hate fish. I always suspect the orthodoxy of a Catholic that likes fish."

"Oh, I don't mind *that*!" answered the Young Lady from Georgetown. "But why the Fond Parent?"

"The Host probably asked *him*," said the Newspaper-man, "because the Fond Parent lent him an *édition de luxe* of Froissart and never asked for it. Or perhaps the Fond Parent asked himself."

"Really, under the circumstances, I wish I had read up in La Rochefoucauld." And the Young Lady from Georgetown looked around the table anxiously. "What lovely pink tulips! I wish that I were clever enough to make them the subject of conversation. If you could suggest an epigram, I could launch out boldly, instead of whispering in this way."

"Try a pun!" said the Newspaper-man, trying to affix his "buttonhole" with a bent pin. "Tu-lips—"

"I seldom go out," said the Fond Parent, from his place on the left hand of the Lady of the House; "and never to formal things. I have one son—a dear boy,—to whom I must give my best. I feel it my duty to go nowhere except to those places from which I can carry home something really edifying and intellectual. My wife and I never go out together; we live only for our children, particularly Oscar."

"Edifying!" said the Young Lady from Georgetown, softly. "I can't attempt a pun,—a pun is never edifying."

"Ah, how dear these little informal dinners are! I quite love them," said the Lady from New York, fanning herself. "No trouble, no ostentation,—just the everyday thing. In New York you can't get anybody to come to you unless you have Nordica, a concealed orchestra, and gallons of champagne. But this sort of thing is no trouble at all!"

"I wish I knew whether the children have had anything to eat or not," whispered the Lady of the House to the Young Priest. And then aloud: "Oh, no trouble at all!"

"You people are all so clever in Washington," said the Lady from New York, "I'd really like to ask some questions about the new books. At home, in New York, you know, we never read books; we have them written for us, and then talk about what we hear of them."

"Speaking of books," said the Fond Parent, "I have come to depend on Oscar for his opinion of books. He is most receptive,—he reads everything; and his mind is so fresh that I find constant—I may say perennial—delight in his literary opinions."

"Does he ever forbid *you* to read any book he disapproves of?" asked the Critic.

"There are some books," answered the Fond Parent, gravely, "that he dislikes, and he does not hesitate to say so. He is very frank."

"I am greatly interested in the question of children's books," began the Lady from New York; "and—"

"Oh, Oscar has outgrown children's books! After he was nine years of age he couldn't be induced to look at Grimm's 'Fairy Tales,'" said the Fond Parent, proudly. "He has just finished 'The Master Christian.'"

"By that awful woman, Marie Corelli! He can't be more than fourteen!" exclaimed the Host. "You don't mean

seriously that you let him read *that*?"

"His mind is more mature than you imagine. He is like me in that respect. He admires Marie Corelli,—‘Barabbas’ is his favorite book. He is modelling his diction on her style. Of course there *are* boys that could not be trusted with the kind of books he reads. I do not think that there is *anything* that could injure his faith or morals."

"I must differ with you," said the Critic. "I think that the books that children read ought to be carefully chosen."

"But Oscar is an exceptional boy,—a very exceptional boy. He is like *me* at his age; he—"

"What do you think of the position of Congress on the Nicaragua Canal?" asked the Newspaper-man across the table.

"I am anxious to tell you that the Secretary of State said—"

"He has just finished ‘Hypatia,’" broke in the Fond Parent; "and he understands it thoroughly. He spent last evening telling me the plot."

"It ought not to be permitted in any Catholic household," said the Young Priest. "It ought to be tabooed with that old stuff, ‘The Prince of the House of David,’ and—"

"Oscar—"

"The Secretary of State," resumed the Critic, "is much concerned about the turn matters have taken. He said—"

"Oscar," broke in the Fond Parent, "thinks that ‘The Cloister and the Hearth’ is a very remarkable romance. You should hear his analysis of it,—he wrote it out; I have it somewhere in my overcoat; I’ll go out—"

"Later—later, by all means!" said the Host, politely. "But, as a Catholic, don’t you think that Charles Reade’s romance, well written as it is, gives a false view of the practice and the teaching of the Church? And I must

confess I should not care to put it into the hands of a boy of fourteen for other reasons."

"Oscar—"

"You were speaking of the Secretary of State," said the Lady of the House to the Critic.

"*You* were speaking of the Nicaragua Canal," observed the Lady from New York, firmly.

"Oscar," said the Fond Parent, "does not need to be sheltered mentally. His wit is as remarkable as his ripeness of judgment. I must tell you of a very remarkable thing he said the other day. Positively, I have laughed twenty times since he said it. We were looking into a florist’s window—I walk out with him as much as I can—boys have too little of the parental companionship,—we were, as I said, looking into—"

"You were speaking of the Secretary of State," said the Lady from New York, resolutely. "I am particularly interested in the matter."

"Oscar—"

"The Nicaragua Canal—"

The Critic paused, fixed by the glittering eye of the Fond Parent.

"Oscar looked at the flowers,—they were of the sort on the table here. ‘Tu-lips, papa,’ he said; ‘two lips,’—and he pointed to his own lips. I laughed; my wife laughed,—I really can’t help it, though one shouldn’t laugh at the cleverness of one’s own son. Oscar thinks that ‘Hypatia’ is true to history; and I myself feel that—you don’t mind my saying so—we Catholics are a little narrow. Now, in ‘The Cloister and the Hearth’—"

"Its premise is entirely false. Charles Reade showed himself as ignorantly bigoted as any man could be. It is no fit book for any boy. As to ‘Hypatia,’ it is vulgarly superficial and trashy, and dangerous to the young," said the Host, forgetting his politeness.

"Oscar—"

"Did the Secretary of State touch on the Philippine question?" asked the Young Lady from Georgetown. "I should like to know so *much* what he said!"

"He said—"

"Oscar," resumed the Fond Parent, "is, as I said, so receptive and broad-minded. I do not let him associate with other boys. I *must* tell you a thing that happened the other day. He learns French from me, you know; and he picked up Brillat-Savarin's 'Physiologie du Gout,' and—would you believe?—he actually translated it 'Physiology of the Gout.' Oh, laws! I shall die when I think of it!"

"Don't choke," said the Newspaper-man, sympathetically. "Don't!"

"The Nicaragua Canal question, as viewed by the Secretary of State, is a matter in which all New Yorkers are excessively interested, and I wish that the conversation could be resumed—no, thank you!—no ice, please!—I would like to hear—"

"Oscar," said the Fond Parent, "will be delighted when I tell him of the intellectual company I have met to-night. I live only for him; I shall repeat to him all the brilliant things said here."

"He missed *your* pun," whispered the Newspaper-man to the Young Lady from Georgetown.

"The Nicaragua Canal," began the Critic, with a baleful look at the Fond Parent, "was evidently on the Secretary's mind; he—"

"I must tell you another *bonmot* of Oscar's—"

"We had better have coffee served in the drawing-room, hadn't we?" asked the Host.

They arose; and, as they went out, the Fond Parent told the Lady from Georgetown that it had been a very successful little dinner!

Notes and Remarks.

Correspondents that, for a long time past, have been applying to us for information regarding the Church in the Philippines are referred to the leading article in our present number. Until now we have been unable to offer any explanation of certain matters which seem to have puzzled a great many people. The general information at last presented to the Catholics of this country, with episcopal authority, is what everyone has been looking for. The defence or glorification of any particular religious order by its own members counted for little. It is to be hoped that those who were so ready to give credence to accusations against the friars, most of which are utterly groundless, will read with some sense of regret and humiliation the defence of a body of missionaries for whose brave lives and noble deeds even infidels have expressed admiration; and will learn at long last to put no faith in newspapers, to which one scandal is of more importance than any amount of wholesome information.

Not since Cardinal Wiseman was sent back to England as the first Catholic bishop after the Reformation have our British cousins experienced such a spasm of criticism as the last month has witnessed. Close upon the excitement caused by Norfolk's plain words about the Temporal Power, came Cardinal Vaughan's eminently Catholic declaration that the Church reserves public memorial services for her own children. Very strange to say, it was not only from Protestants that the severe strictures on his Eminence's action proceeded. Evidently there was need of the strong protest against Liberalism embodied in the recent joint pastoral of the English

bishops. The obvious retort—that the sovereigns of England are required at their coronation to declare on oath “the sacrifice of the Mass as now used in the Church of Rome to be superstitious and idolatrous,”—was, of course, speedily forthcoming from quarters where the instincts of faith are sound and strong. Undismayed by what one must frankly call the mawkish sentimentality of his critics, Cardinal Vaughan has issued a strong pastoral protesting against the traditional coronation oath which outrages the religious sentiments of millions of subjects of the Crown. Public acts of devotion, in reparation for this official blasphemy, will take place in all the churches of the Archdiocese of Westminster; and the matter will thus be unpleasantly enforced on the attention of the English people.

The late Mr. Mulhall was rightly regarded as the most eminent statistician of his time; hence the following brief passage from a paper prepared for the Australasian Catholic Congress—probably the last work that he ever did—may be accepted as accurate: “In the decade ending 1865 the Church of England stood to Dissenters as 9 to 1, but at present it is less than 3 to 1. The Dissenters have gained what the Church of England has lost, while the ratio of Catholics has slightly fallen off in forty years. We see that in England and Wales only 4 per cent of the population is Roman Catholic, as compared with 8 per cent in Scotland, 78 per cent in Ireland, 40 per cent in Canada, 14 per cent in the United States, and 22 per cent in Australia.” These statements are not so inspiring as the roseate reports from England had prepared us to expect; but, we repeat, they are probably accurate. Mr. Mulhall was a good Catholic, and he knew the

science of statistics as few men have known it. Before the census of 1900 was taken up, for example, he estimated the population of this country at 76,200,000; when the full returns were in, the exact figure was shown to be 76,304,799.

The faithful in this country who are now appealed to on behalf of the missions in China should remember that in many places the work of years of labor, of heroic effort, of self-abnegation in every shape, of entire devotion to the highest ends, has been swept away; also that in some districts famine is now raging, many native Christians having fallen victims to its ravages. Some idea of the ruin wrought in the Chinese missions may be obtained from the simple statement that five dioceses in charge of the Franciscan Order have been totally destroyed, not a church or house remaining. The appeal is for a starving people who have just passed through one of the bloodiest persecutions in the history of the Church in China. The question before the faithful of other lands is this: Shall we allow our Chinese brethren who escaped the sword of the executioner to perish from want?

The obituary notices in our Catholic exchanges are not infrequently of a tenor to excite serious thought as to the influence of Catholic laymen. We speak not of the perfunctory half-dozen lines stating that the late Mr. Brown was a good citizen and an exemplary Catholic; but of the occasional fuller and more specific sketch that bears internal evidence of its sincerity and truth. A really exemplary lay-Catholic is a treasure in any community. In this age of organizations and unions and confraternities and associations of all kinds, it is important to remember that

individual example is, after all, the most beneficent and powerful influence that we can exert. The layman who consistently puts his belief into practice, whose daily life is instinct with the spirit of Catholic doctrine; whose business probity, social virtues, charitable deeds, clean conversation, and equable temper have come to be regarded by his neighbors as mere matters of course, is exercising an apostolate whose importance is not to be lightly estimated. Upon indifferent fellow-Catholics, as upon Protestant or agnostic friends and acquaintances, he exerts a genuine sway, which is not the less potent for its being imposed quite unconsciously.

As a pleasant variation of the policy of benevolent assimilation, an American society recently undertook the benevolent distribution of agricultural implements and seeds among the Filipino. Now, the gentle and leisurely Filipino yearneth not for the sweat-producing plow and the harrowing harrow of his American brother, nor yet for government seeds nor Protestant bibles. Hence Señor Sixto Lopez, the representative of the Filipino junta in this country, in a letter to Mr. Robert Treat Paine, a prominent citizen of Boston and president of the American Peace Society, deprecates the benevolent distribution plan in this way:

The Filipinos do not want and will not accept anything in the form of benevolence or charity from any nation in the world. But if any American citizen or citizens desire to embark in missionary enterprise, and if they really think that there are those in the Philippines who need special enlightenment, they would be set at liberty to spend their missionary zeal without let or hindrance. The Filipinos would only reserve the right to recommend that such missionary zeal be expended on Turkey or Russia, or the east end of London, or perhaps in some parts of America, where education and enlightenment are more urgently needed than in the Philippines.

And in another letter to Edward Everett Hale the Señor makes bold to

suggest that the money collected from generous souls to distribute seeds and plows be devoted to "purchasing and supplying to every person in the United States a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the third paragraph printed in large capitals." Some of the things that have lately been said by the Filipino envoys seem to show that whether or not the islanders are fit for self-government, they are at least reasonably fit for self-defence.

Zeal uncontrolled by prudence most frequently results in disaster, and the deplorable events occurring in Kansas merely furnish a particular instance of that general law. To confront illegality with illegality is to begin at the wrong end of the problem of suppressing the liquor traffic in that State. Had one-third of the misdirected energy that has recently been manifested in the purely riotous attacks upon saloons been employed in legitimately arousing public opinion, and bringing its irresistible pressure to bear upon the law-officers who are responsible for the existence of the saloons, their closing would already have been effected; and Kansas would be spared the shame that must attach to a commonwealth whose citizens have allowed themselves to become the pliant tools of an hysterical fanatic, enamored of notoriety, and little less than blasphemous in her rhapsodical vindication of flagrant offences against law and order.

There is a certain gratification in finding that one's opponents have at length seen the error of their ways, if only on one point; and we are accordingly pleased to quote *The Independent* to this effect: "The adjective 'priest-ridden' attaches not to Catholics, but in its fullest sense to Protestant denominations." We have so often made that

point, and proved it, in these columns that our non-Catholic contemporary's deductions from the religious statistics of the country might, we fancy, be found almost word for word in more than one of our back numbers. Something very like the following we have published time and again: 'There are only ninety Baptists on an average to one of their churches; one hundred and ten Methodists to each of their congregations; whilst the average number of Catholics to one church is not less than seven hundred and sixty-seven.' May we now hope that "priest-ridden," as an epithet qualifying Catholics, will speedily become obsolete?

On the sixty-first anniversary of his ordination and in the eighty-sixth year of his age Monsignor Bessonies, of the diocese of Indianapolis, went to receive the reward of a life singularly adorned with all sacerdotal virtues. This venerable priest was of that hardy French missionary stock that planted the Church in Indiana in the days when magnificent distances were the only magnificent possession of the State,—the days when hunger, cold and exhaustion tried men's strength even more than their strictly priestly duties. His flock revered him for his saintlike charity and piety, and by those outside the Church he was esteemed as a high-minded and apostolic man. The habit of self-denial acquired during the hard days of his early ministry never left him, and up till his death he strictly observed the Lenten fast in spite of his infirmities and advanced age. *R. I. P.*

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, in a recent address on the moral law of art declared that art is no more exempt from the moral law than business or politics. Exemption would mean not liberty but degradation. The moral law

applies to the artist as well as to his work. Touching on the nude in art, the speaker remarked: "It seems to me that there is less offence in the nude in art than in the nudity of the language in which it is discussed. The trouble with many modern paintings of the nude is not that they are nude paintings but that they are undressed paintings." In answer to the contention that any play or book or painting is moral that teaches a moral lesson, Dr. Van Dyke had this to say: "If in any sort of work of art, the moral quality is so weak that you can't taste it, and the sensuous so strong that you can't miss it, then it is dangerous. If the temptation is more vivid than the warning, whether it be in a painting or a play or a poem—if the vice is more terrible than the good is good,—then that work, although it be art, is weakening rather than strengthening."

According to the *London Tablet*, the Rev. Father George Bichet, who died recently, after twenty-one years of laborious apostolate in West Africa, was probably the first man since the days of the ancient Carthaginians to tame the African elephant for domestic use. Father Bichet was the founder of the flourishing mission station of Fernan Vaz in the French Congo, to which he devoted his very considerable personal fortune, his health and his entire life.

The accounts of the "wholesale conversions" to Protestantism among the French clergy have been investigated by the ablest of Anglican journals, the *London Pilot*. It reports that the seven hundred "conversions" of priests so blithely advertised shrink upon investigation "to a dozen or so who have chiefly seceded on account of breaches of discipline."



The Lily of the Golden River.

A TALE OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

BY SISTER MARY.

II.

DEATH to the Christians! Down with them! Fire! fire!" shouted the mob.

And the bell sounded above the tumult, clear-toned and silvery, in quick strokes, like the voice of the invisible guardian that called to heaven when earth failed, and that none could stop or enchain. On, on it rang; and a discharge of muskets fired up at it in fury only broke a few panes in the belfry window and brought down a shower of stones and dust from the injured masonry on the heads of the assailants.

"*Salve Regina!*" came from the altar steps where the little family huddled for safety.

The blows on the heavy, solid door continued. "*In manus tuas, Domine—*" Suor Maria Crocefissa repeated. Then suddenly the bell of the door opening on the river rang furiously. A start of fear, a ray of hope, came simultaneously to the little party. Who was it?—friend or enemy?

Some ran to a window overlooking the steps; they peeped, then called. A sweet, childish voice answered from the dark below:

"It is I—Lien-vha! Don't be afraid: I bring help!"

The door was soon opened cautiously, and Lien-vha was dragged in and half smothered with fond embraces from the children. What was she there for? Did she want to die with them?

They knew her well—their Lily, as they called her. She was a gentle, modest Chinese girl of fourteen, with bright, intelligent eyes and a lithe figure. The child of an old fisherman, she was a promising catechumen, and was to be baptized in a few weeks.

"I saw the fire and heard the bell, dear Madre Bianca" (White Mother, as she always called Suor Maria Crocefissa). "My poor wicked countrymen wish to burn your house, kill you, and steal everything. But I have so wept and prayed that my brother and a friend are coming with a boat; and I came at once in my sandolino" (a small coracle, or canoe) "to bring you the good news. I could not stay still while my White Mother and my Sisters were in danger."

Full of courage and self-abnegation, the child seemed embarrassed by their outburst of gratitude and admiration.

The smell of burning wood was now first perceived; and the superior, going once more to reconnoitre, found that the rioters had piled up wood, to make fire do for them what their axes and sticks had failed to do. But it would take some time, since, with the usual disorganization of mob force, they had heaped up such a quantity of damp, massive blocks of fuel that so far only smoke was produced. Thus there was yet time and there was yet hope.

Could the Lily of the Mission take over a child in her bark while they waited?

"No: it is too small, like half a nut, and takes skill to manage. I can go like the wind, but another could do nothing with it."

Suor Maria Crocefissa was praying for light. There was a Child—the Holy

Child in the tabernacle—who *must* be saved. Could Lien-vha, like another Christopher, bear Him who bears the world to a place of refuge? There was no more hope of Padre Serafino. He might have made his escape to the north, but he could not make his way to them, certainly.

She turned to the child and led her before the altar.

"Listen, my Lily; I have great trust in you. Do you feel that you could do a great deed for the Lord who died for you, and whose child you are by desire if not by baptism?"

Lily made a quick gesture of delight.

"Here on the altar rests Jesus our God in the Blessed Sacrament. Better for us to die than for Him to fall into the hands of the heathen. I will give Him, the Treasure of treasures, into your keeping. Bear Him over the river and place Him concealed in your hut. If but one of us escapes, we will go there for Him; but if all perish, take Him yourself to the Fathers at the Good Shepherd Mission. Now swear, my child, that none shall know what you are carrying."

The brave girl knelt and, raising her hands toward the altar, said in a firm, clear voice:

"I swear to do what you wish, and defend the God of the Christians as long as I have life."

Suor Maria Crocefissa pressed the fervent girl to her heart, and answered:

"I trust you, for you have promised for love of Him."

All knelt and adored while, with trembling hands, the superior opened the tabernacle and took out the ciborium, reverently pouring the Sacred Hosts into a corporal, which then folding she wrapped in a silk-embroidered veil and placed inside Lily's tunic, securing it with ribbon round her neck and pinning the tunic safely over all.

"May God whom thou bearest protect thee, child!"

All took candles and, surrounding the little Chinese, went with her to the river steps. There, for prudence, the lights were put out; and Lien-vha went down alone to the sandolino, took the oars and left noiselessly, while all knelt at the door and watched the girl with her precious burden glide into the darkness.

Then came a time of terrible suspense. The rioters grew more violent, and the fire began to kindle and make way.

"Thank God the *Santissimo* is in safety, whatever becomes of us!" cried Suor Maria.

After what seemed an interminable time, the poor little community, who, now that the church was deprived of their Lord, remained at the back entrance, in readiness for flight, heard the splash of oars and a low voice:

"Don't be afraid, Suor Maria: it is I, Alfonso, with a friend."

At the sound of their protector's voice the orphans began to cry and laugh and embrace each other for joy, and Suor Maria had much ado to keep any order in the little party. All could not cross at the same time, so six children were sent off with the Sister sacristan, who was directed to go at once to Lien-vha's cottage and take charge of the Blessed Sacrament.

Alfonso's boat was soon back, followed by Lien-vha, who reported all safe, and her precious charge resting on Suor Agnese's heart till all should come, when they would form a procession and convey it to the Fathers at the Mission.

Another party of six children with a Sister followed, and now Suor Maria and six Sisters remained with Lien-vha. At the landing-place where the Sisters knelt the river formed as it were a small bay; for the convent was partly built on ground jutting out from the bank, and this wing screened the back steps

from view of the mob in front. But now, either the rowers had not reckoned with the current, or it was too strong for their tired arms,—in any case, on this last passage the boat, instead of crossing in the shadow thrown by the wing of the convent, drifted into the water, lit up by the flames of the now burning front of the building.

In one moment it was seen—shots were fired—shouts raised. Alfonso and his friend, however, rowed vigorously and soon succeeded in reaching the shelter of the steps.

But they were discovered.

"Quick!" exclaimed Alfonso,—“in, and away at once!”

Five Sisters hurried in, and then a shot fired from the extreme end of the wing struck the sixth, who, though but slightly wounded, fainted, and was lifted, a dead weight, into the little bark. It was too full already, and Suor Maria Crocefissa claimed her right to wait. A noble contest followed among these heroic souls, in which Lien-vha took no part but busied herself with her sandolino. Suddenly the girl sprang, light as a young gazelle, from her little bark to the steps.

"White Mother, I have fastened my sandolino to Alfonso's boat, so that he will tow it, and you will go in that."

"No, never, child! This is impossible! It shall not be!"

"Yes, dear Mother, it *must* be. I love the White Christ. I have carried Him here"—and she folded her arms on her breast. "He was pure and white as the snow. His White Mother must not fall into *their* hands,"—and she pointed toward the spot whence the yells of the mob came ever more furiously each moment. "Besides, I am safe enough. See! I will lie so,"—and she threw herself down, face to the ground, on the lowest step. "I am so small I shall not be seen; and even if they come, I am a

child of the river: I can dive—swim,—I shall easily escape to the little island of Ma-ri-gi, between us and the opposite bank." And she pushed the "Madre Bianca" into the bark and called gently: "Away, away, Alfonso!"

But he shook his head doubtfully.

"Think what you are doing, Lien-vha! You may never see our old father again," he said sadly.

Her only reply was:

"Off! off! Don't you hear the balls whistling over the water? Do you want to kill them all and yourself as well? I have said it,—I will wait."

She spoke with such authority that none dared refuse, and it seemed like the voice of an angel from God. The rowers kept well in shade, and Suor Maria Crocefissa was saved in spite of herself; for the sandolino had already swung out from the steps.

(Conclusion next week.)

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.—NEDDIE'S ADVENTURES.

"Want to know what abalone shells are?" inquired Neddie, as they seated themselves on the bench outside the big door, after having dispatched a most appetizing meal.

"Yes," answered Robbie. "Is there anything queer about them?"

"Not generally, but there was about these. They'd been stolen, but I didn't know it."

"They had? Are they valuable?"

"Rather. They're big, and mother-of-pearl inside. They polish them till the outside is just as pretty as in the inside part; then they sell them in the curio stores for card cases and soap dishes, and so forth."

"Oh, yes! I think I know what they

are now," said Robbie. "An old lady who had been to California brought one home. It was very pretty."

"You see, they grow on the rocks. There's a fish inside, you know. When it's low tide they catch lots of them."

"But go on with your story," said Robbie, who was not much interested in abalones as a species.

"Well, just as I was a-wonderin' what sort of a craft that might be, a queer-lookin' man stuck his head out of the cabin window. The cabin wasn't no bigger than a dry-goods box, and his shock-head filled up every bit of that window; and he says:

"'Hello, youngster! Want a job?'

"'What kind of a job?' I says.

"'Oh, helpin' me in this here boat!' he says.

"'I don't know nothin' about boats,' I says. 'I want to go to sea, though.'

"'Then you're right in it,' he says. 'Come, jump right in! I'm goin' up to San Francisco with this here cargo, and soon's you git there you can ship for anywheres you please. There's ships from every port in the world comes in there. You can take your choice.'

"'What'll you give me?' I says; 'I ain't goin' for nothin'.'

"'No more you shall,' he says. 'I'll give you four dollars if you mind what I say and do as I tell you. If you're satisfied, come right along.'

"Then he come out of the cabin, and I stepped aboard."

"Didn't he inquire if you had a father or mother or a home?" said Robbie.

"Never asked no question," replied Neddie. "I was 'fraid he would, though. But he didn't care where I come from so long as he got me. I didn't do him much good, though."

"Why?" asked Robbie.

"I was sick as a dog from the minute we left the harbor—I mean as soon as we got out of the bay. I couldn't do

anything. He wouldn't let me lie in the cabin neither when he seen how sick I was. He kicked me all round, and I just had to crawl to the water-butt when I wanted a drink. I tell you I got enough of the sea them four days. It was dark night when we got to San Francisco, and I was feelin' a little better; when some men come on board, and it wasn't long before I heard them tellin' the captain that he'd knocked a Chinaman on the head and stolen his boat full of abalones. They'd come to arrest him; so I thought I'd better scoot quick as I could. They hadn't seen me yet. I sneaked along the side, under a pile of sails, and jumped onto a kind of raft. There was a vessel alongside. I clomb up it and run across the deck, clomb down on the other side, onto a kind of wharf, and so got to shore."

"I suppose by that time you were wishing you had stayed at home with your mother," said Robbie.

"I tell you I was! I didn't know how I'd get back to her neither."

"Pretty hard lines," said Robbie.

"Yes; but it served me right. I snook along the wharves, and pretty soon I come to a place all lit up. It said on the window, 'Seaman's Cheerful Rest.' I peeped in and a lady said: 'Come in, sonny!' So I went in, and she gave me a cup of coffee. She asked me to sit down and rest a while, and put a lot of questions to me. I suspicioned she might call the p'lice, and then I'd be locked up. So while she was talkin' to a feller that just come in I snook away again and run out on the street. After that I had a terrible hard time for about a month or so—doin' odd jobs here and there and dodgin' the p'lice; I had a dreadful terror of them."

"But why didn't you write home to your mother?"

"I did at last."

"Wasn't she glad to hear from you?"

"Stepfather never gave her the letter. Declared he never got it out of the post-office; but I know he did. I was awful mad at mom when she wouldn't write to me, and I put all the lonesome out of my mind. One mornin' I was walkin' along Kearney Street, and I met a boy about as big as me or a little bigger. He was fifteen, I found out afterward. We got talkin' and he says: 'Don't you want to come up to Crockett to work in the mill?' So we went, and his brother was up there; and we worked for fifty cents a day till pretty near summer. We had a tent; Ben cooked. He was the brother and George was the other feller. One day Ben came in and he says: 'Work's goin' to shut down next week, boys.' We were awful sorry to hear that, but Ben says: 'I've got a plan, and it will be lots of fun and money besides.' Want to hear about that?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Robbie. "It is very interesting so far."

"Well, we'd all got a little money saved, partic'ly Ben, who was earnin' a *dollar* a day instead of fifty cents like us. And I want to tell you right here that he was a splendid feller, any way you want to take it."

"That was a good thing for you, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. Just to think of the elegant pancakes he'd set on the table, with syrup and bacon—a streak of fat and a streak of lean; and cabbage and pork of Sundays. I tell you he was a cook."

"I'm sure his plan was a good one," said Robbie, eager to get at the bottom of the story.

"It was so. When we got out of work we packed up and went down the river a piece. When we come to the place Ben said: 'Boys, we're goin' to live on a house-boat. I bought it from

Jim Reeves for twenty dollars. He got it for forty last year, but he's goin' back East to see his grandmother; and we can have the use of his sail-boat while he's gone. We can make money,' he says. After that we were just crazy till we got onto that house-boat. Jim Reeves was still there, a-waitin' for Ben to take possession."

"That must have been grand," said Robbie, who had often read of house-boats, but had never met anybody who had been fortunate enough to own or live on one.

"Well, it was. We called it the *Ark*. It was on the Sacramento River, about a mile from San Francisco Bay."

"Was it furnished like a house?"

"Yes. It looked exactly like pictures of the Ark of Noe."

"How many rooms?"

"Two rooms—bedroom and kitchen. It had a veranda all round it; we lived on that pretty near all the time; it was so pleasant lookin' out on the water and settin' in the breeze."

"Was it anchored, or floating all the time?" asked Robbie.

"Oh, anchored, you bet! Otherwise it would have come to grief and wouldn't have been safe to live in. It was anchored about twenty feet from shore, and there was a gang-plank running out to it *from* the shore."

"Was it right out in the river?"

"Oh, no! It was in a little cove most entirely surrounded by land. No matter how rough it was on the river, it was always safe inside that cove; and the *Ark* never rocked much on the water."

"Were there other boats around?" inquired Robbie.

"Oh, yes! A wharf ran out into the water about fifty yards from where the *Ark* was anchored. It ran out three or four hundred yards. We used to keep our sail-boats and row-boats anchored between the wharf and the *Ark*."

"Where did you get the row-boats?"

"They weren't ours: they belonged to different parties. When they found we were all straight they let us keep them and let us use them. They mostly belonged to people that lived in the city and only come down once in a while. They were glad to have us take care of them, so they wouldn't git stole."

"How many did you have?"

"We had two big sail-boats and four row-boats. When we weren't using them we used to hire them out by the day to 'spectable parties. Ben was keen: he saw to that. Besides that, lots of people would give us a dollar to row them across the river and round."

"That was lots of fun, wasn't it?" said Robbie.

"I *should* think. I pretty near forgot all about mom them days, except when night came and I was a-lyin' in my bunk with the water plashin' and splashin' against the sides. That made me feel kind of lonesome. But then I'd git awful mad 'cause she never answered my letter, and I'd turn over and over and jam myself down on the mattress till the other fellers would holler: 'You keep still there, Ned!' And then I'd lie quiet till I went to sleep."

"How old were you then?" inquired Robbie.

"Thirteen."

"You're small; I should hardly have thought you any older than that now."

"I'm fifteen. How old are you?"

"Past fourteen. But I'm larger than you are."

"Not any stronger, though. And I bet you can't tame a bronco."

"Maybe not—yet. But I can ride pretty well. All the De la Guerras can."

"Them old Spanish dons didn't have another thing to do only ride round and round over their ranches. Funny if they *couldn't* beat the blast a-ridin'. There's a feller down yonder that comes to San

Ignacio to buy horses sometimes. He pastures a lot here. He says I'd make a splendid jockey. Mom wouldn't let me go, though. Mom's a Methodist, you see; she don't believe in racin' or any sport like that."

"I guess she's right," said Robbie. "My father used to say it led to a good deal of badness."

"Was your pa a preacher?"

"Oh, no! He was a doctor."

"My real father was a travellin' Methodist preacher. He was an awful good man. Weekdays he was a carpenter, but Sundays he went from place to place 'preachin'. He was splendid at revivals, people say. I didn't never see him at any, though. He'd retired when mom married him. He was an *awful* old man; I can't remember him any way but shakin' with the palsy."

Robbie did not wish to be impolite nor to cut short abruptly the family reminiscences of his new friend, but he had a strong anxiety to hear the rest of his river experience. While he was hesitating how to divert the conversation, Neddie resumed his narrative with the question:

"Did you ever go duck-shootin'?"

"No," replied Robbie. "Until we came here I never handled a gun in my life."

"It's fine sport," said Neddie. "We had one of our sail-boats fixed up so we could go campin' up the river or duck-shootin' in it. We painted it grey and put a dirty-colored sail on it, so it wouldn't scare the ducks."

"What do you mean by a dirty-colored sail?" asked Robbie. "I never saw or heard of a colored sail on a boat."

"Oh, I just mean a *dirty* sail! A clean white one would scare them: they'd see it too plain."

"Oh! Was it a big boat?"

"About thirty feet long and had about six-feet beam on it. It carried one big mainsail and two jibs. The cabin was

somewheres in the neighborhood of eighteen feet. It had a little bunk on each side, and a hanging table at the stern end."

"Did you often go?"

"Yes, pretty often. But we didn't all three go at once. Some one had to stay behind."

"Did you stay long?"

"Pretty long. We used to take enough provisions to last a couple of weeks. One time we went about fifteen miles down San Pablo Bay. We each had double-barrelled guns, and one of us would shoot them—the ducks—on the water and the other on the fly. We always took a lot back with us and gave them to our friends in Crockett."

"Did you sell any of them?"

"No: ducks were too plentiful round there for that. We had a sail-boat that was a fine racer, besides. It won the prize on the Fourth of July. That's the one that went on the rocks and broke to pieces."

"How was that?" inquired Robbie.

"There was a boy there named Paul. He couldn't sail a boat alone, but he thought he could. One day he took her out, and the wind rose and blew her across the river. Paul wasn't hurt but he got all wet."

"What did he do about paying for the boat?"

"He didn't do nothin': he didn't have no money. We didn't say nothin' much. Ben didn't care when he come back."

"Hadh't you heard from your mother in all that time?"

"Not a word; and I began to git awful lonesome, and some sense come into my brains again. I knew mom wouldn't never give me up altogether, and I began to suspect the truth of it. One day I couldn't stand it a minute longer. I had twenty-five dollars saved, and I just cut the whole thing and come back home. I tell you the fatted calf

wasn't nothin' to the way I was treated when I come. There was an awful row with pop; but he's been much better since then. We git along middlin' well, and I ain't goin' to leave my mother no more till she doesn't need me or I'm grown a man."

"A very sensible conclusion," said the voice of Mr. de la Guerra, pleasantly. "I'm very sorry to tear you away from Ned's reminiscences, Robbie; but we must be astir early in the morning. It is time to go to bed. As for you, you may stay here if you wish; or if you think you would like to see a working mine, you may come with me."

"I think I'll go with you," rejoined Robbie, promptly. "You know I want to see everything I can."

"Very well. Then we'll turn in," said his cousin.

"Good-night!" said Neddie. "I've some chores to do; but I'll see you again in the mornin'."

(To be continued.)

What to Call the King.

Up to the time of Constantine no king, unless he had distinguished himself by some feat of arms or special act of bravery, was called "illustrious"; but at that period the name began to be hereditary and was bestowed upon everyone who enjoyed the sunshine of public approval. In Italy the people were not satisfied with calling their kings "illustrious," but gave them the title of "more than illustrious," which very much weakened a noble word.

In Spain so many fulsome epithets were heaped upon the royal family that it became necessary to have a book in which to record them. Finally, however, a reaction set in, and a decree was made that the king should be called "the king our lord," and nothing else.

The title "highness" was once limited to the reigning sovereign, but is now very common. Ferdinand and Isabella, that noble pair whose influence was felt throughout the world, had no higher form of address bestowed upon them.

Louis XI., of France, was the first to be called "your majesty," although he was by no means celebrated for the pomp and ceremony which usually surround a court. Indeed "his majesty" was a thrifty and frugal man, and a bill exists in which he was charged for new sleeves to be sewed on one of his old doublets. "Your grace" was another form of address affected by royalty, but is now chiefly given to dukes and duchesses.

If we turn to the far East, we seem to leave the realms of reason and moderation as regards the estimation in which a sovereign is held and the names bestowed upon him. One of these monarchs is thought by his people to regulate the motion of the tides, the procession of the seasons, and to be brother to the sun; and they call him "king of the four - and - twenty umbrellas," and carry that number of umbrellas before him when he walks or drives abroad. Another is called by no less a title than "Lord of all."

The King of Monomotapa rejoices in such appellations as "lord of the sun and moon," "great magician," and "great thief." It is unnecessary to add that in his country it is no disgrace to be light-fingered. "Possessor of the white elephant and two earrings" is the rather quaint title bestowed upon the Emperor of Arracan.

But all these honors pale before those given to the early Roman emperors, who were addressed as divinities; and to Chinese rulers of our day, in whose domain there is a proverb: "If the emperor says at noon, 'It is night,' you are to answer, 'Behold the moon and stars!'"

Moki Dolls.

The dolls owned by the little Moki Indian girls are very different from the pretty painted ones which white children play with. They are fashioned in all sorts of grotesque shapes, and made to represent the idols which these Indian tribes worship. They are carved from the roots of the cottonwood tree, and their coloring is as queer as their shape. Before they become the property of the little girls they are carried by their elders in their religious dances which take place every summer. At this time the men go into a sort of retirement for a number of days; and it is then that the funny little dolls, as well as bows and arrows for the boys, are made.

And how do you suppose these little Indian maids play with their funny dolls? They hang them up in a row and sit and look at them. Once in a while a girl may be seen putting her dolly to sleep after the fashion of white children, but this is seldom. And indeed it is not to be wondered at; for these strange effigies are often fashioned in the most hideous way, with wolves' faces or the head of a mountain sheep; by the side of them a cast-off rag doll of the poorest white child would look like a fairy princess. But tastes differ, as the proverb says; and to the mind of the Indian children these ugly images seem very pretty indeed. And when one remembers that they are not only dolls but little idols also, one begins to appreciate what Christianity has done for the world.

Information Wanted.

WITHOUT a needle or bit of thread,
In spring the farmers sow;
How do the seeds stay in the earth
Is what I'd like to know!

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is a striking evidence of the scholarly breadth of Bishop Creighton, the late Anglican incumbent of London, that his historical study of "The Age of Elizabeth" was for many years used as a textbook in a Catholic college—St. Edmund's, of which Monsig. Fenton, now Cardinal Vaughan's vicar-general, was head-master.

—Manuals of instruction and devotion for the jubilee in English and German are afforded by Benziger Brothers and B. Herder. The one published by Mr. Herder contains a translation of the Papal Encyclical. We notice that in neither manual the Litany of the Saints has the first place among litanies, which indicates a tendency.

—A literary find of some commercial value is "Rights of Women and Children," a book printed three hundred and forty-three years ago for Constable Anne, the first Duke of Montmorency. The volume was accidentally discovered, a while ago, in one of the nooks of the Columbia University Library, New York. It is handsomely bound in brown morocco; and, in view of the fact that a somewhat tattered copy of a Montmorency was sold in Paris in 1866 for \$3720, it may well be considered a treasure.

—It is important to warn intending purchasers of the German text of Pastor's "History of the Popes" that they should insist on getting the latest revision of that great work. In the fourth edition Dr. Pastor has carefully corrected some minor inaccuracies and has added a considerable amount of very important material. The main lines of his work, of course, require no change. It has so far progressed only through the reign of Julius II., but it is to be hoped that the conscientious author will live to complete his task.

—An entry made by the late Queen of England in her private diary under date of August 7, 1883, is of special interest in view of the mild controversy that still plays around the question of Tennyson's religious faith: "After luncheon, saw the great poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality,—who

tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible, God, who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being."

—The *Saturday Evening Post* is authority for the statement that Mr. Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," has joined the Church. He is wintering in Florence, where he is as much at home as in London on account of his familiarity with the life and language of sunny Italy. From one who lately met Frederic Harrison we learn that he has a son who is a Catholic.

—Admirers of Thackeray—and, notwithstanding Ruskin's and Mr. Howell's depreciation of that author, they still constitute a majority of cultured readers of English fiction—will be delighted with Sir G. M. Smith's paper in the current *Critic*, "Thackeray and 'The Cornhill Magazine.'" The relations subsisting between Thackeray, the editor, and Mr. Smith, the chief proprietor of that very successful periodical, seem to have been delightfully pleasant and frank. Incidentally, Mr. Smith relates an instance of George Eliot's regard for literary art that will impress most novelists of to-day as somewhat quixotic. Rather than divide "Romola" into sixteen parts, to suit the convenience of *The Cornhill*, Mrs. Lewes accepted £7000 instead of the £10,000 she could have received by making the division requested.

—It may not be generally known that Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, has embodied three addresses delivered by Bishop Spalding in the first volume of his latest governmental Report. These addresses are: "The American Patriot," "The University and the Teacher," and "The University a Nursery of the Higher Life." Dr. Harris, as we happen to know, considers it a duty to propagate the lofty teachings of the Bishop of Peoria. The Commissioner's Report also contains a notable article by Prof. Herbert A. Adams, from which the *Bulletin* of the Catholic University makes some valuable extracts. Referring to the schools of the Middle Ages, Prof. Adams says:

All [the education] was given that the times really needed or demanded. The rise of colleges and universities can not be explained without reference to the cathedral and cloister schools of the Middle Ages. Even the education of women, which some modern universities still obstruct, was provided for in mediæval nunneries, the historic forerunners of all modern seminaries and colleges for women. Witness that cloistered school at Gandersheim, in North Germany, where, in the tenth century, a clever nun, Roswitha, wrote Latin

plays in imitation of Terence, for her companions to act. Verily there is nothing new in education. The miracle-plays of the Middle Ages were popular dramas. Monks and nuns, priests and friars, Christian poets and wandering minstrels were teachers of the common people. Folk-lore, folk-songs, popular lives of the saints, Christian art and architecture, frescos or wall-paintings, cathedral portals and parish churches were veritably open books, known and read of all men and women in the "Dark Ages" (falsely so called), before printing was invented and learning made easy. The gymnasia of modern Germany were based upon medieval and monkish foundations, upon confiscations of ancient religious endowments. . . . Turning from Germany to England, we find that from monkish beginnings, medieval church foundations and modern confiscations of religious endowments, proceeded the older endowed public schools, those famous Latin or classical grammar schools, from which historic types the Boston Latin School and all the earlier academies and preparatory schools in America were derived.

This is generous as well as just. And so is Prof. Adams' appreciative reference to the lamented Brother Azarias, "that faithful Catholic scholar and true poet," who "proved conclusively to American readers that the Medieval Church did not neglect either primary or popular education."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

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The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

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Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

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The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Bessonies, of the Diocese of Indianapolis; the Rev. John O'Gara, Springfield; and the Rev. Joseph Tortel, O. M. I.

Sister M. Richarda, O. S. B.

Mr. John Ferrier, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Cash, P. E. I., Canada; Mr. John Galvin, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Susie Hubbard, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Elizabeth Dougherty, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Daniel Buckley, Mr. Edward Clements, Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Catherine Shugrue, Washington, D. C.; Miss Katherine Flemming, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John Corcoran and Mr. William Kivlan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Hon. Stephen M. White, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. M. P. Huston, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Harney and Mrs. M. Hart, Galena, Ill.; Mr. P. St. Legor, Mr. J. C. Norton, and Mr. Andrew Kautz, Baltimore, Md.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: A Bishop, \$5; Rev. P. B. H., \$3.50; G. W. S., \$1.20; Mrs. C. A. S., 25 cts.

For the famine sufferers in India:

R. C. K., \$5; S. S., \$2; Mrs. Mary Scully, \$1; Mrs. W. C., \$1; Mrs. T. Erskine, \$3; Mrs. C. Bernascom, \$1.

For the lepers in the diocese of Mgr. Osoof:

A. T. L., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BESSSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 16, 1901.

NO. 11.

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Our Lady's Tears.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Three beads,
In pity for those tears Our Lady shed
Upon her dear Son, dead!
Ah me, who heeds
Amid the world's wild grief
That clamors for relief,
These meek tears, raining down
Upon her dear Son's crown?
O cruel thorn,
Of sin and malice born!
Whene'er you say
These three large beads, kiss them, I pray;
Remembering the dole
Of our sweet Lady's soul.

Our Failures in Religious Instruction.

BY A CATHOLIC BISHOP.

WHILE God remains faithful to His promises the Catholic Church can never fail; but in no age have there been wanting dangers which seemed to presage its failure. From the days of Diocletian's persecution, the "leakage" has filled the faithful with dismay and outsiders with exultation; yet historical calculations show a steady and great advance in every century. The advance of the Church at this day in numbers, in zeal, in cohesion, in up-to-date culture, is undoubted; yet from every quarter rings the voice lamenting over her enormous losses—the "leakage."

There is analogy to this in Nature, of course. The primeval forests grow in luxuriance and majesty and extent year by year, notwithstanding the countless multitudes of young shoots which appear and perish. But the analogy of Nature must not allow us to stand contented, as if it were inevitable that millions should fail in the struggle for supernatural existence. It is the desire of God that not one should be lost; and the providential order makes it a duty that human effort should co-operate to carry the divine plans into effect.

It appears to me that the arena of the Church's conflict is at present the schoolroom, and that the chief source of the "leakage" is the imperfection of our system of religious education. That system seems to me wasteful, injudicious, often noxious; and the great successes of the Church that accompany its failures are due, under God, to personal and other influences, and not in any great measure to our systems of catechetical instruction.

I do not intend to dwell on the rapid decay of faith in certain countries where the duty of religious education has been totally neglected: I would speak only of the losses in those countries where the Church is vigorous, and her children, on the whole, enlightened; where every effort is made to impart full religious instruction; where the machinery of parish schools and Sunday-schools, of catechism and sermons, of inspections and examinations, is in full activity.

Wherever circumstances seem most favorable, wherever the Church has full freedom of hand and no particular obstacles to her influence, there we hear of thousands who disappear from the Church when they leave the school; who, even if they retain the name of Catholic, disregard every precept of their Church; who have carried away only the most superficial and fleeting religious impressions, and who are without even the common natural sense of religion and moral conscience.

This phenomenon is too constant to be set aside as an exception to the rule; it has taken its place as a characteristic of the times, the cause of which is inscrutable; it no longer excites astonishment. Unfaithfulness to early training is just as much the normal state as fidelity, and it is a great deal more prominent. This is a calamitous disappointment, an effect not to have been expected from the known causes. Let us examine the factors one by one, and see if we can account for the Church's failing to retain the allegiance of so many who have been taught at her knees and initiated into the life of grace.

1. The Catholic Church. Can it be that she is unable to hold her own? Can she no longer satisfy the intellect? Is she losing ground as civilization advances? The Church is adapted to all ages and nations, is in accordance with the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; modern discoveries in the historical and cosmic past confirm the authenticity of her title-deeds; she descends from ancient and noble lineage; she has the Spirit poured forth upon her for the enlightenment and strengthening of souls; she has "all truth," and the abiding presence of Jesus Christ, present on the altars and energizing in the work of His servants. Yet her truths seem not to penetrate the mind as do the errors, calumnies, sophisms,

prejudices, marshalled against her by her enemies. She does not command so complete a loyalty as does the principle of nationality or the religious systems of China, of Mahomet, of many heresies, and of the ancient chosen people.

2. The subjects of her teaching. Early impressions are supposed to be ineffaceable. Children's minds are supposed to be as wax to receive impressions, as marble to retain them. Of those lost to the Church many have had good family training as well as that of the schools; they had acquired religious habits earlier than the reach of their memory. Yet vast numbers show by their subsequent lives that their minds were as marble to receive and as wax in losing their early religious impressions.

3. The matter of her teaching. Religion is a subject of engrossing interest to almost all: it fascinates its opponents almost as much as its disciples. The *anima naturaliter Christiana* asserts itself especially in children. They apprehend the deep mysteries of religion so readily. Their questions are so searching, their remarks so intelligent though so quaint. There is so much in religion to move them to emotions of pity, admiration, generosity, indignation; so much to satisfy their desire of knowledge, their sense of justice and humor and pathos. It is so easy to make of religious instruction a delight and a recreation, and a training in intelligence and sentiment, in manners and refinement and character.

4. The materials of her teaching. Very little on the whole is left to be desired. There are institutions of every kind: parochial schools, colleges, convents, universities; ample time is devoted to the subject; there are catechisms, explanations, systems for dogmatic, moral, scriptural, historical instruction. Never before were such sacrifices made by Catholics for the cause of education;

never such an organization for it, expanding over almost the whole world; never so general an interest, and so much discussion, and such a variety of sustained efforts as we now behold.

5. The agents of her teaching. There are the great religious orders of men and women, the secular clergy and bodies of lay-teachers. The orders and congregations are skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, devoted exclusively and for life to the office of teaching; they are self-sacrificing and courageous beyond what is human almost. Never has any secular cause had such a body of supporters.

6. The methods of the teaching. Here, I venture to submit, lies the cause of failure. No extrinsic causes, I think, would be able to neutralize so largely the efforts of Christian education if there were not some intrinsic and vital deficiency.

There is a very large consensus of opinion on two important facts—the enormous losses to the Church amongst those who have gone through her catechetical training, and the very unsatisfactory character of that teaching. These two points should be thoroughly investigated, and remedies found for them. We should see whether any of our ideas and customs are erroneous or antiquated; we should not shrink from admitting unpleasant truths, and from changing methods which may be hallowed by their immemorial antiquity. This we shall be obliged to do if it be true, as I suggest, that the inadequacy of our religious instruction and the “leakage” are related to each other as cause and effect. Either there is some flaw in our educational system, which leads to the failures we deplore, or else we have overrated the value of the divine promises and of the influence which the Church, aided by grace, can exercise over the souls of men.

During late years education has

been fundamentally remodelled. It is no longer carried on any-how, and by rule of thumb, as it were. A definite science of education and art of education have been created, grounded on the principles of psychology, and on the character of the child-mind in particular. Pestalozzi and Fröbel introduced the innovation of making education easy and pleasant. School-books have been rewritten. Parrot-learning by rote has been reduced to narrow limits; and words are used not as being valuable in themselves and identical with knowledge, but as subsidiary to ideas, and only as the vehicle for conveying them. The Germans have specialized still further and founded the science of catechetics, which, as pointed out by Father Glancey in his important preface to Bishop Knecht's “Practical Commentary on Scripture,” has not yet been acclimatized in English-speaking countries, at least.

Catholic methods of religious instruction have not kept pace with those of secular instruction, even in those establishments where the latter have been fully adopted. Education in religion is carried on in the obsolete, wearisome manner of a century ago. Antiquated methods are looked upon as sacred. The children of light must not gather any hints for their religious advantage from the children of this world, who are so wise in their own generation. Antipathy naturally springs up in children's minds against a subject which contrasts unfavorably with every other study in point of facility and interest. Catechism has unpleasant associations for many children.

All kinds of subjects formerly difficult and dreaded have been made easy of acquisition by the new methods. Surely it can not be beyond the bounds of possibility to do the same for such a subject as religion. *C'est le comment qui*

fait les choses. It is to the *comment*—the method—that we must attend in order to find the cause of our failures hitherto and the remedy for them. If the proper kind of catechism could be discovered and a proper system of communicating religious knowledge employed, our religious *instruction* would be developed into a real and full and deep religious *education*; and this would require less time, would be less laborious for teachers, more interesting for children, and more efficacious for its object, than the present method can ever be.

I may summarize what is to be heard from religious and lay teachers in many countries by quoting some forcible words from an article by the Rev. Dr. J. Talbot Smith in THE AVE MARIA (Vol. xlv, Nos. 17, 18; pp. 516, 555):

"A little inquiry among the young men and women of one's acquaintance, whether rich or poor, intellectual or commonplace, does not impress one with the excellence of the instruction communicated to them in the average school of Christian doctrine. It is not accurate and does not stick. It leaves no impulse with the pupils to inquire further, for it has never excited any interest in its own subjects. The cleverest child can recite the catechism well at graduation, and the dullest can do nearly as much. The difference of knowledge between them is imperceptible. In five years their understanding of the catechism has become equal: both have forgotten all.

"All my experience leads me to believe that the catechism is torture to the average child, and the teaching of it a heart-breaking task to the average teacher. Sahara, with its caravans ploughing through interminable reaches of sand, does not seem more dry to the imagination than the catechism tract, with its long procession of teachers and children marching toward the oasis of escape."

I find Father Glancey confirming this in a cautious manner. He asks, in the preface already quoted: "Are our tools rusty? Are our weapons broken or blunted? In a word, are our methods right or wrong? Are the instruments we are using adapted to the purpose for which they are intended? Are our catechisms correctly adjusted,—that is, are they set in a manner best calculated to secure their aim? All these are questions on which our future success turns."

The Very Rev. Canon Ryan, P. P., writes on the same subject in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of November, 1900. He asks: "Have the young never to complain? (of course they do not complain, but they brook their misery)... of the indescribable tedium, the weary time spent in occupations that are neither relished nor understood. Are the truths brought to the level of the children's capacity?" Then he mentions cases of young people who have learned the catechism "pat" and have never received a sacrament; and he quotes the exclamation often heard from those who have seen the lives and deaths of such Catholics: "Why do you not teach your people better?"

The inefficiency of our system of catechism is felt by teachers and priests, freely spoken of, written about in magazines and newspapers, and universally deplored for its consequences to those children who suffer under it. Many efforts have been made to remedy the state of things. But how have we generally proceeded? Like the black boy whose master wanted his eggs boiled soft: the eggs continued hard as ever, notwithstanding the daily-increasing wrath. At last vengeance fell; and as the victim squirmed, he sobbed out: "O massa, I don't know what's de matter with dem eggs! I's been biling dem since five o'clock dis morning and dey won't come soft."

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—HOLLOWAY VISITS MR. MORAN.

HENRY MORAN had kept two bank presidents and half a score of influential brokers waiting that morning while he went in search of mutton. He walked into the office now with his most steely air of concentration—alert, acute, every faculty in full play. He deliberately put on his office coat, arranged a few papers on his desk, and gave audience to the first comer. Neither he nor the others could afford to be angry at Moran's unpunctuality, which was unprecedented. So they laughed and were extremely amicable and conciliatory; and would have indulged in a joke or two, but Henry Moran went straight to business, throwing down his gloves upon the desk as though he were delivering a challenge; while his thoughts, with lightning-like rapidity, strove to conjecture what had brought one of these two bankmen here.

And to that one he gave his attention last, begging him to wait while he briefly dispatched the rest of his callers. Then he sat down, facing his opponent, to begin a duel—not apparent to the naked eye, but close, keen and deadly. A thrust now, a point lost or won on either side, a secret revealed—but only on one side, and that not Henry Moran's,—a bit of knowledge gained and added to the latter's credit sheet. It was a drama of modern life condensed into one short half hour; and it left Henry Moran at its close a little paler, with signs of weariness about the eyes.

For the time being he forced himself to forget, as though it had never existed, that brief idyl, scarce a week old, in which he had indulged under the trees of his own lawn. Nor was it till well

on in the afternoon that he suffered his thoughts, which he marshalled with iron discipline, as though they had been men, to rest for a moment on the cottage and its inmates. The scene of the last nights came back to him as a dream of peace, lovelier, calmer for the whirl about him, for the fierce, tense struggle in which he was engaged. It occurred to him, too, as he glanced at his watch, that the driving party would be upon the Quaker Road just then, or up upon the mountain; and he felt a sudden rush of longing to be under the waving trees or in the shadow of calm, strong hills in that congenial society.

Another instant and he was back again, body and soul, at the grind. Stocks were dull that day. There was a "bullish" feeling in the market after the depression of the previous week. Prices at the opening were merely nominal. Mines were dull, gas fluctuating, railroads alone having a spasmodic life in them,—most of them moving upward steadily. Quotations went on, however; some stocks sagging a point or two, others rising. In one or two there was a violent and threatening break.

There was much talk, unintelligible to the uninitiated, of common and preferred stock, of trading efforts, of the manipulation of this or that interest, of the decline or the advance or the irregularity of such and such shares. "The Phila. and Read., all paid"; "the Erie and West, pref."; "the Chic., Mil. and St. Paul's, com."; "the Pressed Steel, com."; "the Pressed Steel, pref."; "the Wabash and Western Union Tel.," "the Brooklyn Rapid Transit," "the National Lead Co.," "the Tenn. Coal and Iron," and scores and scores of other stocks were in Henry Moran's mouth that day.

Holloway dropped in about lunch time, genial and good-humored as ever. Henry Moran regarded him just then with very mingled feelings. He had

always liked and admired him as having certain qualities in which he himself was lacking,—a freshness and youthfulness, an unspoiled and wholesome character; besides the physical attributes of good looks, a fine athletic figure, and good manners. Henry Moran hated every one of these perfections for the first few minutes during which Jack sat in his office that morning; and he remembered with sudden anger that Mrs. Thurston used to sum Jack Holloway up as “a delightful boy, who could have any girl for the asking.—We all fall in love with him, you know,” she had said; “he is so fresh and unspoiled.”

Mr. Henry Moran forgot with what tolerant amusement he had listened to such effusions, and almost hated Mrs. Thurston for having talked what he called such “infernal nonsense.” Mrs. Thurston had been very kind to him personally; and, being a social lion herself of no mean pretensions, had invited the Wall Street man to show his mane and claws at her receptions and be lionized too. She had picked out a score of wives for him, until he told her gravely that he was not the sultan, and that she had already suggested to him more matrimonial partners than had been enjoyed by the late lamented Brigham Young. Why had she never brought Kate to his acquaintance? Had she done so—well, there is no telling; but he would most probably have strenuously avoided the girl.

Holloway was, of course, unconscious of any change in Moran, whom he admired immensely, and whom he had always found so very good-natured where he himself was concerned. He talked on, trying to keep his despondency from coming to the surface; for one of the things Henry Moran best liked about the youth was his fine courage and uncommon fortitude.

“If a fellow gets hit hard, he’s got to

pull himself together and go on again,” was Jack’s maxim; “and there’s no use ‘squealing’ either.”

Moran looked at the young man while he talked, and wondered within himself whether or no he should put him up to the “good thing” that he knew. If he did so, Jack would go straight to the cottage and to Kate; and that would mean an end even to the pleasant incognito which Henry Moran so much enjoyed and which was beginning to take shape in his mind. By means of it he hoped to win Kate—if he should determine on striving to win her—in an old-fashioned, romantic way, without the adventitious aid of his money or his position in the monetary world. It was a daring experiment, but he felt that it would add zest to an undertaking the very notion of which charmed him. He had begun to cast about in his mind how he should gradually emerge from the incognito of an old man into a possible suitor for the young girl, without bringing to her knowledge his real identity.

The rumors which he had heard from Jenkins concerning Jack Holloway, and which had been plainly referred to by Mr. Mortimer in the conversation at the cottage, had considerably upset these calculations. If Kate were really engaged to this young man, the sooner he, Henry Moran, were out of the game altogether, the better. For even if Jack were hopelessly swamped, Mr. Mortimer would probably come to the rescue; and in any case he himself could never take advantage of that circumstance. It was not in any such way he had hoped to win the girl.

Within Henry Moran’s breast arose, too—and the feeling was somehow akin to the awakening of that morning when he had felt pleasure in the wayside flowers and the young beings just struggling into life—a desire to help this

youth battling in the deep water of adversity; also he felt it incumbent upon him to gain for that girl with the plaintive, appealing voice and lovely face whatever she most desired.

Just at this instant a doubt flashed into Henry Moran's mind. Was this boy, bright, ready-witted and handsome as he was, Kate Raymond's deliberate choice? He seemed to hear again the words vibrating through the cherry-trees and piercing him like a dart: "It is not the kingdom but the king!"

These were not the words of a girl who was wholly absorbed in one particular person, and that person a mere boy fresh from the triumphs of a university. He himself bore many of the scars of battle about him; but at least he had fought long and bravely, and he had worked out within him each point of his strong, virile character, and had held his peace with a manly reticence through all vicissitudes. However, a woman's heart is a very wayward thing and flies downward often; and either remains unconscious of its descent or strives to bear upward the object of its tenderness, as a mother-bird would bear, with vain flutterings, the wounded fledgling.

Henry Moran was an observer, and he knew this propensity in womankind; but he tried philosophically to resign himself to that supposition, and to suppose that Kate might have been thinking of Jack Holloway when she so vehemently repudiated gold. In any case, he would help Jack. It was pure generosity on his part and old kindness toward the young man; for in the ethics of the street a man may know of something to the advantage of another and keep it to himself.

The precise nature of what he told Jack need not here be set down, but it sent Jack flying home in jubilant spirits, his fine courage sustaining prosperity

and adversity with equal countenance. Henry Moran made one stipulation which took Jack Holloway somewhat by surprise.

"Look here, Jack," he said. "I heard some talk about you and a certain young lady out my way. But keep away from there a while longer till this thing is certain, you know."

Mr. Moran simply wanted a reprieve; but the color mounted into Jack's fair cheeks.

"Why, Moran, how did you know that?" he cried.

"I don't sit in front of Jenkins every morning for nothing," Henry Moran said, with a laugh which was rather grim. "You know Jenkins, don't you?"

Holloway laughed and nodded.

"Have met him a couple of times," he responded. "But, Moran, she's the dearest girl!"

"Oh, yes, I know! She always is," said Moran. "But here's Dymond about the R. S. and Y. So good-bye, old chap!"

Holloway, rather shamefaced, took the hint and left; and Henry Moran, though giving his closest attention to Dymond, felt as if a nail were being turned and turned in his heart.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING in human experience is more significant or more beautiful than the gradual transformation of things, persons, and experiences at first slighted or passed by as common and uninteresting into things, persons, and experiences noble and inspiring. The young world dreamed of its Christ as coming in majesty of form and clothed with all the visible signs of sovereignty; but the Christ came in guise so humble and in conditions so obscure that they only discerned the divinity who had caught the great truth that in the human the divine is veiled and hidden.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The Sacred Crown of Thorns.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

ANTIPHON at Vespers: Go forth, O daughters of Sion, and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him, preparing a cross for her Saviour.

Souls that fervently love God are in spiritual writings called "daughters of Sion"; see also what St. Bernard has to say in the fourth and eighth lessons of this office.

At Matins the Church calls out, and her children answer.

The Church: Christ the King, crowned with thorns, come let us adore.—Her children: Christ the King, crowned with thorns, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn: He shall be as a tree planted by the running waters that bringeth forth its fruit in due season.—They came together against the Lord and against His Christ.—In tribulation Thou hast enlarged me.

The Church is now about to sing. The bride sees as no one else can see what heavenly dignity and supremacy, because of this shame and abjection, God is going to give to the bridegroom; therefore she sings:

Church: Thou hast crowned Him, O Lord, with glory and honor.—Children: Thou hast set Him over all the works of Thy hands.

The Church calls upon the venerable prophet of Israel, whose lips were purified by a seraph with a live coal from the altar, that he might thus be prepared for the declaring of God's prophecies.

Lesson 1: Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? He shall grow up as a tender plant before Him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground; there is no

beauty in him, nor comeliness. And we have seen him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of him. Despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity; and his look was, as it were, hidden and despised; whereupon we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed.*

Church: Accursed is the earth in the labor of man.—Thorns and briars shall it bring forth to Christ.—Children: Because Adam ate of the tree of which God forbade him to eat.—Church: Thorns and briars shall it bring forth to Christ.

Lesson 2: And we, like sheep, have gone astray; everyone hath turned aside into his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was his own will, and he opened not his mouth. He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and he shall not open his mouth. He was taken away from distress and from judgment. Who shall declare his generation? Because he is cut off out of the land of the living; for the wickedness of my people have I struck him.†

Church: The Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush.—Children: And he saw the bush burning and not consumed.—Church: But he said, I will come and see this great sight.—Children: And he saw the bush burning and not consumed.

Lesson 3: And he shall give the ungodly for his burial and the rich for his death; because he hath done no

* Isaias, liii, 1-5.

† Ibid., liii, 6-8.

iniquity, neither was there deceit in his mouth. And the Lord was pleased to bruise him in infirmity. If he shall lay down his life for sin, he shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in his hand. Because his soul hath labored, he shall see and be filled; by his knowledge shall this my just servant justify many, and he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I distribute to him very many; and he shall divide the spoils of the strong, because he hath delivered his soul unto death and was reputed with the wicked; and he hath borne the sins of many and hath prayed for the transgressors.*

Church: Father, behold fire and wood. Where is the victim? saith the boy Isaac.—Children: God, my son, will provide a victim for the holocaust.—Church: And he saw a ram caught in the thorns.—Children: A victim for the holocaust.

Antiphons for the second nocturn: Thou hast crowned him, O Lord, as with the shield of Thy good-will.—Thou hast made him little less than the angels. With glory and honor Thou hast crowned him.—Sinners strained the bow; they prepared arrows in order to slay the Just One.

The Church: Thou hast laid on his head, O Lord.—Her children: A crown of precious stone.

The Church now calls upon St. Bernard to speak to her children on this holy mystery:

Lesson 4: Go forth, daughters of Sion. To you we call, daughters of Sion,—worldly souls; weak, delicate daughters, and not sons; in whom there is no strength of mind, no manly spirits. Go forth from the sense of the flesh to the understanding of the mind, from the slavery of carnal concupiscence to the liberty of spiritual intelligence. Go out

of your country and from your kindred and from your father's house, and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother hath crowned him,—in a diadem of poverty, in a diadem of misery. Truly is he crowned by his step-mother with a thorny crown, a crown of poverty, a crown of misery; but afterward to be crowned by his elect with a crown of justice, when the angels shall come, and they shall take all scandals out of his kingdom; when he shall come to judge with the seniors of his people, and all creation do battle for him against the foolish. The Father also crowns him, but with a diadem of glory, as the psalmist says: Thou hast crowned him, O Lord, with glory and honor. See him, daughters of Sion, in the diadem wherewith his mother hath crowned him.

Church: When the Prince of pastors hath appeared, and is struck, the sheep shall be scattered.—Children: Then shall you see the spotless crown of justice.—Church: When he hath made the great supper. To show the riches of his kingdom.—Children: Then will you see the spotless crown of justice.

Lesson 5: My brethren, from the beginning of my conversion, in order to make up for those merits which I ought to have amassed and which I have not, I made it my care to gather together a bouquet out of all the anxieties and sorrows of my Lord, to place it in my breast. The memory of the abundant sweetness of these I shall ruminate on as long as I live. Thy mercies I shall never forget; for in them Thou hast vivified me. Here in my bosom have I preserved this salutary bouquet; no one shall take it from me. "Between my breasts shall it repose." To meditate on these I have called wisdom; in them I have set for myself the preparation of justice, in them the plenitude of science, in them the riches of salvation, in them

* Ibid., liii, 9-12.

the treasures of merits. From them at one time have I had the salutary drink of bitterness, from them at another the sweet unction of consolation. These support me in adversity, they check me in prosperity; and among the joys and sorrows of this life they keep me, as a royal road keeps the traveller fenced on both sides, saving him from the dangers threatening on the one hand and on the other. These conciliate for me the Judge of the world; while He is feared by the Powers, they make Him for me meek and humble; and they represent Him not alone placable, but as imitable even by me,—Him who is inaccessible to Principalities and terrible to the kings of the earth.*

Church: He hath received a kingdom of honor and a diadem of beauty.—Children: The Lord hath exalted Him, and given Him a name above every name.—Church: A kingdom of honor and a crown of beauty.

Nothing could be more beautiful or more instructive than the words of the following lesson:

Lesson 6: These things, therefore, are

* St. Francis of Sales, in noting the difference between meditation and contemplation, observes: "In *meditating* on a mystery we enumerate and distinguish the divine perfections which it displays; whereas in *contemplating* we assemble these perfections and unite them all in one. We read in the Canticles that the holy spouse made use of both these methods. Her companions having asked her who her beloved was, she replied by describing in detail the graces of his person and the most striking features of his beauty. 'My beloved,' said she, 'is white and ruddy. His head is as the finest gold, his locks as branches of palm-trees,' etc. (Commentators tell us that "white" in the beloved means purity, and that "ruddy" is emblematic of His adorable Blood, or of the intense love He bore us.) *Meditation* on the uncreated beauty of the Sovereign Being is clearly marked by these words. The words of the Canticles which follow describe *contemplation*, by uniting all the peculiar features of his beauty in one: 'His throat is most sweet'; and, in fine, 'he is all lovely. Such is my beloved.'"

A person who *meditates* may be compared to a man who enjoys separately the fragrance of the

often on my lips, as you know, brethren; always in my heart, as God knows. These are familiar to my pen, as is evident; far more sublime this than all my philosophy—to know Jesus and Him crucified. I do not ask, as the bride [in the Canticles], where lieth He in the midday, because I enclose Him with joy, reposing between my breasts. I do not inquire where He feeds in the midday, because I look on Him, my Saviour, hanging on the cross. That is more sublime, but this is sweeter. That is bread, this is milk. This nourishes the bowels of sucklings; this fills the breasts of mothers, and therefore does He repose between the breasts. This delightful bouquet do you also, dearly beloved, gather for yourself; put it in the marrow of your bosoms; guard with it the approach to your hearts, that for you also He may rest between the breasts. If, then, you have before your eyes Him whom you bear [in your hearts], and that you look upon the straits of the Lord, you will much more easily bear your own trifling sorrows,—He the Spouse of the Church assisting you,

rose, the pink, and several other flowers. But one who *contemplates* resembles a man who smells the perfumed water composed of the essence extracted from all these different flowers. The latter, by the mixture and union of the essences, receives, by a single effort of the sense of smelling, all the different perfumes which the former had received separately and in succession. The fragrance produced by this union is alone more pleasant and agreeable than the separate perfume of each. It is on this account that the holy spouse desires so ardently that 'her beloved should view her with a single glance,' and that 'she should gather her hair into one tress.' "To look with one eye," according to its mystical sense, is to consider with one simple view. "To assemble the hair" means to reduce the mind to a single and undivided attention. This was the custom of St. Bernard. After having meditated on the principal circumstances of the Passion separately, he united them all and formed of them a mystical nosegay of love and sorrow, which he placed on his heart; and thus changing his *meditation* into *contemplation*, he exclaims, "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me!"

who is above all things God to be blessed forever. Amen.*

Church: The ark of setim wood you shall gild with purest gold without and within.—Children: And a crown of gold you shall make round about.—Church: And in it you shall place the covenant I will give you.—Children: And a crown of gold round about.

Antiphons for the third nocturn: Having gone in without a stain [to the Holy of Holies], and having wrought justice, he was crowned on the holy mount.—On his head, O Lord, Thou hast placed a crown of precious stone.—Against them who trouble me Thou hast enriched my head in oil.

Church: A golden crown upon his head.—Children: Engraven with the seal of sanctity.

The Church takes up the Holy Bible and reads from the Beloved Disciple: "At that time Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him; and the soldiers wove a crown of thorns and set it on His head," and so on.

The Church once more calls on St. Bernard to speak to her children on the sacred mystery:

"Go forth, daughters of Sion, and see King Solomon. [Holy Scripture] does not say, Go forth and see Ecclesiastes or Idida, although by these names also is King Solomon known; and these also indicate Jesus[†] Christ, who is our true Solomon; for Solomon means 'peaceful in exile.' Ecclesiastes means 'the speaker in judgment'; and Idida, the 'beloved of the Lord in His kingdom,' and there

a king. In exile merciful, in judgment just, glorious in the kingdom. In exile amiable, in judgment terrible, in the kingdom adorable. 'In the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him.' This is a crown of mercy, and in this is he imitable. But his step-mother also crowned him with a crown of misery, and in this he was contemptible,—the Synagogue I mean, which showed itself not a mother to him, but a step-mother."

Church: An altar to burn incense upon thou shalt make of setim wood.—Children: And a crown of gold round about thou shalt make to it.—Church: And thy altar thou shalt set over against the veil near the propitiatory.

Lesson 8: His domestics shall crown him with a crown [as dispenser] of justice, and in this is he terrible. His Father crowns him with a crown of glory, and in this is he beautiful. Let sinners, then, look on him in his crown of misery—that is, of thorns—and be stricken with remorse. Let the daughters of Sion, loving souls, look on him in his crown of mercy and imitate him. The impious shall see him in the crown of his justice and shall perish; the saints shall see him in the crown of his glory and shall rejoice forever. All his imitators indeed are crowned. It is, however, out of industry aided by grace. But he alone is crowned by his mother; for he alone, with well-ordered affections, came forth as a bridegroom leaving the bridal chamber, from the womb of his mother.

* St. Francis of Sales says that the union of our soul with God is sometimes effected without our co-operating further than merely following simply and without resistance the divine goodness, which attracts us with a view to union,—as an infant which delights in reposing on its mother's bosom but has not sufficient strength to seek it; it is very glad when its parent takes it in her arms and places it on her lap. On the other hand, we do our part toward the formation of union when, being drawn to second the divine attrac-

tions, we willingly follow the sovereign goodness, which invites us with equal sweetness and power. St. Martial is usually supposed to have been the child mentioned in the Gospel of St. Mark whom our Divine Lord held in His arms. At this sight we may truly exclaim: "O child of dilection! what a happiness to be carried by the hands which support the heavens! to be pressed to the bosom of burning love!" Simeon embraces Our Lord and presses Him to his heart, whilst our Saviour does not seem to contribute to this union.

Church: Christ, acquainted with sorrow and infirmity, is crowned with thorns.—Children: He it is who crowns you with pity and the multitude of His mercies.—Church: He was afflicted for our iniquities and stricken for our sins.—Children: And by His wounding we are healed.

Antiphons for Lauds: My beloved is white and ruddy; his locks as the purple of a king bound with fillets.—There rested on him the spirit of the fear of the Lord. A crown of wisdom and exultation adorned him. The Lord clothed him with the vestment of salvation and a vesture of justice, like a spouse decorated with a crown.—A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me; he shall rest between my breasts.—The King of eternal glory, crowned for us, shall bless the crown of the year of His benignity.

Short Chapter: Go forth, daughters of Sion, and behold King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him.

Church: Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord.—Children: And the diadem of kingdom in the hand of Thy God.

Antiphon at Benedictus: And Jesus went forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment.

Prayer: Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that we, who, in memory of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, venerate His sacred crown of thorns here on earth, may deserve to be crowned by the same Lord with glory and honor in the heavens. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

To-day and To-morrow.

WAIT for To-morrow when To-day is here?
Both Time and Opportunity are dear;
Before To-morrow's dawning we may be
Cast on the waters of Eternity.

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.—FROM HISTORIC HEIGHTS.

BUT besides the hill of Tepeyácac, forever holy as the scene of the apparition of the Mother of God, and the Sacred Mountain, with its cave of blessed memories and its ancient image of the Dead Christ, there are other hills in this valley of Mexico around which cluster many interesting historical associations. Nor is it strange that these isolated and impressive heights, rising so abruptly by long past volcanic action from the level plains on which they stand, should have been chosen from the earliest time as places of defence, of worship and of pleasure.

There are three which in a particular manner have served each of these purposes. The first is that famous Hill of Chapultepec, with its verdure-clad crags and stately palace, which stands nearest the capital and has an incomparable approach in the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma. No city in America nor in Europe possesses a promenade so fine, so nobly planned, so artistically adorned, or with such scenery surrounding it, as this superb avenue, which leads straight as an arrow from the plazuela of Charles IV. to the gates of the park of Chapultepec. It is charming to drive along the broad, statue-set way, fit for an imperial triumph, with the castled height seen at the end of the long perspective of its leafy vista. But this imposing Paseo is altogether modern, having been designed and begun during the brief reign of the Emperor Maximilian. Those who prefer ancient ways and love to tread where history has trod before them, can take (by democratic tramway, if they like) the old Calzada de Chapultepec, a road

which follows the exact line of the Aztec causeway that once connected the hill with lake-girt Tenochtitlan.

For, owing to its strong, defensive position and abundant supply of pure water, this height was always much coveted by the tribes inhabiting the valley; and it was thoroughly characteristic of the Aztecs that they should have seized and occupied it while engaged in erecting their yet more impregnable city in the middle of the lake. When they removed to the latter they still (with some vicissitudes of loss and recapture) held the hill in their possession, building a causeway to it, and on the causeway an aqueduct to convey the water from its spring into the city. It was this aqueduct that the Spaniards cut during the siege of Tenochtitlan, thus depriving the Aztecs of their chief water-supply. And it is this aqueduct, rebuilt later on its ancient lines, which still brings the sweet water of the siren-haunted spring to that quaint churrigueresque fountain of the modern city, known as the Salto del Agua. An inscription on this fountain tells us that the aqueduct was built "in the reign of Chimalpopoca, who was granted the right to the waters of Chapultepec by the King of Atzacapotzalco, to whom the Aztecs were tributary until the reign of Itzcohuat (1422-33 A. D.), when they achieved their independence." The tramway of to-day is laid close beside the massive arches of this aqueduct—picturesque as those of the Roman Campagna,—and we look into the cool shadow of their springing masonry, where water drips unceasingly, and all manner of lovely ferns and lichens grow, until we reach the gates of Chapultepec.

Entering the beautiful park, we find ourselves under the shade of the noble *ahuehetes*, giant cypresses draped with gray moss, which were great trees when the Spaniards entered the land, close

upon four hundred years ago. There is nothing in Mexico more impressive than these magnificent remnants of the ancient forests which once covered this valley. Their immense size—Humboldt tells us of measuring one in 1804 which was then one hundred and seventy feet in circumference,—together with their venerable aspect, brings to the imagination a realization of their antiquity which fills the mind with awe. The huge brown trunks, ribbed and lichened, the vast, spreading boughs, and drooping banners of moss,—all seem like an embodied expression of the primitive world. If they could speak what might they not tell us of the past, these hoary sentinels which have looked upon so many ages, so many changes! Through their shadowy aisles what figures have passed,—figures of the ancient races which once dwelt here: of the Aztecs who came as strangers and ended as oppressors; of the conquering Spaniards who won the New World for Spain and for Christ; of viceroys, caciques, monks; and lastly of the ill-fated Austrian prince who gave the final touch to the fairylike beauty of the palace that now crowns this height, the base of which is fitly surrounded by these ancient and majestic trees!

Of the beauty of the architecture which adorns Mexico, every one of any artistic perception who has ever entered the country is aware. There is no hacienda showing its white arches against a background of blue hills, no graceful tower or tiled dome rising out of feathery foliage, no cloistered court, no sculptured church, no city street, which is not from its picturesqueness a delight to the eye. But the perfect flower of this architecture—at least in its domestic form,—its supreme expression, is found in the castle of Chapultepec, built by Spanish viceroys, enlarged and adorned by the Emperor Maximilian, and now the official resi-

dence of the remarkable man who rules Mexico with more than imperial power. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the light, elegant arches which rise on the verge of the precipitous rock, supporting broad marble-paved terraces, or loggias, frescoed in Pompeiian and Greek designs, and lifting high in air hanging gardens filled with the perfume of flowers and the music of fountains. A shaded road leads by easy, winding ascent to the broad platform in front of the Military College which shares with the palace the limited space of the summit of the hill. Passing across this platform, we reach the noble entrance of the castle, and (if we are wise enough to have secured a permit) can pass through stately halls and courts to the charming loggias with their wide outlook; or, if we desire to take in every side of the view, to the delightful garden on the roof; or to the tower, which is highest of all.

And this view, after the *ahuehuetes*, is the thing best worth seeing at Chapultepec. For, apart from its marvellous beauty, what is it but an epitome of history—romantic, picturesque, mysterious—which lies before us? Indeed this great valley of Mexico seems to the fancy like a vast theatre set for the acting of an incomparable drama. Its wide, fertile expanse rimmed with mighty mountains, gleaming with lakes, dotted with ancient towns, its splendid city glowing like a jewel in the midst, enthalls the imagination as much as its wonderful loveliness enchants the vision. Looking eastward, we see the city, with its iridescent domes and sculptured towers rising above the Oriental mass of its flat-roofed houses and the greenery of its plazas and Alameda. We see the tree-lined avenues leading toward it, and the gray arches of its ancient aqueducts crossing the plain; while beyond, the sunlight strikes upon the

waters of Lakes Texcoco and Chalco, so that they shine like gold as they stretch eastward toward the great heights where the two monarchs of the land—Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—tower in their white splendor.

Northward stands the rugged hill of Tepeyácac, with the magnificent basilica of Guadalupe at its feet. Farther westward rise the beautiful towers of the church of Atzacapotzalco, the famous “ant-hill”—so called from the number of its people,—the seat of a power to which the Aztecs were tributary until 1428, when, with the aid of the Chichimecs, they overthrew it, killing the cruel King Maxtla. It was as a result of this victory that the legitimate ruler of the Chichimecs, the poet-king Netzahualcoyotl, was re-established on the throne of Texcoco, which the father of Maxtla had usurped; and the King of Tenochtitlan received the territory pertaining to the kingdom of Atzacapotzalco. Thus was founded that empire of Anáhuac, the rule of which became so oppressive that a century later Chichimecs and Tlascalans were glad to join their forces with those of Cortés in overthrowing it,—a fact conveniently ignored by those who let their hatred of all things Spanish and Catholic make them deplore the downfall of the cruel Aztec power.

Turning southward now, we overlook a charming region, the most fertile and productive of the valley. Almost at our feet lies Tacubaya, a town of handsome villas, buried in the luxuriant leafage of its lovely gardens. Beyond is San Angel, built upon a hillside, in the midst of orchards and gardens, so that in the growing time it is simply a cloud of blossoms and green foliage. Above this foliage rise the tiled domes of a fine church, attached to an ancient and most picturesque Carmelite monastery, now deserted and falling to decay. Let us for a moment open a parenthesis, as

the French say, to speak briefly of this interesting foundation. It was in 1613 that Don Felipe de Guzman, the pious cacique (native chief) of Chimalistác, gave to the Carmelites a *huerta* of considerable size, where they built a little hospice. Don Felipe presently died, and a little later died also his widow, childless. By her will the entire estate of which she died possessed passed to the Carmelite Fathers, and was by them devoted to the building of the present monastery and church. The plans were prepared by Fray Andrés de San Miguel, a lay-brother of the Carmelite Order, at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain. That this reputation was well merited is shown by the beauty of his existing work. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Martir, whence came the name of the little town that grew up around it. "The monastery," writes Mr. Janvier, "is a most fascinating place even in its ruins. In its rear is a garden once kept trimly, but now a wilderness of fruit-trees, shrubs and flowers, in which are old water-tanks and a great fish-pond, from which the fish have long since vanished; and from the terraces overhanging the garden, just out from the refectory, one looks eastward over miles of orchards and gardens—dotted here and there with low square houses, and here and there with little church towers, and above all these the great tower of the church at Coyoacan,—to the far horizon where the snow-capped mountains rise against the blue sky."

We, too, from our greater height, can see the tower of the church of Coyoacan, the picturesque town in which Cortés dwelt while he directed the laying out of the present city of Mexico. There still exists the large and handsome house which was built for his dwelling, with his arms graven above its doorway; and in the churchyard stands a stone cross

set up by the conqueror himself on an ancient mound which tradition declares was a place of worship in primitive times. And near at hand is another place of primitive worship; for Churubusco is but a pardonable corruption of the ancient name of Huitzilopochco, once an important town surrounding the temple where the god Huitzilopochtli, who in life was a most famous warrior, was worshipped. "This place," says the ancient chronicler Baltasar Medina, "was the dwelling and diabolical habitation of infernal spirits, that with fearful noises and howlings disturbed all the region round about where the idol had usurped the worship of the true God. The holy monks built here in honor of the true God, who crushes the serpent's head in the waters, a temple of the faithful, giving it the name of Santa Maria de los Angeles, because where once had flourished the sin of idolatry now superabounds the grace and glory of this Lady. To this most honorable and efficacious name was added that of San Antonio Abad, whose stone image was placed beside the church door; for against the persecution of the demons—who like hungry lions haunted this place, the altar of their worship among the heathen, raging against the faithful now that their Dagon had fallen,—the Christians invoked the protection of this saintly abbot, who among his many gifts and privileges of grace had empire and dominion against the assaults of Lucifer."

Upon the site of the primitive church the present beautiful church and monastery were built in 1678, at the charges of Don Diego del Castillo and Doña Helena de la Cruz, his wife. The kneeling effigies of this pious couple, carved in wood and painted in their picturesque garments of the fashion of two hundred years ago, are still preserved in the sacristy of the church.

It is needless to add that cupidity and vandalism have done their work here as elsewhere. The beautiful monastery is now falling to decay, but neither in nor near Mexico is there anything more interesting to the Catholic or more attractive to the artist than this lovely place. It is most sympathetically described in a little story of Mr. Janvier's called "A Mexican Campaign," from which it is impossible to resist the temptation to quote, since the author is an artist as well as a man of letters:

"Where are your Italian convents now?' Brown asked, turning to Rowney Mauve, who that morning had been talking rather airily about Italian convents. 'You admitted as we came along how good this place was in mass—not scattered a bit, but all the lines well worked together,—and how well the gray and brown of the walls and the green of the trees, and the blue and white tiling of the dome come together. Now we have some detail. Did you ever strike anything in Italy better than this great high-walled close, with its heavy shadow from these stunning trees and from the church and the convent, and its bits of color from the Stations of the Cross in colored tiles? The church might be better, but it has a certain heavy grandeur, and the tower is capital. And look how well those black arches close beside it bring out that perfectly beautiful little chapel, completely covered with blue and yellow tiles! There are no doubt grander churches than this in Italy and in several other places; but I'll be shot if I believe that there are any more picturesque or more entirely beautiful.'"

And when the visitors have entered the ancient cloister comes another charming picture: "They passed under the archway beside the tiled chapel, and so entered the inner quadrangle, surrounded by an arched cloister two stories high,

the walls wainscoted with blue and white tiles. In the open, sunny centre was a little garden; and in the midst of the garden a curious old stone fountain, in which purely transparent water bubbled up from a spring with such force as to make a jet three or four inches high above the centre of the large pool. The bubbling water glittered in the sunlight, and little waves that seemed half water and half sunshine constantly went out from the throbbing centre of the pool and fell lightly away upon its enclosing quaintly-carved walls of stone."

And again: "The beautiful choir, rich in elaborate tile-work, remained intact; and even the great choir-books, wrought on parchment in colored inks, still rested on the faldstool, waiting for the brothers to cluster around them once again in song. And there were the benches whereon the brothers once had rested; the central chair, in which their Father Saint Francis had sat in effigy; and to the right of this the chair of the Father Guardian. But the brothers had departed forever: legislated out of existence by the laws of Reform."

Many a choir like this may one enter in Mexico—where the chairs still stand, the great choir-books remain, and where fancy sees the brown-robed figures which once gathered to sing the praises of God. They seem waiting patiently, these empty chairs, for the return of those figures; and some day they will surely return, to take up their interrupted song. For on this Hill of Chapultepec—with its immemorial cypresses murmuring below, shining crests of the great mountains looking down, and the vast plain, over which races, kingdoms and armies have passed like shadows, stretching afar,—we can but smile at the folly which matches its poor human might against the only reflection of eternity on earth, the everlasting Church of God.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—AN OLD QUESTION.

"I THINK," said the Old Priest, "that the Host is entirely wrong in his view of the controversial novel. The older I grow the more I am convinced that a narrow view of fiction is a foolish one."

"In a word, Padre," said the Host, "you like 'Willie Reilly and His Colleen Bawn,' in spite of the bad language."

"I do; you can skip the bad language and enjoy the story."

"This seems to me like a change of attitude," continued the Host. "The other night—"

"I am not against the religious novel—that is a religious novel like 'My New Curate,'—but I am against 'Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience,' and 'Loss and Gain—'"

"He blasphemes Newman!" said the Host.

"Newman had his literary weaknesses," said the Old Priest. "I myself think 'Lead, Kindly Light,' a much overrated poem. It is very well for Protestants and Jews. There are some lyrics in 'The Dream of Gerontius'—seldom quoted—which are a hundred times more beautiful and consoling. But for a novel give me 'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.'"

"I quite agree with you," said the Matron. "I have three boys and a girl and a mother who read constantly, and I hear books discussed from the point of view of two generations. There is quite enough religion in Molly Elliott Seawell's 'House of Egremont' to suit anybody; and I am sure that Agnes Repplier never preaches."

"And Bishop Spalding," the Young Priest said,—“I think his 'Opportunity'

goes much further, because he leaves out a number of technical terms proper to Catholics alone, which non-Catholics misunderstand, and which mar the good effect. The Host's 'coredemptrix,' for instance, is one; I find it in an essay of his. That smacks of preaching. It shocks non-Catholics; it confirms them in their opinion that we have an undue reverence for the Blessed Virgin. I am sure he will not mind my frankness; and he is not the only one, but I shall not mention names. There are some expressions—I can't help calling them 'the cant of religion'—which repel me from the point of view of my friends."

The Host was silent.

"But don't you think that somebody ought to write for Catholics?" asked the Lady of the House. "And use Catholic phraseology as untrammelled as he likes? For my part, I like a book which falls in with the constant tone of my thoughts,—even a novel. This afternoon, on my way to the Stations, I met the Young Lady from Across the Street, with some friends. She wanted me to go to a tea. Should I have, out of regard to the hardness of her heart, said I was going to 'afternoon service'? I told her I was on my way to the 'Stations.'"

"But we are not continually preaching in society," said the Matron.

"You preach by example," began the Convert, "as all Catholics should. And women do so more than men,—that is, they do so unconsciously."

"But that is no reason why a novel should contain tirades against divorce. You read the first chapter. Charming! You buy the book; it is by a Catholic, but she knows how to write—"

"Why 'but'?" interrupted the Lady of the House.

"Never mind! Well, I don't mind if I do tell you. Most Catholics educated in the Church write bad Latin."

The Convert solemnly nodded his head.

"They were not bred in the light of the King James' Bible," he said. "That is the reason. Go on; this is interesting. Farrar has such power, and furnishes stuff for so many sermons by our young people because—"

"I protest!" said the Young Priest.

"Because," said the Convert, relentless, "he can write English. I am of the opinion that half Luther's force was due to the fact that he was one of the few men of his time who knew how to write his vernacular. Do you remember the woman who translated Mrs. Craven's *canapé*—canopy? That's the way it goes. As to style, Voltaire will always live through his style."

"I call this a digression," spoke the Lady of the House; "though it is no doubt true. Why shouldn't the heroine of a novel make tirades against divorce?"

"Because soliloquies are bad art," murmured the Host.

"It is not a question of art," said the Lady of the House: "it is a question of morals,—vastly more important. I am quite aware that a Catholic who writes for Catholics can not catch the multitude. He must be content to write for a few, who know the things of the spirit. I would not cut out 'coredemptrix' for all the publishers in the world."

"Oh, my dear," said the Matron, "do give me a cup of tea? Lemon in it, please,—I never take cream in Lent. And here I like to preach by example,—you are neglecting me in the ardor of argument."

"If you are right, what is the *raison d'être* of the periodicals devoted to literature for Catholics?"

"They have their place, of course; but the novels they print ought not to drag in the Rosary every now and then. 'Should she accept him?'" continued the Matron, quoting; "'Madeleine could not decide; she sought refuge in her beloved beads.' Now, you can't tell me you like that sort of thing."

"Why not?" asked the Lady of the House. "We always say our beads in doubt."

"But we don't talk about it," said the Matron. "We don't hang our beads on our wrists at afternoon teas."

"It is altogether different. I still think that the novel written by Catholics ought to have its place. It is a very desirable kind, too. I think that a time will come—facing as we are newspapers and schools from which the Catholic ideal is excluded, or comes in by accident—when we shall have to turn more and more to the Sunday-School Library."

"Possibly," observed the Matron. "I must, however, retain my opinion that 'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box' and 'Alice of Old Vincennes' do more good in the way of breaking down prejudice than all the novels full of rosaries and genuflections."

"Don't quarrel, ladies!" interposed the Convert. "Try to teach some more by example."

Forgiving and Forgetting.

AMONG all the Gospel precepts to which the Christian owes obedience there is probably not one whose justice in theory we more willingly admit, yet whose accomplishment in practice we more commonly neglect, than the law commanding us to love our enemies. The precept runs so directly counter to the instincts of our fallen nature, it is so entirely opposed to the spontaneous desire for retaliation and vengeance that possesses us whenever we receive an injury, that, however just we may recognize the principle to be in the abstract, its application in concrete, individual cases invariably costs a strenuous effort.

Life would indeed be a much simpler affair, and the observance of God's law a much easier matter, were the doctrine preached by the false interpreters whom Christ condemns in the Sermon on the

Mount, the true one; were it allowed us to hate our enemy; and were we doing sufficient for the fulfilment of the law when we love those who love us. Christ's declaration, however, is formal: "I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." To seek to evade this law is simply to renounce allegiance to our Divine Lord.

The mere fact of the promulgation of the law is convincing evidence that obedience thereto is not beyond our powers. God never commands impossibilities; and so it is the merest shuffling to assert that we *can not* forgive even our most inveterate enemies. To do so may be—nay, certainly *is*—difficult. We must do violence to our natural instincts; but that violence must absolutely be done, if we are not willing to close against ourselves every avenue to God's mercy. "It is admirable," says Bossuet, "the way in which God makes the pardon which we solicit of Him depend upon that which we accord to those who have offended us. Not content with everywhere inculcating this obligation, He puts it into our own mouths in our daily prayer ["Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us"]; so that, if we fail to forgive, He says to us as to the servant in St. Luke: 'Out of thy own mouth I judge thee, thou wicked servant.' You asked my pardon on condition that you should forgive your brother,—you have pronounced your own sentence."

This intimate connection between our pardoning our neighbor and God's pardoning ourselves is not merely an inference: it is stated in express terms in St. Matthew: "If you forgive men their offences, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you your offences. But if you will not forgive men, neither will

your Father forgive you your sins." Of similar purport is the passage in which we are taught that God rejects every sacrifice that is not accompanied by a merciful and forgiving spirit: "Therefore, if thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and first go to be reconciled to thy brother; and then come and offer thy gift."

The forgiveness of injuries, then, is clearly an essential point in the conduct of the practical Catholic. The ordinary Catholic recognizes it as such. He fully understands the utter inconsistency of the conduct that is so forcibly portrayed in François Coppée's little drama, "The Pater,"—pronouncing the Lord's Prayer with the lips, while feelings of hatred and vengeance fill the heart. There is no danger of his deluding himself as to the necessity of his forgiving his enemy; yet he may easily deceive himself as to the *fact* of his forgiveness.

Self-deceit is all too common in this matter of loving our enemies and fully pardoning the injuries we receive at their hands. "Yes, I forgive my enemy," says one, "but I have a good memory: I shall never forget what he has done to me." If the forgiving is sincere, the forgetting or not forgetting is perhaps immaterial,—is in most cases quite involuntary. Forgiveness, as has been already said, is never impossible, but forgetfulness may well be quite beyond us. The danger in the case of such a speaker, however, is that he forgives with the lips only, while in his heart he still cherishes spite and resentment and bitter thoughts.

"I bear my enemy no ill-will," says another; "but let him go his road and I'll go mine. I wish to have nothing whatever to do with him. I can't bear the sight of him." This, evidently, is not sufficient. The precept is not negative,

but positive; not, You shall not hate your enemies; but, Love your enemies, do good to them, pray for them. If, instead of manifesting toward my neighbor, not indeed a confidential love such as I give to my best friends, but a patient love that supports his defects and seeks to excuse them; a benevolent love that wishes him well, prays for him, does him good when the occasion presents itself,—if, instead of this, I recognize in my inmost heart a latent spite against my enemy, a disposition secretly to rejoice over his humiliation or downfall; if I am gratified when evil is spoken of him or misfortune overtakes him, I am undoubtedly wanting in that charity which God rigorously exacts from His faithful servants.

The Lenten season is a peculiarly timely one in which to sound ourselves effectively as to our habitual observance of this law of love; in which to root out, it may be, the disguised vindictiveness which renders us incapable of receiving God's pardon, since it deliberately locks us outside the portals of divine forgiveness. The most powerful incentive to mercy and pardon and clemency and gentleness is the serious meditation of the scenes of Passiontide. Christ, whose followers and imitators we openly profess ourselves, teaches one sublime lesson all through those dolorous scenes. His executioners mock, revile, buffet, outrage, scourge, torture and crucify Him. His only revenge is that loving prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

A MAN may be wrecked as is a ship. Conscience is an anchor. Terrible it is but true that, like the anchor, conscience may be carried away.—*Victor Hugo*.

IF a man is not greater than the greatest things he does, the less said about him and them the better.

—*Bradford Torrey*.

Notes and Remarks.

It has been noted time and again that converts are drawn into the Church by innumerable ways, but since the days of Luther—and before—there has been a monotonous regularity in the "reasons" which have led unfortunate Catholics to abandon the faith and to join the sects. What a recent apostate wrote to the *New York Sun*—"I was formerly a Roman Catholic, but am not now. I believe in divorce"—would be written by most other fallen-aways if they were equally frank; for something very like that reason underlies every case of perversion. And thoughtful Protestants understand this as well as did Dean Swift, when he complained that the Pope throws all his weeds over the wall and into the Protestant garden. The day after the apostate published his "reason" for leaving the Church, another correspondent sent the editor of the *Sun* this comment: "What a direct grandeur in this unmeant praise! Indeed, it seems that Catholics should not fail to acknowledge this tribute by prayers for their brother's return."

Undue significance is likely to be attached to the fact that one hundred thousand new believers have been added to the Christian Science sect within the past decade. There are more than a hundred thousand people in this country who go from fad to fad without any serious purpose,—the class of religious tramps who have no lasting tabernacle anywhere. It is a striking fact, for instance, that spiritism has waned in proportion as Christian Science waxed; one seldom reads or hears of it now; and the advertisements of mediums and clairvoyants, once so numerous and prominent in the newspapers, have shrunk into almost nothing. With a

view to "reviving interest in spiritualism in the West," a revival was to have been held in St. Joseph, Mo., within the past week; but if it was held the newspapers seem to have ignored it, even though the star mediums of the country were promised as attractions. "The foul smoke of imposture and dupery which now surrounds spiritism," to quote a very able secular journal, will not be dissipated "by massing mediums at St. Joseph," nor by "the trivial, gibbering and illiterate messages from the other world which are all that the mediums are able to receive." Whatever influence spiritism still exercises is chargeable to the lack of spirituality in the sects, and especially to the absence of the doctrine of purgatory from sectarian teaching. It is a curious fact that when faith is dethroned, its place is frequently usurped not by doubt but by credulity.

Very enjoyable reading is "Penelope's Irish Experiences" appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Kate Douglas Wiggin is a keen observer, and there is very little that escapes her. Referring to her fellow-travellers, whose manners in some cases had been ruined by going abroad—"unless indeed they had none when they were at home,"—she makes mention of—

A Protestant clergyman who is travelling for his health, but beguiling his time by observations for a volume to be called *The Relation between Priests and Pauperism*. It seems, at first thought, as if the circular coupon system was ill fitted to furnish him with corroborative detail; but inasmuch as every traveller finds in a country only, so to speak, what he brings to it, he will gather statistics enough. Those persons who start with a certain bias of mind in one direction seldom notice any facts that would throw out of joint those previously amassed; they instinctively collect the ones that "match," all others having a tendency to disturb the harmony of the original scheme.

Which explains why certain persons who went to the Philippines found so much evil in the islands. There is nothing like a government commission tour for

breeding the most offensive habits of thought and speech, when the wrong sort of men are sent on the tour. Most business men who send agents to foreign countries like them to have some information besides what can be gleaned from the "Rollo Books." One known to be prejudiced against the religion of a country, entirely ignorant of its language and customs, and contemptuous of its people, would not be selected. Why statesmen are not as wise in their generation as business men is a mystery. But statesmen and politicians are not to be confounded. A statesman must be gifted with wisdom to deserve the name, while a politician need only be cunning,—shouting with the mob when it shouts, and keeping silent when the public becomes inquisitive regarding subjects which will not stand investigation.

The *London Fortnightly Review* is authority for the statement that, while the wealth of the commercial and middle classes in Ireland is slowly increasing, that unfortunate country is plainly going backward in all that relates to land. "Pauperism is steadily growing, though population is still being reduced; the income tax on land is gradually falling off; the area of agriculture of all kinds is shrinking; husbandry, in many districts, is not nearly so good as it was, say before 1879, especially as to planting, arterial drainage, and the breeds of farming animals; capital has long ago been avoiding the Irish soil. It could not indeed have been otherwise, the Irish land system being what it is."

In view of this state of affairs, clearly discernible by even the most shortsighted of British statesmen, it may surely be expected that the present obnoxious land system will speedily be superseded by one more in harmony with the principles of political economy

and with the aspirations of Irishmen as well. The land for the people, peasant proprietorship, is the one solution that commends itself to Ireland's ablest sons and her best friends among alien sympathizers; and with nothing short of that boon should the Irish party even profess to be satisfied. If a slight measure of that enthusiastic love for everything Irish which rather "slopped over" throughout the British Empire on last St. Patrick's Day could be brought to translate itself into practical reforms on the land question, it would be a result far otherwise beneficent than was the Englishman's wearing of the green.

Ever since eight Episcopalian bishops, clad in purple and fine linen, met at Fond du Lac and parodied the Catholic ritual for the consecration of a bishop, there has been impending in the Episcopalian sect a split of which the cleft in Bishop Grafton's mitre is symbolical. That pompous dignitary, looking awful in stole, cope, ring and mitre, fragrant with incense, and clutching a crosier in his good left hand, had himself and his confreres photographed in Fond du Lac and electrotyped in numerous newspaper offices; and this evidently with the intention of asserting their right to wear Catholic garments. There is no written law in the Episcopal body forbidding this sort of thing; and Bishop Grafton's adversaries freely concede that the frolicsome prelates who took part in the Fond du Lac function had as much right to make dolls of themselves as any other eight bishops would have to "consecrate a bishop" in cutaway coats and red ties or even in their shirt-sleeves. Singularly enough, some of the church papers that denounce Bishop Grafton and his confederates display a mitre on their own title design; and it is said that certain of the bishops who

object to the Fond du Lac people wearing mitres on their heads wear very pretty mitres on their rings, letter-heads, carpet-bags, slippers and purple stockings. The combatants on both sides talk hotly of a schism, but that will not be. A sect which is roomy enough to harbor men who hardly believe in the divinity of Christ and men who think they are real Catholic priests will hardly go to pieces over a mere question of shirt-sleeves or crochets.

It seems to be the general verdict that the late Senator Stephen M. White, of California, was in every sense the greatest of the great sons thus far mothered by that State. As statesman, as lawyer and as man, he enjoyed the unbounded admiration and confidence of all classes of people. His career in the United States Senate was a brilliant one, and his strong plea for justice during the stormy days that preceded our war with Spain deserves to rank among the masterpieces of American forensics. The bar of California was proud to honor him as its head, and for many years there has been no important legal case within a radius of many hundreds of miles in which he was not the prominent figure. His personal and official integrity was never questioned even by his political opponents in the heat of a campaign; and his last jest—"The evidence is all in; the case is submitted"—was not inappropriate even in that most solemn time when he was preparing for death. The Bishop of Cleveland, who happened to be visiting California at the time, and who administered the last Sacraments to Senator White, said in his sermon: "I admired his childlike faith, his simple piety, the earnestness of his devotion. He received the last Sacraments like a true penitent; he joined in all the prayers as if he were a child at its mother's knee." The Senator was a

charitable man without ostentation, and throughout his life was an outspoken, uncompromising and practical Catholic; yet, like the late Chief-Justice of England, he never found his faith a bar to political or professional advancement. May he rest in peace!

Only a few years ago conservative public men and journalistic organs in this country raised a warning cry against legislative extravagance that threatened the speedy arrival of a billion-dollar Congress. We have got beyond that mark already; and, if the present insensate plan of raiding the Treasury for appropriations of all kinds be persisted in, a billion-dollar single session will soon become a matter of course. Confidence in the extensive resources of the republic is all well enough; but it is full time to recognize the truth that these resources are not absolutely illimitable, and that reckless extravagance leads to inevitable bankruptcy of nations as of individuals. The more clear-sighted among the Republican journals are now calling attention to the fact that such lavish expenditure as is at present in vogue is not only bad for the country, but gravely perilous for their party. In this last circumstance lies, perhaps, our best hope for the necessary reform. Any course of action that obviously means "bad politics" is safe to be modified by the party responsible for its inception and continuance. In the political catechism crimes may be condoned, but blunders never are.

It is amusing and yet sad to see how very seriously members of the Church of England regard the Establishment. If Mr. Henry Labouchere were a free-lance in the Church of All Lands he could hardly lash himself into greater wrath than he does over the neglect of precautions to prevent "criminous clerks"

from assuming the "duties of a priest." Writing of a disreputable and dangerous character "three times over let loose on the Church and people by men occupying positions of the highest responsibility," the English Savonarola exclaims:

Such things ~~can~~ not be justified in the name of mercy to a fallen brother, or on the principle of giving the first offender a chance of retrieving his character. I am all in favor of mercy within reasonable limit. But there are certain offences which, once committed, stamp a man as unfit for the sacred and responsible office of a priest; and it is no mercy to the offender to expose him again to the same temptation, while it may be a downright crime against those whom the Church teaches to place unbounded confidence in the man. The present generation of bishops are either incapable of understanding this, or, as in the Cory-Thomas case, they license strangers for the performance of duty without any proper and effective inquiry into their antecedents or credentials; or they shrink from taking the course which duty dictates, through a craven desire of avoiding scandal,—a motive which defeats itself; for the scandals which they thus create are worse than those they seek to avoid.

Mr. Labouchere speaks strongly, and really the archbishops of York and Canterbury ought to heed. The heads of the S. P. G. (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel), too, should be on their guard against clerical wolves in sheep's clothing.

The relations of Verdi with the Church are thus referred to in the Roman correspondence of the London *Tablet*:

Among the many traits of his patriarchal life which are now again or for the first time being given to the public will be found accounts of the permission accorded him to have a private chapel at Sant' Agata, where he assisted regularly with his entire household at the Holy Sacrifice celebrated by a professor of the diocesan Seminary of Borgo San Donnino; of the performance of his earliest compositions under clerical auspices; of his intimate and lasting friendship with priests, and of his particular friendship with Don Catena, the Provost of San Fedele at Milan, who assisted at the last not only Verdi but also their common friend, Alessandro Manzoni; of his having put religious women in charge of the hospital which he founded at Villanova sull' Adda; and of the ready way which was ever to be found to his presence by an introduction received from the country vicars living near Sant' Agata.



A Legend of Eden.

DID you ever hear the story
How loved Erin came to be
Land of mist and silver glory,
Isle of emerald in the sea?

Long ago when sin had driven
Mortals from fair Eden's bowers,
No one but the portal guardian
Walked among the fruits and flowers.

Never there the serpent entered,
Never there was dimmed the sheen
Of that paradise of beauty,—
Golden setting, gem of green!

And as long the angel pondered
On the beauty wasted there,
Pity for poor sinful mortals
Rose on high, a wordless prayer.

Lo! in answer, swift an army
Of God's messengers of light
Lifted from the earth this garden
And to westward winged their flight.

And the morning saw the ocean
Gleaming round the Emerald Isle,
Lovely in its Orient splendor
As the daydawn's first sweet smile.

Thus it is that Erin ever
Than all lands must fairer be;
For it is the olden Eden
Shining in the Western Sea.

The Lily of the Golden River.

A TALE OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

BY SISTER MARY.

III.

IT was all done in a moment; and the Lily remained alone, face-downward, listening to the swish of the waters as they rippled against the moss-covered stones of the landing; to the sound of the oars, ever lessening with distance; and to the cries of the rioters, who had renewed their attack successfully and were just forcing an entrance. She smiled as she thought of their finding the nest empty, the birds escaped from the snare of the fowler.

She had no fear at first; for she was accustomed to pass nights watching the nets, and every recess of the shore was familiar to her. Then, as the flames rose higher, she noticed that the islet of Ma-ri-gi was visible, and her escape must be elsewhere, if the mob came her way. But what would they want with *her*? Just then her quick ears caught the sound of oars, and as they neared her she said in a low voice:

"Alfonso!"

At first no answer came; and then, as she again called, she heard the welcome—"Wait there. I am coming!"

Another moment and the boat grated against the landing. She raised her head and saw two men in the act of springing out, but neither Alfonso nor his friend was there. She sprang up and away to the top of the steps, leaped on the balustrade and plunged for a dive in the river clear of the boat; but was

MANY consider the Taj Mahal in Agra, Hindustan, the most perfect piece of architecture in the world. It is octagonal in form, inlaid with all sorts of precious stones, and is constructed of the whitest marble. Twenty-two thousand men were twenty years in completing it; and its cost was about sixteen millions of dollars, or their equivalent. The Taj Mahal is a tomb, built by an emperor for himself and his wife.

caught by her skirts and dragged back, while shouts arose:

"Keep her!—stop her! Don't let one escape!"

Struggling, fluttering like a wounded bird, the girl was examined by the light of the torches carried by the ruffians.

"Did you want to go fishing?" one asked, mockingly.

The other laughed.

"What a small fry we have taken! Not worth the capture."

And thus, hustled and pulled, she was borne through the mob to the leaders.

Meantime the work of destruction went on. All was in confusion where peace and order had so lately reigned. The schoolrooms, work-rooms, were sacked, and books torn to pieces; all that was useless to the robbers was destroyed. The church was devastated, altars thrown over, statues broken, tabernacle and holy vessels profaned, crucifix trodden under foot, pictures cut and blackened.

Then, when the worst was done, and it only remained for the flames to finish the evil work, one of the men bethought himself of Lien-vha, left bound to the gate post while her captors divided the spoils. A tribunal was soon arranged, and three of the ringleaders acted as judges. The interrogatory began:

"You are a Christian, are you not?"

"I? No," answered Lien-vha, quite simply. She never thought that she, an unbaptized pagan, might dare call herself by that sacred name.

"Then why were you hidden on the steps down there?"

"Because I was waiting for my brother."

"And the Sisters—where have they hidden themselves?"

No answer.

"If you are not a Christian, you are with us, then, and believe what our bonzes teach."

Still no answer, but, pale and calm, the girl raised wondering eyes to the faces of her judges.

Then a wrinkled old hag started out from the crowd and began a string of accusations.

"Don't believe the little liar! I saw her myself only a week ago insult one of our priests, and yesterday she threw a basketful of dirt into our temple. She is a wicked Christian—one of the worst kind. There are others here present who can prove it."

Voices were raised in confirmation.

"Where do you live?" asked one of the judges.

"On the opposite side of the river, in Lac-Sin."

There was a whispered consultation. The governor of Lac-Sin was known to require satisfaction for acts of injustice done to his subjects. Yet the people of Xi-ne had to be satisfied at any cost, and they had missed all their intended victims; and that, doubtless, with this girl's connivance.

"Come, my girl, you hear what these good people say. Defend yourself. I don't want to be unjust."

"What that old woman says is false," replied Lien-vha; "and I do not even know her by sight."

"I know *you*, though," said the old hag. "You bewitch babies and dig out their eyes, as all the Christians do."

Poor Lien-vha looked horror-struck at such an accusation; it seemed like a dream of the infernal regions.

"Throw her in the river!"

"No: into the fire with her, the baby-killer!" cried another.

A storm of voices raged round the judges, and the girl's tears began to fall. She felt so lonely and helpless amid those brutes. But then she raised her eyes to heaven and prayed God, the God of the Christians, not to abandon her; and she felt strengthened.

Some one called out:

"We are losing time. That piece of black wood in the church which we have trodden down is what the Christians worship. If you are not a Christian, you will do as we have done; but if you will not do so, you will prove yourself a liar and shall be killed."

Poor Lien-vha was dragged into the desecrated church, followed by her persecutors, who formed a circle round the broken, disfigured crucifix. Her hands were loosed and she was told to commit the sacrilege.

The girl no longer wept. Her pale face flushed and her eyes sparkled. She looked up, seemed to gain supernatural strength, and her voice rang through the church:

"No!"

A yell of execration followed:

"Tread on it!"

"No!"

They threw her forward, but she avoided the cross by a rapid twist and fell on the pavement beside it. Then they struck her on head and breast as she rose once more, with hands raised to heaven, crying:

"Now I am a Christian! My God—my God—help!" And Lien-vha fell back, baptized in her blood, on the arms of her crucified Redeemer.

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Next morning before sunrise, while all was indistinct in the haze of the morning, and the little birds had hardly begun their twittering in the low bushes on the banks of the river, a boat was being rowed cautiously toward the ruined convent. Alfonso and his old father were the rowers, and Padre Serafino sat there silent and anxious. Not a sound was heard from the blackened walls, as they noiselessly moored their boat to the landing where Alfonso had parted from his sister.

"You did right to leave her, my son,"

said the old man, while great teardrops coursed down his cheeks. "Tell him so, Father. Surely, if I who am her father can say so, he must cease to blame himself."

"You are good to say so," answered the priest; "and God will reward you for your sacrifice. Alfonso, too, will learn to rejoice, if indeed it be true that our Lily has gone home by such a short and glorious road."

"Yes, Father, I do not grudge her to her Lord and mine; but I keep thinking that I might have gone back and shared her suffering and her crown."

"No, no! God did not will to deprive our good Francesco of both his children in one day. You have him to care for still. And now stay you by the boat, in case of discovery; and I, who know every passage, will search, and come for you if I find her."

Padre Serafino passed through scenes of desolation—dirt, ruin—on every side, till, making his way into the church, he saw at a glance that he need go no farther. There, at the foot of the ruined altar, lay the young martyr, her clothes steeped in her own blood, her body crushed and disfigured, but the triumph of Death written on her fair young brow. Beneath her was the crucifix she had given her life to defend.

Padre Serafino knelt in earnest prayer; then, with tears of holy joy, he exclaimed:

"Now our Missions are blest indeed! We have sown the seed, Lien-vha has watered it with her blood, and God will give the increase."

He returned in haste; and, fetching her father and brother, they carried her with the crucifix gently back and laid her at the bottom of the boat. Alfonso stopped to gather the water-lilies that grew in the shadow of the convent walls, and placed them round her as a bridal wreath.

Then the men wept unrestrainedly as

they pushed off from the bank, and Padre Serafino instinctively began the *Te Deum*. All nature seemed to awake: the fog rolled away; the glad rays of a risen sun streamed over and glorified the martyr's wounded body; the birds broke into a full chorus of song; and the little funeral procession seemed rather the bringing home of the bride to her earthly resting-place.

Borne to the Church of the Good Shepherd, and surrounded by the "White Mother" and Sisters, whose lives she had saved, Lien-vha became a speaking and living altar, at whose feet many of her country people learned the truth of the Christian faith. For days they came and heard her story and saw the light of glory on her brow, till, crowned with lilies and a palm on her breast, she was laid in the little cemetery, where loving hands soon raised a cross, on which was roughly carved:

"Lien-vha, the Lily of the Golden River. Baptized in blood. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

(The End.)

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

Robbie found his visit to the mine less interesting than he had anticipated. To tell the truth, he did not enter it at all, but remained at the so-called hotel until his cousin had completed his business. Neddie's step-father, who accompanied them, and who, Robbie learned from his conversation, had some knowledge of engineering, monopolized his cousin both coming and going.

When they returned to the house the day following, Neddie entertained him with a further account of his adventures; emphasizing the fact that while in San

Francisco he had heard harrowing tales of the bad treatment of boys who, tempted by stories they had read of the glories of a seafaring life, had left their homes and taken ship only to be ill-treated and disappointed in every possible way.

"Don't you never go and run away from your mother and your good cousin, thinkin' you'll have a jolly life aboard ship," he said. "You won't have nothin' of the kind."

"I have not the slightest idea of running away," said Robbie. "I don't know why you think so. It would kill my mother; she is very delicate and I am her only boy. Besides, it would be a poor way of treating my cousin, who, as you say, has been so good to me. What I should like would be to ship regularly, with the consent of my people, on some merchantman, as a sort of apprentice, you know."

"They'd bang you about awful when they'd got you out there," said Neddie.

"I don't believe every captain does like that," said Robbie. "There must be some decent men among them."

"It ain't always the captain. It's the mates and the stewards; and some of the sailors is awful. If you want to see the world, why don't you try and get into the Naval Academy?"

Robbie made a wry face.

"I'd have to study too hard there," he said; "and I hate books."

"Oh!" exclaimed Neddie. "You talk awful well for a feller that hates books. You don't *look* like a dunce."

"I *like* to read books of adventure and travel, but principally sea-stories. They're fine."

"That's where you get your wrong ideas of seafarin' life. Ever read 'Two Years before the Mast'?"

"Yes, and I think it's splendid."

"You do! Didn't it turn you against ever goin' to sea?"

"Not a bit. I think the freedom of the ocean, so wide and beautiful, the thought that you were sailing, sailing for days between sky and water, would make up for everything."

"Precious little *freedom* you'd have on it, unless you went as a pay passenger," said Neddie. "The ship's boys don't have a single minute to theirselves."

"Well, while I was doing my work, whatever it might be, they couldn't blindfold me or stop my ears, could they? They couldn't keep the sight and sound of the grand old ocean from me whatever they might do," said Robbie.

"Yes, they could, all right," replied Neddie. "They could keep you down in the galley helpin' the cook or waitin' on the steward, washin' plates; and they could stand behind you while you was swabbin' the decks, with a rope in hand, so that if you looked up to admire the sky or down to admire the ocean, or cocked your ear to one side to listen to the roarin' of the waves, they'd give you the rope's end hard enough to make you forget anything but the smartin' of your back. And you'd have to sleep down in a hole without no fresh air, 'cause of the water washin' in the portholes in storms; and the smell of tar and bilge-water and a lot of other nasty smells would sicken your stomach. Oh, I've been *in* some of them big merchant ships, and they ain't half on the inside what they seem on the out! I can tell you that much."

Robbie looked thoughtful.

"I wish I could see and talk with a *real* sailor," he observed,—"one I could believe, you know."

Neddie squared his fists.

"Don't you believe *me*?" he retorted, in a belligerent tone. "What you givin' us? Take me for a liar?"

"No, I don't,—I don't at all," replied Robbie, with great calmness. "I didn't mean anything by what I said. You

needn't get mad. What you know you *heard*, didn't you? And you were never at sea yourself for any length of time. Aren't you liable to be mistaken? You have talked only to fellows that didn't care about the sea."

"No, I ain't," said Neddie, sturdily. "If you didn't mean nothin', it's all right; but you're very stubborn in your ideas. It was easier to make *me* change my mind. I talked to dozens of fellers, and they all said the same thing."

"How many did you really talk to?" asked Robbie, with a quizzical smile, handing his companion a large piece of molasses candy as he spoke.

"Where did you get it?" inquired the boy. "Haven't seen such a *genuine* piece for a long time. They make it dreadful here at the candy-pullin'."

"My cousin bought a lot at the hotel last night. A woman made it."

"It's awful good," said Neddie, with his mouth full. "Tell you what," he went on after a moment, smacking his lips preparatory to taking another huge bite,—"*tell* you what, I talked to *four* fellers, anyway, that had been to sea and got sick of it."

"Four!" echoed Robbie, scornfully. "What do four count beside hundreds and thousands that do like it, and that must like it or they'd never *live* on it, man and boy, for years and years! No one *makes* them be mates and captains—do you think?"

"No," answered Neddie, thoughtfully. "There must be some reason in that. But mebbe they get in it and don't always see a way to gettin' out of it."

No telling how long this discussion might have lasted if presently Mr. de la Guerra had not called Robbie, saying that he was ready to pursue his journey. They were soon on horseback again, with their faces turned homeward. Robbie had taken a cordial farewell of Neddie, who made a faithful promise to

stop at Las Rosas if he should ever be in the neighborhood.

The morning was very pleasant. When they had proceeded some distance they came to a turn in the road, and suddenly encountered several groups of Indians, all looking tired and jaded.

"I am afraid some of those fellows have had too much mescal, after the fiesta," said De la Guerra. "Juan Antonio took very good precautions that they should not get it there, but it seems there is always some to be found in the neighborhood if they want it."

"What is mescal?" asked Robbie, who had never heard the word before.

"It is a fiery liquor made from a plant which grows in Mexico. It is as intoxicating as whiskey."

A group of Indians, six or seven in number, turned off in the direction of a narrow valley, or cañon, in which the tops of several mud huts could be seen. The ground was very uneven.

"Do they live down there, cousin?" asked Robbie.

"No: those are hot baths; that is where they go to recuperate after a spree, or when they have colds, or when they wish to rid themselves of their great enemy, rheumatism."

"Are there hot springs there?"

"No, there are none in this immediate neighborhood. About forty miles from here are some famous hot springs. I will take you there some day perhaps. I go once every two years or so. They are wonderfully invigorating, a cure for many ills. The hot baths beneath us are made to order."

"How do they manage it?" asked the boy.

"Well, they always try to find some secluded place like this, where they are moderately secure from observation,—not too far for the old people, who are very fond of the hot bath. They build hovels of adobe, generally over a natural

hollow in the ground. If the hollow is not there, they dig it out. They leave an opening in the roof in order that the smoke may escape, and another at the side as a door. Sometimes one, sometimes several enter at the same time. They make a fire in the hollow of the floor, close to the entrance, which they cover with a heavy cloth or piece of leather. They remain there as long as they can stand the heat, which throws them into an intense perspiration. When they can not endure it any longer they throw themselves out of the door, and wrap themselves in blankets until they are dry; rolling about the ground, in order that the exercise may keep them from taking cold."

"How can the old people stand that?"

"They do not require them to do it. If an old person comes to the baths, some one accompanies him to take care of him. As soon as he signifies that he is warm enough, he is carefully wrapped in blankets and taken to an empty hut, where he is rubbed and reclothed, and then taken home as quickly as possible."

"I did not think the Indians were like that," said Robbie.

"There are very few indeed who do not avail themselves of these baths as a matter of cleanliness," said De la Guerra. "The men and women come on different days. After they have bathed, if in good health they plunge into a stream, when one is available. That is why yonder valley was selected. When we are a little closer, you will see a little stream, neither deep nor wide, but very cold. There,—do you see it?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Robbie. "Does it always flow?"

"Always. A few rods farther and we shall come in sight of its source."

They rode on a short distance, when Señor de la Guerra reined in his horse. They were on a strip of table-land that overlooked the valley, where the

Indians were already gathering sticks and brushwood to build fires.

"There, under yonder cliff, are two small pools about twenty feet apart. From here they look side by side."

"Yes, I see them," said Robbie. "They look black like ink. Why is that?"

"They spring from beneath a peculiar formation of rock which looks like lava. It is of an asphaltic formation. It is because of these black pools from which it rises that the stream is called Ojos Negros,—'Black Eyes.' The water is very clear, however."

"There are several streams of the name, aren't there?" said Robbie. "I think you told me about one before."

"Yes, there are," said his cousin. "On account of the asphalt hereabouts I should not be surprised if oil would be found in this country some day. I have the same on my place."

"Would you like it?"

De la Guerra hesitated.

"I can not say that I should," he replied. "I am behind the times, no doubt; but, Robbie, I do not come of a commercial race. I have enough for my wants and for all those who are depending upon me. Why wish for more? The possession of great riches is not an unmixed blessing."

"I don't care about riches one bit," said the boy. "I would like mother and the girls to have all they need, and I should like to be able to travel all round the world."

"And to own a yacht?"

"Oh, yes, I should like that, of course! If I had money I should be sure to live always somewhere near the sea. But my blood is the same as yours, Cousin George. I don't believe I should ever care for great riches."

"I am going to take you all down to town soon to see the warships," said De la Guerra. "That will be a new and pleasant experience for you. Besides

the admiral's ship, there will be a first and second class cruiser and a gunboat; and there will also be a training-ship with three hundred boys on board."

Robbie's eyes sparkled.

"That's something I never *could* have seen if I hadn't come out to California," he said.

"You might if you had gone to the Atlantic coast."

"Never *could* have gone. No money to waste in that kind of pleasuring, Cousin George."

"Here we are almost at Santa Isabel," said De la Guerra. "And that means dinner for two hungry men."

(To be continued.)

How the Monkeys Helped.

In one of the school districts of London there were not nearly as many scholars reported as the school officers thought there should be, so an ingenious plan was devised whereby the true number might be ascertained. Two monkeys were gayly dressed and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets. At once children began to make their appearance from every direction. It seemed as if the Pied Piper of Hamelin had been playing. The procession stopped in a park, and there the school officers, helped by bonbons which they distributed, took down the names of about two hundred boys and girls whose parents had caused them to play truant.

POPE BENEDICT was the son of a miller, and on that account was called, before he became Pope, "the White Cardinal." He was never ashamed of his birth; and when a nobleman sued for the hand of his niece, he persuaded her that she would be far happier married to an humble tradesman.

With Authors and Publishers.

—“The Page of James the Fifth of Scotland” is a good translation from the French of a very readable story based on history. The scene is laid in the troubled period of regency during the King’s minority, and has for setting the glitter of courts and the romantic beauty of the hills and woodlands of Scotland. It is published by R. & T. Washbourne, of London, of whom Messrs. Benziger Bros. are the American agents.

—“Blessed Mary Magdalen of Barco” is the title of a pamphlet issued as a souvenir of the beatification in the Holy Year, 1900, of the Capuchin nun who bore that name. The sketch of this saintly religious is prefaced with an explanation of the terms “saint” and “blessed,” and concludes with a chapter summarizing the responsibilities and rewards of a life devoted to God’s special service. Joseph Schaefer, publisher.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has just published a valuable pamphlet, by the author of “The Life of a Prig,” dealing with “The Renaissance.” We should be at a loss to name an essay in which this period is more satisfactorily treated. The pamphlet is not a brief in defence of the phenomenon, but the author shows the unfairness of identifying it with the Church.—Other recent publications by the same Society are parts VI. and VII. of the Bishop of Clifton’s “Early History of the Church of God.” This excellent work will be completed in five more parts, to be issued monthly. To the library of fiction has been added several new numbers of Lady Herbert’s popular “Wayside Tales.” Penny editions of “The Gospel of St. Mark” and “The Gospel of St. Luke,” with notes by the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre, are most welcome publications. It is to be hoped that they will have the effect of multiplying devout readers of Scripture.

—In connection with an anti-Catholic and anti-grammatical novel, written by a woman and now widely selling, it is interesting to recall what Thackeray wrote sarcastically of the usual anti-Catholic author who “demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Catholic Church, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages, by means of a three-and-sixpenny duodecimo which tumbles over this vast fabric as David’s pebble did Goliath.” He asks: Who are these who deal so lightly with the awful mysteries of religion? And he answers: “Women, truly; for the most part weak women,—

weak in intellect, weak mayhap in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith,—women who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their two-penny tablets as if there were some divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there.” This is good, and, as Shakespeare’s gravedigger said, “the p’int of it is in the application of it.”

—An excellent pastoral letter of Archbishop O’Brien, of Halifax, has happily been published in pamphlet form. It deals with the expectation of the Messiah, His coming and revelation; the Church, her trials, her triumphs, and the conditions which confront her loyal children to-day. “Give no heed,” says his Grace, “to the sensational announcements which from time to time are made in magazines and reviews that some scientific fact has been established which proves certain revealed truths to be false. Revelation, as understood and expounded by its divinely-constituted guardian and interpreter—the Catholic Church,—can never run counter to any truth of the natural order; for all truth is from God. Hence you know at once that either there is no such ‘fact’ as the one alleged, or its correlation to the teachings of Faith is misunderstood.”

—Almost two years ago the Rev. William Poland, S. J., contributed to the Catholic *Quarterly* a substantial essay supporting the principle that morality can not be taught without religion. The thesis, it is true, has been presented often and strongly before, but the fact that our fellow-citizens have not accepted it is proof that it still requires vigorous reiteration. A valuable feature of Father Poland’s essay, now issued as a pamphlet (B. Herder), is that it quotes impressive testimony from non-Catholic sources; as, for example, this, from the sane and broad-minded Prof. Peck:

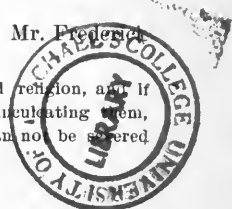
Its [the Church’s] conservative influence has been estranged, and its teachings, which are those that make for national security, have been blotted out of the education of modern France. The result is seen each year with more and more distinctness, and is a shocking example of what a purely secular training for the young can lead to.

And this from President Eliot, of Harvard:

No educational system can be successfully carried on without education in morals, and no education in morals is possible without a religious life.

And this very surprising bit from Mr. Frederick Harrison:

If there be such things as morality and religion, and if anything can be said or done by way of inculcating them, or applying them to life, then education can not be severed



from morality and religion, and all education must be inspired by religion as well as morality. . . . I do not understand what systematic morality can mean if it have no religious direction at all. . . . Morality apart from religion is a rattling of dry bones.

There is much more of the same quality in this useful pamphlet, and yet it by no means exhausts the supply. Whoever would take the trouble to glean through the editorial pages of this magazine might easily establish another thesis—viz., that nearly all the first-rate and second-rate minds of our time have publicly affirmed the principle that morality can not be taught without religion.

—Paul Dresser, the popular-song writer, frankly recognizes his limitations. "I realize," he says, "that my songs are in no way wonderful creations, viewed from the standpoint of high-class music." And the realization doesn't seem to worry him to any appreciable degree. He presumes it's a nice thing to write high-class music; "but this idea of starving to death and then having a monument put over your grave as a kind of offering to your genius doesn't take my fancy. A nice broiled steak with plenty of bread and butter and coffee makes the most substantial monument to a starving genius." Not a very poetic sentiment, perhaps; but a perennially true one, nevertheless.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.
In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Springtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye.* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. F. X. Weiss, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis; the Rev. T. L. McTague, S. P. M.; the Rev. J. A. Maloney, C. M.; the Rev. M. Mungovan, C. S. B.; the Rev. J. M. Keane, S. J.; the Rev. Joseph M. Just and the Rev. P. Livenais, C. S. C.

Sister Mariana, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John B. Mueller, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Desiré Marchand and Mrs. Susan E. Hough, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. J. Sexton and Mr. P. Meylor, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Hector McKinnon, Stellerton, Canada; Mr. James Tharp, Mr. J. A. Gannon, Mr. W. Irvin Brooke, Mrs. Mary E. Harrison, Mrs. Elizabeth Shoemaker, and Mrs. Anna M. Young, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Patrick Walsh, Marengo, Iowa; Miss Rose O'Reilly, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Daniel McPeak, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. James Doyle, Claudeboys, Canada; Miss Catherine McElroy, Jackson, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Gruenloch, Mr. Fidel Bueche, Mrs. Mary A. Kelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Tapamoeller, and Mr. George Eger, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. James Hanlon, Sacramento, Cal.; Miss Sarah F. Lyons and Miss Isabella Hammond, Kingston, Canada.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 23, 1901.

NO. 12.

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Ave Maria.

BY H. N. O.

AVE MARIA! Oh, what vision blest
Thy name unveils before the adoring eye,
Thou whom alone of Eve's fallen progeny
Sin might not harm nor Satan's power molest;
Whose peerless glory Gabriel's lips confessed,
The Spirit's bride, the Incarnate Son's abode,
Daughter of earth, and Mother of thy God,
Since in thy womb the Eternal deigned to rest.

Mother and Maiden! with intenser ray
Thy path still kindled toward the perfect day,
Till He arose, the Dayspring from on high,
To crown the gifts of unresisted grace,
The love divine, the virgin purity,
That made thy bosom His chosen resting-place.

The Five Sacred Wounds.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.



AR from being an exaggeration, it is a simple fact that there is scarcely one act or scene or portion of the adorable passion that so appeals to Christian minds and hearts as the five sacred wounds. I should be inclined to think, if it were allowed me to hazard the thought, that no part of the sacred passion of Our Lord will have credited to it on the great accounting day such numberless conversions and such sweet drawing unto God of men's love, as it were with the cords of Adam, as those five most blessed wounds.

And indeed it may be said nothing else was to be expected. The four wounds—i. e., of the hands and feet—were the unlocked portals through which the price of our redemption was poured; and the fifth was—oh; who will tell of it? It opened a straight and narrow way to the very heaven of the sacred humanity. May I venture furthermore to say that for myself the adorable figure praying in the midnight garden and the five-wounded figure hanging dead on the cross are the two acts in the passion that most appeal to me? Holy writers say many things of them, but I will not delay. We will rather listen to the Church and her children.

Church: They will look upon him whom they pierced.—Children: And weep as on the death of the first-born.

Antiphon: Whilst the only Son of God was hanging on the cross and was abandoned by all, Mary His Virgin Mother, grieving with Him, venerated Him as true God and man.

Church: Christ fastened to the cross, wounded with five wounds, come let us adore.—Children: Christ fastened to the cross, wounded with five wounds, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn: Who is he that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra?—Why is thy vesture red and thy garments as theirs who tread the wine-press?—I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of all the multitudes there was not a man with me.

Church: They pierced my hands and my feet.—Children: They numbered all my bones.

The Church is never tired of reading for her children the prophecies of Isaias, that are so marvellous, especially on the passion of Our Lord. The first lesson is taken from the fifty-third chapter, where it is said of Our Lord that "there is no sightliness or beauty in him, . . . the most despised and the last of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. It was for our sins he was wounded and for our wickedness he was struck. The charge of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed."

Then the Church cries out: God made us pleasing to Himself through His own beloved Son.—Children: In whose blood we have redemption unto the remission of sins.—Church: Behold the fulness of time came, in which God sent His Son upon the earth.

Lesson 3: All we like sheep have gone astray, . . . and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was his own will, and he did not open his mouth. As a sheep led to the slaughter, shall he be dumb; and as a lamb before the shearer, he shall not open his mouth. . . . For the sin of my people have I struck him. . . . He did no sin nor was guile found in his mouth, and [yet] the Lord willed to crush him in infirmity.

Church: We were once far off, but now are near, through the blood of Jesus.—Children: He is indeed our peace, who made the two one.—Church: By the Lord was it done, and it is wonderful in our eyes.

The third lesson is taken from the sixty-third chapter of Isaias: Who is he that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra? . . . Why is thy vesture red and thy garments as theirs who tread in the wine-press? . . . I have trodden the wine-press alone.

Church: In the first-born from the dead it pleased God that the fulness of the divinity should dwell, and through him to reconcile all with himself.—Children: By the blood of his cross making peace [for all, angels or men], whether they be in heaven or on earth.—Church: He is the head of the body, [which is] the Church; holding in all things [shame, suffering, glory] the first place.—Children: Making peace by the blood of his cross for all that are in heaven or on earth.

Antiphons for the second nocturn: They have pierced my hands and my feet, they have numbered all my bones.—From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there is no soundness in him.—Wounds and bruises and swelling sores; and they were not bandaged; they were not treated with medicine or mollified with oil.

Church: Truly he hath borne our infirmities.—Children: And he hath carried our sorrows.

The Church calls upon St. Bernard.

Lesson 4: And Jesus being taken, He was, after many mockings both by Jews and Gentiles and many sheddings of blood, pierced in His hands and feet with cruel nails; and our sweet Saviour, the most meek Jesus, was at last fastened to the wood of the cross. Behold the rose of His bloody passion; see it grow blood-red in testimony of [His] burning love. Here there is a struggle between love and suffering; the one becomes more burning, the other more blood-red.

Church: By death Jesus overthrew the king of death.—Children: That He might free us from the fear and slavery of death.—Church: Therefore, that He might do this mercy to His brethren, He was likened to them in all things.

Lesson 5: See by the flower of the rose how our beautiful vine hath flowered, the rosy Jesus. Look at the

whole body, and see if you do not find everywhere there the flower of the blood-red rose. Look at one hand and then at the other, and see if you do not find the rose in each. Look at one foot and look at the other: do you miss the rose? Look at the open side; nor is the rose wanting there; although, having been mixed with water, it is not all blood-red. So the Evangelist tells: When one of the soldiers with a lance hath opened His side, there came forth blood and water.

Church: Through a man death, and through a Man resurrection from the dead.—Children: And as in Adam all were condemned to death, so in Christ all were restored to life.—Church: And, last of all, Death, the enemy, shall be destroyed.

Lesson 6: Look down, O Lord, most holy Father, from Thy sanctuary and from heaven, Thy dwelling-place; and behold this most sacred Host, which our great high-priest, Thy holy Son, our Lord Jesus, offers to Thee for the sins of His brethren; and be appeasable on the multitude of our iniquities. Recognize, O Father, the tunic of Thy son Joseph! Alas! a most cruel beast hath devoured him, and in his rage hath torn his garment also. Lo! five sorrowful rents hath he left in it.

Church: Because of His passion and death, we have seen Jesus crowned with glory and honor.—Children: It became Him who had led many unto glory to taste death for all.—Church: Being author of their salvation, He should be consummated in suffering.

Holy Church at various times repeats antiphons of great significance, or that are pertinent to the Office of the day, in order that her children may be more deeply impressed by the repetition.

Antiphons for the third nocturn: What are these wounds in the midst of Thy hands?—With these have I been wounded

in the house of those who loved me.—My speech is in bitterness, and the hand of my wounding is embittered beyond my groaning.

Church: He was wounded for our iniquities.—Children: And bruised for our sins.

The Church takes the New Testament and reads the Gospel from St. John: "At that time, Jesus knowing that all things were finished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst," etc.

She now calls upon St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria.

Lesson 7: When all wickedness had been executed against Christ, by the merciless Jews, and nothing was wanting to their excess of impiety, His sacred flesh had to suffer a torment peculiar, and as it were natural, to itself; for, being parched up with many and grave sufferings, it was tortured with thirst. Grievous sufferings have the power to excite to terrible thirst, lapping up the moisture of the body by some natural yet inexplicable heat, and consuming the tenderness of the bosom with, as it were, raging fire.

Church: The grace of God is made manifest through the enlightenment of our Lord Jesus Christ, enlightening life unto incorruption, destroying death.—Children: God delivered us and called us through His holy vocation, by the grace which is in Christ.—Church: Who hath destroyed death but enlightened life unto incorruption.

Lesson 8: And He says that the measure of Jewish impiety also was consummated, and that further rage on their part was powerless. For what did the Jews leave unattempted or to what extremes of cruelty had they not recourse? What species either of shame or pain did they overlook? Wherefore truly does He say, It is consummated. But the hour was come that called Him "to preach to those spirits that were in

prison"; for He was to have dominion over the living and the dead. He suffered death itself for us, thus suffering for us in His flesh the common punishment of our nature. But when they saw Jesus bowing His head, and believing that He had already expired, they thought it unnecessary to break His legs; and yet, distrusting that He was already dead, they pierced His side with a lance, when there flowed blood and water. And this mixture of blood and water is an image and also a first fruit of holy baptism and of the mystical refection....

Church: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive "the Book" and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wert slain and hast redeemed us to our God in Thy blood.—Children: For Thou hast made us priests and a kingdom to our God.—Church: In Thy blood.

Antiphons for Lauds: Truly he bore our infirmities and carried our sorrows. But he was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins. The Lord laid on him the wound of his people and he cured its soreness. Everyone that goeth by will be amazed at his wounds. O all ye that pass by the way, see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow!

Church: My face I did not turn away from them that struck me and that spat upon me.—Children: The Lord is my helper, and therefore I am not confounded.—Church: Christ gave His soul unto death and with the wicked He was reputed.—Children: He took upon Himself the sins of many, and for transgressors He made entreaty.

Priest: O God, who by the passion of Thy only-begotten Son and by the effusion of His blood through five wounds, didst restore human nature lost by sin; vouchsafe that we, who venerate on earth the wounds received by Him, may, through Thy mercy, receive the fruit of that Most Precious Blood in heaven: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—A LETTER IS WRITTEN AND LOST.

MEANWHILE at the cottage the young girls were assembled in anxious conclave in the kitchen, while their mother entertained the unconscious Mr. Mortimer on the front veranda.

"To give him game again, without any other meat," observed Mary, "and both for luncheon and dinner, seems absurd. Besides, we cooked all the partridges yesterday, so that there's only the—"

"Girls," interrupted Kate, "we are decidedly too large a family. Which of you will go to the block to remove the pressure?"

"Kate, you are a bother with your jokes!" cried Mary.

"And, alas! we have all such good appetites," continued Kate, striking a tragic attitude. "Alas and alas!"

"But what are we to do about the dinner, anyway?" asked Elinor. "It is really a puzzle."

"If we could only tell him!" suggested Pauline.

"He would laugh heartily at the fuss we are making," replied Kate; "but, then, he might feel bound to help us with future dinners."

"If we had anything to make a stew with?" reflected Mary, as she sat a disconsolate figure on the kitchen settle, with the sunlight falling over her fresh and handsome face, with its hazel eyes full of intelligence, and shaded by the glossy brown hair.

"A stew! a stew!—my kingdom for a stew!" cried the irrepressible Kate. "Oh, would kind Heaven—oh, would our gouty old gentleman send a stew flying through the air!"

"There is a small piece of salt pork," said Pauline, hesitatingly.

"Pork for the epicurean palate of a merchant prince!" cried Kate. "Never, my Polly, — never!"

"If that Gregg wasn't such a wretch!" Pauline said, dolefully.

"But wretch he is and wretch he shall remain," Kate declared. She was in one of her irrepressible moods of fun.

"Gregg isn't so much to blame," Mary said. "He naturally wants his money."

"I shall be driven to it!" exclaimed Kate, melodramatically.

"To what?" asked Pauline, a merry light of expectancy dancing in the dark eyes which watched the admired. She was prepared for something choice in the way of jest.

"To ask a loan from our infirm but overflowing-with-riches neighbor. (That adjective, by the way, is borrowed from the German.) For, after all, what is money to him, my children? He is done with it and all that it can give, save his bath-chair, his servants, his house and garden, into which the poor old creature never gets, I suppose."

"A smart-looking trap often comes to the door," said Elinor, who was always observant.

"Probably the doctor," said Pauline.

"There is sometimes a man in it. I caught a glimpse of him once or twice as the trap passed round the carriage drive," went on Elinor; "and certainly *he* is not old."

"That is most likely a poor relative," decided Kate.

"Driving a handsome trap?" Mary inquired, with contempt.

"A comparatively poor relative," said Kate, calmly. "Now, why should I not write to our neighbor as follows?"

She seized a piece of paper which Mary had brought to the kitchen to use in making calculations, and began to write, reading aloud as she went:

DEAR AND MUCH-CRIPPLED SIR:—While sympathizing with your sufferings, and full of reverence for your venerable age, I, the undersigned, being young and strong and of sound mind—though some there are who doubt this latter clause,—do ask and beseech of you, the said respected and crippled gentleman, to lend us such a sum of money as shall relieve our direst need, and give us a little of the rest and comfort which you enjoy. In so doing you will make glad the hearts of several girls.

Surely there must have been a time—a prehistoric time—when, perhaps, you cared for some girl. Was she dark, was she fair, tall or short, pale or rosy, gay or grave? I can picture her, beautiful, with large and melancholy eyes, with drooping mouth and quaint attire; young and slender, and—oh, the pity of it!—long since dead, while you remain old and wrinkled, with your hopes, like last year's leaves, withered. Were you, too, handsome then, straight and tall? Were you rich as now, or but a poor yet favored sweetheart? Did you love her very much? Poor old man! Perhaps you have forgotten. Try to remember *her* just long enough to write out a cheque for girls who are as young as she was and as full of life and hope. They will all thank you; and she, if she knows, will be glad because it was done for *her* sake. So please, dear, good old man, help us!

With respect the most profound, aged sir, I remain

Your humble suppliant,

KATE.

The girl, having written this epistle, adorned it (for she was no mean artist) with a sketch of an old man, confronted by a young girl with clasped hands; while in the distance floated indefinitely the form of another girl.

Kate's sisters all crowded round to hear it read, amid peals of laughter; even

Mary forgetting her preoccupations and leaning over to watch the progress of the sketch. The jest came straight from Kate's merry heart, and it brought as much of interest and amusement to the whole group as if the letter were really to be sent.

When they grew tired of laughing over it, all got to work. Kate was to make the paste for a cherry-pie, and leave it to chill in the ice-chest while she went driving with the rest. Elinor and Pauline began to peel vegetables, Mary to attend to the fire. Things were to be left ready as far as possible for the evening dinner.

"All would be well if only we could get some meat," said Mary, standing with the poker in her hand.

"Well, when the paste is ready for the tart and the vegetables are prepared," Kate announced with an accent of prophecy, "perhaps the meat will come."

In the pleasant bustle of work and chatter, they made a very pretty group round the snow-white kitchen table, with the firelight dancing over them as Mary stirred the coals to a blaze, and the sunlight making a wavy pattern upon the floor. After a while they heard some one coming round by the side entrance and they wondered who it could be.

"A strange man!" Pauline reported from the window-sill, whither she had hastily mounted.

"He's coming straight to the kitchen door. I hope he isn't a dun!" exclaimed Mary, anxiously.

"If so," said Kate, looking pale and startled, but with a fine courage in her attitude, "it's better he should come round here than attack poor mother in the presence of Mr. Mortimer."

Elinor drew back timidly,—the very word "dun" terrified her; while Pauline remained upon the window-sill, and Mary and Kate "turned their faces to

the foe," as Kate whispered with a forlorn attempt at a laugh.

A gentle knock was heard; and Kate, advancing without delay, opened the door. A pleasant-faced man, evidently of the farmer class, stood outside, and presently the mystery was solved.

"Ladies, do you want any nice lamb this morning?" the visitor inquired.

The girls could hardly keep their faces straight; and indeed there was an audible titter from Pauline and Elinor, who had finally to rush out of the room to stifle their laughter. Mary, controlling her countenance and assuming her most business-like air, asked:

"How are you selling it?"

"Seven cents a pound, lady, if you take it by the side," answered Farmer Hobson, for he it was; "which, I reckon, is cheaper than you could buy it down to Washington Market."

"Well, we had better see the meat," said Mary.

"All right, ladies: my cart's at the gate," said the farmer; and Mary and Kate together walked down with him to inspect the lamb, which, it seemed to them, must have fallen from the skies.

"Am I the prophet or the son of a prophet?" whispered Kate to Mary. "Yet have I predicted the arrival of the meat once the vegetables were prepared."

Mary did not answer. She was busy calculating how much mutton she could venture to buy, and indeed how much was likely to be in a side. When she and Kate had looked into the cart and been rejoiced by the tempting appearance of the meat, it was decided to take the side, which Farmer Hobson conveyed to the house, while Mary sent Elinor upstairs for the savings.

When the farmer had deposited the price of his mutton in a large leathern pocket-book, he asked:

"Would you like me to call round reg'lar—say twice a week?"

Mary and Kate in a breath assured him that they would.

"I can supply beef, too, at moderate rates; and I guess I can bring you a loin of pork now and again. I ain't no butcher, but I don't see why I shouldn't trade in meat some."

The girls then made an arrangement with him, by which he was to call occasionally; and, the contract between them being concluded satisfactorily, the perfidious farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"It was the gentleman next door that sent me here."

"Oh, the old gentleman!" said Kate, drawing a quick breath. Was he indeed a magician thus to divine their needs?

"Oh, well, Miss, I reckon he ain't so powerful old! Only to young folks everybody seems up in age that's out of their teens."

This speech made Kate laugh; and she stood in the doorway and watched the farmer as he departed, not without a benevolently admiring glance at the girl. He threw back an observation over his shoulder:

"It looks as if we were goin' to have a fine spell of weather right along."

To which Kate assented. The farmer muttered to himself as he went, closing one eye shrewdly:

"I see how the land lies. The gent next door is rich and mighty smart too; and she—well, I guess she's holdin' off some as womenfolk mostly does, only to make more sure of him."

Farmer Hobson at that juncture stooped and picked up what seemed to be a letter. He looked at it and pondered, turning irresolutely, as if toward the door where Kate still stood, and finally thrust it into his pocket. Then he jumped to his seat upon the cart, and, chirruping to his old mare, drove slowly away from the garden gate, pursuing his soliloquy thus:

"She ain't goin' to let slip a chance o' that kind, with all her talk 'bout age, as if the man were decrepit. I reckon he's ten years younger than I am, and I ain't old,—no, sree, I ain't old."

The girls were left in a state of the utmost gratitude and satisfaction.

"That old gentleman next door is certainly a fairy in disguise," exclaimed Kate; "and I *must* put a postscript to that letter. By the way, where is it, Pauline?" she asked sharply, feeling in the band of her apron, where she had stuck it.

"You put it in an envelope and sealed and addressed it," said her sister.

"I know I did, and I stuck it here in my belt. But it's gone."

"It's somewhere about," said Mary; "so don't bother."

Kate shook her head. She began to feel a curious anxiety about that singular epistle of hers. Mary was too much intent on the mutton to give any further heed to her. She was pointing out to Elinor the firm white fat and the clear dark red of the flesh.

"It's a prime piece of meat," said Mary, delightedly. "Oh, won't Mr. Mortimer enjoy it, with some of Kate's currant-jelly and the woodcock and the cherry tart! It will be a dinner for a prince."

"Where is that letter?" cried Kate, down on the floor, searching everywhere in a fever of alarm.

"Oh, it will turn up after a while!" observed Mary—"unless I burned it with those sweepings."

"You didn't burn it, for it was in my belt after you swept," said Kate. "And either that man took it—that odious man, with his twinkling eyes!—or it blew out onto the road. Polly, do help me—there's a dear!—to find it."

Thus adjured, Pauline got down in front of the settle, peering under it and scanning the waste of floor; while even

Mary, though still with admiring finger feeling the flesh of the meat, looked more grave. When the kitchen had been thoroughly explored, Pauline and Elinor went out with Kate to search along the road for the missing document.

Their mother and Mr. Mortimer, seeing them, called out to remind them that they must soon be ready for the drive; while the old gentleman inquired if Kate and Elinor were not afraid that the sun-god might scorch their white complexions.

"As for Pauline, she's a gypsy, quite indifferent to sun and wind," he continued. And indeed the rich brown of Pauline's cheeks, her black eyes and hair, could defy him.

"Are you looking for something, girls?" the mother asked lightly, but with a touch of real anxiety in her voice. She had guessed that some bargaining had taken place at the gate, and feared that some of that priceless treasure, ready money, had been lost.

"Yes—no!" replied Kate, confusedly. "It is just some nonsense of mine."

The mother still felt uneasy; but Kate, not caring to be questioned further, drew Pauline's arm in hers and walked quickly off, saying with a merriment which was a trifle forced:

"Please ma'am, we're working for our afternoon out."

Once out of sight of the two upon the veranda, she cried out:

"It's lost, Pauline,—it's lost; and I'm sure—yes, I'm sure—he will get it!"

"Oh!" cried Pauline, in dismay; while Elinor came up from the gate, where she had lingered in a last vain search.

"But *suppose* he should get it, Kate! Wouldn't it be dreadful?" said Elinor.

Mary alone made light of the matter.

"You let your mind run too much on that old man, Kate," she said, "just because he's mysterious and you haven't been able to find out anything about

him. Now, how could *he* ever get your paper? Why, you say yourself he's bedridden or paralyzed!"

"Some one will give it to him," said Kate, with a tone of assurance.

Elinor opened her blue eyes very wide in alarm.

"What shall we do?" she cried. "Oh, I wish that mutton man had never come here!"

"It isn't mutton: it's lamb," corrected Mary. "And I don't believe the farmer had anything to do with it."

Mr. Mortimer was just then asking his hostess, as he looked with interest at the lawn of the house next door, and at such glimpses of the mansion itself as were visible through the trees:

"What did you say was your neighbor's name?"

"I have not mentioned it," said Mrs. Raymond; "for I'm not at all sure that we have it correctly. But we think it is Moore."

"Moore? Moore?" he repeated. "No, I don't know the name. You are not acquainted with him, then?"

"No, though we have had some little friendly communication," replied Mrs. Raymond. "He has been very kind."

"Has he a wife and family?" inquired Mr. Mortimer.

"No,—that is, we have no reason to think so. No doubt his wife, if he ever had one, is dead. It appears he is a very old gentleman."

"Ah! That puts him out of court. He is no longer interesting."

It would be hard to say how this misapprehension as to Henry Moran's age had first become current at the cottage. But it was now accepted there as the most certain of facts.

The girls had meanwhile hurried over luncheon and dressed themselves for the drive; Kate remaining longer in her own room, her mind being distracted from the disaster of the lost letter by a

detailed account which chanced to catch her eye, in yesterday's unread newspaper, of Mr. Henry Moran. She leaned her elbows upon the window-sill and read it, her cheek flushing and her eye kindling with a new and mysterious emotion, which was more than curiosity, which was deeper than ordinary interest in an unknown man. She was aroused by Pauline's voice telling her that the carriage was waiting. It was only as she went downstairs that she began to think again of the lost letter and to say within herself:

"Oh, I wish we had never come to live near that wretched old gentleman!"

For so do people revile the fates for their own misdoing.

(To be continued.)

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.—FROM HISTORIC HEIGHTS.—(Continued.)

FARTHER from the capital than Chapultepec, but near enough for a short and very delightful excursion, stands a second hill, much less visited, but well worth a visit from all who love the picturesque and are interested in historical associations. This is the Hill of the Star (Cerro de la Estrella), where the Festival of Fire, one of the greatest of Aztec feasts, took place at the end of every Aztec cycle of fifty-two years. At that period, in the evening when the constellation of the Pleiades approached the zenith, a procession went forth, leading a captive of the highest rank to be sacrificed. For several days previous all the fires in the temples and even in the dwellings of the people had been extinguished; for at the end of each cycle the Aztecs expected the world to come to an end. The victim was led to the summit of this hill, and, after the

Pleiades had passed the zenith, sacrificed in the customary horrible manner: his breast opened with obsidian knives and his beating heart torn out. The new fire was then kindled on his breast. Couriers stood ready with torches, which were lighted at this fire and conveyed with great rapidity throughout the country, where feasting and rejoicing then began, and lasted for thirteen days.

This excursion is peculiarly interesting, not only from the historical associations of the hill which is its objective point, but because the road thither is along the ancient water-way between Lakes Texcoco and Xochimilco, called the Viga Canal, the most picturesque remnant of primitive times remaining near the capital. For here is that region of flowery *chinampas*, or floating gardens, which fascinated the Spanish conquerors with their beauty when they first approached the Aztec Venice; and by this stream (miscalled a canal) the products of those gardens were then, as now, brought to the city markets. Four hundred years have made little change here, either in the aspects of Nature or the customs of the people. It is as if we step back into ancient Mexico when we embark in one of the *chalupas*—flat-bottomed boats, canopied except at bow and stern, which are propelled by a pole in the hands of a white-clad, red-cinctured boatman.

When we have passed under the stone arches of the Garita de la Viga, the lovely vista of the stream opens before us, its clear water wearing an exquisite emerald tint from the shadow of the great trees that line either side and almost join their boughs overhead. Old walls, solid as fortress-bastions, rise here and there on the banks, and now and again low-arched bridges span the current. Boats laden to their edges with flowers and vegetables pass like bright, moving pictures, faithfully reflected in

the mirror-like surface of the water. Nor are these the only boats afloat on La Viga. There are great passenger packets, also propelled by poles, and crowded with men, women, children and dogs, which ply between the city and the towns on Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco; and there are long narrow canoes hewn from the trunk of a single tree; besides flat-boats piled high with firewood, hay, and almost every imaginable production of the country.

On the left bank runs a beautiful road, once a fashionable *paseo*, but now deserted by fashion and utilized by a tramway. It is none the less charming for fashion's desertion, however—this broad, noble way, shaded by magnificent trees; having on one side the canal, with all its animated moving life; and on the other fields of richest green, stretching into the distance where, bathed in sunlight, the great mountain ranges stand like masses of hewn sapphire. Those who wish to accomplish the excursion in the shortest space of time will take this tramway which goes to Ixtapalapan, near the Cerro de la Estrella. But those who prefer old and picturesque ways will take a *chalupe* and float, in company with a thousand memories and fancies, on the shining stream. After an hour of this charming progression the *chinampas* are reached; and here a canoe must be taken to follow the narrow canals that wind between the gardens, which spread in green luxuriance far as the eye can reach. It is an enchanting semi-aqueous world of bloom and beauty, where the canoe pushes its way through the broad leaves of water-lilies, past hedges of roses, and tiny dwellings built of cane, straw-thatched, and verdure-embowered. Of the bewildering variety and loveliness of the flowers which run riot everywhere it is impossible to speak. The soil of these islands is of an incredible fertility,

and the result is a simply marvellous growth of all vegetation. This fertility is inexhaustible, too; for, as a matter of fact,—except for having ceased to float on the receded waters—these gardens are to-day in all essential respects exactly what they were when the Spaniards first saw and described them.

But the fairy isles of flowers must not detain us too long if we are to gain the Hill of the Star. Returning to the canal, we resume our dreamful floating on the emerald-shadowed water until we reach Mexicalcingo, where the most picturesque of ancient bridges spans the stream, and where we stand in the very footsteps of the *conquistadores*. For here, from Ixtapalapan, whither we are bound, came Hernando Cortés on the morning of November 8, 1519, with his followers and allies, on his way to Tenochtitlan by the invitation of Montezuma. We pause a moment on the bridge, to look with dazzled eyes up the tree-shaded vista of the ancient water-way and dream of that morning's scene—of the wonderful picture which opened before those bold adventurers. It is the custom now to discredit many of the details of this picture; but some of us may be pardoned for having a weakness for the testimony of eye-witnesses. That stout soldier, Bernal Diaz, who was one of the companions of Cortés, not only describes that which he saw, but his descriptions are amply supported by the letters of Cortés to the Emperor Charles Fifth, as well as by other testimony. So we may believe, not only the description of the capital of Anáhuac, but also of Ixtapalapan, where the Spaniards rested the night before their entrance into the city.

That town was then the residence of the royal Prince Cuitlahua, who entertained Cortés in his palace, of

the splendor of which the latter gives a glowing account, as well as of the beauty of its celebrated gardens, the pride of Ixtapalapan. At Mexicalcingo we take the tramway to cross the plain, where once the waters of Texcoco and Chalco rolled, divided only by a narrow tongue of land, upon which lay the highway we are following to-day. Along this highway marched the little band of Spaniards and their dark Tlascalan allies on that brilliant morning four hundred years ago, before they turned sharply at Mexicalcingo to enter on the great southern dike, or causeway, which, says Prescott, "stretched in a perfectly straight line across the salt floods of Texcoco to the gates of the capital." Gone now are the sparkling waters which once spread on either hand; and gone, too, the palace and enchanting gardens of the Indian prince. As we approach the town—fallen into deep repose after its existence of probably a thousand years—what presents itself to view is the familiar sight of a noble church dome rising above the trees which embower it. And when, a little later, we stand before this church, which is enclosed by a massive wall of stone, with embrasures and turrets like those of a fort, we are tempted to believe that it also has seen a thousand years, so venerable, so full of the spell of a most picturesque antiquity is its aspect.

In this old, old town there are many things of interest; but, holding fast to our chief object in being here, we turn our eyes and our steps toward the rugged volcanic sides of the Cerro de la Estrella, which rises near by to a height of seven hundred feet above the plain. As we begin to climb the winding way which leads to the summit, we think of the procession which went forth to it on the night of the Festival of Fire. From the descriptions of Aztec ceremonies we can easily imagine the scene—

the long train of priests, the chants, the barbaric instruments of music, the doomed victim walking proudly, as became a captive of high rank, to his awful fate. Here where we tread, the procession swept upward, watched by thousands of eager eyes below. Then came the arrival on the summit—the breathless waiting of the multitude—the flash of the sacred fire—the couriers flying with lighted torches down the hillside, across the country, north, south, east, west, while the people broke into wild rejoicing. We picture it all—a marvellous scene, with the Pleiades shining in the zenith of the violet heaven above, and reflected with myriad other constellations in the dark, far-gleaming waters below.

And to-day, having gained at last the crest of the rocky height, what do we find? On the spot where once such fearful rites took place there stands now an enormous cross, planted on the highest point and overlooking all the land like a standard of victory. It is difficult to express the thoughts which fill the mind at sight of this embodied act of faith and worship and triumph. Again we recall the device blazoned on the banner of the conqueror whose mighty shade has just passed us on the sunlit plain below: *Amici, sequamur Crucem, et si nos fidem habemus vere in hoc signo vincemus*. Great indeed was the faith of those who wrought the wonderful conquest of Mexico; and in that faith and by this holy sign they conquered, and with them once more "the Galilean." For surely in its spiritual aspect it was a conquest such as the world has never seen before.

Let us look over the vast scene outspread below us, even to the mountains' "utmost purple rim," and think of it as it was when Cortés saw it first, with its swarming population steeped in idolatry, its great temples devoted

to human sacrifices, its powerful priesthood, its warlike chiefs and splendid cities. Who could have dreamed—not the boldest *conquistador* nor the most pious monk—that in a short quarter of a century millions of those people would be converted to Christianity, how truly, how deeply their faith of to-day may answer; that the temples of an infernal worship would be destroyed, and in their stead would rise those noble churches and monasteries which adorn the land? For what is the dominant note of this unequalled view, as of every other in Mexico, but the unnumbered sanctuaries which cover the wide expanse, from the ancient church of Ixtapalapan at our feet to the white towers—beautiful as if carved of ivory—of the stately cathedral rising yonder in the city on the spot where the great Aztec *teocalli* once stood?

It is a wonderful place for observation, for memories and meditation, this Hill of the Star. More than twice as high as Chapultepec, it commands a view of unsurpassed beauty and immense extent. Standing midway between the lakes, we look down upon the waters of Xochimilco on one side and trace the silver line of La Viga along its entire length to Lake Texcoco, which stretches away into misty distance on the other. Westward lies that beautiful region of gardens and orchards where San Angel, Tlalpam, Coyoacan, and scores of other towns and villages, are seen half buried in greenery; while behind them towers the dark-blue mass of Ajusco. Still farther west the castled height of Chapultepec rises out of the green plain; and directly northward Mexico lifts her hundred towers and domes into the brilliant sunshine—a city of old Spain transferred with every detail of architecture and life to the New World, with all the glamour of her ancient story about her.

If we know where to look, we can mark among the multitude of churches one which has a peculiar association with that first entrance of the Spaniards into Tenochtitlan which to-day's excursion brings so vividly before us. It is the church (and hospital) of Jesus Nazareno, which Cortés founded in 1524 on the exact spot where his meeting with Montezuma took place when his march from Ixtapalapan brought him to the city gates. Few things in Mexico are more interesting than this ancient foundation. In its sanctuary formerly rested the bones of Cortés, which had many resting-places before they were finally conveyed to Italy, where they now repose in the vaults of the Dukes of Monteleone, his descendants and heirs; and the hospital connected with the church is still supported by the endowment of the conqueror, all efforts by government or individuals to break his will having failed.

Indeed, the scene of all the drama of the Conquest lies at our feet; for if the Spanish forces entered the city by this southern causeway of Ixtapalapan, their armor gleaming, their banners floating in sunshine, as they followed the great dike over the shining waters, past flowery islands, and with canoes filled with Indians crowding around to gaze in wonder at the "white gods,"—yonder, northward of the city, extends the line of the causeway along which they fled in the darkness of that terrible night when, surprised and set upon by the Aztecs, they were barely able to effect their escape, leaving half their number slaughtered behind. A little farther is the white tower of the church of Popotla, beside which stands the great tree (a solitary *ahuehuatl*) under which Cortés sat down on that dismal night and wept for the loss of his friends and followers. Never had man better cause for tears; but they were signs of grief

alone, not of weakness. Such a disaster might have crushed any other leader; but the lion heart, the iron will, the indomitable courage and resource of this wonderful man and superb soldier never for an instant acknowledged defeat. We may be sure that he who had burned his ships before he climbed the unknown heights of the great Sierra swore even amid the grief and horror of the *Noche Triste* either to re-enter as conqueror the city which had so treacherously cast him forth, or to die before its gates. How he re-entered it we know. Those waters of Lake Texcoco, which on that woful night engulfed so many brave soldiers, were to float his brigantines to the city walls; and yonder eastward lie the mountain forests of Tlascala where their mighty beams were hewn. At the far end of the lake, which stretches away like a blue sea, we almost behold the towers of a city even more ancient than Tenochtitlan—her rival and enemy, Texcoco,—where the great captain rested to recruit his forces, and near which rises another of the famous hills of this valley of Paradise.

(To be continued.)

The Patron of Priests.

THOU wert made a priest, St. Joseph,
Of a sacred mystery
When the Father gave the chosen one,
Christ's Mother, unto thee.
From the introit—thy espousals—
Through the long communion days,
With holy awe, thy hands anoint
Led Christ through childhood's ways.
Thou holy patron saint of priests,
O teach God's priests to see
With eyes of faith the wondrous things
Thy priesthood showed to thee!
O make them serve our Virgin Queen
With hearts as pure as thine,—
O may each priestly soul become
Another Nazareth shrine!

An Everyday Saint.

I CALL him an everyday saint not because such as he are common, but because here among ourselves, amidst the hurly-burly of our workaday life, he lived holily and died heroically. He died last Tuesday and we buried him to-day; and so, before his image grows dim, I wish to tell his simple story and set down my impressions of him. In doing this I have a hope that his example may serve as an incentive to others whose lot in life is like his own. At the same time I wish to put in permanent form, for my own satisfaction, my appreciation of his character as a man and as a friend; for I loved him like a brother. For the last eight months of his life he was my sexton, but I had known him for several years.

In 1893, after ten years of a curate's life, I was sent to K—, a scattered suburb of the city, to establish a parish. It was, as many may have good cause to remember, a "panic year," and consequently not a promising season for initiating new enterprises. But, panic or no panic, the Church must go on; so I gathered my little flock around me and tried to inspire them with enthusiasm for the great (?) work we were about to undertake. Among the first who called on me after Mass one Sunday morning was John M—. His broken English at once told me that, unlike the majority of my parishioners, he was born not by the Shannon but beyond the Rhine, which he had left behind him rather unceremoniously, as I learned later, because he had no taste for service in the Kaiser's army.

His hearty greeting, rather Celtic than Teutonic in its exuberance, was the first word since I came to the place that "warmed the cockles of my heart." "You are welcome, Father!" I shall

not attempt to reproduce the language of the German-American, which, however clear and intelligible it may be, and as it was in this case, has yet been much vulgarized by alleged humorists. "You are welcome, Father! And I wish you great success in your new field."

His hearty tone, his hopefulness, and that indefinable feeling (conveyed so subtly by no spoken word, but yet real and believed in) that here was a man who in any emergency could be relied on,—all this, I remember so well, cheered my drooping spirits that dismal Sunday morning. So it must have been, only in unmeasured higher degree, with Him who was the perfect Man. Men must have felt when *He* spoke that a *man* was there, kind and tender-hearted; but strong, too, if strength were needed. When taking his leave my parishioner assured me that any help he could give he would gladly render.

I soon found that my first impressions of the man were not mistaken; and that the words of proffered service, which are often uttered insincerely or thoughtlessly, were with him sincere and honest. How interested he was in the little church which we soon planned and began to build! I would express my fears to him sometimes that perhaps we were going too deeply into debt, and in other ways conjure up difficulties, as one will in such circumstances; but his courage and hope were always buoyant. And when I protested that we were imposing on his good nature in accepting so much of the little leisure he had, he would say: "The Lord has helped me to build my house, and I will help Him to build His."

He was employed in a neighboring city at the hard trade of a brass polisher; and in order to reach his work in time he was obliged to take a train at six o'clock every morning; while it was usually seven or later when he returned home in the evening. Yet, in spite of

this severe strain, whenever we had a fair or festival on hand he was always among the first workers present. He was naturally skilful and ingenious, and it was he who was called on by everybody when anything went wrong. Others there were, full of faith and as anxious as he for the success of our undertakings, but I never met another man in his sphere of life whose power to accomplish was so equal to his good wishes. Untiring in his zeal and energy, I allowed him, perhaps, to do more than I should; but priests will understand what a godsend such a man is; and few of us, perhaps, know when to be easy with the willing horse.

It was only as time passed on that I began to see that this unquenchable zeal for the house of God which he showed was more the work of grace than of nature. True, he was naturally enthusiastic; but at the same time there was present in his character a constant element of shrewd cautiousness, which enabled him to make his choice in any given circumstances with cool deliberation. And, moreover, to speak phrenologically, his acquisitiveness was naturally large. When, therefore, he gave of his time and his means, it was not in the spirit of the prodigal, but rather as one who had learned well the relative values of things temporal and things eternal.

Yes, verily, the just man lives by faith. But as grace supposes nature, so may we say that faith, which is a grace, supposes nature too. Faith cramped up in a narrow little soul can never reach the full development of which it is capable. Just as the seed that would bring forth most fruit needs a deep, rich soil, so faith that would flower luxuriantly in high thoughts, brave words and noble deeds must be planted in a generous, loyal soul.

This is the secret, if secret it be, of

John M——'s beautiful life. By nature he was a man of strong intellect and intense manliness, quick as a flash to speak and act for the right, patient and gentle as a woman. It has always been a marvel to me why a man so naturally gifted did not make greater headway in gathering the world's gear. But as there have ever been "village Hampdens" and "mute inglorious Miltons," so too in these commercial days there are potential Carnegies and might-have-been Rockefellers. However this may be, the rich, vigorous nature of the man was indeed the "good ground" spoken of in the Gospel which produces fruit a hundredfold.

Soon after coming to the country as a young man he joined a society organized as a military company, whose principal duty it was to watch before the Blessed Sacrament on solemn occasions. He always retained his membership in it; and even after having removed to K——, a distance of ten or twelve miles from the metropolis, he would always be on hand to attend to his detail—"to watch before Our Lord." From the respect and love he had for the house of God, it was but natural to find that he should have a very special devotion to the altar and the sanctuary. After his death I learned that as long as he lived in the city it was his delight to help his Brother whose duty it was to watch and care for the altar.

The first Christmas we visited the new church he volunteered to help in the crib. He had a mechanic's workshop he used at home, and there he worked at the church, working far on the evenings before Christmas. He was astonished at his invitation to help at the taste he displayed in the work of the cave and he so regulated the work at the top and rear that the light shined with a soft radiance.

represented more worthily than many more pretentious shrines the heavenly glow that filled the cave at Bethlehem the night that Christ was born. He worked and delighted in his work with the heart of a child, not unworthy to be compared in the simplicity of his intense faith to Francis, the poor man of Assisi, who first built these memorials of the Bethlehem stable.

When I saw him on Christmas morning before that shrine, with a little one in either hand, I thought of the words of our Blessed Lord: "Amen, I say unto you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Surely, I said, if that be so, then there are three children there, not two.

He was blessed with a wonderful mate and eight children, and he loved to say that his home was a Catholic home such as that blessed Nazareth of old, where all was possible by his grace.

which he had been employed for twenty years or more. About this time I was transferred to a larger parish, and I offered him the position of sexton. He came and brought his family with him, but his health grew no better. How rejoiced he was to be able to give all his time to the church and altar he had always loved so well! He needed his wages for the support of his family; but his work was done, not for money but for Our Lord, just as truly as if he had left all things and bound himself by the vows of religion.

In those months when he was more closely associated with me I learned more and more to reverence his deep faith and solid piety. He was not a devotee, in the ordinary meaning of the

he had no time for *long* prayers:

too full of work for that;

did not see the deep

love that kept

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of charity is to love God, and all God's creatures for the love of God. I feel that John M— possessed this perfection at least in an initial degree. His happiness was found only in making others happy. He loved every living thing. A poor half-starved cat had taken refuge in the church cellar, and he induced my house-keeper to give it a home. Not knowing this, I ordered the feline banished. Poor fellow! it must have hurt him. When he died, his dog, a fine Newfoundland, wandered aimlessly around the church looking for him, and, in spite of the attention of the large family, finally disappeared from home:

I might tell of many instances of kindness and charity which he performed for those in trouble and misfortune; for he never held back his hand or his heart from human misery. In some cases, too, I distinctly remember, his kindness was repaid with ingratitude. Still, he never murmured or became soured thereby. "I did not do it for thanks," he would say if any one spoke of it to him; and then he would add so characteristically: "I did it for Our Lord."

He seemed to have a premonition of his death. The idea took possession of him that his illness, whatever it was, would prove fatal. How much this was natural, how much super-
natural, I can not tell, but I know that it led him to prepare himself for the end. After various medical consultations he decided that an operation was necessary. The surgeons, after consulting too many of their kind, advised him to rest and prepare himself for an operation. In the ward we realized was his, He prepared himself, however, by going to confess and receiving Holy Communion. He went to the hospital almost most unexpectedly and had been performed

and that he was very weak. I found him quiet and resigned, his beads in his hands, ready as ever to do the will of God. He was weak and could speak but little, though his mind was clear as ever.

I took him by the hand and tried to cheer him up, reminding him that he had been in serious illnesses before. He smiled and answered in a low voice: "Father, you say the Mass for me."

T. J. K.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XII.—OF OUR TIME.

"IT is an affair which belongs to us women entirely," said the Lady from New York, with conviction; "and I really do not understand why men should trouble themselves about it. I can not see why I should allow any man to have an opinion as to whom I should or should not call on."

"That depends," replied the Convert, with calmness, "if a question of ethics be involved, I think a well-instructed man would have something to say, from the Christian point of view."

"If my husband were alive," continued the Lady from New York, with well-bred fire sparkling in her eyes, "he would no more think of dictating to me upon any social matter than—I can't tell what! But I notice that bachelors like yourself have very fixed ideas."

"And a freedom in expressing them unbecoming the married (male) state, perhaps. I have understood from married men," said the Convert, with unabashed calmness, "that they affect clubs as the only places in which they can express their real opinions."

"My husband never went to a club," said the Lady from New York. "The trouble is with you men you take everything as personal. I insist, however,

that no gentleman will object to any woman on his wife's visiting list."

"If she can not protect herself, he has a right to protect her from debasing public opinion."

"Well," answered the Lady from New York, straightening herself among the sofa cushions, "I have never heard anything like this,—never! Because a friend of mine, a person of undoubted position and influence, whose husband was a brute, marries again, after a legal divorce, I am to cut her acquaintance! That sort of thing would disorganize society!"

"Fancy an early Christian returning some of the calls of the much-married ladies mentioned in Juvenal. I can imagine St. Paul's opinion."

"I hardly fancy there were many Christians in society in those days," said the Lady from New York.

"One finds no trace of Christianity there," said the Convert; "and the same condition seems to hold good now."

The Lady from New York smiled.

"You would be a positive bear, if you went out more and noticed the change since your time. Although I, as a Catholic, could never remarry if I were separated from a husband, I do not think that I am called upon to make myself and other people uncomfortable simply because Mary Vauscamp bestows her millions for the second time on a man who deserves them more than her first husband."

"No doubt, by means of a Dakota arrangement—"

"That is not my affair. Mary always was a sweet and charming woman; everybody receives her."

"But there is that other sweet and charming woman, the actress, Frances Blanchemains. She has taken a second husband without the formality of a Dakota 'arrangement.' Nobody receives her, poor girl!"

It was the Newspaper-man who rashly spoke. The Lady from New York raised her lorgnette and looked at him; he returned her glance unawed.

"I am not afraid of anybody," he remarked. "Once I had to report an escaped menagerie for the *Herald*, and I only saved myself by allowing the animals to dash against my cheek."

"Oh, let us be serious!" implored the Young Lady from Across the Street. "Think of the lives that would be blighted if it were not for divorce. Oh, I could never, never cling to a Church that would force me to remain a wife to a man I had ceased to love! Modern progress is against such medievalism."

"So much the worse for modern progress," said the Convert. "Suppose, however, that your husband—your *first* husband—should meet another young lady shortly after his marriage, whom he loved better than you, and you still loved him, how would you look on divorce then?"

"He would find it rather hard to get rid of *me*, I can tell you. But I have known even Catholics to give up the rigid rules of their Church for the persons they loved,—to give up *all*! It was very tragical, but, oh, so beautiful!"

"You can discover their future by reading a little in the *Inferno* of Dante," said the Convert, grimly. "The pretty little story of the woman who left one husband, after a divorce, on Saturday and married another man on Monday, her small children remaining with her first husband, must delight you, then. I wonder if our friend from New York would call on her?"

The Lady from New York flushed.

"Look at what comes of it,—here's young Raphael Duncomb. Everybody knows and likes the Duncombs. Helen is a Child of Mary, Jane is a Benedictine nun, Walter is a Jesuit. But Helen was fool enough to call on a divorced

woman, whose children were in her husband's keeping. The woman returned the call, met Raphael Duncomb, aged twenty-five—she's forty,—and they're engaged to be married. What do you say to that?" asked the Convert.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the Lady from New York. "Forty! What a designing creature! I should never receive her. The Duncombs ought to send the boy away out of her reach. Still, he is old enough to have better principles. I suppose everybody will ostracize them."

"No," said the Convert, dryly. "She has money, and consequently great social influence; you can't expect people to make themselves uncomfortable by missing the best dinners and music of the season for a mere scruple."

The Lady from New York flushed again.

"The situation will require a great deal of tact. Of course the Duncombs can't go to the marriage, but I suppose they'll have to go to the reception. Dear me, what tact they'll have to show!"

"No tact at all," said the Lady of the House, "but straightforward deference to the Word of God. Raphael Duncomb ought to be told frankly that he is taking part with Satan, and given to understand that his friends will act as if they thought so. But since so many Catholics, while objecting to divorce and remarriage theoretically, condone them practically, young people grow lax in their ideas."

"The Catholic press is strict enough," said the Newspaper-man.

The Lady from New York laughed.

"The Catholic press always says what it thinks somebody thinks it ought to think. It has no more influence on the opinion of the 'best' Catholics than—a prayer-book."

The Newspaper-man flushed.

"Now, if women in society," he began quickly,— "if women in society would—"

"I think that's the carriage," said the Lady from New York, "and I *must* catch the train for 23d Street. Good-bye!—good - night! — good - bye! Since the Lady of the House is going to stop her evenings until the end of Lent, there would be no reason for my remaining in the provinces, anyhow. Good-bye!"

The gentlemen stood up, while the Lady from New York floated toward the hallway, scattering "good-nights" as she went.

Notes and Remarks.

If there is any species of pretentiousness more utterly silly than that of the village worthies who 'think the rustic cackle of their burg the murmur of the world,' or than the "we,-the-people-of-England" style of the Tooley Street tailors, it is the consequential pomposity of the aggressive agnostic. Contemptuously disregarding facts that daily stare him in the face, he indulges in the most preposterous generalizations with a seriousness apparently genuine, and he fathers statements as recklessly opposed to truth as are the wildest imaginings of the fairy-tale writers. A case in point is afforded by a letter which we find in a metropolitan journal. It deals with the matter of future rewards and punishments; and its writer, "Agnostic," says, among other nonsense:

Man has at last reached a stage where both heaven and hell are relegated to the limbo of the impossible and unthinkable. Figments of a crude, crass and cruel imagination, they have no place in the civilization of to-day. Clergy and laity alike repudiate them

Even granting that a portion of the non-Catholic world has of late years been modifying its belief as to the eternity of hell's torments, what of the three hundred millions of Catholics who consistently maintain that out of hell there is no redemption? And what possible justification has this irrepres-

sible agnostic for the statement that heaven is repudiated by "man," by "clergy and laity alike"? Gratuitous assertions like this merit, of course, by no rule of logic, any serious refutation; but they are interesting as indications of such manly, honor-bright methods as distinguished the polemical work of the late Colonel Ingersoll.

There is good reason for thinking that the portrait of Father Marquette discovered two or three years ago in Montreal, a photo-engraving of which is presented with Volume LXXI. of the Jesuit Relations, is a contemporary portrait of that famous missionary. The old picture—an oil-painting—was rescued from a load of rubbish by Mr. Donald Guthrie McNab. The editor of the Relations remarks in a note to the present volume: "Every admirer of one of the most lovable characters in the history of American exploration will hope that it may eventually be found that the noble physiognomy here depicted was that of the saintly Marquette." The Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J., says that "the placidity of expression and the absence of all trace of that airy arrogance which characterizes the fanciful features and attitude of Trentanove's statue, correspond perfectly with what we know of Marquette's gentle and unassuming nature." Another portrait of the famous Jesuit missionary is said to exist somewhere in France, and diligent search is being made for it.

Writing to *Les Missions Catholiques*, of Lyons, concerning an Indian school recently established in his diocese, Mgr. Langevin, of Manitoba, incidentally mentions an excellent answer given by a Catholic Indian to a sectarian preacher. The latter is established not far from the school in question, and is amply

provided for by funds from the Bible Societies of England and the generous alms for Protestant missionaries collected in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. He receives, besides a good salary for himself, consignments of blankets and wearing apparel with which to win the favor of the red-men.

"Your priest doesn't love you," said this preacher not long ago to an Indian; "he doesn't give you either tobacco or clothes." The Indian calmly opened the breast of his shirt and replied: "Are you able to read in my heart?"—"Read in your heart? No," was the astonished answer.—"Well, then," rejoined the red-man, "it is in my heart that the Black Robe puts the presents he gives me. When I go to confession, he washes my heart with the blood of Jesus Christ. When I receive Communion, he puts Jesus in my heart. Your tobacco will go up in smoke, your clothes will wear out; but the gifts of the Black Robe will remain with me, and I shall take them with me to the great heaven of the good God."

The Irish may be a dead language, as contemptuous foes and despairing friends alike assert, but it caused a lively time in the House of Commons last month. Thomas O'Donnell, member from West Kerry, threw worse than dynamite among the stolid British benches when he began an impassioned address in Gaelic, presumably under the belief that arguments in an unknown tongue could hardly be less effective toward securing justice for Ireland than pleadings in the English language have been. The delight of the Nationalist members was unbounded; but the Orange benches were not so well pleased, and after Mr. O'Donnell had spoken a few sentences the speaker interfered. "Not in one hundred years of union," he said, "has an Irishman tried to speak Irish in this

House until now"; though he admitted that there was no written or unwritten law against the use of Gaelic, and that before the Act of Union Irish chieftains were invited to address the House in their own tongue. Mr. O'Donnell's efforts to proceed were vain; but his subsequent explanation, which we find in *The Pilot*, is worth reading:

One-fourth of the population of Ireland speak Irish and transact the bulk of their business in that tongue. My object in speaking Irish on Tuesday night was to draw attention to the fact that the English government has done its best to kill the Irish language, Irish literature, and Irish intellect. While I know English, I can speak Irish more fluently and with far less trouble. I never spoke a word of English till I was twelve years old. I learned French and Latin and mathematics through the medium of the Irish language.

The incident has enlarged the scant stock of the world's humor; and we are not without hope that it may arouse interest in and co-operation with the efforts of those earnest men, few but fit, who are laboring for the revival of the Gaelic language.

There is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction between the Bahamas and the British Colonial Office, and a desire is freely expressed by many of the islanders for annexation to the United States. A former official of the Bahamas, writing in the *Fortnightly*, ascribes this dissatisfaction to two causes, one of which is the "unjustifiable selection" of Father Schreiner as a member of the School Board. There is no objection, we are assured, to the priestly character or the religious opinions of Father Schreiner; the discontent is based solely on the fact that he is an American citizen and has publicly favored annexation. Later on, however, one reads:

In the United Kingdom children of all denominations go to the Board [Public] Schools, but in the United States the order changes, Roman Catholic children not being allowed to attend the national schools; and as Father Schreiner is under obedience to the Archbishop of New York, he can not be expected to act contrary to the practice favored

by his ecclesiastical superior. He is therefore placed in the anomalous position of one who, although he prevents the children under his own care from going to the Board Schools, considers himself officially justified in interfering with the education of children of other denominations. This matter naturally created a bitter feeling of opposition throughout the colony, but without producing the slightest effect upon the Colonial Office, which, in spite of protest, still retains Father Schreiner in his position.

If Father Schreiner's influence be indeed pro-American, the fact is a good reason for excluding him from office—only we must remark that the islanders propose a strange method of reprisal when they advocate annexation to this country. As for the "anomalous position" referred to in the quoted paragraph, opinions differ. If Catholics withhold their children from the national schools, it must be because the schools are not what they ought to be; and since Catholics help to support the national schools they have not only the right but the duty to take an active interest in school government. And this is as true in the United States as it is in the Bahamas.

It would be interesting, did good taste permit at this moment, to institute a comparison between the life of the late ex-President, Mr. Harrison, and the life of the lamented Mother Mariana, superioress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. Mr. Harrison was rightly held to be one of the most scholarly in the long line of American Presidents; he was profoundly religious after his own fashion, and his influence over his countrymen was very considerable. Yet even in point of influence we are inclined to think that Mother Mariana had the advantage; however, it is almost impossible for others than religious to realize what incalculable moral power is wielded by such a person as the superioress of the Sisters of Charity. To all human seeming, Mother Mariana realized both her power and

her responsibility, and the record of her administration will be brilliant in the history of her Order. She was thoroughly of her time, as was shown when her Sisters were sent to care for the soldiers during the Spanish-American war. But, like all other good nuns, she had the old-time religious spirit; and when, after the war, a request was made for a record of the work done in the hospitals by the Sisters of Charity, she replied: "Let their work remain with God; let it be ours not to let the left hand know what the right hand has done." Others than her spiritual daughters will mourn Mother Mariana and pray for the repose of her soul.

Should the measure regarding Associations now under discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies actually become law, the victory of the government would probably be merely a temporary success, not a permanent triumph. Active persecution is possibly just the electric shock needed to rouse thousands of nominally Catholic Frenchmen from the lethargy that seems to have overpowered them. The Count de Mun, speaking in the Chamber recently, seemed to foresee some such result. Addressing the supporters of the administration, he said: "For the twenty years during which you have been governing, you have had complete control of instruction and of the laws; and yet, all at once, while you are occupied with efforts to dechristianize the people, there comes from intellectual circles the echo of a movement toward religious renaissance. You fancy you can arrest the progress of this movement by your laws and your decrees. You are mistaken; it is stronger than you,—so much stronger that I am tempted to hail as a glorious dawn your promises of persecution. You think you are sowing infidels: France will reap a harvest of Christians."

Notable New Books.

In the Beginning (*Les Origines*). By the Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. Translated by G. S. Whitmarsh. Benziger Brothers.

This book was written while the author was Professor of Science in the Seminary of Issy, and its object is "to furnish theologians and exegetists with scientific data, without which they would find it difficult to give a correct interpretation of texts dealing with psychical and physical origins." The questions treated bear upon the problems of the Origin of the Universe, of Life, of Species, and of Man; the Unity of the Human Species; the Antiquity of Man; the Condition of Primitive Man. Of course in a book of 379 pages these questions can not be discussed with much fulness, and the author is content if the arguments on both sides of a controverted point are sufficiently shown; for those who wish to engage in further study, however, there is furnished a fairly complete bibliography at the end of each chapter.

Two editions of the work have appeared in French, and this excellent translation ought to be very helpful to English readers. Father Guibert has done wisely to employ the findings of the natural sciences in presenting his subject. He recognizes that no science belongs by right to any school of thought; and that only scientists, not sciences, have "tendencies."

The absence of an index to this book is a real misfortune. When will bookmakers understand the necessity of indexing any publication that may be useful for reference?

The Philippine Islands and their People. By Dean C. Worcester. The Macmillan Co.

This is an expensive and handsome volume, with many interesting illustrations and two valuable maps. The author is assistant professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan, and his work is described as "a record of personal observation and experience, with a short summary of the more important facts in the history of the archipelago." If Professor Worcester had written only of its mammals and of the new birds he and his fellow-travellers discovered, his book would be more to his credit than it is. It abounds in statements like this: "The great mass of the people have been deliberately kept in ignorance from the time of the Spanish discovery until now." Persons who are informed and unprejudiced know this statement to be—well, the very opposite of the truth.

As an illustration of the ignorance of the friars,

the author tells of an old *padre*—presumably a native priest—who would have it that George Washington was a leading general in the war of 1812, remarked that the city bearing his name has a population of 20,000, etc. Now, we will bet an umbrella that students enter the University of Michigan every year whose geographical and historical information about their own country is quite as limited as the old *padre's*. Like other persons who have been to the Philippines, Professor Worcester took a lot of prejudices with him and brought them all back. He may be an authority on zoölogy up in Michigan, but men of scientific temperament are not often guilty of declarations quite so wild as this:—

On the whole, after making somewhat extensive observations among the Philippine natives, I am inclined to formulate the law that their morals improve as the square of the distance from churches and other so-called "civilizing influences." [p. 413.]

The Heart of Pekin. Bishop Favier's Diary of the Siege. May—August, 1900. Edited by the Rev. J. Freri, D. C. L. Marlier & Co.

This pamphlet is a reprint from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*; it contains only fifty-six pages and appears in paper covers, yet it deserves a place among the notable new publications of the month. What the tender-hearted Bishop Favier saw and heard and thought during those terrible months when, barricaded with a small force within an inclosure that was swept with cannon-balls and shrapnel, and under which mines were frequently exploded, forms a document of surpassing interest; and it is all the more effective on account of the simplicity with which it is set down. We quote some passages:

The conduct of the Christians is admirable. Apostasy is proposed to them, but they prefer flight, ruin, even death. Several catechumens have received the baptism of blood.... I do not think that I exaggerate in estimating the number of victims in the Vicariate of Pekin alone to be 20,000 at least; 20,000 victims dead—burned, cut to pieces or thrown into the rivers—without making the slightest idolatrous prostration that would have spared their lives. I do not believe that two out of a hundred have saved themselves by a single superstitious act where the heart was not involved. Not one of our missionaries left his post, though the mandarins offered to conduct them under escort to a place of safety; not one forsook his Christians.

Thursday, August 2.—We are lessening our own rations and those of our Christians; weakness is general. We have only just enough to keep us from starving to death. The dogs that are feeding on the dead bodies of Boxers are hunted, killed and eaten; our unfortunate people are adding this miserable food to leaves of trees and roots of all kinds. The time for the rainy season has come, but no rain falls.

Sunday, August 12.—At quarter-past six in the morning, violent explosion,—a mine more terrible than the others burst where the Sisters were. All ran at once to the scene.

Happily, most of the children and religious were at Mass in the chapel; otherwise half would have perished. The damage done is fearful; all the eastern part of Jen-tse-t'ang is a heap of rubbish. A hollow seven yards deep and forty in diameter marks the place of explosion. Five Italian marines and their officer disappeared; more than eighty Christians, including fifty-one children in the cradle, have been buried forever under this ruin. Notwithstanding a shower of balls, we go to help the wounded.

Wednesday, August 15, Feast of the Assumption.—Before daybreak a gate of Peking, on the east, was in flames. From seven till nine o'clock, noise of cannon, volleys and firing of mitrailleuses are incessantly heard. The army is probably making an assault. Numbers of European soldiers are seen in the place where the five officers were yesterday.

Until nine o'clock in the evening we hoped that they would come to deliver us. The Blessed Virgin, who has led the troops into Peking on the day of her glorious Assumption, will send them to us to-morrow, please God! Four hundred pounds of food are left for three thousand persons! Providence seems to have counted the grains of rice; *could He have counted more exactly?*

These last words, which we have italicized, show that a Frenchman is still a Frenchman even when besieged in Peking. Bishop Favier's Diary makes no record of the siege of the legations, but there will be plenty of writers to describe that. We are grateful to him for this painfully vivid account of a Reign of Terror, the brightest spot in which was the heroic fortitude of the Catholics, both European and Chinese.

Hans Memlinc. By W. H. James Weale. George Bell & Sons; the Macmillan Co.

The latest number in the series, "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," presents the life and works of one of the most distinguished masters of the early Netherlandish school—Hans Memlinc. The biography is complete; and, from the arguments regarding the spelling of the artist's name to the date and place of his burial, the final word of authority seems to have been reached. The illustrations are many and the bibliography is exhaustive. The critical and interpretative portions of the work are painstaking appreciations; but, of course, one is not obliged to subscribe to all the opinions advanced.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

It is an accepted maxim among spiritual writers that true sanctity consists in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well; and making application of this maxim to the deeds of the devoted daughter of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace, we conclude that she may well be called holy. The history of the struggles of this religious during the days of the Philadelphia Riots, and in military hospitals during sieges

of small-pox and straits of poverty, is the history of her congregation, full of interest and edification.

Miss Donnelly has given us a charming, lifelike pen-picture of this worker in the interests of God's little ones; and from the very beginning one feels the strong personality of the saintly religious. The book is a tribute not only to the Sister whose life is traced on the printed page, but to all Sisters engaged in caring for orphans.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. By a Seminary Professor. J. J. McVey.

There is a general prejudice, not altogether ungrounded, against religious books translated from other languages, and especially from the Neo-Latin tongues. The objection is more applicable to purely devotional works than to expository treatises, many of the best of which, even for our purposes, have been produced on the Continent. We have already had great pleasure in recommending the preceding parts of the work here under review, and gladly welcome this concluding volume. The policy of the author is thus outlined: "In matters of dogma there is nothing so dangerous as to make the Church say what she has never professed, to teach as of faith what is merely an opinion; or, on the other hand, to attenuate or minimize the truths that she proposes to our belief. In moral questions it is as dangerous to exaggerate the prescriptions of the divine law in one direction as in another. *Strait is the way which leadeth to life.* We must neither widen nor narrow it, lest we might create a false conscience."

The author's purpose has been so successfully carried out in this important undertaking as to merit this encomium of a French bishop: "It contains a doctrine at once exact and solid, exposed with method and in a pious spirit." The translation, as careful readers may see even from these extracts, is not letter-perfect; but the value of the work as a whole is great.

Passion Sonnets and Other Verses. By R. Metcalfe. The Art & Book Co.

Poetic energy marks the verses in this little collection of poems, and there is a spiritual atmosphere about them that makes one inclined to overlook the want of finish in poetic expression. The sonnet seems to be the author's favorite form; and but for their irregularity in construction they would be the best poems in the book. It is true that thought is more than form; yet in these days, when inspiration is hardly to be looked for, a writer can not afford to be satisfied with any but careful workmanship.

Another View of the Situation in France.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AVE MARIA:—Having been for about twenty-five years a subscriber and reader of your estimable magazine, I may be permitted to express my regrets at the errors in it regarding the position of certain religious orders in France, especially some of those conducting institutions for the training of the youth of the *bourgeoisie* and *noblesse*. Although for many years a resident of this country, I have always taken a great interest in the affairs of the land of my birth; and having passed more than four years in an institute of the Christian Brothers there, I claim to have a little knowledge of the subject I am writing about. While having the greatest regard for the orders as zealous teachers, I know that their tendencies in politics are monarchical, not republican, and are opposed to the present system of government in France.

You know that these orders—at least some of them—are under the rule of bishops and superiors descended from the different classes of nobles that have sprung up under the old régime—the Bonapartist and Orleanist dynasties; and as self-preservation is the first law of nature for nations as well as individuals, the republican government of France is justified in restraining the religious orders from inculcating in the minds of the youth of France principles that are antagonistic to republicanism.

France within the last century has shed oceans of blood and sacrificed billions of money to do away with monarchy; and the sooner the fact is realized that the nation is at least two-thirds republican, and the sooner there is submission to the will of the great majority, the better it will be for the Church.

It is nonsense to speak of Freemason control in France, where out of 38,500,000 inhabitants 34,000,000 claim to be Catholics. But the people are bound to keep the political control of the country from ecclesiastics; and if the political, monarchical clique that influences so many of the clergy in France tries another revolution for the restoration of the Bourbons or Bonapartists, it will only alienate the people from the Church. If these men were true to France and to Christianity, they could form a moderate republican party that might dictate the laws. Many of the republican members of the Assembly and Senate are better Catholics than some of these *monseigneurs*, who care more for their title of marquis, baron, count, etc., than for that of archbishop or bishop.

The financial, political and industrial condition of the countries of both Europe and America where the clergy have had political control, and neglected religious interest to promote their temporal welfare, is such as to justify France in its attitude toward all religious orders that refuse loyally to support democratic institutions. As to taxing them for their properties, it is only just,

where the burdens of the people are so enormous as they are in France, that all institutions not purely charitable should bear their share of the burdens. A restoration of either Bourbon or Bonapartist would only cause the other faction to join the Republicans and attempt, in turn, to overthrow the one in power, thus making the revolution perpetual. With France paying more than half the expenses of the foreign missions, and contributing more for all cosmopolitan charities than any other country, the charge of infidelity against her is simply ridiculous, if not infamous.

A friend of mine from Lorraine, who lately visited his native place, was sorry to see that the people, particularly the male portion, did not attend church as much as formerly, and says that the political opposition of the clergy and religious orders to the republic is the cause. The clergy as a religious body are respected, but when they become a political organization they lose their influence over the people. The Church to-day has not the political influence that it should have, because none of the so-called Catholic nations except France has any weight in the councils of nations; and with its influence weakened by the antagonism between Church and State, the Catholic nations will have no influence whatever. Look at Austria and Italy guaranteeing Alsace to Germany, in return for the Austro-German guarantee to Italy of the Pontifical States, and the Italian-German guarantee to Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina. After France, these are the two great Catholic nations in Europe. Spain and the rest have no weight whatever. The hope of the Church is in a democratic France.

Let the clergy, then, loyally support the present liberal government, even if some special prerogatives or privileges have to be sacrificed; and it will not be long before, under wise guidance, a strong Republican Catholic majority will control both chambers, and no law can be passed without its consent.

JOSEPH SMITH,
Justice of the Peace.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

If our correspondent were more familiar with the situation in France, he would be in possession of certain facts of which he seems to have no knowledge,—for instance, that the religious orders have never objected to equable taxation, and that for years past they have been the victims of a system of persecution which only French anti-Catholics could invent and only French Catholics could tolerate. Not to speak of schools and colleges, the ruin of as many as 4606 charitable institutions is threatened by the Government Bill.



The Grandmother.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"GRANDMOTHER, tell what most you miss
Of all you've left behind
In good old Ireland? Is not this
More suited to your mind?
The flowers so sweet, the skies so fair,
The sun forever bright,
The fragrant, warm, delicious air,
The day one long delight?"

"Darling, it is a pleasant place,
The people good and kind,
With welcome writ on every face,
Unless one's eyes are blind.
What do I miss most? Listen, dear—
And sure it is not wrong,—
I'd give a deal again to hear
The little skylark's song.

"Ah! many a time I lift my eyes,
And lift them all in vain,
For one small shape against the skies
I'll never see again.
For, though to heaven's own gate it soars,
At home, each summer day,
It can not reach these Southern shores:
They are too far away.

"Yes, darling, 'tis a pleasant land,
With curious flowers and trees,
And waters blue and mountains grand,
And birds and honey-bees;
Happy am I amongst ye all,
But sure it can't be wrong:
Sometimes I'd give the *world* to hear
The cheerful skylark's song."

In the heart of London there is an old church whose peculiar weather-vane attracts the attention of curious strangers. The object is a gridiron, the instrument upon which St. Lawrence met his death; and the church is called the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.—HOME AGAIN.

IN the evening of the second day the travellers were glad to see the chimneys of Las Rosas, half hidden by the tall eucalyptus trees which formed a large grove in the rear of the house. Marie and Genevieve were on the piazza waiting for them.

"We have been looking out for you all day, papa!" cried Marie. "Every time we heard a galloping horse we came. It seemed you were so long. And, O papa, Janet is here!" she went on, after she had been released from his fond embrace.

"Ah, that is good!" said her father. "And she is nice?"

"Marie is quite as fond of her already as we are," said Genevieve.

"And *that* is nice, and I am glad to hear it. When did she come?"

"The day you went away. And, oh, she is so nice, papa! Already she has changed everything in the kitchen. All the closets are clean and divided."

"Divided! Why, what do you mean, *querida*?" asked De la Guerra.

"I mean everything is in a certain place, not all tossed around—dishes and groceries and towels together."

"Ah, that is well! And as soon as we have seen the mother we should like to see Janet."

Robbie was already at his mother's side. It had been their first separation, and both were glad to be reunited.

"How tanned you are!" said Mary.

"Yes, indeed; I should think so, after

riding in the hot sun for days. But we had a fine time—a splendid time.”

“Did you see a war-dance?” inquired his sister-Genevieve.

“I bet I did,” Robbie answered.

“Were you frightened?”

“No, I wasn’t. There wasn’t anything to be frightened about: they were only pretending. But I tell you it wouldn’t take very much to make those fellows turn into real savages.”

“Were they painted?”

“Painted! All over. They had great feathers stuck in their hair; and the women squatted down around the circle, chanting some kind of a war-song. It sounded more like a funeral song to me.”

“Here is Janet,” said Mrs. Degler as a gentle knock came to the door.

“Come in, Janet!” said the Señor. “I was just going out to see you.”

Janet came forward, and the master of the house extended his hand.

“You are welcome,” he said. “Make my house your home; take charge exactly as you would do in the house of my cousin, whom you have served so faithfully for many years. Make any changes you may think proper, short of turning out my old servants who have been with me for years. They are not always competent, but they mean well and are devoted to me.”

Janet was overcome. She felt that he was attaching an undue importance to her services and magnifying her merits. She looked from him to her mistress and back again in an embarrassed way.

“My dear sir,” she said at last, “I am not half what you take me to be at all. I try to do my duty and that is all. I’m not of much use.”

Everybody laughed except Mr. de la Guerra.

“You have the qualities that are necessary to success of any kind,” he said. “You have fidelity—that counts for much; and, with efficiency, what

more could one have? Yes, my good Janet, we place our comfort in your hands, and you will henceforth be responsible for it.”

Later, when Janet and her mistress were talking together, she was loud in her praises of their host.

“If I had been the Queen of England he could not have shown me more respect,” she said. “Such a gentleman as he is,—such a gentleman! And how like the Doctor, ma’am! Don’t you think so?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Degler. “He often reminds me of my husband.”

“A real Spanish grandee,” said Janet, who in her youth had been much given to the reading of romantic tales. “He has the air and the good looks and the fine carriage. And these Indians and half-breeds here all round about fairly worship him. They wouldn’t do so if he had another quality of them grandees which he lacks.”

“And pray what is that, Janet?” asked Mrs. Degler.

“Cruelty, ma’am,” quickly responded Janet. “I’ve read how they beat the poor creatures when they committed any fault with knotted leather ropes, ma’am,—dreadful!”

“But many of those stories had no foundation in fact,” said her mistress. “Our cousin is one of the kindest of men; and yet he can be stern, Janet. I should not like to incur his anger.”

“You never will, ma’am,” said Janet; “you never will. How could you?”

Mrs. Degler laughed.

“I can not see how, certainly,” she replied. “I hope none of us will.”

“He is a good head to be over Robbie,” said Janet. “Not that the boy isn’t as good as any boy of his age could be, but now that he is growing up he needs a man’s hand over him. Every boy does. Robbie will be as free and open and companionable with this one as if he

was his own father. It is a fine thing for the boy."

"And the girls are such good friends," said Mrs. Degler. "Haven't you noticed it? It pleases me so much to see it."

"Indeed, I wasn't half an hour in the house till I noticed it," replied Janet. "Miss Mary so rosy and lively from going out about the place with the other two, exercising her limbs and getting up an appetite for herself. She eats far better than she did at home."

"Yes, she has improved a great deal," said Mrs. Degler.

"And the two so near of an age, and looking like enough to be twins, though their complexions are different. Our Genevieve needed some such companion as Marie. She will bring her out. She has all a boy's independence and love of out-of-door life, without any coarse ways. She's no tomboy, ma'am, but a fine specimen of a healthy girl. And so gentle as she is with it all, and polite."

"That is the true inborn Spanish courtesy," said Mrs. Degler. "I find it very beautiful."

"Yes, and she has a very womanly way when it is called for," said Janet. "Did you mark yesterday how she bound up Miguel's cut wrist, for all the world like a nurse or a doctor? Said I: 'Where did you learn to have such a deft way with bandages, Miss Marie?' And she said: 'I always had it; for all my life I have been doing this, Janet. Our poor people are so helpless when they are hurt or ill.' Just like a little woman she said it, looking up at me with her lovely soft eyes; and at the same time our own poor little Genie was rushing out of the room, sick at the sight of the blood."

"She is like me," said Mrs. Degler. "I never was meant for a doctor's wife."

"And why not?" inquired Janet. "A doctor's wife has no need to go about

with him seeing sad and horrible sights. Her place is at home; and the gentler she is the better, it seems to me. Who needs a quiet, restful home more than a doctor, I ask you?"

"No one, perhaps," said Mrs. Degler, sighing as she thought of her dead husband, whose untiring devotion to his profession had injured his health and shortened his life.

"And Miss Marie is also a beautiful needle-woman when she wants to," said Janet. "Maybe you have seen some of her work, ma'am?"

"No, I have not," replied Mrs. Degler. "I did not think she could sew; she is always running about."

"Well, it would please you to see the fine handkerchiefs and altar-clothes she has made. She doesn't like overly well to sew—no; but the way she does it shows that the talent is there; and some day, when she is a woman, she will love to sew."

"I am afraid I let them run about too much," said Mrs. Degler. "But I have not felt well and I wanted them to enjoy the beautiful air for a while first. I have been talking to Mary, and she agrees with me that they had better begin regular lessons next week. Say three hours a day."

"A good idea," said Janet. "They will enjoy their play all the more."

At this moment Tonita appeared at the door.

"If the Señora wishes," she called out in Spanish, and then began to make gestures, pointing toward the ceiling and the distant hills, which could be seen from the window.

"What does she say?" inquired Mrs. Degler, looking helplessly at Janet, who laughingly replied:

"*No entiendo*" (I do not understand).

"What does that mean?" asked Mrs. Degler. "I have been in the house ten times as long as you have, Janet,

and I do not know anything but *si, si.*"

Janet explained. Tonita was now standing quietly, with arms hanging at her sides, still pleasantly smiling.

"Oh, that smile!" cried Mrs. Degler. "It exasperates me at times. Whether one knows what they mean or not, it never makes a bit of difference to any of them: they go on, calmly smiling."

"They know it will all come right some way and some time," replied the sensible Janet. "And here is our bright little Marie at the door to make us understand what Tonita is asking."

Tonita now turned to her young mistress, renewing the gestures she had previously made, Marie nodding her head as the woman explained.

"Buena!" said the little girl when she had finished, and the Indian woman retired to the kitchen.

"It will be a nice little excursion for us," said Marie, "if papa can spare the horses. She wishes to know, cousin, if we had not better go now—to-day—and gather some mushrooms before it rains again."

"Mushrooms!" exclaimed Mrs. Degler. "Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid of mushrooms! Why, do you not have them in the East?" laughingly replied Marie. "They are lovely to eat; there is nothing to be afraid of."

"So many have been poisoned by eating toadstools," said Mrs. Degler. "How can you tell them apart, Marie? Are you sure you can?"

"Sure!" responded Marie. "I have been all my life, since a little one of four, gathering them. Miguel has taught me long ago what are good and what are bad; and papa too. Oh, you need not be alarmed, cousin! Almost with my eyes shut I could tell."

"But my children do not know them so well," said Mrs. Degler. "Whenever they have brought them home I have always thrown them away."

Marie looked disappointed at this piece of information.

"Oh, but I will show them!" she said after a moment. "And once you know, it is impossible to forget. Or, if you like better, they need not gather any, only come along with us—Miguel and Nicolas and me. But I would so like that they pick them too; it is such fun!"

"Very well; I can never resist you," said Mrs. Degler, reassured. "But why to-day particularly?"

"Because the night before last it rained and to-day the mesa must be full of them. We need 'lots and lots,' as Robbie would say. We make of them delicious catsup."

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet. "Who makes the catsup?"

"Margarita," replied Marie. "Many years ago a lady who was visiting my mamma showed her how to do it; ever since she prepares it. For it we gather baskets and baskets. And while there are many here, it is a peculiar kind that makes the best catsup. Those are to be found on a certain spot, about five miles from Las Rosas."

Robbie now made his appearance. He had heard about the mushrooms from Miguel, and was full of the project of an excursion. The horses were placed at their disposal, and, after a hasty lunch, several large panniers were put into the wagon. The children took their places, with Miguel and Nicolas in front, and two small Indian boys crouched at their knees.

"We need a large force," said De la Guerra. "We expect them to return with baskets piled to overflowing."

"And you have no fears?" inquired Mrs. Degler.

"Oh, no! They are skilled mushroom-pickers. Your children will soon equal them; Mary tells me they have gathered them often."

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Degler. "My husband often told me that the mushrooms were all right, but I was so fearful that I would never allow them to be cooked."

"Ah, very well!" said De la Guerra. "If my cousin was not afraid, then neither have we cause to fear that they will bring us toadstools instead of mushrooms."

(To be continued.)

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VI.—DR. JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson had adverse circumstances to contend with from the first moment of his life: he was born with the scrofula—or what was then known as the "king's-evil," because the hand of the king or queen laid upon a scrofulous person was thought to cure him. When he was yet not much more than a baby, his mother managed to get two pounds (about ten dollars) together; and, with the money sewed in her petticoat for safekeeping, took her little Sam to London to be healed by Queen Anne. But he was not helped. He looked with amazement at the large crowd of people who had come on the same errand,—thinking it all, no doubt, a fine show for his especial benefit.

As time went on he became worse instead of better, losing the sight of one eye entirely. The other one sympathized with it and was of very little account. He could never recognize a friend in the street without great trouble. As for his face—poor little fellow!—the scrofula left such ugly marks upon it that he became painfully shy and avoided other boys. But there was one advantage in this, as there is in most misfortunes; for he beguiled his loneliness with books,

of which he had an abundance, as his father was a dealer in books as well as a binder of them.

His school-days were like those of any poor English boy of the period. It was the cruel fashion to whip scholars, and Samuel was flogged unmercifully. "I whipped Latin into him," his teacher boasted. I am afraid he was always lazy; but he had a wonderful memory and a desire to know things, so he made rapid progress. He could remember anything by reading it over once, and he could read any page at a glance and almost any book in an hour.

When he was sixteen he was obliged to leave school and help his parents, which he did for two years. It was during this time that the familiar incident often told of him had its beginning. His father, being ill, asked Samuel to go to a neighboring market house and sell books at a stall he had there. This did not suit the young man's dignity and he would not go. After he became an old man he went back to that same market and, with bare head, stood there in the rain for an hour. This was his way of making amends for his disobedience.

When he was nineteen he determined that the time to enter college had arrived, but his father was too poor to send him. "Then I will go as a servant," said Samuel, and this he did. His clothes were so shabby that they were a sight to behold; and one rich student, noticing his broken shoes, sent him a new pair, which he promptly threw out of the window. In time he tried to get a place as usher in a school, but could not. "You are too ugly," the teacher said: "the boys will not have such a scarecrow about."

At twenty-six he married a woman almost twice as old as himself. She had a little money—enough to enable him to start a school of his own; but no

school could thrive with only three pupils, and he had no more. So he went to London to try his luck there. He was now poorer than ever, if that was possible. His dinner was often just a penny loaf, and his supper still less. He used to allow nine cents a day for his food, but a great deal of the time he could not earn even that. No one gave him a word of sympathy. "You are big," said one publisher: "you might get a job as a porter."

Thus passed many years of heroic struggle with poverty. He had some successes, though they were far apart; and he had begun to find friends, Davy Garrick and Pope among them. His wife always believed in him, but she died before he was famous. She was sincerely mourned. "My poor Hetty!" he always called her; and kept her wedding-ring near him until he, too, passed away from the troubles of this world.

Johnson was a good son, and his famous novel "Rasselas" was written during the evenings of a week to pay for the expenses of his mother's funeral. In the last letter he wrote her he seemed to feel as if the heart of a little boy was hidden under his very rough exterior; and in simple language, very different from that usually employed by the great Dr. Johnson, he thanked her for all her kindness to him, and begged her forgiveness for all that he had done ill.

The public recognized his work at last, and his sovereign gave him a pension amounting to fifteen hundred dollars; but he never used more than four hundred for himself, giving the rest away to any one who needed it. He took care of people whom nobody else would care for. One poor blind woman, who had such unpleasant table manners that no one would give her a home, he sheltered in his own house for years because she had been good to his "poor Hetty"; and indeed he

would have done the same without any reason whatever.

He was a very large man, and walked with a rolling gait, like a sailor ashore. His coat was brown and very rusty, and his wig was usually crooked. His face was so badly disfigured, and he had such a fashion of grunting, muttering and puffing, that strangers often took him for an escaped lunatic. He was not at all neat, and must have been a most unpleasant person to ask to dinner; for when any particular dish pleased him he was likely to wish to eat the whole of it; and was so absent-minded that once, in a fit of abstraction, he reached under the table and took off a lady's shoe!

The poor street children liked him, and he was fond of tossing a handful of pennies upon the wayside that they might scramble for them; or would slyly slip coins into the pockets of little homeless lads whom he found asleep. I think St. Francis would have liked the way he treated animals. A hare was found nibbling the potatoes one day, and the cook wished to serve it for dinner; but Dr. Johnson opened the window and let the surprised bunny go.

He was very particular about having his own way, and had no patience with people who did not believe in kings. As for Americans—he despised them. But still we can look back into the eighteenth century and pity—yes, even love—this awkward, tender-hearted old man, who was, with all his faults, a sturdy Christian in his way, and a true and trusted friend.

We might find most of Dr. Johnson's writings—all except "Rasselas"—very dull reading to-day; but he did so much for literature that he has been called "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century."

HONOR to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs.

—Longfellow.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Henryk Sienkiewicz, at least, is not without honor in his own country. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the field of authorship—"the silver wedding of Sienkiewicz to the heart of his country"—was celebrated at Warsaw by an assemblage of delegates from all the Slav countries. Mass was celebrated in presence of the delegates, who afterward met in a public hall and presented the novelist with the title-deeds to a chateau and estate. The Bishop of Warsaw made an address, to which Sienkiewicz responded "in words full of emotion."

—A reviewer in the *Bookman*, we are glad to note, shares our view that Huxley will get no immortality out of his onslaughts on religion. "In this department," he says, "there is nothing he attempted in the way of destructive criticism which had not been better done by others before him. When the history of biblical criticism comes to be written in the cold light of the future, it is unlikely that his name will be mentioned in the record; just as in the most recent history of philosophy, in which English philosophy is treated at length, he appears by name only as a friend of Darwin, as a friend of Spencer, and as the inventor of the name Agnostic."

—Sir Francis R. Cruise, D. L., M. D., an eminent Dublin physician and well-known for his essays on *À Kempis*, will have the gratitude of cooks and housewives for his new booklet on "Abstinence Fare" (M. H. Gill & Son). The great difficulty in observing the Church abstinences, Sir Francis thinks, lies in our villainous cooking. "A flabby boiled cod or haddock, with badly prepared melted butter, is *not* appetizing; and I believe such fare is responsible for many cases of inability to observe the rules under which we Catholics live. On the other hand, I feel equally satisfied that fish, properly cooked, is wholesome, nutritious and appetizing, and might enter more largely than it does into our ordinary dietary."

—The publishers of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* have earned the gratitude of its readers by issuing a general index of volumes I.—XXV.: Jan., '76,—Oct., 1900. Librarians especially will welcome this publication. The *Review* is a mine of information, now rendered accessible to all who would profit by its richness. Knowing the labor involved in preparing such an index, it seems ungrateful to complain of the way in which the work has been done; but we hope that when

the *Review* has completed another quarter of a century there will be an index in which subjects and authors will be separated. Nothing unscholarly is supposed to find place in such a periodical, and the authorship of articles is of very much less importance than a full description of them.

—Mr. Patrick J. Thomas, who with Mr. R. F. Ryan founded the San Francisco *Monitor*, died lately at the age of seventy-one. The man who had the courage to establish a Catholic journal in California in 1858, when it was almost impossible to get materials for newspaper-making, or to circulate the paper, when made, among the scattered mining camps, deserves a monument from his co-religionists. *R. I. P.*

—The publishers of Tissot's "Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ" "so earnestly wish" this work to pass into the hands of the clergy—"a few of the clergy"—that they offer to send it for inspection. Only a few copies of the first edition remain. Price, 30, 40 and 50 dollars a set according to binding. We fear this work is dear at the lowest price. Our attention has been called to one horrible heresy in it. (Vol. I., p. 46.) The translator is unknown to us, but we do know—and have often said—that non-Catholics, though they may have the best of intentions, are not to be trusted with the translation of Catholic books. The publishers of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" have been obliged to apologize for such blunders as these in the first volume of that important work: "a godly act was performed," for the Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated; "the figure of Christ," for Christ in the Blessed Sacrament; "stations of the Evangelists," for residences of the missionaries, etc. For ourselves, we decline the very courteous offer of the McClure Co., sent out in the name of the famous French artist.

—A new edition of Stevenson's letters has been called for, and Mr. Sidney Colvin has profited by the opportunity to omit two of the old letters and to replace them by three others of greater interest. From one of these we quote this touching account of the circumstances under which Stevenson did nearly all his literary work:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health: I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now,—have been, rightly

speaking, since first I came to the Pacific. And, still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle, so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physc bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head.

No one who reads the smooth and cheerful pages of Stevenson would guess that they were written in weakness and pain. His brave example in the face of appalling difficulties will be honored as long as his name is remembered.

—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has issued three new pamphlets, one of which is especially timely,—viz., an explanation of "The Ceremonies of Holy Week." The others are: Cardinal Moran's inspiring paper on the "Triumphs of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," read at the recent Catholic Congress in Sydney; and Bishop Hedley's excellent article on "The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences," contributed to the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It need not be said that these publications deserve the widest possible circulation. The address of the C. T. S. is Room 87, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, net.

Hans Memlinc. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouquè.* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Stringtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Frederick Volm, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis; the Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan, Diocese of Cleveland; the Rev. James Schuesler, S. J.; and the Rev. E. A. Daily, O. S. A.

Sister M. Regis, Sister M. Elizabeth and Sister M. Mello, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Plaint of Mary Magdalen.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I FOLLOWED Him to Calvary;
Oh, weary was the road that day!
Bleeding His face in every place
Along that toilsome way.

I lingered there, on Calvary,
Until His patient spirit passed,
'Mid thunder crash and lightning flash,
And darkness at the last.

I went with Him from Calvary,
By Mary's side, unto the tomb;
I could not bear to leave Him there
Within the chilling gloom.

O ye who bore from Calvary
The Master, through the twilight dim,
Quick tell to me where He may be,
What have they done with Him?

O holocaust of Calvary!
O tortured limbs, O cruel sword!
Death one can bear, but not despair,—
Where shall I find my Lord?

The Layman at High Mass.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



ALL Catholics are bound to sanctify the Sunday by assisting at Holy Mass. Sunday has been selected on which to discharge this duty of worshiping God, because it is the weekly festival of the Christian Church, and has been regarded as such ever since the very dawn of Christianity. The *Dies Dominica*, or Lord's Day, was never confused with

the ancient Sabbath* in the minds of primitive Christians; although for several centuries a certain reverence was paid to the seventh day of the week, as well as to Sunday.†

From the earliest times Saturday has been kept by the Greeks in a festal manner, but it has never partaken of a Jewish character; by this observance it is intended to honor God's rest after the work of Creation, whereas the Lord's Day is solemnized to commemorate Christ's glorious resurrection. The Latin Church, perhaps from antipathy to any practice which might savor of Sabbatical observance, has regarded Saturday from time immemorial as a kind of vigil, and consequently has invested it with somewhat of a penitential character. As illustrating this fact, it may be noted that abstinence from flesh-meat was formerly a Saturday practice of almost universal observance.

The duty of keeping holy the first day of the week by assistance at Mass originated in the time of the Apostles. In the New Testament we read that the first followers of Christ came together on that day to join in the celebration of the holy mysteries.‡

Following closely on the apostolic age is a writer, St. Justin Martyr, who describes in his *Apology for Christians*

* The substitution of Sunday for Saturday (with modified observances) had already taken place in the apostolic age. Vid. I Cor., xvi, 2; Acts, xx, 7; Apoc., i, 10.

† Orig. du Culte Chrétien, Duchesne, p. 46, etc.

‡ Acts, xx, 7.

the practice of the faithful regarding Mass in the second century.* He thus summarizes the sacred rite: "Upon the day called Sunday all who live either in town or country meet together in the same place, when the writings of the apostles and prophets are read, as much as time will allow. When the reader has finished, the bishop preaches a sermon.... At the conclusion of the discourse we all rise together and pray; and prayers being over, as I have mentioned before, bread, wine and water are offered, and the bishop sends up prayers and thanksgivings with all the fervency he is able, and the people conclude with the acclamation, 'Amen.'†... Then the Eucharist is distributed to, and partaken of, by all who are present; and it is sent to the absent by the hands of the deacons."

Not only on Sundays, but whenever the faithful were present at the holy mysteries in primitive times, it was customary to receive Holy Communion. In later ages, however, when fervor had grown cold, the Eucharist was no longer partaken of every Sunday by the majority of the faithful, but the practice of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice was constantly maintained. This custom, in course of time, was formulated into a positive law by supreme ecclesiastical authority.‡

Our forefathers, unlike many of their descendants at the present day, did not consider they had kept the Sunday holy by merely assisting at a private Mass, but they held it as their duty to be present at the High Mass in their parish church. To facilitate this observance, laws were enacted which forbade priests to celebrate their Masses

in public until after High Mass had been sung.*

The disinclination to assist at High Mass shown by many Catholics at the present day is perhaps due, in some measure, to the weariness induced by the protracted and elaborate music in vogue in many of our churches. Even those who do attend, for the most part, seem indifferent about the attitude they assume at the various parts of this most solemn act of common worship. Unfortunately, our English missals and manuals of devotion give no directions as to when a congregation should sit, stand or kneel during High Mass; yet authorities are not wanting who lay down clear principles, which may be followed with edification.

The foregoing notes have been suggested by the recent publication of a small leaflet, by the Art & Book Company (England), bearing the interesting title "*Ceremonial for the Laity*." Last October's *Catholic Book Notes* informs us that a few months ago a leading Catholic layman, since dead, while visiting a well-known monastery was much struck by the devotional attitude of the congregation, who took an intelligent part in the liturgy by standing, sitting and kneeling at the prescribed times. The rules followed he wished to be printed, for free distribution, in the belief that they might be found useful elsewhere.

The vague tradition, on this matter of congregational ceremonial, existing in most churches, further modified by the piety, infirmity or indolence of individuals, is not always impressive. Many of the congregations of our large cities sit at times when the solemnity of the occasion makes it congruous that they should stand; for example, during the singing of the Collects, at the incensing

* Apol., i, 67.

† The latter part of this description corresponds to our present "*Canon Missæ*," completed by the *Amen* sung aloud immediately before the *Pater Noster*.

‡ Vid. *Missæ*, Ferraris, vol. vi, art. xvi.

* Anglo-Saxon Ch. by Lingard, vol. i, p. 312.

of the people, during the chanting of the Preface and the Post-Communion. Standing for the official prayers of the Church on Sundays and during Eastertide, in honor of the Resurrection, is a practice dating back to the Council of Nice, A. D. 325.* Kneeling is prescribed for the weekdays of penitential seasons, and at Masses for the dead. Sitting is obviously a less prayerful attitude than either kneeling or standing,—if it may be considered indicative of prayer at all.

The Canon of the Mass, as all are aware, is introduced by the solemn chanting of the Preface by the celebrant. The earliest Fathers make mention of this venerable and majestic act of praise, in which the people are invited to join by *Sursum corda* ("Lift up your hearts"). The act of standing during these sacred words makes the response—*Habemus ad Dominum* ("We have lifted them up to the Lord")—at once striking and impressive. The same may be said of the incensing of the laity at the Offertory. This high mark of honor is received *standing* by all the clergy, including bishops; it is fitting, therefore, that the laity should follow what is prescribed in this matter for the clergy, and not assume an attitude which is reserved solely for the Pope.†

In modern times, how few of the laity realize that at the Consecration in the Mass the elevation of the Host and chalice has been instituted in order that they may behold the Sacred Species! Yet such is undoubtedly the case.‡

These are a few of the chief points to which the attention of the laity might be called with profit by the clergy in familiar instructions. That

these suggestions are not devoid of authority may be gathered from the text of the Ceremonial of Bishops, the authorized ceremonial of the Catholic Church. In describing the various duties of those officials whose office it is to assist the master of ceremonies, it is pointed out that they should admonish the people "when they ought to stand up, when to sit or kneel down."* Father Le Vavas seur is more explicit in his Ceremonial, a book which received the commendation of Pope Pius IX. He says: "The laity who assist at the Office ought to observe the same rules, as far as kneeling, standing or sitting are concerned, that are laid down for ordinary members of the clergy."†

As an illustration of the adaptation of these rubrical directions for High Mass, the following may be quoted from the leaflet under consideration, which has received the *imprimatur* of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan:

1. Stand during the *Asperges*.
2. Kneel from the beginning of Mass till the celebrant sits at the *Gloria in excelsis*.
3. Stand during the Collects.
(Kneel at Mass for the Dead and at the Ferial Mass on fasting days.)
4. Sit during the Epistle and Gradual.
5. Stand during the singing of the Gospel, and until the celebrant sits at the *Credo*.
6. Sit for the Offertory, but stand while the thurifer incenses the congregation.
7. Stand from the beginning of the Preface till the *Sanctus* begins.
8. Kneel during the Canon until after the Communion of the priest or people.
(It is more in harmony with the ceremonial for all to stand after the Elevation, except at Mass for the Dead and at the Ferial Mass on fasting days, when all kneel till *Pax Domini* has been sung.)
- N. B.—At the elevation of the Host and chalice all should devoutly raise their eyes toward the Blessed Sacrament, as it is for this purpose the priest is directed to elevate the Sacred Species.
9. Sit from after the Communion till the prayer called the Post-Communion begins, then stand.
(Kneel at Mass for the Dead and at the Ferial Mass on fasting days.)
10. Kneel for the priest's blessing, but stand for the last Gospel.

* Canon 20, vid. Gavantus, Comment. in Rubr. Miss. Pars I., T. xvii.

† Gavantus, Comment. in Rubr. Miss. Pars I., T. vii, 7.

‡ Ostendit populo—vid. "Canon Missæ," ad consecr.

* Cæremoniale Epis. Lib. I, cap. v, n. 7.

† Cérémonial selon le Rit. Romain, Tome I, p. 385, n. 54.

Besides these, there are similar directions given for the laity who assist at Vespers, Compline and Benediction. Those, however, for High Mass have been specially brought under notice, because they concern the greatest act of public worship, which requires, as far as possible, an attitude of body indicative of union of intention with the celebrating priest.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—MARTHA FINNEY HAS A VISITOR.

NOW, it chanced that Kate, in going forth with her sister to examine the meat in Farmer Hobson's cart, had dropped the fatal letter. She was at the moment quite unconscious of the loss, but the quick eye of the farmer had spied the small object; and, having picked it up, he read the address: "To the old gentleman next door."

Into his shrewd mind had flashed the suspicion that the young lady had dropped it purposely, so that he might deliver it. The suspicion, mentally turned over, became a certainty before the old mare had gone many yards on her homeward journey; so that Farmer Hobson had deliberately gone back and driven in at the gate next door. He felt convinced that "the poor young thing wanted to write a few lines to her neighbor unbeknown to her folks." His wrinkled face relaxed into the broadest of smiles as he thought the matter over.

"A mighty curious way to address a sweetheart," he said. "'The old gent next door.' But I suppose it's more of her nonsense."

He handed the letter to Martha Finney, observing that it was for the gentleman of the house, and bidding her give it

to Mr. Moran at the earliest possible moment, saying nothing to the servants. Martha sniffed at this latter warning; but she was speechless with wrath when she looked at the superscription, which at once betrayed whence the epistle had come. She watched the farmer drive away, still stupefied; and only when he was out of sight awoke to a lively regret that she had not refused to 'dirty her fingers with such trash.' "The bold hussy!" she repeated over and over,— "the bold, brazen hussy! Old gentleman, indeed! The impudence of her!"

A sudden thought occurred to her and she grew pale with a desperate resolve. She would not deliver this letter to the master; she would not destroy it, but she would hide it away, trusting that he might never hear of it. If he did, why—well, then she could pretend to have forgotten all about the matter, and bring forward the letter with most abject apologies. It further aggravated her just then that this Farmer Hobson had supplanted her friend Gregg in the custom of the big house; and it was now clear to her that this farmer was a friend of the people next door, and that it was through them Mr. Moran had been induced to employ him.

While her mind was in this perturbed condition Martha suddenly received a visit from Mrs. Gregg, who had come to reproach her with the unfriendly act of depriving old friends of patronage,—or, as the lady more graphically expressed it, 'taking the bread out of her and Gregg's mouth to give it to a stranger.'

The two women sat in conclave in Martha's sitting-room, where Martha had brewed tea. And as she listened to Mrs. Gregg's complaint, and as she pondered, she felt herself to be in an awkward dilemma. She did not care to admit that she had no longer the power to give or withhold patronage; yet she was anxious to clear herself,

in the eyes of the Gregg family and connections, of the charge of deserting old friends. For Martha had enjoyed many a comfortable meal at Mr. Gregg's board on her Sunday evenings out, and the butcher had always made it "worth her while" at Christmas. Besides, both Gregg and his wife were after Martha Finney's own heart: full of gossip,—the bitter acidulated gossip which she enjoyed; and they could give her news of all the families for miles and miles round.

"Mrs. Gregg ma'am," said Martha, "it's a queer world."

"I guess it is," replied Mrs. Gregg—her high-pitched nasal tones taking on additional sharpness,—“when I live to see Martha Finney going back on old friends in that way!”

"If I could speak, if I could open my mouth," said Martha, with an impressiveness which caused Mrs. Gregg to glance inquiringly at that particular feature of the housekeeper's face.

"Why, what is it? What, *do* you mean?" cried Mrs. Gregg, her curiosity overcoming her resentment. "You are not going to tell me that—"

"I'm not going to tell nothing," said Martha, with an emphasis that set her head a-nodding like a mandarin on a chimneypiece. She was, in truth, somewhat alarmed to see her visitor take up the scent so quickly. "No, no, Mrs. Gregg: I'm dumb; only I will say that it goes to my heart to see a pound of meat come in this door that's not cut off by Joshua Gregg—except, of course, what comes in the regular way from the market."

Mrs. Gregg looked at her doubtfully, taking a great swallow of tea in a somewhat precarious fashion; for the spoon standing upright had to be held back to avoid disaster.

"We all have our own troubles," Martha continued, with a great sigh.

"Well, poor Joshua is cut up enough about it," rejoined the butcher's wife. "As he says, says he: 'I could stand anything but Martha Finney going back on me; and I reckon it ain't Farmer Hobson that will put his hand into his pocket at Christmas time and come out with a five-dollar bill,—no, siree!'" says Joshua."

"If I'm driven much further, ma'am," said Martha, stirring the cup of tea, which she held in her lap as though it had been poison, "I'll give notice. I've my mind made up."

Now, the keen-witted Mrs. Gregg was not satisfied with these enigmatical words. She wanted a clear statement of facts that might be brought home satisfactorily to the injured butcher.

"Why, what's the matter, Martha Finney?" cried she. "Can't you speak out plain for the land's sake? Your boss he don't concern himself about the housekeeping no more than if he wasn't in the house at all."

"That's true,—or, leastways, it was true; but *he* brought Farmer Hobson here. It wasn't my doings."

Martha, having made this desperate confession, drank a cup of tea, with an expression upon her face as if it had been wormwood; adding, with a darkly mournful resignation which somehow impressed Mrs. Gregg more than any spoken words:

"Let me fill up your cup again, and take some more of them hot biscuit."

Mrs. Gregg allowed her cup to be refilled with less of protest in her manner than the first time; and helped herself, nothing loath, to one of the flaky biscuits which Martha had prepared for that morning's breakfast.

"I can see," she said after a pause, "that you don't propose to speak out; which ain't friendly, when you know very well that Gregg and I are just as safe as a church."

Now, Martha indeed knew quite the contrary, if comparing Mr. and Mrs. Gregg to an ecclesiastical edifice meant a capacity for holding their tongue. Even the comfortable meals and the Christmas tip did not blind her to the Greggs' aptitude for circulating news. And Martha Finney dared not go too far when the affairs of Mr. Henry Moran were under discussion.

"Joshua will be real disappointed," Mrs. Gregg remarked.

"Well, it's none of my doings that Mr. Gregg has lost the custom," said Martha, doggedly. "You may tell him that from me; and that if I had my way old Hobson would never cross the threshold of this kitchen. He coming to me this very morning as bold as brass with—"

"Sakes alive, with what, Martha,—with what?" gasped Mrs. Gregg, in pretended dismay.

Martha nearly bit her tongue in the suddenness with which she stopped.

"The side of lamb," faltered she.

Mrs. Gregg eyed her "crony" rather doubtfully. A terrier scenting rats was not quicker of nose than Mrs. Gregg in smelling out a secret.

"Oh, well, it stands to reason that he brought the side of lamb!" she persisted; "but that wasn't what you started to say."

"What's the use of talking about it?" cried Martha, flaming into sudden anger. "Coming over here, Mrs. Gregg ma'am, and badgering me. The long and the short of it is that Mr. Moran is changed; and when I ventured to put in a word for Gregg, he called me a 'miserable old woman.'"

This misstatement of facts, together with Martha's anger, had the effect of mollifying Mrs. Gregg, who did not want to quarrel with the housekeeper, whom she felt might be useful even in the way of news.

"Called you a 'miserable old woman'! Martha Finney, you don't say so! Why, I guess the skies will be falling down atop of us next thing. But how did he come to speak like that?"

"As I tell you," groaned Martha, wiping her eyes to hide from the keen gaze before her any traces of confusion, "putting in a word for Mr. Gregg, I says, says I: 'He's an honest man and gives his pound of good meat every time for the money.'"

"Now, that's mighty queer," pondered the visitor. "But what did you do?"

"What did I do? I made up my mind that I'd give my fine gentleman notice when he come home in the evening."

"And serve him right too," said the other. "But what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he come home sweet as honey, and 'twas 'Martha' here and 'Martha' there, and coaxing me to stay, and here I am. But," continued Martha, waxing wrathful again, "he'd better not try me too far, after the years I've toiled and slaved and pinched for less wages—aye, and less comfort—than I might have had over in New York city."

Mrs. Gregg knew better than that; for Henry Moran had the reputation of being not only just but generous toward those whom he employed; and the butcher's lady had often observed to her spouse that Martha Finney 'had soft snaps of it up there to Moran's.' Now, however, she agreed warmly with the distressed Martha.

"Yes, you can command fine wages anywhere, and so I says to Gregg."

Yet even as she spoke it was coming home to her that, for one reason or another, Martha Finney's absolute reign was over. Therefore she resolved to pursue her investigations on bolder lines.

"Do you suppose Moran thinks at all of getting married?" she asked, with a suddenness which caused Martha to start in her chair.

"Married!" she cried, turning pale. "Have you heard anything?"

"No," admitted the visitor, "'tain't that I've heard anything; but it struck me that sometimes when a man like Moran begins to turn on them that's served him faithfully there's just one cause for it, and that's matrimony."

"Why, Mr. Moran thinks no more of womenfolks than if they was so many painted sticks!" cried Martha.

"Don't you trust him, my dear," said Mrs. Gregg, shaking her head till the flowers in her bonnet danced again. "Being a maiden lady yourself, you don't know their ways as I do; and I say, don't trust him!"

Of course these words were merely the echo of Martha's secret fears, and hence they were doubly aggravating to her.

"Mrs. Gregg ma'am," she exclaimed, growing very red in the face, "I take it right down unneighborly that you come here with such talk to me, as if I wasn't in Mr. Moran's confidence and knew his affairs like a book!"

"You needn't get so mad, Martha," Mrs. Gregg replied, soothingly. "I was merely talking for your good; and I began to feel real scared on your account, for fear them folks next door should get hold of Moran."

"He's never even laid eyes on them," asserted Martha; though she was by no means so certain of this fact as she would have had Mrs. Gregg think.

"Oh, that's all right, then! But Gregg he felt uneasy too, seeing that Farmer Hobson serves them folks with meat; and Joshua was thinking they might have recommended him here."

Martha's face changed from red to purple; for she did not know that Mr. Moran had been acquainted with the farmer for years, and had paid him sundry visits concerning horses or feed for those quadrupeds, and was quite familiar with the farm.

"They just saw him coming here," she said, scornfully, "and called to him when Mr. Gregg shut down on them; as I'm glad he did, and should have done it before. Fine madams, flaunting about the streets, peacocks on Sunday and dishclouts on Monday!"

Mrs. Gregg felt that this rage against the newcomers on Martha Finney's part was more than natural, and tried to lead her on.

"It's a wonder to me that they don't try to make something out of Moran," she observed, carelessly.

"Oh, he's too smart for the likes of them!" Martha cried. "He's no fool."

"Moran's as smart as they make them, I allow," said Mrs. Gregg; "but folks smarter than him's been taken in before now."

"Oh, the hussies,—the bold, brazen hussies!" exclaimed Martha, forgetting discretion in her bitterness of spirit.

"Why, own up, Martha: what have they been doing?"

"Nothing," said Martha, beginning to wish Mrs. Gregg would go before she betrayed more than was safe. "But it's the airs they give themselves, and they owing everyone and down on their knees scrubbing their own floors."

Martha paused a moment to give this oft-repeated statement its full weight; and her companion made a gesture of sympathetic assent.

"I come across the woman herself one morning, and she stopped me, not knowing who I was," Martha went on.

From Martha's tone she might have been royalty incognito. However, as Mrs. Gregg did not interrupt her by any question, the housekeeper continued her narrative:

"'My good woman,' says she, 'can you direct me to Williams' grocery?'"

Martha's imitation of Mrs. Raymond's voice and manner caused Mrs. Gregg to choke over her tea.

"Whether I'm a good woman or a bad woman is nothing to you," says I; 'and you can find your own way to Mr. Williams' shop,' says I."

"I just guess you did right that time!" cried the warmly approving Mrs. Gregg. "As if we ain't one as good as another in this country,—just as good and better than she is. But what did *she* say then?"

"She put on a queer kind of smile," answered Martha, "and she went on: 'I'm afraid I wasn't very fortunate in my form of address. Perhaps, Madam, you can direct me to the store of the gentleman who sells groceries?' With that I turned my back upon her and away I went; for I saw she was making game of me, the impident upstart!"

Mrs. Gregg's quick apprehension saw a humor in the situation which escaped Martha; and she reserved the story for the ears of some of her "tony" customers, by whom it would be relished. For the democratic Mrs. Gregg had a very quick eye indeed for discovering the "upper ten" and a very propitiatory manner in dealing with them. To Martha Finney, however, she said:

"Wasn't she saucy! I guess you felt like slapping her face."

"It was as good as a slap the way I turned and left her standing on the road," cried Martha; "and a dollar bill would buy most every rag she had on,—clothes, ma'am, that looked as if they come out of the Ark."

"Airs don't fit right with poverty," said Mrs. Gregg. "And poor folks they only make themselves ridiculous when they go for to put them on. And now I must be going, Martha. That was a real good cup of tea and right flaky biscuit too. I'm sorry to hear that Moran's treated you so mean. It's downright hateful of him, and I guess he ought to feel ashamed of himself."

Martha made a gesture with her hand

and head together, which signified that there was no use in talking; while Mrs. Gregg, tying her loosened bonnet strings, talked all the same.

"Joshua will be awful mad when he hears it; but says he to me only the other day: 'I guess Moran's looking out for a wife or he wouldn't go over Martha's head in the way of orders.'"

Mrs. Gregg had a way of making her spouse responsible for many utterances which originated in her own busy brain. She seemed to think that this course of action obviated all danger of argument, since Gregg wasn't there to support the opposite cause.

Martha, indignant, put in her protest even against the invisible Gregg.

"Mr. Gregg he's mistook," she said,—
"altogether mistook this time."

"Well, I'm very glad for your sake, Martha," answered Mrs. Gregg, with a provoking air of unbelief; "and I do hope Moran will come to his senses and recognize all you've done for him these many years back. Good-bye, Martha. Don't get discouraged. Things mayn't be as bad as you think they are."

This was meant far more as a parting shot than by way of consolation to Martha Finney. In truth, the prying visitor had resented her old crony's reticence. For, as she said to Joshua, who stood, lean and hungry-looking in his blue overalls amid all the abundance of his calling:

"Mark my words, there's something behind all that. Martha Finney's not going to cry out till she's hurt."

Joshua's face bore a close resemblance to that of a fox as he cast a sidelong look at his partner.

"Is it marriage?" he asked; for Gregg did all his gossiping in short sentences.

"I guess so, and Martha's awful wrath against them folks next door," said his wife, thoughtfully. "Maybe there's something in that quarter."

"Sarah," cried Gregg, "you go up there to-morrow. Say they can have all the meat they want, paying when they can."

Mrs. Gregg shook her head.

"I guess it's all too late, Joshua," she answered, gloomily.

"You go up there to-morrow," Gregg repeated doggedly, beginning to sharpen a knife as a sign that the discourse was ended.

(To be continued.)

The Holy Winding-Sheet.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

ANTIPHONS at the *Magnificat*: Joseph, a good and just man, came to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus; and when he had got it, he wrapped it up in clean linen.

In the depth of the night, the Church at Matins lifts up her voice and cries: Christ the Lord, who renews the memory of His passion in the sacred Winding-Sheet, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn: Thy vesture is red and thy garments as theirs who tread in the wine-press.—Blood is sprinkled over my vesture, and all my garments have I soiled.—They divided my garments and on my vesture they cast lots.

Church: Thy holy Winding-Sheet we venerate, O Lord!—Children: Thy holy passion we commemorate.

The lessons of the first nocturn are from the Prophet Isaias, and are the same as those read on the Feast of the Crown of Thorns.

Antiphons for the second nocturn: His face was, as it were, hidden, and his appearance; and therefore we regarded him not.—All that saw me mocked me; they whispered with their lips and shook their heads.—He gave his soul

unto death; he bore the sins of many. Church: We adore, O Christ, and bless Thee!—Children: Because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

At the fourth lesson the Church calls upon the blessed Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, to speak to her children on this holy feast:

What does Christ wish when, not His Apostles, but Joseph and Nicodemus are they that bury Him, as John tells us? The one was just and constant, the other a master in Israel. But this was the burial Christ wished, because His burial was to have justice and master-ship. The opportunity for calumny is thus removed; and the Jews are doubly convicted by domestic testimony. For if the Apostles had buried Him, the Jews might say that they had not buried but had taken away Him whom they said they had buried. But he that was just wraps the body of Jesus in a winding-sheet; and he that was innocent anoints Him with ointment. And not without purpose are these things laid down distinctly; for justice clothes the Church [the body of Jesus typifying the Church], and innocence ministers grace unto it.

Church: O admirable Winding-Sheet, in which are wrapped up our treasure and the redemption of them in slavery!—Children: The whole world is full of joy, being redeemed by the blood of the Lord.

Lesson 5: Do you, therefore, robe the body of the Lord with His own glory, that you also may be just. And though you believe that body of His to be dead, wrap it in the plenitude of His own divinity. Anoint it with myrrh and aloes, that you may be the good odor of Christ. A new winding-sheet did Joseph, that just man, send for; and perhaps [it prefigured what] that same winding-sheet did which Peter saw let down toward him from heaven, in which were all manner of quadrupeds

and wild beasts and birds,—prefiguring the likeness of the Gentiles. In mystic ointment of spikenard, then, is rightly buried the Church, which has united in the communion of its faith the different peoples and tribes and tongues.

Church: His brethren, dipping Joseph's coat in the blood of a kid they had killed, cast lots who should take it to his father and say.—Children: We have found this; see if it be thy son's coat or not.—Church: And his father recognized it and said: It is my son's coat; a savage beast hath devoured him.

Lesson 6: This Joseph, whom Luke calls just, Matthew calls rich. And justly is he called rich in this place, where he receives the body of Christ. For in receiving [Him that was] rich, he knew not the poverty [i. e., the want] of faith. He therefore is rich who is just, and so the just wraps [Him] in the winding-sheet. But the Israelite [i. e., the master in Israel, Nicodemus] both mingles different odors of virtue and sends aloes as it were a hundred pounds [weight], by which is signified the measure of perfect faith. And they bound the body of Jesus according to the special manner of the Jews,—not in the bonds of perfidy, but in the ligatures of faith. And they laid Him in a garden. To a garden is the Church frequently compared; for it has the fruits of various merits and the flowers of all virtues.

Church: Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we might follow His footsteps.—Children: And He committed no sin, nor was guile found on His lips.—Church: When He was cursed, He cursed not; and when He suffered, He did not threaten.

Antiphons for the third nocturn: My flesh shall rest in peace, for Thou wilt not give Thy Holy One to see corruption.—Thou hast changed my weeping into joy; Thou hast taken away my sackcloth and girded me with gladness.—

I am as one without help, a live man among the dead.

Here the Church exclaims: Let all the earth adore and sing to Thee.—And her children respond: Let it chant a hymn to Thy name, O Lord!

The Church takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from the Sacred Passion according to St. Mark: At that time, when it grew late—because it was the Parasceve, which is the day before the Sabbath,—Joseph of Arimathea came; and he also was expecting the kingdom of God.

At the seventh lesson the Church calls upon the early Saxon churchman, the Venerable Bede:

The word *parasceve* in Greek is translated *preparation* in Latin; and by this name the Jews who dwelt among the Greeks called the sixth [day, or eve] of the Sabbath; because on it were prepared all those things [such as cooking, etc.,] which were necessary to observe the rest of the Sabbath; according to the command made of old concerning the manna: "But on the sixth day you shall gather a double portion." Now, because man was made on the sixth day and all creation thus became perfect, but on the seventh the Creator rested from His work and willed that it should be called Sabbath—that is Rest,—rightly did the Saviour, crucified on that same sixth day, accomplish the mystery of human redemption. And when, then, He had received the vinegar, He said, "It is consummated"; that is, all the work of the sixth day, which I undertook for the remaking of the world, is now finished. But on the Sabbath Day, "resting" in the sepulchre, He awaited the event of the resurrection, which was to take place on the eighth day.

The Church cries out: Joseph bought a new winding-sheet to wrap up the body of the Lord.—Children: He came therefore and took away the body of

Jesus.—Church: Joseph of Arimathea besought Pilate that he might take away the body.—Children: He came therefore and took away the body of Jesus.

Lesson 8: Joseph of Arimathea, a noble decurion, the Evangelist says—for he also was expecting the kingdom of God,—came, and boldly went in to Pilate to beg the body of Jesus. Of great honor truly to the world was that Joseph and worthy of praise, but of greater merit before God. Most suitable was it that such a man should exist at that time to bury the Lord; for he, by the merit of his virtues, was fitted for the dignity of such an office; and by his worldly station he was able to obtain the required permission for ministering it; for, remember, he did not go in to the president as an unknown or inferior man, but as one entitled to beg the body of the Lord.

Church: Most highly honored is this winding-sheet; for in it the Author of salvation, taken down from the cross, deigned to be wrapped.—Children: And if we would be laid in the same tomb with Him, let us put off the slough of the old man [i. e., of sin], and be wrapped in the winding-sheet of innocence [i. e., of the New Man].

Antiphons for Lauds: Joseph, a noble decurion, a good and just man, a rich man also and one expecting the kingdom of God.—He courageously went in to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.—And when Pilate understood from the centurion that He was already dead, he gave His body.—But Joseph, having bought a winding-sheet, took Him down and wrapped Him in it.—And laid Him in a tomb in which no man yet was buried.

From the versicles, responses and short chapters of the "Little Hours" we get further knowledge of the mind of the Church.

At Terce: Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength? I, who speak justice and am a defender to save.*

Versicle: We venerate, O Lord, Thy holy Winding-Sheet.—Response: We commemorate Thy holy passion.

Short chapter at Sext: Why, then, is thy apparel red and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the Gentiles there is not a man with me.†

Versicle: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.—Response: Because by Thy holy death Thou hast redeemed the world.

Short chapter at None: I looked about and there was none to help. I sought and there was none to give aid.‡

Priest: O God, who hast left us in the holy Winding-Sheet wherein Joseph wrapped Thy body when taken down from the cross, a sacred remembrance of Thy passion, mercifully grant that, through Thy death and burial, we may be blessedly brought to resurrection and glory. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

* Isaias, lxiii, 1.

† Ibid., 2, 3.

‡ Ibid., 5.

EITHER we have an immortal soul or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts—the first and wisest of beasts, it may be, but still true beasts. We shall differ only in degree and not in kind, just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts, and this also we may say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of the soul within us that makes the difference.—Coleridge.

O Christ, was it for Me?

BY M. E. M.

O CHRIST! was it for me
That bloody agony,
The blows, the gibes, the pain,
The spittle and the stain?

O Christ! was it for me
The cruel mockery,
The broken reed, the scourge,
The noisome rabble's rage?

Yes, yes: the thorny crown,
The red drops trickling down,
The path of wounded feet
O'er rough and stony street,
The long and weary climb,
The sacrifice sublime.

Yes, yes: that I might save
The soul my Maker gave,
For my sins to atone,
Sweet Jesus fared alone
From sad Gethsemane
To dreadful Calvary.

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.—FROM HISTORIC HEIGHTS.—(Continued.)

"THE Laughing Hill" (*la risueña colina*) is the charming name by which the third of our historic heights has been known from remote times. To tell its story we must go back to a period when the Sixth Henry was reigning in England and Joan of Arc was leading the armies of France. At that time, early in the fifteenth century, a native king at Texcoco constructed a plesance which must truly have deserved the captivating name that has come down to us. Also, there has come down the fame of the monarch himself, and history and legend alike tell us wonderful things of Texcoco in the golden reign of the good King Netzahualcoyotl.

It was he who, together with the Aztec King, Itzcohuatl, overthrew the

kingdom of Atzacapotzalco, and won the throne of Texcoco, of which his father had been dispossessed. Concerning the character and achievements of this remarkable man the historians of the country exhaust themselves in praise. One might fancy oneself listening to Plutarch as one reads the words of Señor Orozco y Berra, who thus describes him: "Just, yet clement, compassionate of misfortune, generous, intelligent, an intrepid warrior, a philosopher, poet, engineer, legislator, the father of his people, he filled with his fame the world of Anáhuac." Certainly such an one might well fill with his fame a larger world than that of Anáhuac! And then we are further told that "the Texcoco of his time may be called the Athens of America, as at the same period the strong, aggressive race inhabiting Tenochtitlan made that city the antitype of ancient Rome." It is a far cry back to the days of the King thus highly eulogized, and so we should not be surprised that Texcoco now presents very few signs of its past Athenian character; nor that the great figures which came upon the scene a century later fill the imagination as we walk down the orange-shaded streets, even to the exclusion of its famous ruler.

The first and greatest of these figures is not the mail-clad form of Hernando Cortés, but a brown-robed monk, humble as illustrious; none other indeed than Fray Pedro de Gante, who had already been in Texcoco a year, engaged in missionary work, when those other twelve Franciscans, "the Twelve Apostles of Mexico," arrived from Vera Cruz on their way to the capital in 1524. We know that he joined them here "and walked on with them" to the city then rebuilding at the other end of the lake. But Texcoco does not forget that within her walls he tarried first, that here he began his great apostolate, and here

left a lasting benediction behind him. It lingers like a fragrance in the grand old church of San Francisco, near which stands the yet older foundation dating from the early part of the sixteenth century. We do not know that Fray Pedro Gante himself ever entered this ancient sanctuary, but his feet—walking so truly in the path of his Lord—have hallowed the ground on which it stands; and the spirit, of which his work was only a supreme expression, has made these fortress-like walls a home of the soul, a gate of heaven, to unnumbered multitudes of the gentle race he so greatly loved.

Leaving the cool, dim church, with its odor of incense, with the quiet, veiled women kneeling on its brick floor and here and there a man devoutly praying with extended arms, we come out under the orange-trees, into the sunlight of the plaza, to meet again the martial presence of the Conqueror of Mexico. For "every schoolboy knows" that after the terrible *Noche Triste* it was at Texcoco that Cortés recruited his forces for the final siege of the imperial city. Here he remained for several months, directing the building of the brigantines and the construction of that canal to the lake which still exists as an enduring monument to the marvellous energy and fertile genius of the man whom no difficulties could daunt, no defeats dishearten.

On this spot, consecrated by such splendid effort and achievement, we may be pardoned if we pause for more than a passing tribute of admiration of the great "world-opener," whom it is the settled habit of almost every English-speaking writer to belittle and belie. As a matter of fact, Cortés not only accomplished greater results with less means than any other conqueror in history, but he was one of the least bloodthirsty. To anticipate or to punish treachery, he struck and struck hard, but

he never struck an unnecessary blow; and there could be no more significant proof of his justice and moderation than the absolute fidelity with which he inspired his native allies. When we consider him here in Texcoco, a stranger in the land where white men had never appeared before, with but a handful of his own soldiers, and with the odium of partial defeat clinging to him, yet able to command respect and obedience, repress discontent, and triumph over the most adverse circumstances, our admiration rises to enthusiasm, and we comprehend the passionate loyalty of his followers.

Faults he had—faults inseparable from his training and his time—this wonderful soldier of fortune; but also such qualities of greatness that he stands before us a colossal and heroic figure, filled with the faith of a Crusader. For with him, as with the other Spanish discoverers and conquerors in the New World, the love of adventure and fame, the desire for territory and for wealth, were subordinate to the first and controlling purpose, which Bernal Diaz, writing in his old age of his comrades, declared to be "*the service of God and of his Majesty, and to give light to those who sat in darkness.*" So let us do honor to the mighty shade of the Conquistador, as we stand beside the canal through which his brigantines were launched upon Lake Texcoco.

A stupendous work, this canal, to have been completed even by the labor of eight thousand men within two months, as, with its sides of solid masonry, it extends three miles to the lake. Is there in history anything more picturesque than the account given us of the launching of the brigantines here? And yet another picture antedates it: the description of how the Spanish force which Cortés sent out under Sandoval—that perfect cavalier and flower of chivalry!—

to escort the vessels to Texcoco, had no sooner crossed the borders of Tlascala than, to their surprise and satisfaction, they "descried the flaunting banners of the convoy which transported the brigantines, as it was threading its way through the defiles of the mountains." Then, as this great host, having climbed stupendous heights and surmounted difficult passes, approached Texcoco, Cortés, attended by his officers, all in their richest attire, went out to meet and welcome them. Of the extent of the convoy we can form some idea from the statement that six hours elapsed before its last files entered the city, the streets of which were ringing with shouts of "Castile and Tlascala!" The echo of those shouts seems lingering yet in these ancient ways; and we, too, lift our hearts, if not our voices, in homage to "Castile and Tlascala."

They were, indeed, allies worth having, those brave Tlascalans; for it was on this occasion that they told Cortés that they had come "to fight by his side against their common enemy, and if need be to die with him." To which the great captain replied, with gracious thanks, that as soon as they were rested he would give them their hands full,—a promise he well fulfilled. It was a little later that the launching of the vessels took place; and it was not strange that Cortés desired to celebrate an event which had no parallel in ancient or modern story with all possible pomp and splendor. For well might he say with pride and exultation that it was "a marvellous and unheard-of thing to bring thirteen vessels of war on the shoulders of men nearly twenty leagues across mountains." So, while the whole population of Texcoco assembled to witness the ceremony, the troops were drawn up, and Mass was said, at which every man, together with the general, received the Holy Sacrament.

Then came the solemn blessing of the brigantines, after which one after another dropped down the canal and emerged safely on the broad bosom of the lake. Fancy paints for us the scene when they were all afloat, amid the roar of guns and the cheers of the assembled host, with the royal ensign of Castile floating above them. Was it any wonder that the stern hearts of men who had dared such great dangers, and escaped such great perils in this strange New World, should have melted within them, and that with one accord they broke forth into the *Te Deum*?

But when those strains rose toward the blue, stainless sky, Netzahualcoyotl had been in his grave nearly a century: the young prince then on the throne, the faithful friend and ally of Cortés, was his grandson. So we must turn backward from the scenes of the Conquest, to

"A goodly place, a goodly time;
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Netzahualcoyotl"

that he made the beautiful place of recreation to which the name of "the Laughing Hill" still clings, although its laughing loveliness has vanished. Until we have seen, it is difficult to believe that there can be anything left of a pleasure-ground constructed in the fifteenth century; but when we have driven from Texcoco to Texcotzinco (the native name of the hill), we find that the beauty-loving King constructed a work so great and lasting that enough of it yet endures to prove what it must have been in the days of its glory. On this height, which, like Chapultepec and the Cerro de la Estrella, rises abruptly from the plain, are the remains of terraced walks and stairways which wind from base to summit—once, no doubt, amid enchanting verdure and bloom; for seats are hollowed in shady nooks among the rocks, and everywhere are traces of the remarkable skill and

taste with which the natural beauty of the situation was enhanced and adorned.

The most curious of these remains is the perfectly preserved reservoir, whence was distributed through many channels the water necessary for the gardens. In order to supply this reservoir, stupendous works were executed. From the basin the side of the hill has been cut down and levelled; then the grade is carried on an embankment fully sixty feet high to another hill, perhaps a mile distant; and thence by a similar embankment across the plain, twelve or fifteen miles, to the great mountain chain where the water supply was obtained. Along the titanic level thus constructed an aqueduct was built, much of which still remains in an excellent state of preservation. Truly it must have seemed to "laugh" with beauty, the plesance thus bountifully supplied with the water which alone is necessary to ensure beauty in Mexico.

As we wander over it, our respect increases for the poet-king who created this charming spot with its hanging gardens and fountains, its winding terraces and shadowy seats, whence he gazed over the lovely valley to the distant heavenly heights. What a passion for Nature and for solitude he must have possessed! One longs to be able to summon him back to the haunts he loved so well, and hear the things he could tell us of the Anáhuac of his day. It might grieve him to see the changes which time has wrought in his laughing hill and ancient kingdom; but if he were half as wise as he is credited with having been he would know that change is the only law of life which does not change; and he would surely be gratified to learn that his fame still survives, his memory is still green in the hearts of his people, after nearly five hundred years.

And some things he would find unchanged. His palaces and temples are

gone, his hill of verdure and bloom and musical waters is now barren and dry; but the wide plain with its magical beauty and its inexhaustible fertility still stretches below; yonder shines Lake Texcoco; the blue mountain-rampart encircles the valley as of old, and above it rise the snow-crowned summits which must have been to him as the faces of familiar friends. And at the foot of the hill there still stands a grove of magnificent cypresses, coeval with those of Chapultepec, which once formed part of his pleasure-ground. Under the shadow of these primeval trees would be a most appropriate place in which to meet the stately form of the great King who "filled with his fame the world of Anáhuac," and to hearken to his words of wisdom. For he was no Indian Sardanapalus who gave himself up to a sybaritic indulgence in luxury and beauty, this royal philosopher and poet. Only a few fragments of his writings have come down to us; but one—addressed as an admonition to himself—is well worth reading on this ancient hill of pleasure, where we may fancy him composing it:

Then, Netzahualcoyotl,—now,
In what thou *hast*, delight;
And wreath around thy royal brow
Life's garden blossoms bright;
List to my lyre and my lay,
Which aim to please thee, and obey.
The pleasures which our lives present—
Earth's sceptres and its wealth—are lent,
Are shadows fleeting by;
Appearance colors all our bliss;
A truth so great, that now to this
One question make reply.

What has become of Cihuapan,
Quantzintecomtzin brave,
And Conahuatzin, mighty man,—
Where are they? In the grave!
Their names remain, but they are fled,
Forever numbered with the dead.
Would that those now in friendship bound,
We whom Love's thread encircles round,
Death's cruel edge might see!
Since good on earth is insecure,
And all things must a change endure
In dark futurity.

From the spirit of these lines—a spirit not unlike that of the Persian poet, who has found a better translator than Netzahualcoyotl,—we can judge how little any proof of the mutability of life would have surprised their author. With clear vision he perceived the brief tenure of human greatness and glory, human joy and sorrow; and for him there was but the heathen resource: let us crown ourselves with flowers and enjoy to-day, for to-morrow we shall be gathered into the dust with all the great ones who have passed before us! Yet in this admonition of Netzahualcoyotl there is not an ignoble strain. Though sad, the tone is lofty; and, thinking of his moral as well as intellectual greatness, of how just and clement, how wise and compassionate he was as a ruler, we are glad to remember that the lasting conquest of Mexico for the Cross of Christ was owing to one of his blood more than to any other. For by supporting Cortés with the whole strength of his personal authority and military resources, the prince of Texcoco greatly aided to make final victory over the Aztecs possible.

“His important services have been gratefully commemorated by the Castilian historians,” writes Prescott; “and history should certainly not defraud him of his just meed of glory,—the melancholy glory of having contributed more than any other chieftain of Anáhuac to rivet the chains of the white man round the necks of his countrymen.” The last touch is as characteristic as it is evidently irrepressible; but, apart from the great gift of Christian faith which this enlightened prince aided in bestowing on his countrymen, and the freedom from Aztec encroachment and cruelty, let us for a moment consider what would have been the fate of those countrymen had

the white men of Spain been repulsed and the white men of England come, as they surely would, a little later.

And so we return from the Laughing Hill to the scene of the launching of the brigantines, where the grandson of Netzahualcoyotl stood beside the great Spanish captain. Let us take a boat and, following in the wake of the famous vessels along the canal, emerge like them upon the bosom of the lake. We shall see the broad waters spreading before us far as the eye can reach, reflecting (if it is the sunset hour) the brilliant tints of the sky, where the sun has gone down with a great pomp and splendor. The flame-like color flings its radiance over the broad expanse of water, over the white shores, where the incrustation of salt forms a rim of strange, unearthly lustre; over the lines of graceful trees stretching in avenues far inland; over the vivid emerald of fields and marshes; and, above all, over the eternal mountains with their crowns of snow.

It is like floating in a dream on a magic sea, where the splendid ardors of the sunset burn with such liquid brilliancy that the boat seems cutting its way through rainbow tints of amethyst and rose, of dissolved rubies and molten gold. The vast extent of the picture, the thronging memories of the scene, the ineffable charm of the hour, the sense of exquisite peace and coolness that descends like a benediction from the bending sky, full of lucent color, over the gleaming waters and wide, green land,—all make us feel that we would like to float on and on over this marvellous shining sea, until at length we, too, might behold, as the *conquistadores* beheld, Tenochtitlan rising in the glory of her white towers and pyramidal temples, from the bosom of the enchanted waters.

Friday Nights with Friends.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIII.—A QUINTETTE.

"**W**HEREVER I go," said the Fond Parent, "I am considered to be an intelligent Catholic, because I keep abreast of the times,—as I think all Catholics should."

"But why Catholics more than other persons?" asked the Old Priest, with a little show of irritation. "If any man tries to keep abreast of the times, his intelligence becomes at once absorbed in the effort. Keeping abreast of the times seems to mean a knowledge of the latest novels and the newest 'scientific' guesses. I am contracting a prejudice against science (for which when I was young I used to have some respect), because every vagary of Flammarion or Tesla, every old theory dug out of the pages of Helvetius or Holbach or Condorcet, demands respectful attention. 'Science' is undefined; 'progress' is undefined. It seems to me that much of our assumed progress is due to an ignorance of history. I do not think anything has given me so much refreshment for a long time as a heading over a notice of the Life of Huxley I found recently; it boldly called him 'a victim of Darwin,' and it was in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 'Thank Heaven,' I said to myself, 'the reign of scientific bigotry is over!'"

"You do men of science injustice," said the Professor of Physics, gently. "You hold them responsible for the lies of Rousseau and Voltaire, who probably were the most notorious liars in history. The maxim that the end justifies the means was certainly applied to life by the Encyclopedists, whether they invented it or not. I must confess I never could understand why Rousseau is counted among men of science or

philosophers,—I think he said in his first discourse that science, as we define it, is a mere matter of vain curiosity. And I think you assume that any man who pretends to throw aside all traditional belief of opinion is scientific. You assume, too, that science must be naturally against Christianity; the very fact that you assert so passionately that there is no conflict between Christianity and science shows that you have an uneasy consciousness that there is. The pretensions of Renan and the hypotheses of Darwin seem to have forced you into a false position. Why not, accept the facts of the scientific men,—facts, I mean, that are facts,—facts plain to the analysis of any intelligent man,—without troubling yourself about deductions beyond the province of science, and which no scientific man can attempt to prove mathematically? You are obliged, by a misunderstanding of what science means, to take a position of defence. Nobody, in the face of so much writing, can deny that many men, eminent in science, are bigotedly unscientific. If I attempt to disprove the existence of the Blessed Trinity by means of the X-rays, I am as absurd as you would be if you fancied that a priest who was a great electrician could save more souls than he who barely knew the uses of the Leyden jar. I might be as little of a Theist as Voltaire and yet discover a new star. Would my infidelity change in any way the value of my discovery? Or would sane people respect my views on religion more because of a discovery which depended on my equipment, my eyes, and my telescope, and on Providence,—not on my religious opinions?"

"One must give science the place in the world to which it has every right," said the Fond Parent. "We Catholics, if we are to be considered in the modern movement, must not stand still."

"But who wants us to stand still?" asked the Old Priest, with some heat. "Let us move on—for Heaven's sake—and not talk so much about it! I remember when Renan was all the fashion; but nobody could expect Catholics to move on with Renan, and now I rather think that to move with Renan would be to go backward."

"I passed through the Renan fever," ventured the Fond Parent again, "and it injured my faith for a time. I have guarded Oscar—"

"I think the Professor is right," said the Host, hastily. "The best way to show that the Church is not opposed to science is to go to work and do scientific things that are worth doing. But, after all, that isn't necessary to salvation. The priest that discovered the motion of glaciers—wasn't it?—might, according to my idea, have been much better employed."

"He at least showed that the Church is not opposed to science," said the Fond Parent.

"But where is the necessity?" asked the Old Priest. "The Church has always made use of the best architects and engineers, and hastened to draw to her service men like Leonardo da Vinci. She is old but not senile, and she has never made it a dogma that one must believe that the sun moves around the earth, has she?"

"But there is a general impression," answered the Fond Parent, "that in the case of Galileo she did attempt to make such a definition."

The Old Priest groaned.

"The gods fight in vain against ignorance! For my part, I think there are too many 'intelligent Catholics' who spend their time on the ways of wind-mills. My idea of an intelligent Catholic is one who does not concern himself so much with the outside as with the inside; who is not looking for weak

spots to defend, but who studies the relations of the Church with his own soul and the souls of his neighbors. He may be scientific or not,—that's a mere detail."

"Of the passing of Renan," said the Young Priest, who was usually very silent in the presence of the Old Priest, "even Gaston Deschamps, who has a weakness for him, says: 'The enormous sum of positive knowledge accumulated by the nineteenth century has up to the present only complicated and obscured the problem of human destiny.'"

"And here—if the Host will permit me to take the book, 'La Vie et les Livres,' second series,"—said the Old Priest, "are these despairing words: 'Dear and illustrious master, you, like the Magi, knew all that the men of your time could know; but, unlike the Magi, you saw no radiant star in the clear heavens.'"

"It is absurd to say that science is bankrupt," said the Professor. "Why should we hold science responsible for the hallucinations of scientific men any more than we hold religion responsible for the vagaries of political churchmen?"

"And listen to this," said the Young Priest: "*En vérité ce crépuscule du siècle est douloureux*. We have followed in joy and triumph a royal and magnificent road that stops suddenly at an abyss. Trembling with vertigo, we look at the frightful yet fascinating precipice. We stammer unintelligible words. We talk of deception and bankruptcy. Where is the strong hand that can hold us back?"

"Still we must keep in the movement," observed the Fond Parent.

"Even if it leave us where, according to Deschamps, it has left the followers of Renan?" asked the Young Priest.

The Fond Parent was silent.

"I dropped in," he said, after a time, "to show you a new photograph of Oscar; and I almost forgot it in this rather idle talk."

Delayed Repentance.

THE passing of Lent, the daily shortening of the period assigned for the performance of the Easter duty, is apt to inspire the devoted pastor with renewed zeal in exhorting one class of Catholics, representatives of which are unfortunately to be found in most large parishes. They are those who are ordinarily designated by the phrase "nominal Catholics,"—men and women who, while professing the true faith, while calling themselves members of the Church, and assisting more or less regularly at her services, still live on from month to month and year to year in the habit of sin, in a disregard of God's law, in enmity with their Creator.

Now, Jesus Christ said that He came on earth to call not the just but sinners to repentance; and the priests of God, who are His ministers, are simply following His example when from altar or pulpit they time and again insist upon those considerations most likely to arouse the sinner from the deadly lethargy that has overpowered him. It is their bounden duty, as well as their clear right, to strive to impart to his benumbed spiritual faculties a sort of electric shock that will awaken him to a consciousness of his deplorable state. Hence the prevalence, at this season, of instructions on the importance of salvation, on our last end, on the enormity and the consequences of sin, on the necessity of genuine penance, and on the deplorable folly of habitual sinners who delay their conversion.

The uncertainty of human life is, perhaps, the argument most commonly employed to persuade the obdurate sinner to turn to God, to convince him that "now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation"; and, in truth, the argument is an unanswerable one,

since it proves to a demonstration the recklessness and presumption of him who declares: "Oh, I'll repent some time, but not just yet!" To be convinced that we can not count upon a single day or hour as our own, to know thoroughly well that we can not be sure of living another five minutes, and yet to talk as if we were perfectly certain of living for years to come—nay, to postpone our most important business in life until a date which, admittedly, we may never see,—this surely is the climax of irrationality.

By what process of reasoning, or of thought that caricatures reasoning, can the sinner seek to justify his delay in turning to God? If he argues at all, it must be upon some such line as this: "It is quite probable that I shall live for a number of years yet, and that I shall have due and ample warning of death's approach when it does draw near. As, after all, only a relatively small proportion of mankind are stricken down suddenly, it is unlikely that I shall be of the number. Of course I may be, but the chances are that I shall not." Something resembling this must be the course of reasoning, explicit or implied, of the man who lives in sin and yet has hopes of heaven. He virtually declares that *perhaps* he will have an opportunity to repent in the future; and, although it is a matter involving eternal life or death, he is willing to risk it, and so postpones still longer the giving up of his evil ways.

These considerations of the unrepentant sinner are even more destitute of good sense than on the face of them they appear to be. Something more than mere time he requires, if ever his conversion is really to take place. God's actual grace is an essential preliminary to any genuine repentance. What assurance has the sinner that, after abusing graces innumerable for many years,

he can still count on receiving supernatural aid when finally he condescends to think of giving to God some slight portion of the heart that has hitherto been engrossed in self and the world? Are these passages from Holy Writ mere words, without significance or import? "I will not be mocked."—"You have despised all My counsels and neglected My reprehensions."—"I shall be avenged and consoled."—"I also will laugh at your destruction and will mock when that shall come to you which you have feared."—"I go, and you shall seek Me and you shall die in your sins."

Without at all impugning the infinite mercy of God, it is surely well to recall occasionally the fact that infinite justice is also one of His attributes; and that, while we have good reason to hope that with Him "mercy seasons justice," we are not warranted in concluding that the one quality entirely supersedes the other. It is certainly profitable to dwell somewhat upon the force of two statements whose truth has been recognized by many spiritual writers: that the habit of sin brings about delay of conversion until the hour of death; and that death-bed conversions, no matter how edifying in appearance, are in reality most uncertain. St. Augustine declares that "a postponed conversion is often null, and the conversion of the dying is commonly dead."

Neither of these rules, it need hardly be said, is absolute or universal. The habit of sin is not a totally insurmountable obstacle to repentance: the habit does not absolutely force the sinner to persist in iniquity. Yet habit is proverbially styled second nature. Death-bed repentance, too, *may* be sincere and effective. It is certain, indeed, that no matter what may have been the sinner's crimes, a good confession, or, in default of that, one perfect act of love of God, cancels all his indebtedness, blots out all

his guilt. Yet the statements quoted in the preceding paragraph embody the rule, to which we can only hope that there are very many exceptions.

After all, what does a true, real, valid conversion at the hour of death mean? Simply this: that after living for years as a sinner, the dying man can in a few hours learn to live as a saint. It means that having his whole life long loved the world and himself inordinately, he can suddenly love God above all; that he can speak a language he has never studied; that, in the business of life, one who has kept no record of the multitudinous transactions of years can at a moment's notice recall, arrange, and classify these transactions, and show a well-balanced ledger. Surely God's mercy has need to be boundless, if such miracles are worked at many a death-bed.

Very few Catholics, probably, even among the most reckless and indifferent of those termed "nominal," have abandoned all hope of eventually reaching purgatory. This is well. It is always our duty to hope. It is pertinent, however, to examine the basis of our expectations. On what grounds *do* we hope? On the present state of our conscience, or on present vague intentions of hereafter pacifying that conscience?—on the way in which we are living now, or on the manner in which we intend to live in some indefinite by-and-by? Do we confidently expect eternal happiness because we believe, with Christ, that "as a man lives so shall he die"? or because, with the lying world, we believe that at the hour of death we shall be able to overcome the sentiments, the affections, the rooted habits of years? If our expectations are based on this latter supposition, we are cruelly deceiving ourselves; and blessed will be the preacher who practically convinces us that "now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation."

Passing Thoughts and a Memorable
Quotation.

WITHOUT being an alarmist or a pessimist, one can not help feeling some consternation that a bishop of Catholic Ireland should have deemed it necessary to warn his flock about attending the theatre during Lent. His action is all the more astonishing considering how the moral tone of the stage has degenerated. The Lenten pastoral of an American bishop in the South was directed against lynching. Think of it! With what heavy hearts these prelates must have taken up their pens! Can it be possible that with increased facilities for knowing the law of God and the obligations of a Christian life people are becoming less religious? Be this as it may, it is no surprise to learn that many zealous priests in charge of parishes now confine their instructions to essential truths and imperative duties, taking care to deliver a practical sermon on the Gospel of the day at every Mass on Sundays, no matter how small the attendance; and leaving practices of supererogation entirely to the inclination or circumstances of individuals. There can be nothing wrong, of course, with any of the innumerable devotions now so indefatigably recommended to the faithful; but there must be some fault in the way of propagating them, when things not to be neglected are confounded with what is merely supererogatory.

It is hard to understand how any intelligent Catholic could so lose his bearings as to regard missing Mass on Sunday as a slight fault on account of his practising the Seventeen Thursdays. This sort of perversity, which is more common than is generally supposed, or than many are willing to admit, is reprehended in the opening chapter of St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life." We venture to say that

if this little book were as familiar to the Catholics of our time as it was to our forefathers in the faith, there would be more true devotion among us, though perhaps fewer devotions. Let us transcribe the passage referred to, just as it stands, from an old copy of "Philothea," printed in London early in the eighteenth century. There were three editions of it in English during the lifetime of the sainted author; and the one before us was translated from the French edition, revised and corrected by St. Francis shortly before his death:

Every one paints devotion according to his own passion and fancy. He that is addicted to fasting, shall think himself very devout, if he do but fast, tho' his heart be full of rancour: and not daring to moisten his tongue with wine, or even with water, thro' sobriety, shall make no difficulty to drink deep of his neighbour's blood by detraction and calumny. Another shall account himself devout for reciting a multitude of prayers every day, tho' afterwards he give his tongue full liberty to utter very disagreeable, arrogant and injurious words amongst his domesticks and neighbours. One willingly draws an alms out of his purse to give to the poor, but cannot draw meekness out of his heart, to forgive his enemies. Another shall forgive his enemies, but shall never satisfy his creditors, but by constraint. All these people are by some esteemed devout, when indeed they are by no means so.

Saul's servants sought David in his house; but Michol, having laid a statue in his bed, and covered it with David's cloaths, made them believe it was David himself sick in bed. So, many persons cover themselves with certain external actions belonging to holy devotion; and the world believes them truly devout and spiritual, whereas indeed they are but statues and phantoms of devotion.

Quaint, but how strong it is and how practical! St. Philip Neri used to warn his penitents against undertaking too many devotions, and often advised them to choose for spiritual reading books written by authors whose names began with an S—the works of saints.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

—Burritt.

Notes and Remarks.

It may be that the Irish Parliamentary party will secure by force the abolition of the Oath of Accession, against which Cardinal Vaughan and the Catholic peers have protested in vain. Three years ago the Cardinal, as he himself tells us, brought the question before a leading member of the Cabinet, but without effect; and before Edward VII. took the offensive oath he also was appealed to, with the same result. His Eminence now calls on all the Catholics of the Empire—"in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Malta, Mauritius and in our African possessions"—to take constitutional steps toward the abolition of the oath which Wiseman once described as "the national act of apostasy." Cardinal Vaughan says, very pointedly and very piously:

For us it is not so much a question of personal pain and of gratuitous insult received, as of deep and lasting grief for the outrage committed against our Lord Jesus Christ in that mystery of His love and compendium of all His merciful dealings with men; and against that Blessed and Immaculate Mother who, here as everywhere, shares in the opprobrium and the sorrows heaped upon her Son, as well as in His joys and His glory.

When Lord Salisbury was directly questioned as to the intentions of the government, he assured the Catholic peers in Parliament that he regretted the unfortunate language of the oath, but added that to abolish it would only arouse latent bigotry, a step for which there was not sufficient reason. Cardinal Vaughan's letter has already made the policy of "hush" impossible, and the united action of the Irish members has completed the good work. Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish party, formally announced the other day that the government grants to the King will be opposed—in other words, his Imperial Majesty will draw no

salary—until the question of the oath is taken up in earnest. In response to the ultimatum of the Irish leader, Mr. Balfour promptly declared that a committee would be appointed at once to consider the matter.

A rather neat piece of parliamentary work was the amendment to the amendment of M. Zévaïès, Socialist member of the French Chamber of Deputies. His amendment to the famous Article II., of the Law of Associations, had the merit of frankly stating the real desire of all advocates of that infamous project, and was thus worded: "No congregation shall exist in France. All the old authorized congregations are suppressed. Shall be considered congregations, all associations whose members live in community with a religious aim, bound by perpetual or temporary vows of obedience, poverty, or celibacy." M. Lasies graphically exposed the tyrannical nature of such legislation by simply moving to amend the amendment by inserting a few words in its first clause, making it read: "*No congregation, or secret society having a religious or political aim, shall exist in France.*"

The war news published in the *Boston Pilot* has a quality of its own; for instance:

Lord Kitchener's valiant hosts scored a brilliant victory last week by capturing several wagon-loads of women's clothes. As there were no women inside of the clothes, Lord Kitchener was not obliged to "regret to state" that any of his men had been killed in the desperate onslaught.

It was the spectacular victory of American steel-clads over Spanish tubs, we remember, that provoked the epidemic of gush about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon peoples; and perhaps it is the absence of brilliance from American exploits in the Philippines and from British operations in South Africa

that has suppressed the gusher. The effete Latin now has his innings, and is lauded with well-bred moderation even by less perspicuous journals than our old friend the *Springfield Republican*, which is wise when it is not theological, and which recently said: "It is time to cease silly talk about the decadence of the Latin races, with Italy pouring out emigrants like another Ireland, and South America coming surely into the hands of the Latins. And, for individual instances, Leo XIII. clear-minded and keen as a rapier at ninety-one, and Verdi dying at eighty-three after composing a colossal masterpiece at eighty, are hardly specimens of a decadent stock; and Zanardelli, who was entrusted by Victor Emmanuel with the responsible task of forming a ministry, is at seventy-five a vigorous man." We may add that Zanardelli's predecessor was a lively young fellow of eighty or thereabouts.

What a non-Catholic editor said of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly—"This splendid man was Ireland's best gift to America"—is even more true of Patrick Donahoe, whose great and good life closed just after midnight on St. Patrick's Day. On that day ninety years ago Mr. Donahoe was born at Munnery, County Cavan, Ireland; and at the age of ten he came to this country to begin what we must consider, taking it all in all, perhaps the noblest career of any American layman. Some years ago, when the University of Notre Dame bestowed the Lætare Medal on Mr. Donahoe, this magazine felt justified in departing from the canon of the ancients which warns us to "praise no man till he is dead"; and what was then written in admiration of the lamented veteran became truer every year that he lived. In a day when the name of Irishman and Catholic was in derision, Mr. Donahoe wrote that name

large on all his acts; the price was often loss and sometimes persecution, but he paid it cheerfully. The founding of the *Pilot* in 1836 required the faith of an apostle and the foresight of a prophet; and that great service was not his only one to Catholic letters. Three times the fortune accumulated by his industry and talent was swept away by fire, and three times in his old age he began life anew as patiently and as confidently as in his youth; indeed the great paper founded by him says that "the most impressive lesson of his life was that preached by his serene, laborious and cheerful old age." Even after he had passed the age of eighty his daily custom was to rise at five o'clock, take a cold bath, and then repair to the cathedral, where he heard Mass and sometimes acted as server. His was a great as well as a good life, and it fully deserved the immense respect it won from Protestants and Catholics alike. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Frederick H. Sawyer, the author of "The Inhabitants of the Philippines," just published by Sampson, Low, is "a Protestant born and bred," he tells his readers; but he is too honest a man to take sides with those who so grossly misrepresent the Catholic missionaries of the archipelago. Although he is of opinion that the members of religious orders are no longer suited to the circumstances of the Philippines, he gives them credit for having brought the natives "a long way on the path of civilization"; and he says further:—

To sum up the religious orders, they were hardy and adventurous pioneers of Christianity; and in the evangelization of the Philippines, by persuasion and teaching they did more for Christianity and civilization than any other missionaries of modern times. Of undaunted courage, they have ever been to the front when calamities threatened their flocks; they have witnessed and recorded some of the most dreadful convulsions of nature—volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and destructive typhoons. In epidemics of plague and cholera

they have not been dismayed, nor have they ever in such cases abandoned their flocks. When an enemy has attacked the islands they have always been the first to face the shot. Only fervent faith could enable these men to endure the hardships and overcome the dangers that encompassed them. They have done much for education, having founded schools for both sexes, training colleges for teachers, the University of St. Thomas in Manila, and other institutions. Hospitals and asylums attest their charity. They were formerly, and even lately, the protectors of the poor against the rich, and of the native against the Spaniard. They have constantly resisted the enslavement of the natives. They restrained the constant inclination of the natives to wander away into the woods and return to primitive savagery, by keeping them in the towns—or, as they said, “under the bells.”

In view of the fact that the Protestant clergy have had a fair field and much favor among the Indians of the United States, and accomplished so little that there is not a single tribe to-day belonging to any Protestant denomination,—in view of this fact we wonder that ministers can have the hardihood to say what they do—so many of them—against the friars of the Philippines.

..

The argument that Protestantism has never yet brought a nation to the faith of Christ is as old as it is striking. An English author of the seventeenth century (Morden, “Geography Rectified,” p. 596) reproached his countrymen not only for having done nothing to propagate the Gospel, though possessed of plantations and factories in every part of the world, but even for preventing the Negroes in their American colonies from becoming Christians. We present Mr. Morden’s words *literatim*:

And yet can we say that we have improved the Advantage God hath put into our Hands to his Glory and the Propagation of his Gospel? Have we made so much as one solemn Mission of pious and learned Men to preach the glad Tidings of Salvation in *Jesus Christ*, so much as to those ignorant Heathens and Idolaters that confine upon the *English Pale*, or the poor *Negroes* that are detained in cruel Slavery in our own Plantations?

St. Francis Xavier is called by one Protestant author (Tavernier) “the

St. Paul of the Indies”; and another (Baldens), apostrophizing the same apostle, says: “Might it please Almighty God that, being what you have been, you had been or would have been one of ours!” And yet the work of many an apostle in modern times can be compared with that of St. Francis Xavier; for instance, Fray de Gante, “the greatest and holiest Franciscan who ever trod the soil of New Spain.” And his work has proved more lasting than that of the Apostle of the Indies.

It is somewhat remarkable, as the *London Tablet* observes, that within a few years two Catholic musicians should have produced oratorios dealing with the life of St. Francis of Assisi and bearing his name. “The *Franciscus* of Edgar Tinel, the Flemish composer, is well known all over the world. The new composer is a Franciscan friar—Father Hartmann, O. F. M.,—and of all places in the world his oratorio has been produced after the first time in St. Petersburg at the beginning of February. The success of the new oratorio is said to have been remarkable. It was produced on a magnificent scale before an audience of the *élite* of the Russian capital. Father Hartmann conducted it himself, and, in spite of all refusals, was obliged thrice to return to the stage to receive an ovation from the audience. The greatest effect was produced by the scene depicting the death of St. Francis, and by the hymn sung by the Saint on his death-bed. At the close of the performance the Grand Duchess Xenia offered to the composer her thanks and congratulations; and three of the Grand Dukes were present at the general rehearsal. The total receipts of the first representation amounted to the unprecedented sum of 19,000 roubles (over £3000).”

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.—MUSHROOMS AND OTHER THINGS.



NCE," said Nicolas, after the little party had gotten under way,—“once, as I remember, there did some one really die of eating mushrooms at Las Rosas.”

“Were they toadstools, perhaps?” asked Robbie, in dismay.

“I know not what you mean by that,” said Nicolas. “I said *mushrooms*.”

“Toadstools are those white things which look like them but are not. *Hongo* is mushroom in Spanish, and toadstool we call *hongovejin*,” Marie explained to Robbie, who sat next her.

“Oh, yes!” said Nicolas. “But don’t you remember, señorita, how funny when Teresita was poisoned?”

“Did she die?” inquired Genevieve, thinking it anything but funny that a person should have been poisoned.

“Oh, no! but nearly,” replied Nicolas, still smiling at thought of Teresita.

“Tell us all about it, Nicolas, please!” exclaimed Robbie.

“Well, it was like this,” the Indian resumed. “For old Teresita there was nothing like mushrooms. She would eat them and eat them and eat them, and yet would not have enough.”

“Who is Teresita?” asked Genevieve.

“*Lavandera*,—washwoman,” Nicolas replied. “Some Indian, but not all: part Negro. No like her very much, but she is a good workwoman. One day came some large baskets for catsup, and Margarita take the best and freshest and put them in a can to cook for dinner

for the señor. Teresita, not knowing that, she came to the closet and see those mushrooms; so she think she eat them for herself. She hear Margarita say it is good to sprinkle with salt some time before; so she go to a paper in the closet and she put some in the can with those mushrooms and put under her cloak and go home. In the middle of the night comes a boy for Margarita, and he say Teresita will die. ‘What you have eat, Teresita?’ says Margarita when she arrived.—‘Only some mushrooms,’ says Teresita; ‘and I think they *hongovejin*.’”

“‘I die! I die!’ chimed in Miguel, doubling up as though in great pain.

“‘I die! I die!’ say my grandmother,” Nicolas went on.

“But is Teresita your grandmother?” asked Genevieve.

“Oh, yes!” said Nicolas. “And then Margarita says: ‘Where get you those mushrooms?’—‘In the little closet?’—‘Ah, they I have put away for the master,’ say Margarita. ‘Them are no *hongovejin*, but very good: I have picked every one myself from the basket. Perhaps you eat too much?’—‘No,’ my grandmother say. ‘I have still half left.’—‘Get for me them, Nicolas,’ say Margarita; and I bring them. ‘What is on?’ she say. ‘I see something white.’—‘Only salt,’ say my grandmother. ‘To make them better, I sprinkle on a little salt like you do.’—‘Where get you the salt?’ say Margarita.—‘From a yellow paper in the closet,’ say grandmother. And then Margarita say: ‘Ah, Teresita! you have suffered because you have been stealing. It was soda that you put, no salt. And that is why you are in pain.’ Then my grandmother ask the pardon

of Margarita. But Margarita say: 'Not me but God.' And then my grandmother do, and she is better. But from that hour she will not speak of *mushrooms*."

The children were a little shocked at the indifference, not to say levity, with which Nicolas spoke of his grandmother, and whispered to Marie that they did not think he could be a very nice boy.

"He is not so *very* nice," answered Marie, thoughtfully. "But what can you expect? Teresita, to begin, is not really his own relation but a step-grandmother. And she is such a bad old woman, sometimes even drinking too much mescal, that one can hardly blame him. He has run away very often from her."

At last they came to the broad green mesa land, along the sides of which thick verdure sloped to the cañons, white with mushrooms. The children would have preferred going down there to gather them, but Miguel told them the choicest kinds were to be found on the upland. Very soon the large baskets they had brought were filled to overflowing, and Miguel said perhaps they would come in the morning to forage the cañons. In the middle of the grassy expanse stood a solitary pepper-tree, with an immense trunk, and feathery, drooping branches.

"Let us take our lunch now," said Mary; "and afterward I think it would be nice to gather wild flowers. There are such quantities of them here."

"And why?" asked Nicolas. "At home, at Las Rosas, there are millions."

"Not like these," said Marie. "Here are some kinds that we do not have. Poppies and wild hyacinths we have in plenty; in a few days they will be out. But here are a great many others. Oh, those mariposas, they are so lovely!"

"And a beautiful name," said Mary. "They look like butterflies."

"And that is what mariposa means," answered Marie. "There is a pretty

story about it. You know it, Miguel. Will you tell it to us, please, when we have had our lunch?"

"Yes, if you will like to hear."

"Oh, we shall all like to hear it!" said Mary. "Come now, let us arrange the sandwiches and fruit."

They were soon comfortably seated under the pepper-tree, doing justice with hearty appetites to the substantial luncheon Janet and Margarita had prepared for them. When they had finished Robbie reminded Miguel that he had promised to tell them a story.

Miguel lit a cigarette and, leaning back against the wagon wheel, began:

"It is of the beginning of the mariposa. It is what the Indians tell. Perhaps it is not true, but they tell it as of the olden time."

"No, certainly it is not true," gently interrupted Marie. "We all know it is only a fairy-tale. But it is pretty."

Miguel smiled indulgently with his deep, dark eyes as he continued:

"Well, it was, maybe, more than five hundred years ago when a great chief of the Indians had a daughter who was the fairest ever born of woman—"

"I thought the Indians were always dark-skinned," interrupted Robbie.

Miguel looked embarrassed. Mary quickly explained:

"Miguel means that she was beautiful, not fair in complexion. And, Robbie, it spoils a story—especially one like this—to be constantly interrupting. Do not ask any questions or make any remarks until it is finished."

"All right,—I won't," replied Robbie, good-naturedly. "Go on, Miguel."

"It was, maybe, more than five hundred years ago," said the Indian boy once more, "when a great chief of the Indians had a daughter who was the fairest ever born of woman. Her eyes were like the deep, dark pools of living waters in the valleys of the Ojos

Negros; and her hair was so long that it came to the ground, and when she loosed it, like a shining black cloud it fell all about her. Like wings her feet, passing from place to place without a sound, and with the swiftness of the meadow-lark flitting low down in the grass where it builds its nest. She was called Lafalita. Many braves would marry this maiden, and her father would have wished that to some of them she might lend a willing ear; but to none of them would she pay heed.

"At last came a tall, handsome chief of another tribe. He had many wives, and to them was he hard and bad. They called him 'the Cruel.' When they sat at the door of his wigwam grinding the corn or gathering the fagots for the fire, salt and bitter were the tears they shed; for his words were harsh and the blows of his hand were heavy. But to Lafalita his speech was fair and he said: 'In the house of thy lord thou shalt be as a queen and the women shall be thy slaves.' But the beautiful maiden answered him and said: 'Never will I make of my sisters slaves! Go thy way! I am content in the wigwam of my father.'

"Then the chief was wroth with the maiden, and so, too, her father. But she would not, and she went forth weeping. As she sat on the meadow grass, came many mariposas all about her, as her familiar friends; for she loved them, and wherever she rested there they came. Then followed the chief who would have her for his bride, and with him her father; and afar off her mother, wailing and tearing her hair; for she feared the maiden might be overpowered and carried away to the wigwam of Demado the Cruel. And the maiden saw them afar off, and, lifting up her hands, she prayed: 'O Thou great Spirit, who dost make the sun and the moon and stars to run in their course, and the rain to

fall, and the corn to grow, have pity on me and deliver me from the hard fate with which they threaten me!' And then all about her the beautiful butterflies circled, as she sat with downcast eyes and trembling lips; and in a moment they were no longer there, but mounting up, up to the blue sky. And the maiden sat upon the mead no more, but where she had been waved on its slender stalk an exquisite flower like to a mariposa. And so it came that they spring up from the earth forever, the mariposa lilies; and with their delicate, beautiful wings they wave and swing in the air like the butterflies. There is no flower more lovely than the lily mariposa."

"Is that all?" asked Robbie, as Miguel suddenly paused.

"Yes, that is all. Isn't it long enough, and didn't you like it?" said the Indian, who was rather amused.

"Well, it may be a pretty story for girls, but I think that kind of stuff is all nonsense," said Robbie.

"It is pretty," said Marie. "I always like to hear it, and to fancy I can see the Indian maiden slowly turning into a butterfly."

"But she didn't turn slowly," said Robbie. "The butterflies scooted round her, kind of hiding her; and when they flew away, there she was—turned into a flower. Wish you'd tell a thrilling tale, Miguel."

"Miguel is too placid an individual for such stories as you want, Robbie," said Mary, as the Indian, with one of his peculiar, long, slow smiles, went forward to attend to the horses, which were impatient to start.

"Come, Nicolas!" he called to the boy lying asleep under a manzanita bush. "It is getting late, as you see, and we had better prepare to start for home; so get ready."

While they lifted the full hampers of mushrooms into the wagon, the girls

cleared up the remnants of the luncheon. Then they all climbed into the vehicle, and the horses trotted off gaily. They enlivened the journey with merry songs; the way seemed very short. Margarita was delighted with the quantities of mushrooms they had gathered and gave them a feast for supper. The next day there was a grand washing and salting, in which all shared. The result was a goodly row of bottles of mushroom catsup, which Mrs. Degler pronounced the finest she had ever tasted.

(To be continued.)

The Welcome and Familiar Robin.

Spring has come, and with it the robin; and I am sure every boy and girl who reads THE AVE MARIA will feel new interest in the red-breasted harbinger of bright days after reading Ruskin's famous chapter on the robin, taken from his lectures on Greek and English birds.

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The first thing that strikes me about the robin, looking at it as a painter, is the small effect it seems to have had on the minds of the Southern nations. I trace nothing of it definitely either in the art or literature of Greece or Italy. I find, even, no definite name for it; you don't know if Lesbia's "passer" had a red breast or a blue or a brown. And yet Mr. Gould says it is abundant in all parts of Europe, in all the islands of the Mediterranean, and in Madeira and the Azores. And then he says (now, notice the puzzle of this): "In many parts of the Continent it is a migrant, and, contrary to what obtains with us, is there treated as a vagrant; for there is scarcely a country across the water in which it is not shot down and eaten."

"In many parts of the Continent it is a migrant." In what parts, how far,

in what manner? In none of the old natural history books can I find any account of the robin as a traveller; but there is, for once, sufficient reason for their reticence. He has a curious fancy in his manner of travelling. Of all birds, you would think he was likely to do it in the cheerfulest way, and he does it in the saddest. Do you chance to have read, in the Life of Charles Dickens, how fond he was of taking long walks in the night and alone? The robin, *en voyage*, is the Charles Dickens of birds. He always travels in the night and alone; rests in the day, wherever day chances to find him; sings a little, and pretends he hasn't been anywhere. He goes as far, in the winter, as the northwest of Africa; and in Lombardy arrives from the south early in March; but does not stay long, going on into the Alps, where he prefers wooded and wild districts. So, at least, says my Lombard informant. I do not find him named in the list of Cretan birds; but even if often seen, his dim red breast was little likely to make much impression on the Greeks, who knew the flamingo, and had made it, under the name of Phoenix, or Phœnicopterus, the centre of their myths of scarlet birds....

But before we come to his feathers, I must ask you to look at his bill and his feet. I do not think it is distinctly enough felt by us that the beak of a bird is not only its mouth but its hand, or rather its two hands. For, as its arms and hands are turned into wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak. The beak, therefore, is at once its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing-case; partly also its musical instrument; all this, besides its function of seizing and preparing the food, in which function alone it has to be a trap, carving knife, and teeth, all in one. But the beak has to do so much more!

Pruning feathers, building nests, and the incessant discipline in military arts, are all to be thought of as much as feeding.

The food of the robin, as you know, is very miscellaneous. Linnæus says of the Swedish one that it is "delighted with dogwood berries,"—the dogwood growing abundantly in Sweden, as once in Forfarshire, where it grew, though only a bush usually in the south, with trunks a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, and the tree thirty feet high. But the Swedish robin's taste for its berries is to be noted by you; because, first, the dogwood berry is commonly said to be so bitter that it is not eaten by birds; and, secondly, because it is a pretty coincidence that this most familiar of household birds should feed fondly from the tree that gives the housewife her spindle,—the proper name of the dogwood in English, French and German being alike "spindle-tree." It feeds, however, with us, certainly, most on worms and insects. I am not sure how far the following account of its mode of dressing its dinners may be depended on: I take it from an old book on natural history, but find it more or less confirmed by others: "It takes a worm by one extremity in its beak and beats it on the ground till the inner part comes away. Then, seizing it in a similar manner by the other end, it entirely cleanses the outer part, which alone it eats."

One's first impression is that this must be a singularly unpleasant operation for the worm, however fastidiously delicate and exemplary in the robin. But I suppose the real meaning is that, as a worm lives by passing earth through its body, the robin merely compels it to quit this—not ill-gotten indeed, but now quite unnecessary—wealth. We human creatures, who have lived the lives of worms, collecting dust, are served by Death in exactly the same manner.

You will find that the robin's beak, then, is a very prettily representative one of general bird power. As a weapon it is very formidable indeed; he can kill an adversary of his own kind with one blow of it in the throat; and he is so pugnacious, says Linnæus, "no single tree can hold two cock-robins"; and for precision of seizure, the little flat hook at the end of the upper mandible is one of the most delicately formed points of forceps which you can find among the grain-eaters. But I pass to one of his more special perfections.

He is very notable in the exquisite silence and precision of his movements, as opposed to birds who either creak in flying or waddle in walking. "Always quiet," says Gould; "for the silkiness of his plumage renders his movements noiseless; and the rustling of his wings is never heard, any more than his tread on earth, over which he bounds with amazing sprightliness." . . . One of the robin's very chief ingratiatory faculties is his dainty and delicate movement,—his footing it featly here and there. Whatever prettiness there may be in his red breast, at his brightest he can always be outshone by a brickbat.

But if he is rationally proud of anything about him, I should think a robin must be proud of his legs. Hundreds of birds have longer and more imposing ones, but for real neatness, finish, and precision of action, commend me to his fine little ankles and fine little feet. He is, of all birds, the pre-eminent hopper; none other so light, so pert, or so swift. We must not, however, give too much credit to his legs in this matter. A robin's hop is half a flight: he hops, very essentially, with wings and tail as well as with his feet; and the exquisitely rapid opening and quivering of the tail-feathers certainly give half the force to his leap. It is in this action he is put among the *motacillæ*,

or wagtails; but the ornithologists have no real business to put him among them. The swing of the long tail-feathers in the true wagtail is entirely consequent on its motion, not impulsive of it,—the tremulous shake is after alighting. But the robin leaps with wing, tail and foot,—all in time and all helping each other. Leaps, I say; and you check at the word, and ought to check. You look at a bird hopping, and the motion is so much a matter of course you never think how it is done. But do you think you would find it easy to hop like a robin if you had two—all but wooden—legs, like this?

I have looked wholly in vain through all my books on birds to find some account of the muscles it uses in hopping, and of the part of the toes with which the spring is given. I must leave you to find out that for yourselves; it is a little bit of anatomy which I think it highly desirable for you to know, but which it is not my business to teach you. Only observe, this is the point to be made out. You leap yourselves with the toe and ball of the foot, but in that power of leaping you lose the faculty of grasp; on the contrary, with your hands you grasp as a bird with its feet. But you can not hop on your hands. A cat, a leopard, and a monkey leap or grasp with equal ease; but the action of their paws in leaping is, I imagine, from the fleshy ball of the foot.

I have said nothing to-day of the mythology of the bird; though I told you that would always be, for us, the most important part of its natural history. But I am obliged sometimes to take what we immediately want rather than what, ultimately, we shall need chiefly. In the second place, you probably—most of you—know more of the mythology of the robin than I do; for the stories about it are all Northern, and I know scarcely any myths but the

Italian and Greek. You will find under the name "Robin," in Miss Yonge's exhaustive and admirable "History of Christian Names," the various titles of honor and endearment connected with him, and with the general idea of redness,—from the bishop called "Bright Red Fame," who founded the first great Christian church on the Rhine (I am afraid of your thinking I mean a pun, in connection with robins, if I tell you the locality of it), down through the Hoods and Roys and Grays, to Robin Goodfellow, and Spenser's "Hobbinol," and our modern "Hob," joining on to the "goblin," which comes from the old Greek.

**

Isn't it too bad that Mr. Ruskin did not know the pretty legend that tells why the robin's breast is red? You remember, the story is that when our dear Lord was hanging on the cross, the blood streaming from His feet and hands and side, and trickling from His thorn-crown'd head, a robin flew around Calvary's dark height and in pity strove to draw a thorn from the dear bowed head; it fluttered against the precious wounds of the pierced forehead, getting its breast covered with blood; and ever since the robin bears the red mark. Of course it is only a legend, but isn't it better and hasn't it more tender meaning than those old Greek myths?

A Spanish Custom.

In Spain it is a custom in schools for the scholars to gather the palms for Palm Sunday, and to form them into a variety of beautiful shapes, representing churches and castles, on each of which is a cross and an image of our Saviour. The boy who has gained the prize at examination is then appointed to precede the rest, and the students in a body form a part of the solemn procession.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The late Dr. Scartazzini was by general consent the foremost Dantean scholar of our day. He was a Protestant clergyman and ministered in various small towns of Switzerland; but he was well-read in Thomistic philosophy, and in his writings there is no trace of narrowness or unfairness to the Church.

—It is pleasant to learn that our notice of "Letters of a Country Vicar" has secured many new readers for that delightful book. It is one of very unusual interest and edification; and there is a charm about the characters that carries the reader along from one scene to another, leaving him at the end full of admiration for the author's spirit and art. Those who can not find refreshment in "Letters of a Country Vicar" are to be commiserated. There are books that have only to be known to secure a host of appreciative readers, so great is their human interest. This is one of them.

—We do not know whether any of our readers contemplate purchasing a copy of the First Folio Shakspeare—it is one of the rarest and costliest book-treasures in the world,—but if they have such intention they ought to "go cautious." Most of the existing copies, according to Mr. Douglas Cockerell, the famous London binder, have been washed "with dilute sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, which was so strong that it destroyed the fibre of the paper; and in twenty or thirty years the pages will be as brittle as the thinnest glass, and break to pieces as they are turned over. So let buyers and owners of First Folios beware."

—The Rev. James H. O'Donnell has earned the gratitude of future historians and biographers and the thanks of the Catholics of Connecticut by publishing a history of the diocese of Hartford, from its erection in 1843 to the end of the century. The work is a handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, with many illustrations which greatly enhance its interest and value. The author seems to have spared no pains in collecting materials; and if his work had no other merit than the collation of much data that was hidden, and much more that was in danger of perishing, it would deserve a place in every large library in the United States. The first bishop of Hartford was a convert to the faith, and the early history of the diocese is full of edification for the faithful of our day. We feel certain that all who have witnessed the wondrous growth of the Church in the Nutmeg

State and labored to promote it would willingly acknowledge that the marvel is due in great measure to the sacrifices so heroically made and the persecution so bravely borne by the clergy and laity who first entered this vineyard of the Lord.

—The Benzigers have brought out another book for young folk entitled "Milly Aveling," by Sara Trainer Smith. It is sweet and pure in tone, and the life at the sea-shore is attractively pictured. But this is all that can be said for it. The lamented author would not have called it a story, or have considered it deserving of publication in book form with her more finished work.

—Students of shorthand who aim at high speed will find many valuable suggestions in a booklet by Mr. Bernard de Bear just published by Isaac Pitman & Sons, who have also issued a new and enlarged edition of their "Twentieth Century Dictation Book of Business Letters." The addition of legal forms greatly enhances the usefulness of this manual.

—A new edition of the late John O'Kane Murray's useful little volume "The Catholic Pioneers of America" has been brought out by H. L. Kilner & Co. It is described as a "revised" edition, but of reviser and revision no information is afforded. We hope to see this book widely used. There is much to learn from it of which young American Catholics should blush to be ignorant.

—The importance of the latest publication of D. H. McBride & Co. may be shown by copying its title-page:—"An Advanced Catechism of Catholic Faith and Practice Based upon the Third Plenary Council Catechism, for use in the Higher Grades of Catholic Schools. Compiled by the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, Inspector of Parochial Schools in the Diocese of Brooklyn." The name of the author is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work. The position which he holds enables him to see the needs of Catholic schools and his experience qualifies him to supply them. We have only to say that this book is excellently printed and bound.

—"Earth, Sky, and Air in Song" is the title of an attractive book for children published by the American Book Co. It is a collection of merry songs, with easy music, by W. H. Neidlinger; and of pretty pictures, many of them being in colors, by Walter Bobbett. The object of the book is to aid in forming the habit of observing nature,

From the same publishers comes a new text-book of elementary anatomy, physiology and hygiene, intended for use in higher grammar grades. An excellent feature of this work is the lessons on domestic economy, and it was a capital idea to introduce the subject of human physiology with a brief treatment of the physiology of a growing plant.

—Perhaps, the last secret to be learned by the literary artist is to rid his style of mannerisms. The peculiar construction that occurs in every other paragraph, the pet phrase that insists on appearing with inartistic frequency, the single word employed in a sense somewhat different from that which good usage has sanctioned,—these are blemishes of which all writers, save only accomplished stylists, are continually guilty. To take an instance. Any one who has read Barrett Wendell's very suggestive book, "English Composition," must have noticed and deplored the iteration of the adverb "eternally" in the first few chapters of that volume. The author's fondness for the word would be more explicable if it were not one of questionable propriety, as in this sentence: "The thought and emotion of every living being, then, is an immaterial reality, *eternally* different from every other in the universe."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert*, S. S. \$2, net.

Hans Memlinc. *W. H. James Weale*. \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslanga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqu *. 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly*. \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor*. \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques B nigne Bossuet*. \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stoford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston*. \$1.75.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox*. \$1.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy*. \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel*. 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson*. \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher*. 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith*. \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader*. 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Stringtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd*. \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth*. 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell*. \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken*, S. T. D. \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus*. \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia*. \$1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn*, S. J. \$1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome*. \$1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland*. \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald*. 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve*. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Abbot Edward, O. C. R.; the Rev. Clement Lau, of the diocese of Green Bay; the Rev. Denis Hurley, diocese of Manchester; and the Rev. W. L. Jorden, Archdiocese of Baltimore.

Madame Ten Broeck, R. S. H.; and Sister M. Vincenta, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Andrew Heide, Mrs. Mary Duffy, and Mr. Patrick Morgan, of New York; Mr. Jacob Meyerhoefer, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. William Corrigan, Kingston, Canada; Mr. John Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary Troy, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth Rockmann, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. John Mahoney, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. S. J. Brown, Mr. Robert Gore, Mr. Martin Gore, Miss Christina Gore, and Mrs. Bridget Phelan, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. Julius Suiste, Pendleton, Oregon; Margaret Mulhern, S. Amana, Iowa; Mr. Daniel Murphy and Mr. Timothy Powell, Malden, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Strasser, Lenningen, Luxemburg; Mrs. P. Brennan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. G. Donnelly, Latrobe, Pa.; and Mrs. Margarita Franciscus, Belle Plaine, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!





IN THE RESURRECTION.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Risen with Christ.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

Therefore, if you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above. (*Coloss., iii, 1.*)

IF thou in very truth hast cast aside
The cerements foul wherewith, by Habit bound,
Thy stricken soul immersed in gloom profound
Full long in Sin's dread sepulchre didst bide,—
If thou hast burst thy tomb-door open wide,
And, bearing but the scar of mortal wound,
The upper air of grace again hast found,—
Be Christ henceforth thy model and thy guide.

Seek constantly the things that are above,
Nor suffer lower things thy heart to lure;
Increase each day the measure of thy love,
With pure intent thine every act insure;
God's greater glory keep thou e'er in view:
So shalt thou prove thy resurrection true.

The Festival of Festivals.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

NO one feast-day in the liturgical year is hailed by the Church with greater joy or celebrated with more impressive pomp and grandeur than Easter Sunday, the commemoration of our Divine Lord's resurrection. In the primitive Church its pre-eminence over other festivals was acknowledged by the continuance of its solemnization through eight entire days; and even at the present time it retains in the liturgy a rank that is in several respects unique. Easter is frequently referred to in the writings of the Fathers of the Church as "the particular

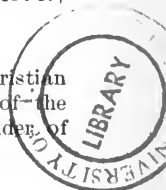
day of the Lord," "the solemnity of solemnities," "the festival of festivals."

The congruousness of these various titles becomes evident to all who reflect for a moment on the import of the magnificent fact for which Easter stands. By His glorious rising from the tomb on the third day after He had shed His sacred blood for the redemption of the world, Christ made it forever manifest that He had overcome all His enemies, vanquished death, conquered the powers of hell, and opened the gates of heaven to His faithful adherents throughout all future time. From another viewpoint, too, the appositeness of styling Easter the premier festival of the Christian year is obvious: the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the very corner-stone of the Christian religion. On its truth depends the justice of Christianity's claim on the allegiance of mankind. This issue was frankly accepted at the very beginning of the Christian era. St. Paul proclaimed it without the slightest hesitation. "And if Christ be not risen again," he says, "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."*

The question, then, Did Christ really arise from the dead? is clearly a vital one. The overwhelming majority of Christians, Catholics and non-Catholics, answer the question in the affirmative.†

* I Cor., xv, 14.

† The Unitarians, though styled a Christian sect, deny Christ's divinity; and others of the sects seem to be verging toward a surrender of the Resurrection.



We maintain that Our Lord did arise on the third day; and maintain it not only because it is an article of faith, but because the Resurrection is one of the most incontrovertible of all historical facts. It has, of course, been denied, as have many other religious truths; and denied with more virulence and vehemence than most others, because its admission entails the acceptance of so much that is inimical to man's intellectual pride and to the passions that dominate his heart. Jesus Christ, especially the triumphant Christ of Easter morning, has always been, as He will always continue to be, the great stumbling-block in the path of rationalists; and it is therefore not surprising that they have endeavored to blot His name from out the world's history, or at least to represent Him as a more or less mythical personage, a great philosopher who with the lapse of ages has become idealized,—a man purely and simply, but one so typical of the perfection to which the race is aspiring that He was deified in the estimation of His contemporaries, and has for nineteen hundred years been enjoying a title to which, in its literal sense, He never had a claim.

The more one reads of the vagaries of human thought, and of the various philosophic systems that have engaged men's attention at different periods of the world's history, the more one becomes convinced that there is no absurdity so monstrous that able men will not be found to uphold it; so it need not astound us that the rationalists of the eighteenth century denied the historical reality of Christ, contended that He had never even existed. This, however, would not do. Even putting the New Testament altogether aside, even on the supposition that the Gospel narrative is a pure fabrication, a tissue of sheer falsehoods, profane history steps

in and proclaims that the individual, Jesus Christ—be He man or God,—was a real character. Pliny, Tacitus, and Josephus, to mention no others, fully establish this point. Tacitus narrates the death of our Blessed Lord in a sentence almost identical with that in the Apostles' Creed. "In the reign of Tiberius," he writes, "Christ suffered death by the sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate."

Unless, then, it be held that all history is a lie, and that we can have no certainty of events that happened prior to our own time, the existence of Christ, His place in history, must be admitted. So much as this the rationalists themselves saw that they must concede. Their resources, however, were not yet exhausted. Granted, they told—nay, still tell us—that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, He was, after all, a mere man; all this talk of His being God is pure fable. When they took this stand, it became necessary to explain away the Resurrection.

All modern antagonists of this dogma range themselves under the standard of one of two leaders, Renan or Strauss. Both writers were men of undoubted intellectual power, and both in their works deny the Resurrection; yet if we grant equal weight to the arguments of each, these arguments nullify one another; or, rather, these two sceptics taken together prove what each taken separately rejects and denies. Renan concedes that Jesus actually died upon the cross, but maintains that He never walked forth from the sepulchre; and Magdalen, he asserts, was the dupe of a fervid imagination in declaring that she saw the Lord on the first Easter morning. Renan, by the way, does not apparently think it necessary to dispose of the hundreds of other witnesses besides Magdalen who testified that *they* saw their Master alive after His

death and burial; but, at any rate, he admits that Christ died on Good Friday.

Now comes Strauss. Examining the evidence for the appearance of Jesus subsequent to His burial, and finding it so overwhelmingly strong that to disbelieve it would be to stultify his intelligence, he admits that Jesus did so appear to the Apostles and disciples. Still, he contends, there was no resurrection, in the Christian sense of that word; for the simple reason that Jesus did not really die on Good Friday, but when placed in the sepulchre was in a state of syncope, from which He afterward rallied.

This last contention is even more preposterous than that of Renan. The pain and the loss of blood consequent upon the scourging and crowning with thorns, to say nothing of the crucifixion proper, would have been sufficient to cause death. The wound in the side, large enough for the incredulous Thomas to thrust in his hand, could have caused it. The blood and water that flowed from His side were a sign of death. The failure of the soldiers to break His bones proves their belief that He was dead. His death was officially verified and reported to Pilate. Moreover, His Blessed Mother and her holy friends would certainly never have consigned His body to the sepulchre had there been the faintest suspicion that life was not really extinct. In fact, all the circumstances of the crucifixion and burial of Christ conclusively point to what neither Jew nor Gentile for long centuries ever attempted to gainsay—that the enemies of Our Lord took very good care to see that He was really dead before His body was committed to the tomb.

It is not, however, only in professedly rationalistic books that the resurrection of Christ is called in question. The spirit of doubt and infidelity has invaded even the realm of popular fiction.

Novelists (most frequently women), with the scantiest outfit of logical training and first-hand knowledge, neglect their legitimate field of romantic fiction to preach a new philosophy or a new religion; and, with a pretence of solid learning and critical acumen well calculated to impress the ordinary reader, proceed airily to dismiss historic Christianity as no longer appealing to the intellect of genuine scholars. In these ephemeral aberrations of latter-day authors "a creed is accepted in a sentence and then abandoned in a page."

One such novel, published something more than a decade ago, attained rather phenomenal notoriety, owing principally to the fact that Mr. Gladstone thought it worth while to dissect it in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. Its hero—an invertebrate young Anglican clergyman, whose religious belief seems to be purely emotional, and who is wofully incapable of giving a reason for the faith that is in him,—comes in contact with an agnostic, a theist, and a thorough-going infidel. Various controversies occur among these characters—if indeed discussions wherein arguments on the one side are opposed to mere feelings or sentiments on the other may be called controversies,—and, as a result, the clergyman eventually agrees with the infidel that the resurrection of Christ is "a legend, partly invented, partly imaginary, partly ideally true; in any case, wholly intelligible and natural as a product of the age, when once you have the key of that age."

Now, in this passage, as all through the book, the impression is forced upon the reader that the historical evidence for Christianity can not stand the test of criticism, and that the proof against it is absolutely unshaken and invulnerable. The antichristians are represented as prodigies of intellectual acumen, erudite wonders, consummate scholars—geniuses

before whom the ordinary historian or theologian pales into insignificance; yet a very ordinary student in his first year of logic might well expose the fallacy of their arguments.

The theist, for instance, declares to the clergyman, when the latter avows his disbelief in the Resurrection: "I am old-fashioned enough to believe in the *a priori* impossibility of miracles; but, then, I am a philosopher. *You* have come to see how miracle is manufactured, to recognize in it a merely natural and inevitable outgrowth of human testimony in its prescientific stages,"—a sentence that sounds very learned and is very silly. The speaker believes in God, yet holds that a miracle is impossible; that is, holds that the maker of a law can not modify, change, or abrogate it; a position manifestly untenable. And, then, "miracle the outgrowth of human testimony in its prescientific stages"! Testimony, in our day at least, has reached the scientific stage. Now, let these rationalists, agnostics, theists, and kindred scoffers at miracles, go to Lourdes, as they have been repeatedly challenged to do; let them examine some of the instantaneous cures effected at that shrine of Our Lady; let them bring to bear upon these cures all the resources of modern science; and, when they have succeeded in explaining them by purely natural causes, it will be time enough to belittle the prescientific stages of human testimony.

It is the infidel squire, however, who is the great argumentative gun in the novel in question; and his pet hobby is the "critical method,"—a method which, we are complacently assured, is in our day exploding "the Christian fable of the Resurrection." As defined by its champion, the critical method is, "in history, the science of what is credible; and, in literature, the science of what is rational." Just what con-

stitutes the credible and the rational is not stated; but it is evident that in the squire's opinion a miracle is neither the one nor the other, so the critic forthwith discards it. This is sheer folly. It is the business of the historian to record facts, no matter how marvellous they may be. Provided these facts be well proven, it does not at all concern him whether they are or are not intelligible to him.

Another sententious and pretentious dictum of the squire is: "Testimony, like every other human product, has developed. Man's power of apprehending and recording what he sees and hears has grown from less to more, from weaker to stronger." This statement is made in connection with the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection; and means, if it means anything, that the sight and hearing of men are much better nowadays than they were in the time of Our Lord; and that the Evangelists not only could not see and hear so well as we, but could not tell or write what they did see and hear so truthfully as can the enlightened scribes of this later and more veracious age!

Sophisms as patent as those mentioned abound in "Robert Elsmere," and in sundry other fictions equally pretentious and less artistic,—sophisms powerless indeed to affect the judgment of the passably educated, but not impotent with respect to the untrained minds of the vast hordes of novel-readers. These neo-theological novelists of the day belong of course to the group of anti-christians who are battling against the Church and her doctrines. It is consoling to know that the whole throng—from such intellectual giants as Spencer and Stephen and Harrison to such intellectual pigmies as the late Colonel Ingersoll, who chirped out his mellifluous blasphemies at so many dollars the strain—form, in the firmament of history, "only a dim comet, wagging its useless tail

of phosphorescent nothingness across the steadfast stars."

In the meanwhile this discussion of testimony into which we have been led by the mention of a theistic novel brings us to the positive proofs of the Resurrection,—proofs which it will be sufficient to epitomize, since they are abundantly familiar to all readers of this magazine. Human testimony is a criterion of truth, or an infallible motive of certitude, whenever it enjoys these two conditions: first, that the witnesses have really, unmistakably, and without any fear of deception, observed the facts for which they vouch; secondly, that they state those facts truthfully and under such circumstances as to render any conspiracy for deception on their part quite impossible. We find both these conditions fulfilled in the case of the Apostles, and hence a summarized demonstration of the Resurrection is this: Jesus Christ truly arose from the dead if the Apostles, in believing and preaching His resurrection, were not themselves deceived and did not deceive others.

Now, they were not themselves deceived. The Resurrection was a palpable fact,—a fact which fell under the observation of the senses. Not once only but many times did our Saviour appear to them. There was nothing of the phantasma about His appearance. He did not show Himself merely for an instant, as a vision seen in dreamland. On the contrary, during forty days He often showed Himself to them in the plainest possible manner, for some time, and in broad daylight. They saw Him, heard Him speak, touched Him, ate and drank with Him; and on one occasion no fewer than five hundred were present when He appeared and instructed them. The Apostles testified in person as to the reality of the Resurrection. They gave no credit to the account of the holy women when these latter returned

from the tomb. They even doubted the testimony of their own senses at first; and it was only when proof positive, reiterated and overwhelming, was furnished that they all finally believed. Moreover, they preached the Resurrection, and gladly laid down their lives in confirmation of their testimony.

That they did not deceive others is equally certain. In the first place, they had absolutely nothing to gain from God or men by attempting any such imposition as testifying to a resurrection of which they had no evidence. From Heaven they could expect nothing but the thunderbolts of divine justice punishing their imposture and blasphemy; from the world it was patent that they could hope for naught else than oppression, loss of liberty, and eventually of life. Even supposing, however, that they had some end to serve by proclaiming a resurrection in which they did not believe, is it conceivable that, without any proofs to offer of Christ's rising, without the uttermost conviction of the truth of what they preached, they could have persuaded the whole world to believe in that rising?

Rousseau has said: "The Gospel has characteristics of truth so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventor, if such an individual could have existed, would be a more wonderful man than the hero." And so it may be said that if the Resurrection did not take place, the imposition upon mankind of firm belief therein would be a greater marvel even than the rising itself. The Apostles, therefore, were neither deceived nor deceivers; and so Christ really and truly arose from the dead; the corner-stone of Christianity is an immovable rock; Jesus is verily the Christ, the Son of the Living God; and on Easter, His particular day, the festival of festivals, we may rejoice with St. Paul that our faith is not in vain.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XVII.—MR. HENRY MORAN READS THE MISSING LETTER.

HENRY MORAN knew nothing of the letter which was causing Kate so poignant an agony of distress, for some days after it was delivered to Martha Finney; and he heard of it then in a somewhat accidental fashion. Early one morning Farmer Hobson, coming with his beef, encountered Mr. Moran strolling about on the lawn; for, like most busy men of affairs, the stockbroker was an early riser. The farmer very soon got into conversation with the capitalist, talking of the weather and of the crops. Henry Moran always listened with the closest attention to what a practical man had to say of subjects with which he was conversant. Before turning away, the farmer remarked casually:

"I hope you wasn't offended about that 'ere letter? I found it on the road just outside that cottage gate, and I calculated I'd better deliver it in here on account of the address."

Moran gave a quick, keen glance at the farmer, but let him proceed.

"The address," added Hobson, his face smiling itself into a mass of wrinkles at the recollection, "was, as I suppose, a bit of fun. Womenfolk, specially when they're young, will have their fling."

Henry Moran's eyes had a concentrating power, which seemed at times to pierce the object upon which they rested. This was the case now, as he asked coldly:

"What letter are you talking about?"

"The letter I brought in here," said Hobson, beginning to feel alarmed.

"When?"

"About a week since, I guess."

"From whom?"

"Well," faltered the farmer, "I picked it up in the road, and I give a pretty good guess who it was writ by."

Here the speaker jerked his thumb in the direction of the cottage.

"I supposed she wanted me to bring it in here. Mebbe I was wrong."

Moran did not ask who was *she*: he guessed that much. But he asked:

"To whom did you give it?"

"Why, to that old lady that runs your house. I don't know her name, but I suppose she's the housekeeper."

Henry Moran abruptly left the farmer standing bewildered on the gravel path; while Martha Finney, turning round from her work in the pantry, saw her master's face as she had never seen it before: pale with anger, stern with coming judgment, his eyes fairly blazing, his lips compressed.

"Martha," said he, controlling himself to a calm which was more awful than any outbreak of anger, "where is that letter addressed to me which you received a week ago?"

"A letter addressed to you, sir?" exclaimed poor Martha, trembling from head to foot. "I got no letter addressed to you, sir."

"Didn't Farmer Hobson give you a letter?" Mr. Moran asked.

"Oh," cried Martha, as if suddenly awakened to remembrance, "he gave me a letter! I thought it was some foolishness or other, addressed to the old gentleman next door. There ain't no *old* gentleman here. I never thought of you, sir, by that name; and I put it by to bid him take it when he come again."

"You are lying, and you know it!" were the words which rose to his lips; but he merely said:

"Give me the letter *now* which I should have had a week ago."

Martha, glad to be out of sight of that terrible countenance for even an

instant, hurried away to get the letter. When she returned she found Henry Moran still standing, his arms folded, divided between his furious anger at the woman who had dared to meddle in his affairs and his eagerness to possess that letter and to know what it contained. He was certain that Kate had written it. The address, as it had been repeated to him, told him that much. Was it an appeal for help?—was it an appeal of any sort, or mere wanton mischief? He felt a strange regret that Kate should have written—should have made an appeal, if appeal it were; and yet he was none the less anxious to read whatever might be upon that page which Martha had maliciously withheld. He never doubted that she had concealed it with full knowledge, and he even wondered if she had contrived to read it. To his impatience, she was a very long time away; and he remarked as he took the letter from her hand:

"You must have put it away very carefully, considering that you thought it foolishness." Then, as he put the letter in his pocket and turned to leave the room, he said curtly: "I shall speak further of your conduct this evening and let you know my decision."

"Oh, if you think," began Martha, "that I am going to stay in your house after the two weeks—"

"You are not going to stay in my house two weeks," said Henry Moran curtly, "nor even two days. By this time to-morrow you will have collected all your belongings, and I shall give you a month's wages in advance. You can take the 10.5 train into town."

He turned on his heel and left her. He was in a fever of impatience to read that letter, and he would not open it during breakfast nor while he waited for the trap nor when driving. Neither would he take it from his pocket with

Jenkins, alert and inquisitive, near by; but dismissed him that morning with a cold nod. When he was in his inner office he shut the door securely, having previously given orders that no one was to be admitted until further notice. Then he sat down and read that bewildering, fascinating letter; and having finished it, he read the pages over again. The humor, the delicacy, the pathos, in that charmingly outlined romance of that bygone love who had never existed, and the artistic power in the little pen-and-ink sketch, enchanted him. When he had finished a third reading, he arose and paced his office; and in that hour his indecision vanished.

Scarcely had he read that letter when his purpose took shape,—no longer the indefinite idea of amusement, of personal enjoyment to be obtained by the little drama which was being played, and of which his incognito was, so to say, the *motif*. He now resolved to win this girl, cost what it might. He would accomplish it, just as he had accomplished every other difficult thing in life; for he did not conceal from himself that it would be difficult. She was not an ordinary girl to be dazzled by money or attracted by the first comer. She had a soul, a personality, which would have to be reached in some manner and made captive. What sacrifices he might have to make or what might be required of him he did not consider; only he must not fail. The new goal he had set before himself was an inspiring one and brought into play a whole new set of faculties. Kate Raymond appealed so forcibly to all those better and nobler qualities which had survived the long strain of money-getting. She appealed to his imagination, delicately, wholesomely, as well as to what was manly and chivalrous in his nature.

It was some time before he asked himself what did the letter mean? Was

it a real petition for help? He answered this at once and emphatically in the negative. The very wording of the letter, taken in connection with what he had learned of Kate's character, convinced him of that. He knew and felt that the girl would endure any privations rather than make such a demand on an utter stranger. He smiled and sighed and smiled again over every line of the document; and guessed, with his quick intuition, precisely in what spirit it had been written. He imagined Kate writing it, with her sisters looking on and laughing at the jest. The only mystery was how it had reached his hand. Kate must have dropped it—not by design, as the farmer had supposed, but by accident,—and the officious old Hobson had picked it up and brought it to the big house. Henry Moran heartily blessed his officiousness, such sincere and unexpected pleasure had he found in the perusal of the lines.

He resolved to make use of the letter, as it had fallen into his hands, for the furtherance of his new design and as a means of opening communication with the cottage, without as yet sacrificing the incognito to which he clung, and which he felt might be an effective means, for the present at least, of approaching Kate without alarming her. He decided at once, in his prompt fashion, how he would make reply to the communication; but that would have to wait till the noon recess.

He put the letter in his pocket, and, having removed his collar—for the day was blazing hot,—he gave orders to admit all comers in their turn. In popped an excited and, to an impartial and unenlightened observer, a half-crazed man, talking in an eager whisper, in which were mingled the words "corner," "quotation," "rising market," "deal," and a variety of unintelligible phrases. Henry Moran responded by a nod

now or a shake of the head again. He did not utter a single word during the whole interview. But the inquirer, apparently satisfied, rushed out again, his handkerchief tucked in about his neck to protect his collar, and his blue-ribboned hat on the back of his head. Other visitors followed in rapid succession.

Henry Moran was not alone for an instant, nor could his mind be diverted by even a hair's breadth from the great game he was playing. Magnates of commerce or of the Exchange were rolled to his door in their carriages for half a dozen terse sentences with this daring speculator, whose audacity, foresight and courage they all knew and respected; together with a sterling honesty rarer than might be supposed, which made his own gains and those of his patrons identical. His almost inerrable judgment in matters of finance had passed into a truism.

Under all his transactions that day was the knowledge that the decision he had reached in that short breathing space of the morning was by far the most momentous and of the most vital concern to himself. But his intellect had never been keener, his judgment more acute, his decisions more accurate. From time to time Henry Moran went to his private wire sending off a series of telegrams, to some of which he received an almost instantaneous reply. Railroads, tramways, mines, limited companies, new schemes for paving, for lighting, for heating, for cleaning this or that city, were brought before him. London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, the Hague, were all flashed upon him in that single morning's work, with glimpses of India, Africa, South America. It was stupendous. Like some conqueror of old, he had the map of the world before him; and as he sat there sweltering in his office he attained the most far-reaching

results, sometimes by a nod, a gesture, or a touch of his fingers upon the wire.

When luncheon time came he did not have that meal brought to his office, neither did he repair to any of those restaurants which Wall Street men most affected. He wanted air, exercise, above all freedom from restraint, and escape from those men of affairs to whom cotton markets and consols and mining shares constituted the world of thought. He walked swiftly up to Broadway, turning southward and pursuing his way through surging crowds, rushing as though intent on reaching some hidden goal which brooked not an instant's delay. Many nodded to him or took off their hats or called out to him in a friendly or jocular way. Occasionally clerks in the great warehouses or places of business—who, profiting by the lull of their dinner-time, idled in the windows,—pointed out Henry Moran as the biggest man on Wall Street.

He passed old Trinity, where the ghosts of old New York seem to linger; the tranquillity of its graveyard a strange and stern reminder to those who in that busiest portion of the metropolis are rushing through mammon-worshipping days. He strolled thence to the Bowling Green, Battery Park, and sat down on a bench, so that the air blowing from the bay might cool his forehead, and his strained eyes might rest on the greenness about him. Then his thoughts flew to Kate, and he read her letter once more, with an amusement in which there was much of tenderness. Had there been a single false note in any line of it, the ideal which he had formed of the girl might have been shattered at a blow; for, like most men of the world who have known it in various phases, he was fastidious to the highest degree. Few of the women he had known had even measurably approached his standard. Kate had gone beyond it, not only by

her personal characteristics and rare endowments, but by the influence of the supernatural upon her life, which he had never taken into account, but which he now perceived to be of vital necessity.

If Kate were beautiful, sprightly, of rare wit, of an almost magnetic charm, these qualities must presently lose all flavor unless preserved and kept wholesome by that salt of religion, of self-denial, of self-restraint. The silent hour spent in the obscure country church in the early morning with only the poor about her, the cheerful performance of duties which were even menial, and that from a motive which was above and beyond nature, must surely preserve those charms from the world's blight, as the moss protects the rose.

And as he sat and looked out over the waves gleaming in the sunlight and stretching away illimitably, to blend with the ocean beyond, the intimate conviction came upon him of that other world beyond the skyline of this, immeasurably beyond the most vast of ocean plains. He had vaguely known it before, but he had disregarded it. Men had died and had vanished out of life, and he had not spared an instant from the whirl of his existence to ask himself whither they had gone. So, with the knowledge of his love for Kate, that mysterious attraction which had all at once seized upon his life, seemed to come a sense of the supernatural. Matter was not all, reason was not all; conventional religion, which delights merely in respectability and an opportunity, was not all.

Kate believed, Kate acted upon her belief, or he could not have loved her at all. He could not have endured to think of her as among that horde of betting and "horsy" women, of talkative and self-assertive platform women, of sceptical and free-thinking women, of bold and slang-talking women; above

all, of irreligious women. He did not carry his deductions, however, to their logical conclusion, and decide that if it were good for Kate to be religious, it would likewise be good for her intending suitor to imitate her in that respect. If Henry Moran had thought of it at all, he would have argued: How could he, how could any man be like Kate? What time came into his life for religion?

He arose at last with reluctance—for the salt air from the bay was reviving, and the solitude delightful in his present mood,—and walked back again, vaguely aware of the hurrying crowds on the sidewalks, and the dense traffic of express wagons and all other wagons, carriages, cable cars, packed together in the middle of the street so tightly that at first glance motion seemed impossible. He saw a tall policeman capture two reluctant women and hurry them through the serried lines of vehicles, with mysterious signals to the drivers which they dared not disobey; he saw great bales of merchandise being deposited at doors from wagons drawn by dray-horses; he saw the clock on the city hall pointing to the hour of half-past one, and he quickened his steps and went into the Astor House; for he had to take his luncheon yet and walk back to Wall Street.

The waiters vied with one another in taking his hat and cane and escorting him to a private room, where he took a hasty meal alone; after which, as he pursued his way to his office, he felt himself haunted by a depressing thought that the most colossal fortune, the outside limit of financial success, might at any hour be as nothing. Men were found dead like that millionaire of whom he had read in the morning's paper, and what did all the kingdoms of earth matter then? It cheered him to remember that Kate had gauged rightly the

value of all that the world esteems, and that she and those around her were preparing as best they might, by a pure and noble life, for the fatal day which must come to everyone. He felt suddenly as if he had found in his love for Kate a shelter and a protection against those new alarms. It was a curious frame of mind for a Wall Street operator, and certainly one which would have created no little astonishment could it have been known on 'Change. And, indeed, the thoughts of most men would come as a surprise to those about them were they put into words.

Once arriving at his office, Henry Moran took another half hour to himself. He was something of a draughtsman, though he lacked Kate's delicate touch. What he drew then, and what he put into an envelope, was simply this: an old man on crutches, endeavoring to kneel before a young girl and holding up for her acceptance a cheque. He addressed it to "Miss Katherine Raymond, Vine Cottage," with the name of the town and the initials of the state below. Calling an office boy, he had it sent at once to the post. Then he forgot, as far as possible, the whole matter, and went to work seriously for the rest of the afternoon.

The stockbroker was not going out till a late train that night, as he had accepted an invitation to dine with Mrs. Thurston. She was in town for a week or so only, from Newport, having been summoned by the illness of a relative, and was asking a few of her choicest acquaintances to meet an Italian Marquis and a British M. P., both of whom were "doing" America. Mrs. Thurston counted much on Henry Moran; first because he was a favorite of hers, and secondly because he was a type. Foreigners always want so much to meet American types. Moreover, Mr. Moran was very difficult to secure,

and this enhanced his value. Sometimes at the last moment a telegram came instead of himself, and he always accepted invitations on these conditions.

But he said to himself that day, in view of the decision he had taken, that perhaps he ought to keep himself more in touch with the world of society; so that Mrs. Thurston really owed it to Kate that Henry Moran was ringing her bell at twenty-five minutes to seven. His toilet, always careful, was unusually so on that particular evening. He had given more time to its details, in his apartments at the Holland House, which he always retained and where he kept a wardrobe and a valet.

(To be continued.)

O Filii et Filiae!

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

O MAIDS and striplings, hear love's story!
The King of Hearts, the King of Glory,
This day hath risen from cerements gory.

At gleam of east, earth's blush resembling,
Around the tomb, with awe and trembling,
The Lord's disciples were assembling.

At dawn, with love their anguish calming,
Three Marys, stifling sobs and psalming,
Came, bent upon their Lord's embalming.

An angel, clad in garments glowing,
There sat, who spake thus: "Fear not, knowing
To Galilee the Lord is going."

And John, of all the twelve belovéd,
Outstripping Peter who fast movéd,
First reached the tomb, as love behovéd.

Both they and theirs while grief yet wrung them,
Behold, one day Christ stood among them!
"Peace!" when He breathed, joy pain-like stung
them.

But Didymus, not present, hearing
Of His, their Jesus', reappearing,
Withheld his faith, deception fearing.

"Behold, O Thomas unbelieving,
My feet, My hands, My side; and, grieving,
Mark well these wounds no sight deceiving!"

Who, when he saw his Lord's flesh keeping
Those brands of death, his heart upheaving,
"My Lord! my God!" cried he, then weeping.

"Yea, rather blessed they who see not,
Yet whose undoubting faith will flee not,
Though visual proof, even one, there be not."

Upon this holy feast, now raising
Our hearts to heaven in songs of praising,
Sing Him of glory sun-like blazing.

In hushed humility avowing,
With knees and hearts and senses bowing,
All His great mercies life endowing.

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.—A CRADLE OF FAITH.

AQUI tubo principio el Santo Evangelio en este nuevo mundo. ("Here the Holy Gospel had its beginning—was first preached—in the New World.")

This sentence, inscribed on an ancient pulpit, is surely one to cause a flood of thought; and it is surely a pilgrimage worth making to stand on a spot so hallowed. An easy pilgrimage, too; for the little city of Tlascala, which wears so great an honor, is but a short distance from that proud capital of Anáhuac it once helped to overthrow. Full of the most stirring and romantic associations, it also stands in the midst of the most picturesque scenery, as it lies on the eastern side of the great mountains that surround the valley of Mexico. On the branch line of the Mexican Railway, which runs from Apizaco to Puebla, is the little town of Santa Anita; and thence a tramway conducts the pilgrim along the lovely valley of the Atoyac to Tlascala, five or six miles distant.

A quaint and sleepy place now, this capital of ancient Tlascala, with an air of tranquil, picturesque decay which adds to the fascination of its memories. At its feet flows the crystal stream of the

Atoyac, above it rise sanctuary-crowned hills, the great mountains stand around, the fertile valley spreads afar, and the marvellous turquoise sky of Mexico bends over all. The children laugh and play in the sunshine; veiled women with red water-jars on their shoulders pass to and fro; there is a great absence of noise and haste. Time seems almost to stand still in Tlascala, lying so quietly on her hillside, dreaming of her warlike past. For Tlascala does not forget the glories of that past. She does not forget that her chiefs were the first to receive Christian baptism,—the first to profess allegiance to that Holy, Catholic and Roman faith which all Mexico holds to-day; she does not forget that in her forests were hewn, and on the shoulders of her sons transported, the timbers of the brigantines; she does not forget in what fashion her warriors fought under the banner of Castile, nor yet—for this is her crowning pride!—that here the Holy Gospel was first preached in the New World. And perhaps because she was so ready to receive this Gospel, there came to Tlascala another heavenly favor which she greatly prizes, and of which we shall speak a little later.

But, first, let us do homage to the memory of those proto-converts, the brave chiefs whose faithful adherence and effective aid to Cortés made the Conquest of Mexico possible. On the quiet plaza stands the ancient Casa Municipal (city hall), dating in whole or in part from the founding of the Spanish town immediately after the Conquest. In the council room of this old edifice, solid now as when its foundations were laid nearly four hundred years ago, hang copies of the portraits of the four chiefs,—copies because the originals of these portraits, together with many other valuable historical relics, were taken out of the country

by Boturini in 1742 and lost at sea. The Christian and Indian names of the chiefs are: Lorenzo Mazihcatzin, chief of Ocotetulco; Gonzalo Tlahuexolotzin, chief of Tepeticpac; Bartholomé Zitlalpopoca, chief of Quiahuiztlan; and Vicente Xicohtencatl, chief of Tizatlan. It may be mentioned that these names, which look so formidable, are in reality easily pronounced and very liquid in sound.

Besides the portraits, we may see here the standard given by Cortés to the Tlascalans and carried by them in battle. The rich, heavy silk of this banner, once a beautiful crimson, has faded now to a dull brown; but as we look at it and think of the scenes over which it has floated, it becomes a talisman to carry us back to the days when in the cries of "Castile and Tlascala!" Tenochtitlan heard its doom. Its place might appropriately be beside the banner of the Conqueror, which is in the National Museum in the city of Mexico; but Tlascala has ever retained it most jealously. Here also are preserved the robes in which the chiefs were baptized, together with the genealogical tree of the chief Xicohtencatl; the grant of arms to Tlascala, beautifully illuminated on parchment and bearing the signature of the Emperor Charles Fifth; and the city's charter, also on parchment, beautifully illuminated and bound in vellum, with the portrait and signature of the grantor, Philip Second; the date, Barcelona, May 10, 1585.

Indeed these archives of Tlascala are filled with the most deeply interesting relics of the past. Here is a Spanish translation of the order which commanded that eighty thousand picked men should march with Cortés against Mexico. It was by the personal direction of the Conqueror himself that this historic document was translated and preserved,—so eager was he to acknowl-

edge the full extent of his debt to his native allies. And here is the ancient war-drum of the Tlascalans—a hollow log, two and a half feet long and about eight inches in diameter, covered with curious carvings.

When at last we emerge from the great doorway of the Casa Municipal into the sunshine that lies like a mantle of gold over the small but famous city, with its pure, delicious atmosphere and the forest fragrance which every wandering breeze brings from the great mountain slopes near by, we are prepared to follow in the spirit of true pilgrims the paved way, bordered by a double row of trees, which leads up to the oldest sanctuary on the continent of America. It is a foundation of 1521, this Church of San Francisco; and as we pass under the triple arch that unites the bell-tower with the monastery, we endeavor to forget that the latter is now, according to "Liberal" custom, converted into a barrack, and are only grateful that the church of many memories has been respected and spared.

Standing on a terraced hillside which descends so steeply that the outer wall of the atrium and the outlying bell-tower are on the brink of a considerable descent, the fine old buildings form a strikingly picturesque and impressive mass. Nor is their outward promise unfulfilled within. The interior is nobly planned, spacious and full of the charm of antiquity; its beauty mellowed by time to a most artistic loveliness, and its ancient adornments happily untouched by the often destroying hand of the "restorer." The great roof is upheld by richly carved cedar beams; there are admirably carved and gilded screens at the doors of the chapels; and in keeping with this fine woodwork is the beautiful old altar, into which are inserted paintings of scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin, executed in 1669.

The altar of Dolores was erected in 1661 by the Capitan Don Diego de Tapia (this is a native name), *para entierro de los niños angeles*,—"for the burial of the angel children." Nor, it may be said, was Don Diego de Tapia singular in thus describing his children whom God had taken in their innocence. When a stranger in some Mexican town sees a procession passing along the streets, without a sign of mourning but carrying a flower-decked bier (flowers are never used for the adult dead), and asks its meaning, the reply is always that it is the funeral of "*un angel*"; for never does a Mexican speak otherwise of a dead child. There are, also, several very old and a few good pictures in the church; and in its sacristy may be seen the primitive vestments and a curious ex-voto picture presented by the chief Zitlalpopoca.

But it is the chapel of the Tercer Orden, opening from the church, which is richest in carved and gilded woodwork, as well as most interesting in what it contains. Here is preserved the pulpit from which (as told by its inscription, already quoted) the Christian faith was first preached in the New World. And here, also, is preserved the font—a bowl carved from a single block of black lava—in which the four Tlascalcan chiefs were baptized in the year 1520. The Catholic, of whatever race, would be strangely insensible who did not feel a deep thrill of emotion in this spot—the cradle of our holy faith "in this new world." For it is in every sense a true cradle—not like the foundation of the Church in what were once called the English colonies. Here the command of Our Lord was literally observed: the faith was preached to a heathen people, light was brought to those who sat in darkness, the Gospel and the Sacraments were given to souls that had never known them before, and a new

nation was added to the fold of Christ.

How the heart of Cortés—whom even the Protestant and prejudiced Prescott declares to have been “a true soldier of the Cross”—must have swelled with gratitude in thinking of the great thing he had been privileged to do, when he saw the waters of baptism poured on the heads of the chiefs of Tlascala! And we, too, on this spot must thank God for the great and glorious work of Spain in the New World,—a work which many sinister influences are now trying to destroy, but which has already added unnumbered multitudes of faithful and ardent souls to the choirs of heaven. At their head stand, we must believe, those brave chiefs who here bent their proud necks to the yoke of Christ four hundred years ago, setting an example to their people the importance of which it is impossible to overrate, and the accumulating results of which will never be known until the great and final Judgment.

As has been already said, it was as if in reward for the readiness with which Tlascala accepted the true faith of God that a favor was vouchsafed her which is commemorated in one of the most beautiful shrines in Mexico—the famous sanctuary of Ocotlan. The story is thus charmingly told by an ancient chronicler, writing in the seventeenth century:

“Tradition declares that in the first years succeeding the Conquest, a certain godly Indian, whose name was Juan Diego, was most faithful in ministering to his fellow-townsmen smitten by a great pestilence that then raged in these parts. Thinking to procure better water for the sick to drink, he passed from the Church of San Francisco, where he had been at prayers, toward the river. And when he had come to the place where the holy well now is, where there was a grove of great pine-trees called by the

Indians *ocotes*, he heard calling him a sweet voice, which said: ‘God save thee, my son! Where goest thou?’ And he beheld standing there the Blessed Virgin. And he said: ‘I go to bring water to them who are sick.’ And she answered: ‘I will give you water that will not only quench the thirst of them who are sick, but that will cure their infirmity.’ And, lo! from beneath a great *ocote* there gushed forth a sweet and lively spring. Then did the Blessed Virgin bid Juan Diego search in that spot and he would find her holy image. And having thus spoken, she vanished from him, leaving him animated by a holy and tranquil joy. And when, with the religious from San Francisco, he made search—for he was minded not to go upon this quest alone,—he found the image where the Blessed Virgin had declared that it would be. Then the Fathers placed it in the Church of San Lorenzo, where it was venerated and wrought many miracles; and with gladly-given alms the shrine was built for it upon the hill, above the sacred spot where, at the Virgin’s command, the water had gushed forth. And there this shrine, greatly beautified in modern times, remains to this day.”

More than two hundred years have passed since these words were written, but the ‘greatly beautified shrine remains to this day’; and we take our way to it, past the chapel erected over the holy well—at which we will not fail to pause—to the crest of the hill where the sanctuary, an imposing structure with singularly striking effects of white and red, stands, commanding a magnificent view. From its front we overlook the beautiful valley of the Atoyac for leagues; we are encompassed on all sides by the forest-clad heights of Tlascala, rising peak above peak, and serrated ridge above serrated ridge; while dominating them the splendid

mass of the Malintzi—just escaping the snow-line at thirteen thousand feet—stands boldly against the sky. Also, we see, rising above all intervening heights, the great volcanoes, lifting their shining snows into the jewel-like depths of the blue heaven: Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl in the southwest, while eastward rises the glorious peak of the Star Mountain—beautiful Orizaba. Language is poor with which to describe such a scene—its wide extent and Alpine freshness, the majesty of cloud-soaring heights, the loveliness of smiling valleys, the aromatic odors of vast forests; the wonderful, lucid, sapphire sky; the presence of great memories; and, crowning all, the sanctuary of the Mother of God.

When we enter the sanctuary we stand amazed before its marvellous details. We are told that the mass of rich and beautiful carving which covers the chancel, transepts, pulpit and dome is the work of one man—the Indian sculptor, Francisco Miguel, who to the execution of this carving, and that which adorns the *camarin*, devoted twenty-five years of his life. The altar is of silver, beautifully wrought; and in a glazed silver shrine is enclosed the holy figure found by Juan Diego—brother in faith as well as in race to him of the same name whom the Blessed Virgin even more greatly honored at Tepeyac. Upon the figure's forehead hovers miraculously a tiny star that vanishes and again appears.

About fifty years ago the nave of the church was modernized at the charges of the Señora Doña Maria Joséfa Zabalza; "but," remarks Mr. Janvier, "in a manner at once rich and elegant. This devout lady was a person of excellent taste; for an inscription at the south side of the entrance tells that she refrained from modifying the work in the chancel and transepts 'because of its antiquity and merit'; for which virtue

of omission may her spirit rest in peace!

So much, briefly, of this beautiful and most interesting sanctuary of Ocotlan. Of the Catholics who go to Mexico, how many have seen it? How many, as from the capital they ran over to Puebla or down to Vera Cruz, have even given a thought to Tlascala, lying amid her mountains and her forests, dreaming of the past in which her warriors played so great a part, and never for an instant forgetting that she has the proud distinction of being the Cradle of Faith in the New World?

(Conclusion next week.)

Checkmated by Her Own Move.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"TRAVERS, my dear fellow," said Digby Everton, gazing intently and gloomily at the wreath of blue smoke that curled upward from his cigar, "I am going to ask you a very impertinent question."

Ned Travers laughed.

"I don't think you can. However, go ahead."

The two men were seated in Digby Everton's particular den, enjoying a last smoke before separating for the night. The other two men who formed the male portion of the party that had come to Everton Grange for the Easter holidays had already retired.

"Are—have—" Digby began twice and paused. "See here, Ned, are you in love with Mary Osmond?"

The man addressed flushed under his tan, and for a moment he seemed to resent his host's query.

"I think Miss Osmond one of the most charming girls I have ever met," he answered at length.

"Oh!" Digby said. "Alice was right."

"In what was Mrs. Everton right?"

"I hoped she was mistaken," Digby went on. "I wish to Heaven you had met the girl anywhere else than here, or that you hadn't met her at all!"

"Will you explain, Everton?"

"Yes, of course. I should have told you before this. Poor Mary! It isn't her fault."

"Please go on."

"Well, it is not generally known, but Mary's mother died in an asylum, and her grandfather as well."

"Her mother? Isn't Mrs. Osmond her mother?" asked Ned.

"No, no: her step-mother. Her mother died years ago. They are so attached that they are usually taken for mother and daughter."

"Thank you, Everton! I know you meant well, and—I think I shall make an excuse to leave you. I had, almost unconsciously, begun to hope that I might win Miss Osmond's love. Thank God, I have given no such hint in any way! It is bad enough as it is, but if I thought for a moment that the girl cared—" Ned paused.

"I had no idea that you cared so much, Ned," said Everton after a long silence; and his friend smiled faintly.

"I did not know myself till now. And, though I have not the least reason to suppose Miss Osmond would have listened to me, your information is none the less a blow, Everton."

"I understand,"—Everton's voice was sympathetic; but after another pause he put a question to his guest regarding the Australian methods of agriculture.

At that same hour two women in a different part of the building were also engaged in a midnight conversation.

"I really don't know what Mr. Travers sees to admire in Mary Osmond," Miss Barrett said petulantly to her mother.

"Nor I," Mrs. Barrett agreed, with a satisfied glance toward her daughter's thick tresses of reddish gold hair, which

a maid was patiently brushing. "She isn't handsome by any means, Helen."

Mrs. Barrett paused for a reply.

"No, indeed; rather the reverse. Nor is she brilliant in conversation," the lady went on, as Helen did not speak.

"And yet she attracts Mr. Travers, evidently," Helen remarked crossly.

"I should think so, my dear. Indeed, many men pay but little attention to the women they most admire," Mrs. Barrett said.

"Nonsense, mother! Why on earth do you say things you don't believe? I'm sure you needn't mind Esther. She knows all our secrets."

Mrs. Barrett sighed. She and her daughter were trying to live fashionably on a very limited income. The poor lady would gladly have settled down in some quiet country place where her few hundreds a year would have brought her comfort; but Helen insisted on seven or eight weeks in London during the season, a like period at some favorite watering-place, and a round of visits to various country-houses during the autumn. Many people wondered that Miss Barrett at twenty-seven was still unmarried. Certainly her mother would gladly have seen her comfortably settled in life; for Helen's temper had not improved with years.

"I was quite certain that I had captivated Mr. Travers," Helen added, with a laugh musical yet unpleasant; "and now, behold, he is at Mary Osmond's feet, so to speak! Why did the Evertons bring her here just now?"

"Mrs. Everton and she are close friends. The family estates border each other," Mrs. Barrett explained.

"I know. Well, I do hate her and her sly, sneaking ways."

Mrs. Barrett did not speak: it was useless to combat her daughter's ideas, as she very well knew; and, after some further grumbling, Helen went off to her

own room, which was just across the corridor. Mrs. Barrett remained in her chair, thinking of the difficulties of her life. In a few minutes the maid, who had accompanied her daughter, returned. The woman had been in her service for a length of time and understood a good deal about her embarrassments. The fact that her wages were a long way in arrears perhaps made Esther Vale more presuming than she would otherwise have been. She drew a chair close to that of her mistress and sat down.

"Now, look here, ma'am! Was this Australian gentleman paying attention to Miss Helen?" she asked.

"Really, Esther, I do not see why you put such a question," Mrs. Barrett said, with an assumption of dignity.

"You needn't mind that, but just tell me," the maid rejoined. "Maybe you'll find it to your advantage."

"Well, yes. I thought so and so did others. Then this Miss Osmond came—a pale, delicate-looking bit of a girl,—and since her arrival he has been as her shadow," Mrs. Barrett said.

"If I give you information that would keep the gentleman from marrying her, will you pay my wages and give me in addition twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds! Now, you know right well, Esther, that twenty pounds is a lot of money to me; and as for your wages, have I not told you over and over again that they will be paid to you?" Mrs. Barrett remonstrated.

Her maid listened calmly.

"Yes, but I must get your promise regarding the money."

And, after some further talk, Esther Vale had her way.

"But, Esther, what do you mean?" her mistress asked eagerly.

No mother could have been more anxious to see her daughter properly settled in life; and Ned Travers was certainly a good match, and at first

seemed attracted by Helen Barrett's fair face and brisk society manners. Surely she was quite justified in thinking of her daughter's welfare.

"Miss Osmond has no more right to that name than me," the maid as firmly as ungrammatically said. "She is not Mr. Osmond's daughter."

"Not Mr. Osmond's daughter!" Mrs. Barrett echoed.

"No: her real name is Mary Fletcher, and she is the daughter of a gamekeeper and his wife who once lived at Osmond Court. It was this way, you see. The first Mrs. Osmond was a bit unsettled in her head from the time of her baby's birth. She was a foolish young thing at the best, and did not get on very well with her husband. While he was absent in Scotland attending to some law business, her baby caught a fever that was common around the Court, and died suddenly, without any doctor having been called in. The nurse was just as neglectful as the mistress—"

"Go on," Mrs. Barrett said eagerly.

"Well, the two women conceived the idea of getting the gamekeeper's child and substituting it for the dead baby. Mrs. Fletcher had died a month before, and the man was ready enough to agree to his mistress' proposal. As I told you, the fever was very common; and when Fletcher gave out about his child's sudden death, the truth of his story was not doubted. Then Mrs. Osmond, with her nurse, went on a visit to some watering-place in France; and no one ever guessed that her child had died."

"How did you learn all this?"

"Because I was caring for the gamekeeper's child at the time. He tried to keep me in the dark, but I found out. Mrs. Osmond gave me a sum of money to hold my tongue, and I did so."

"Can I believe these statements?"

"It is all true as Gospel, and you can prove it so."

"How?"

"Well, the first Mrs. Osmond, as you know, died in an asylum; but now and then she would be sensible enough, and once when she was so she told her husband what she had done."

"Did he believe her? Did he not think it all a delusion?"

"Oh, no! He found out Fletcher and me, and the man told him the truth. Fletcher was in bad health then and died soon after. Mr. Osmond, you see, left the girl only a small fortune."

"Yes, yes."

"And he told his lawyers—at least he said to Fletcher he would,—but no one else was to know. He supported Fletcher to his death in fine style. I suppose he did not want the world to know of what his wife had done, and he was fond of the child."

"Who were the lawyers,—do you know their names?"

"I do; for, you see, once a year they send me a small cheque. Their names are Harland & McKay, London. Mr. Harland used to be a good deal at Osmond Court. He was a great friend of its master."

"And you never told me what you knew, Esther?"

"Why should I, ma'am? I'm no great talker, and I was paid for holding my tongue. You'll not say anything of this to any one but the gentleman, and likely he won't want to marry Phil Fletcher's daughter. You can tell him, if you like, that Fletcher's eldest brother was transported." The woman gave a little cackling laugh.

There was some further talk before mistress and maid separated; but late as it was when Mrs. Barrett retired, she was up at an early hour next morning. As she was dressing she saw Travers walking slowly through the gravelled paths that were underneath her window. She joined him hastily, and

in the course of conversation managed to introduce Miss Osmond's name.

"Of course that isn't her name," the lady said, with a little laugh; "but it is a great secret." And then she carefully disclosed to him the substance of her maid's story.

"How do you happen to know this, Mrs. Barrett?" Ned Travers demanded, quietly.

"Now, really, Mr. Travers, you must not expect me to tell everything. I have known the secret for a long time, but I never even told Helen. She is very sensitive. And you, too, must not speak of it. Promise me you will not."

"I certainly should not repeat a story of the kind without great deliberation," Ned said, reservedly. "Besides, you have probably been misinformed."

"No, indeed, Mr. Travers. Ask the late Mr. Osmond's solicitors, Harland & McKay, of London."

The conversation between Mrs. Barrett and Ned had lasted some time, so that when they entered the breakfast room they found the rest of the company seated at the table. Digby Everton was announcing that his friend had to go to London on business.

"But I hope to return to-morrow, Everton,—that is, if Mrs. Everton and you will have me," interposed Ned, as he took a chair.

His host looked at him in some wonder. He seemed rather excited, but much brighter-looking than when he had last seen him.

"Have you! Of course we will!" the lady at the head of the table said; and her husband muttered some like words.

Ned managed to obtain an interview with Mr. Harland that afternoon. The lawyer at once answered his question. Miss Osmond was not the daughter of the late Mr. Osmond, though she was supposed to be such. Neither her step-mother nor herself was aware of that

act. He believed Mr. Osmond did intend them to know the truth, but he had died rather suddenly.

Ned reached Everton Grange early next day, and the first person he met was Miss Osmond. And Digby Everton to this day fails to understand how it was that Ned asked—and obtained—the lady's promise to be his wife; and Mrs. Barrett often mourns for her wasted twenty pounds.

The Christian Life.

BY HENRI LASSERRE.*

THE Church, in her maternal wisdom, has classified the works of mercy which the Christian should accomplish during life. She has divided them into "corporal" and "spiritual." With the first, which lend themselves easily to commemorative representation, we are familiar, thanks to the various masterpieces of art. They are, besides, more practical in all classes of society, whenever necessity requires it. But the spiritual works of mercy are hardly known, and still less exercised as a sublime duty.

To endure much and pardon much: to endure the faults of our fellow-creatures, their physical and moral infirmities, their follies and diverse traits, their misunderstandings and neglect; to pardon the offences and wrongs which have been committed against us, directly and indirectly—the slanders, the calumnies, the sharp retorts, the cruelties, as well as perfidious injuries, veiled by worldly hypocrisy,—all this is an essential part of the Christian life.

To endure is to conform oneself to the evangelical precept, which commands us not to do to our neighbor what we would not have him do to us. Would

we wish that he should make us feel and expiate each of our errors and faults against him? that he should cry out at each of our imperfections, of which he may be the victim, often to our regret and sometimes without our knowledge?

To forgive is the only way of obtaining the pardon of God for our own sins. In the prayer which Jesus Christ has taught us He has ordained this sole condition of divine forgiveness, of that supreme pardon which embraces all eternity. Could He have done otherwise? Can one imagine the kingdom of God without the reciprocal love of all the blessed, without the peace and concord which must be its distinguishing atmosphere? When He said on the night before His death, "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given Me: that they may be one, as we also are," did not the Son of God reveal the beatitude of the saints, among whom it is impossible for any discord to exist?

Whosoever nurtures in his heart sentiments which hinder him from loving any of God's creatures closes against himself the gate of the celestial kingdom. A thousand virtues lead man to the doors of Paradise, but not one of them can open it without the virtue of forgiveness—sincere, entire; truly and ardently disposed to receive the guest long banished from the heart; to welcome the bitterest enemy, the most secret tormentor, in the same manner as the elect of God rejoice more at the return of one repentant soul than for the perseverance of ninety-nine just.

If we unite our sentiments with those of Jesus Christ praying on the cross for His murderers because they knew not what they did, we shall also become convinced that the majority of sinners know not the evil they do. When experience has taught us this truth,

* Thoughts culled for THE AVE MARIA from "La Vie Chrétienne."

the sorrow of seeing God offended will replace in our hearts resentment at the outrage.

And while on this subject, so sacred in itself, it is well to remember that our most noble instincts as well as our generous impetuosity often concur to render us forgetful and wanting in patience. If self-love and wounded feeling frequently engender impatience, we also feel its impulses aroused under the sting of some just indignation or the impetus of some other good sentiment. And though these irritations in their inception are not without excuse, as their motive is legitimate, there is often as much virtue in controlling oneself under such circumstances as when actuated by unworthy emotions for which we have really cause to blush.

In connection with this subject, I may relate an anecdote which has strongly impressed itself on my memory.

Walking along the Rue du Bac one day, about twenty or thirty paces in front of me, I perceived Father Gratry advancing in an opposite direction. Entirely regardless of the passers-by, he proceeded at an easy pace, talking to himself as he went along. His face beamed with contentment; he was smiling as at some pleasant reminiscence. In another moment we were face to face.

"What has occurred to make you so happy this morning, Reverend Father?" I inquired. "Your whole countenance betrays extreme satisfaction."

"Ah, my friend! it is because I have just made a great discovery."

"What is it, dear Father?"

"An immense discovery,—one which explains many things."

"You make me more curious, Father."

"A discovery greater than that of Columbus, who revealed to mankind a new hemisphere, a new world."

"But what is it—this discovery?"

Lowering his voice, as though about

to make some revelation, he uttered this short phrase: "There are fools!"

"But, Father," I said to him, smiling—though I could not avoid an expression of surprise,—“I will dare to assert the right of priority and inform you that I made that discovery long ago. At the same time I confess that it never caused me to experience the perfect happiness in which you seem to be swallowed up.”

"That is because you have never comprehended it; you have seen without seeing. There are fools, my friend: that diminishes the number of the wicked. When, in religion, in philosophy, in politics, in business, in the infinite details of the conduct of life, we see persons offend by their speech, their writings, their acts, that which is manifestly good, true and just, constituting themselves their obstinate adversaries, becoming thus the enemies of morality, sanctity, of intelligent patriotism, sometimes even of our persons, naturally we feel in our souls a detestation of these men, whom we consider corrupt and depraved. But suppose, my dear friend, that we say to ourselves: 'These poor people, are they not of weak intelligence? Are they not bad because they see wrongly; because their minds, false or stupid as the case may be, do not comprehend what others comprehend? How many of those whom we call wicked are assuredly only fools!' Thus, all at once, the bad and unchristian sentiments disappear from our hearts; and deep pity—that is to say, charity—takes their place. We pity instead of hating. Suddenly we enter and are at home in a new hemisphere, where it is daylight, leaving behind us the hemisphere where all is darkness. Our view is one of universal benevolence. So, full of joy, at the aspect of this new world we exclaim, 'Land! land!' like Columbus; or 'Eureka!' like Archimedes. O blessed discovery,—there are many fools!"

And oftentimes since that incident the remembrance of Father Gratry's words has proved a salutary one. Many a time it has helped me to calm interior disturbances and to relieve me of all irritation against those who behaved badly, who were in their ignorance only fools. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" is the divine utterance, which everyone must and can repeat when his hour of crucifixion comes. So, too, it is incumbent upon us to be patient even in defending our friends, even in defending God.

(To be continued.)

Easter in the Tyrol.

THE peasants of the Tyrol keep the Feast of the Resurrection with the greatest solemnity and with holy joy. Modern scepticism has not penetrated that primitive part of the earth. Bands of singers go about on the evening of Holy Saturday, accompanying themselves on their guitars as they sing their time-honored Easter hymns and carols. From every house the people pour forth and join their voices to those of the pious minstrels; and from far and near one hears the church-bells pealing forth in mellow cadence. Crowds of children attend these singers; and it is their duty to bear lighted torches, which give a picturesque and striking air to the scene. At each house where they stop the goodwife is ready with colored eggs, which she distributes among them.

Questioning.

HEAR the pulsing of the heart—
Nature's heart!
In the thrill of Easter joy
Hath it part.
Every heart-throb is a flower
Praising God:
Shall our hearts be less responsive
Than the sod?

Notes and Remarks.

A zealous convert from the ranks of the Anglican clergy proposes to collect for immediate publication short statements from other recent converts as to the influences which have prompted them to examine their former religious position and to join the Church. A happy thought. It will be found, of course, that in most cases these converts were influenced more by the good lives of Catholics with whom they were brought into contact than by any arguments, however strong, that were brought to bear upon them. Discussion and controversy are next to nothing in comparison with the force of prayer and personal example. It is in human nature to be more deeply impressed by what one sees than by what one hears or reads.

Mr. Hall Caine thinks that Rome is the natural seat of that board of arbitration which will adjudicate international and industrial questions and prevent wars and strikes, when the millennium comes. "Her geographical position, her religious and historical interest, her artistic charm, and above all the mystery of eternal life which attaches to her, seem to me to point to Rome as the seat of the great court of appeal in the congress of humanity which (as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow) the future will see established."

The Church of Australia has assuredly been blessed in her bishops,—men of saintlike faith and heroic fortitude, whose lives have been full of touching and edifying incidents, the memory of which, it is to be hoped, will not perish. Two of this noble band lately passed to their reward—Bishop Salvado, of Perth, and Bishop Byrne, of Bathurst. The former was a member of the Order of

St. Benedict, and so deeply imbued with its spirit that his life and labors recall the greatest pioneers of European civilization. His success in converting and uplifting the aborigines of Australia, almost without parallel in modern times, entitles him to rank among the apostles of the nineteenth century. The life of the beloved Bishop of Bathurst was a model for priests, prelates and people; and his death a striking example of Christian fortitude and patience. The diocese over which he presided for fifteen years, succeeding another holy prelate, is said to be one of the most flourishing and best organized in Australia. A touching proof of Bishop Byrne's love for his people was given at the Midnight Mass celebrated at the opening of the new century. Already in the grasp of Death, he made his appearance in the cathedral to offer the sacrifice of his life for the flock entrusted to his care. And as he prayed the sacred edifice resounded with the sobs and moans of the worshipers, most of whom were never to see his face again.

The faculty and students of Yale University recently enjoyed the privilege of listening to an address from a distinguished member of the United States Supreme Court, Justice David J. Brewer. Speaking on the duties of citizenship and obedience to law, Judge Brewer emphatically condemned the action of striking laborers who by force or intimidation prevent other laborers not associated with them from exercising their right to work for whom they please. "If it be wise," said the Judge, "as a matter of political economy, that there should be a consolidation of all employees into one or more organizations, and that no one should be permitted to work except he be a member of such organization, let the lawmakers so enact; and whenever a

constitutional enactment to that effect is passed, then every good citizen should strive to enforce it. But until such enactment there is no justifiable excuse for attempting by any form of coercion to deprive one of his liberty in respect to labor,—a liberty included within what our fathers declared to be inalienable rights, 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'" This is merely the terse expression of what most people have often felt as they read of "non-union" workmen being prevented by strikers from earning their livelihood.

Of that blot on our contemporary history, lynching, Judge Brewer says:

It is useless to scold legislators or lawyers or judges or executives: they will never be any better than the popular sentiment which is back of them. When that public sentiment is aroused so as to feel that the safety of the community demands prompt, stern, unfaltering prosecution of criminals, then it will be that legislation will cease to block, but will strive to facilitate. Errors will be less obvious, executives will be firmer, criminals will be punished, and lynch law will be forgotten. Disobedience to the law will in this direction be simply a matter of history.

It is high time that public sentiment *should* be aroused to the requisite pitch on this subject, else will our criminal laws soon fail to inspire the respect necessary to ensure public safety.

In a letter to the editor of the London *Tablet* assuring him that the alleged Solemn Requiems for Queen Victoria in Canada and the United States never took place, a correspondent in this country remarks:

There are not a few of the faithful in the United States who hail from England, and there are many admirers of the late Queen among American Catholics. However, far from regretting that a dispensation was not sought for Solemn Requiem Masses to be said in the diocese of Westminster or anywhere else, they would be scandalized had such a dispensation been sought or granted. They understand that public Requiem Masses are celebrated only for "those who have gone before us with the sign of faith"; and it means very much to them that an apple-woman who is a

member of the Church is entitled to what is denied to a queen who is not. Mr. Moneybags is a very prominent American citizen, and he considers himself as good as King Edward "any day." Mrs. Moneybags is sometimes a most exemplary Catholic, princely in her benefactions to the Church and the poor. But it never enters her head to request a public Requiem Mass for her husband when he dies.

The writer adds, with due reserve:

We are not particularly edified at those of our English brethren who have "rushed into print" with reflections on Cardinal Vaughan. American Catholics do not set themselves up as models for the rest of Christendom; however, in such matters we should feel that our ecclesiastical superiors would know what was to be done and that the will to do it would not be wanting.

The first annual report of the Catholic Newspaper Guild, an English association for the dissemination of all kinds of wholesome and helpful literature, is of general interest. It not only shows what an incalculable amount of good this guild has been the means of effecting at very little cost or trouble to its members, but proves the urgent need of similar organizations throughout the English-speaking world. Literature dangerous to both Christian faith and morality is everywhere diffused, and as yet comparatively little has been done by Catholics toward supplying a remedy. Not to speak of prisons, hospitals, homes for the poor and aged, asylums for children, etc., there are public libraries and reading-rooms almost everywhere in which Catholic literature has no representation whatever. One might suppose that the population in many places was exclusively non-Catholic or anti-Catholic, judging by the shelves of libraries and the tables of reading-rooms. It may be said that the Catholic public is not indifferent and that there has never been proper advocacy of this matter. Anyhow, the fact remains, and it is a deplorable one. Demands for Catholic literature come to us from all quarters, and for several

years past we have been sending the best of our exchanges, with odd numbers of magazines, stray books, pamphlets, etc., to different public institutions. Many a time we have told of the good that might be effected in this way. But we are sorry to say that as yet we have found only a few persons disposed to co-operate with us in extending what we know to be a veritable apostolate.

The inconsistency of non-Catholics in regard to relics "beats Banagher." A slice of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake, sixty years old and none the better for its age, was sold recently in London for seventeen guineas. And yet ninety-nine Protestants out of every hundred are ready to condemn their Catholic brethren for preserving and venerating the relics of saints. How many times Catholic pilgrims have been ridiculed by Protestant persons for touching their rosaries to objects sacred and dear to every child of the Church! But when our Liberty Bell was being transported from Philadelphia to Chicago for the World's Fair crowds of people pressed forward at every stopping-place to have watches or rings applied to the hallowed metal; and there wasn't a word about it either,—nor should there have been.

Considering the great number of Catholics in English-speaking countries who fall away from the practice of their religion and the comparatively small number of converts to the faith, it is a consolation to hear of the progress of the Church in other lands. The London *Tablet* states that the greatest measure of success is attending the labors of missionary priests now operating in Brazil. Thanks to the zeal of German Franciscans, Belgian Premonstratensians, the Beuron Benedictines, the

Salesians, and other orders, that vast republic is undergoing a spiritual regeneration. In an account of missions conducted by the Franciscans in the diocese of Recife the writer states that people waited their turn for confession all day long, and many had to go away without being heard, so great were the crowds. It is well known that the religious life of Brazil had reached a low ebb before the reaction set in. Until recently, catechetical instruction in the churches of Bahia was unknown, and there especially the faith appeared to have died out. Everything seems to emphasize the importance of the Little Catechism; but no missionary ever doubts that the faith is a divine seed, which it is impossible ever wholly to eradicate.

It has often been prophesied in these columns that sooner or later religious-minded Protestants of all denominations would come round to the Catholic view of education. We were not surprised, therefore, to see this pronouncement from Bishop Vincent in the current number of *Success* (p. 733):

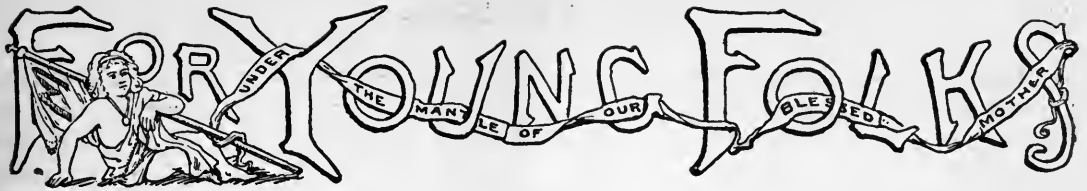
We are coming shortly, too, to demand a relaxation of the absolute monopoly of our children by the secular schools, and that the church do her equal duty again of religious instruction of the young with equal constancy, thoroughness and system.

Bishop Vincent is of the Protestant Episcopal sect. The next thing we know the Baptist leaders will begin to fall into line. Then the much-vexed school question will be in a fair way of settlement.

As we took occasion not long ago to comment on the extravagant caricature of Catholic beliefs presented by a Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Mr. Milligan, it is only fair to that reverend gentleman to state that, in a recent discourse in Toronto, he gave evidence of a breadth of mind and a tolerance worthy of

all commendation. Commenting on the efforts of agitators to antagonize English Protestants and French Catholics in the Dominion, Dr. Milligan declared that "it would be a disgrace, for example, at this time of day to have racial differences breed war in our midst. Why should we have foes in the men of French blood within our borders? They are far from being firebrands: they are an industrious, contented, religious and domestic people; and they are our fellowmen, and a good type at that, who have proved themselves at various crises of our history loyal men as well." This is the utterance of a sensible man; and, for our part, we are willing to forgive Brother Milligan for his bygone charges about our worshipping colored lights, adoring images, etc.

The Church in Canada has been bereft of one of the worthiest and most venerable of her prelates in the person of Bishop Sweeny, of St. John, New Brunswick. In the fifty-seventh year of his priesthood and the forty-first of his episcopate, he closed a beneficent and an edifying career on the morning of the Annunciation, the 25th ult. A man of deeds rather than words, a model administrator, a prudent pilot throughout more than one religious tempest that has raged in New Brunswick during the past four decades, the late distinguished prelate quietly and unostentatiously, but none the less effectively, wrought the material and spiritual upbuilding of his diocese. A personality in whom simplicity and dignity were most happily blended, of methodical habits and notable piety, Bishop Sweeny uniformly enjoyed the filial love of his own flock and the genuine respect and esteem of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens. A valiant soldier of Christ has gone to his reward. *R. I. P.*



On Easter Morning.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SKIMMING the dew as you pass,
Chirp, little bird, through the grass.

Was it ever so green,
Had it ever such sheen
As on this Easter morning?

Soar, little bird, through the air,
Over the hilltops fair!

Purple sea, blooming land,—
Were they ever so grand
As on this Easter morning?

Sing, little bird, in the sky,
To heaven's pearly gates nigh!
Were clouds ever so bright,
Were hearts ever so light

As on an Easter morning?

Passed are the sorrow and gloom,
Open the door of the tomb.

Hark to all Nature's voice:


"Jesus is risen! Rejoice

On this glad Easter morning!"

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIV.—DOÑA DOLORES.



OMING into the dining-room one morning while the others were at breakfast, Mr. de la Guerra took a letter from his pocket and began to read it to himself.

"It is an invitation to spend the day," he said to Mrs. Degler. "With Doña Dolores," he added, turning to Marie. "It will be pleasant to go?"

"Oh, yes, papa, if the others like!"

"Who is Doña Dolores?" asked Mrs. Degler, pouring a cup of coffee for the master of the house.

"She is a distant cousin; an eccentric character," rejoined De la Guerra. "But she is a fine woman and fond of any one who is in any way related to her."

"Does she speak English?" inquired Mrs. Degler.

"Yes: she attended school in England for some years," said De la Guerra. "In those days her father was still wealthy. She was a beautiful girl, much admired. They lived then at Monterey. She loved an Englishman, the youngest son of an earl, whom she had met abroad. But he was a Protestant and neither would give up to the other; so they were not married, and Dolores would hear of no other suitor. Her father was not a good living man. He gambled away nearly all his property; and at the end they came down to live here, where they had ranches. But one by one these went also, and the stock that was on them; so that when he came to die Dolores had nothing but the house and a few acres. From them she manages to get a living."

"All alone she is, with only Martino and his wife Benita," remarked Marie. "Seldom does she go about."

"Never, dearest," said De la Guerra. "She is lame and can not walk without pain. But she is not unhappy. She has her piano, her guitar, her painting, her embroidery, and her poetry. She is not unhappy: she lives in the world of the past and in that of her imagination."

"And she is so good," said Marie. "Have you written to say that we will come, papa?"

"Not yet. I came in first to see if there was any other arrangement for Thursday," rejoined her father.

"There is nothing," said Mrs. Degler.

"May I go on horseback with you, Cousin George?" asked Robbie.

"That is a matter of course," replied his cousin. "The men of the family always ride; the women go in carriages or wagons."

"But the women *can* ride," observed Marie. "They do not *always* go in carriages, papa. Lately we have missed our rides together."

"So I have been thinking," answered her father. "I must find a gentle horse for Genevieve, so that we may be a quartette in our rides."

"And Mary?—do not forget Mary, papa," said Marie. "It would be so good for her."

"Nothing could tempt me to mount a horse," said Mary. "I am like mamma, dreadfully afraid of them. I get plenty of exercise. No horse for me, please!"

"I can't ride a bit," said Genevieve; "but I am so anxious to learn! And I don't think I shall be afraid."

"Very well; it will not take you long to learn, then," said De la Guerra. "In a few days I shall have found you a horse, Genevieve. But the messenger is waiting. I will write a few lines."

Thursday morning the De la Guerras were up very early, as Marie said they must have a good long day with Doña Dolores. After a hasty breakfast, they started for Las Salcedas (The Willows), as Doña Dolores' ranch was called. Margarita brought out a hamper well laden with canned fruit and vegetables, which they were to present to their relative. They soon left the high-road, and from thence their way led through cañons and over hills, till, after two hours of hard jolting and bumping over hidden roots of trees and rough stones, they reached a green and shady valley, on one side of which ran a small stream, its banks bright with drooping willows and vividly green rushes, which gave Doña Dolores' place its title. The house

stood at the farther end of the valley, on an elevation so peculiar that it looked as though the earth had been brought and deposited there by the hand of man. But such was not the case.

"Dolores would not be able to live in the valley but for the elevation on which her house is built," said De la Guerra, who was riding beside the wagon.

"It has long been her home," replied her cousin. "And I doubt if she is ever lonely. She has too many resources in herself for that."

Following a winding path, they were soon at the house, which stood in a small, fenced enclosure. It was of adobe, quite large and thickly covered with beautiful vines. Their hostess was in the doorway to welcome them. She was unusually tall. Her heavy hair, once of midnight blackness, was now thickly sprinkled with gray; her dark brown eyes, deep-set and kindly, might well have been the eyes of a poet, musician or artist. Her slender form, graceful in every motion, was straight as that of a young girl. She was dressed in black, with a sprig of fragrant white jessamine fastened in the bosom of her dress; a lace scarf was loosely knotted about her head. She hastened forward to meet them with extended hands, her pale face illuminated by a smile of welcome.

"She is a picture," whispered Mrs. Degler to Mary.

"To see her is to love her," answered the young girl.

The next moment she was clasping mother and daughter in a warm embrace. Then came Marie's turn, and then Genevieve's. Even Robbie received a hug, and Doña Dolores laughed at his embarrassment.

"I must do it," she said. "I do so love my own people. With strangers, perhaps, I am cold, but with those who belong to me—never. Now come!" she

added. "It is ten o'clock. You were up very early to be here by now, and you had a hurried breakfast."

She led the way across a moss-grown courtyard where once had played two or three fountains, silent now; where once had bloomed rare and beautiful exotics, long since choked by dust and weeds. But in a triangular corner some simple flowers were still growing; the grass was green here, too, in the little plot; and the broad stone flagging led to the dining-room, where a bountiful feast, in the true Spanish style, was awaiting the visitors.

The table-linen was the finest they had ever seen; the china exquisite, though of many different styles and patterns, from many different lands. The luncheon, too, was most appetizing, Dolores making a perfect hostess. After they had finished she took them into her garden, showed them her apiary, which she informed them was her principal means of support.

"It is the best sage honey," she said. "My bees go abroad and ravage the whole country round for their sweets, humming and buzzing through the deep cañons and over the broad mesa, bare as it is but for the wild sage which grows so thickly for miles and miles. Cousin George," she continued, but her eyes were on Robbie as she spoke, "I am going to make a change in my consignee this year. A gentleman came down about a month ago, offering me better terms."

"What was the name?" inquired Mr. de la Guerra.

"Perkins & Plant are the firm," she replied. "They had seen and handled some of my honey."

"Would you like me to arrange for you, then, when I go to town again?" asked her cousin.

"No," she replied, her eyes still on the boy, who began to feel conscious of

her gaze and to wonder what it meant. "I have a fancy to go myself."

"You!" exclaimed Mr. de la Guerra. "Why, it must be twenty years since you have been there, Dolores. What has put it into your mind?"

"A woman's curiosity, perhaps," she answered. "I have not seen the place since long before the 'boom.' They tell me that what was once New Town has become Old; and what was once Old Town, back in the days of your grandfather and my father, has fallen to ruin and decay. I have a fancy to see the dear spot once more before I die, cousin,—that is all."

"Why not wait, then, until next month, Dolores? We are all expecting to go to visit the warships. We could make the trip together."

The face of the old lady underwent a sudden change.

"No," she rejoined, sadly. "I wish not to see any warships. They would recall memories far too sad."

De la Guerra's face flushed.

"Pardon, Dolores!" he said hastily. "I had forgotten."

"I know it," she replied. "Why should *you* remember? My story was over and done before you were born. But I had a little plan," she went on, turning to Mrs. Degler, her face assuming its usual brightness. "If you would lend me your Robbie, he would be a most desirable companion for me,—unless he should object to going about with a funny old woman."

"Oh, indeed I should not!" quickly interposed the boy. "Nothing would please me better, both on my own account and yours. I think it a great honor to go about with you."

Everybody laughed.

"You will be fascinating till you die, Dolores," said De la Guerra. "Any one can see that the youngster has already lost his heart to you."

"I was never a coquette at least," she remarked gaily. "And Robbie and I will be faithful to each other while we journey together. I promise you we shall not quarrel once. And, of course, Robbie can have his other trip next month, all the same."

"Robbie is far from perfect," said Mrs. Degler; "but in the quality of chivalry he is not lacking. As for you, Doña,—well, I believe you will make good travelling companions."

"So it is settled, then," said Dolores. "We will complete our arrangements later. There is, however, one thing that I lack, my dear cousin. With my black gown and my long cloak—the same, by the way, as is now coming into fashion again—I can go anywhere and not look odd. But I do not want to shame my little cousin by going without a bonnet. My dear," she said, laying a shapely hand sparkling with old-fashioned rings on Mrs. Degler's shoulder,—“my dear, I have no bonnet."

"No bonnet?" exclaimed that lady,—“no bonnet of any kind?"

"No bonnet of any kind. For more years than I can remember I have gone about—my journeyings are few,—with a lace or a crape scarf over my head. That will not do in town. Even at church, when we have had Mass, I have always been thus attired as to headgear. But it will not do in town. Perhaps I might borrow one from you, my dear cousin?"

"Certainly; I shall be glad to lend you one," said Mrs. Degler,—“if you do not mind the widow's veil. It is the sole trimming it possesses."

"Come, let us try it," said Dolores, with the simplicity of a child. "I am sure it is something pretty."

Taking the two smaller girls by either hand, she led the way back to the house. Mrs. Degler's bonnet was lying on the bed. The two women soon decided that

it was very becoming; and its severe plainness was well suited to her age and stateliness. Then the long, heavy cloak was produced. It fell in soft lines about her still graceful shoulders.

"You look in the latest fashion," said Marie.

"You look like the daughter of a Spanish grandee," added Robbie.

"And that is what I am," she replied, with a proud arch of her long and shapely neck.

(To be continued.)

St. Isidore and the Birds.

AN EASTER LEGEND.

It was Easter time, but the birds did not rejoice; for they were starving. The spring was late. Even men's hearts were sad and anxious; for no blossom had appeared, the trees put forth no leaves, and the grain had withered, then died. Not a blade of grass made glad the plain of Pamello, over which trudged the good St. Isidore, carrying a large sack of wheat. He did not know that he was a saint: he only knew that his master had sent him to the mill with the pack he bore, and that he must speedily do his errand and bring back the meal after the miller had done his work. As he walked along, singing a song about the love of God and thinking of the stone the angels rolled away, he came to an oak-tree that had always hitherto been filled with a happy flock of wrens and starlings; but now he heard no twittering, saw no bird.

"Where are you?" he cried. "Why are you not singing of the love of God? It is Easter and the Lord is risen."

"We are here," answered the birds, "and we rejoice because our dear Lord has conquered death; but we can not sing, for we are starving."

"Starving!" exclaimed St. Isidore.

"Yes," they answered. "It is a barren Easter. There is nothing green for us to eat and no one feeds us. We can not go elsewhere because we are now too weak to fly. We can only die."

St. Isidore hesitated for a moment, then opened the sack and poured the grain upon the ground. Down came the birds, twittering, singing and praising God; and in a little while every bit of the wheat had disappeared.

"I am sure I don't know what to say to my master," said the good saint, picking up the empty sack and trudging on. He went toward the mill, not knowing what else to do; and when he saw the miller he threw the sack upon the floor. It had grown strangely heavy, and when the string was untied out rolled the golden grain! The birds had been fed, yet not a kernel of wheat was missing!

The Sunbeam's Lesson to the Crocus.

"I am of no use to any one!" sighed a little crocus, as it stretched the points of its green leaves out of the cold, dark earth on the bank of a stream. "I don't know why I have been created. I have no sweet perfume like the violet, which everyone loves; no one loves me and I am of use to nobody."

At this moment a bright sunbeam broke through the clouds and shone upon the stream which the long, cold winter had bound in ice.

"I love you, little flower!" said the sunbeam; and shone so warmly on the crocus that it raised its drooping head, although its heart was very heavy.

"Oh, if I could only be a sunbeam like you!" mourned the flower. "You are so bright and beautiful you make everyone happy."

The sunbeam smiled and said:

"But we sunbeams never think of ourselves: we know that the dear God

who created us and in whose service we are sends us forth to bring light and warmth to all. We do not ourselves decide where we shall go; we are sent, and we go wherever we are required. I will tell you something, little crocus: he who gives the best he has to give without comparing himself with others, and opens his heart to receive love, joy, and sympathy, and shares these with others,—he is happy and a blessing to all around him. Now, farewell! And do not forget that everything which God has made has a mission to fulfil."

The sunbeam glided on its way, over the stream and over the meadow, leaving a long, bright trail of light behind. It kissed the dew from a snow-drop which was looking very sad, and touched an ash-tree, which trembled with joy; then it streamed into a room where a young girl, very pale and emaciated, lay propped up with pillows on a sick bed. The sunbeam rested a moment on her soft brown hair, and the young girl folded her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, the spring is come at last! Look at that glorious bright sunbeam. The crocus will soon be out."

It was on a bright spring morning shortly afterward, when every leaf and every flower seemed called to new life by the soft breath of the wind and the warm greeting of the sun, that the little crocus, which had now, to its great joy, several golden buds, was carefully raised out of the earth by a loving hand, and carried out to the quiet churchyard and there planted on a fresh grave. Soon it heard a soft, tearful voice saying: "My little Marie loved the golden crocus and longed every year for the time when it bloomed."

At these words the poor mourning mother let a hot tear fall into the heart of the flower. And the little crocus thanked God that it really was of use to some one.

With Authors and Publishers.

—One of the latest additions made by Queen Victoria to the library of Windsor Castle was a copy of the treatise against Luther in defence of the Seven Sacraments that won for Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, which his successors, rather absurdly, still wear. The book was bought by the Queen for thirty thousand dollars, and was especially prized by collectors because it was Henry's own copy and contains his autograph on two pages.

—It is a pity that the reprint of Merryweather's "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages" (Meyer Brothers & Co.) should have been limited to an edition of only 500 copies. The work is calculated to dispel the false notion, still so general, that the period beginning with the seventh century and ending with the time of the invention of printing was without learning or scholarship. We quote one of many passages we had marked in turning the pages of this handsome volume:—"It is a calumny without a shadow of foundation to declare that the monks of old were careless of Scripture reading." [p. 38.]

—Marion Crawford and one or two other writers of to-day are sometimes mentioned as authors of exceptional fecundity, their books following so swiftly on one another's heels that less rapid scribes are amazed. It is doubtful, however, whether the most rapid writer of our time can equal the pace that used to be maintained by Scott, Steele, Johnson, or Brougham. As for that seventeenth-century prodigy, Lope de Vega, his literary output for one day probably equalled the weekly output of any living writer. De Vega contributed more than 2000 original dramas to the Spanish stage; and, according to the calculation of Hallam, he wrote at least 21,300,000 lines.

—The *Weekly Register* suggests that a revival of interest in Newman's works and the long-expected biography of the great Cardinal would be an appropriate way of celebrating the centenary of his birth, and adds: "Meanwhile there is a double need that might be met in regard to his works: they are badly indexed, so that an edition thoroughly well revised and provided with apparatus of this sort would be welcome; and also there is need of a 'guide,' or critical introduction." We wonder whether admirers of Newman in the Old World are acquainted with the volume of "Selections from Newman," prepared by Prof. Gates, of Harvard, for the use of his pupils. The selections

are as "Ultramontane" as could be made, and the Professor's introduction is one of the most satisfactory essays on Newman that we have ever seen. Indeed it is hard to realize that its author is not a Catholic.

—A library edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde" is afforded by Mr. Alfred Bartlett, the publisher of the "Cornhill Booklet." It is tastefully bound in linen and embellished with the most familiar portrait of Father Damien; and for motto there is the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's exquisite sonnet, these lines of which have been so much admired:—

O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest.

A library edition of what may prove to be the only immortal work by Stevenson has been much in demand. The publisher will have the gratitude of librarians everywhere.

—A very timely volume just published in Paris treats of French missionaries as patriots and savants. The author, M. Fauvel, is a former officer of the Chinese Customs department. Leaving to the religious magazines and reviews the task of properly estimating the religious action of the French priests who carry the Gospel to all the ends of the earth, M. Fauvel confines himself exclusively to the political and scientific viewpoint. His argument, which is supported by a profusion of corroborative documents, makes it crystal clear that these missionaries are not only and primarily zealous propagators of the Catholic religion, but also genuinely valuable auxiliaries of France as a nation. Throughout all lands they are worthy representatives of their country; and, purely on the score of political sagacity, thinks their vindicator, they merit to be protected and sustained.

—A new edition of St. Francis de Sales' "Philothea; or, Introduction to a Devout Life," is a *desideratum*. It should be carefully and reverently edited, and published in handy-volume style. Another standard work of the same class of which there is no satisfactory English edition is "The Spiritual Combat." This precious little work, which the gentle Saint of Annecy preferred even to "The Imitation of Christ," carrying it in his pocket and reading from it every day, is among the forgotten books, though most worthy of remembrance. Perhaps the best translation of this work ever made is the one published at

Birmingham, England, in the year MDCCLXIX. It was then a favorite book of spiritual reading, so well known as to need no recommendation. One never tires of "Philothea" or "The Spiritual Combat," and we feel sure that if some enterprising publisher were to bring out new editions of both of these books they would meet with a ready and steady sale.

—A writer in the *Literary Era* maintains that the great French historians, in striking contrast with our Macaulays, Allisons, Freemans and Froudes, are seldom guilty of perverting history to suit their own prejudices. "There is but one French historian of the first class who distorts incidents and misreads documents to establish a theory—Michelet. He owns frankly, however, that he is partial; he believed from the marrow of his soul that Catholicism had blighted the fair promise of the 'Reformation' in France, and he forced every evidence and incident to corroborate his *parti-pris*." Another writer in the same journal thinks he has discovered "a notable slip" in Rostand's famous drama "L'Aiglon," in which Reichstadt is allowed a glass of milk before receiving Communion. There is no slip. Reichstadt was about to receive the Viaticum, for which fasting is not required.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert*, S. S. \$2, net.

Hans Memlinc. *W. H. James Weale*. \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouquet*. 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly*. \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor*. \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet*. \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston*. \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy*. \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox*. \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel*. 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson*. \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher*. 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith*. \$2.

In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader*. 55 cts.

Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.

Stringtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd*. \$1.50.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth*. 25 cts.

Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr*. 75 cts.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell*, \$1.50.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken*, S. T. D. \$1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus*. \$1.25.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia*. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Sullivan, of the Diocese of Wheeling; the Rev. Alexis Decelles, Portland; the Rev. John Gloyd, Baltimore; and the Rev. Nicholas Greisch, S. J.

Sister Hyacintha, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Alva A. Bowman, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. James Quigley, Notre Dame, Ind.; Miss Martha Willson, Queenstown, Md.; Mrs. Catherine Robinson, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. J. P. McDermott, Carrick, Ireland; Mr. E. N. Tobin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Edward Judge, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Mary McSwiggen, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret B. McIntyre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Grieves, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Dolan, Troy, N. Y.; and Mr. James Rossiter, Cleveland, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese Christians:

J. B. M., \$1.50; Mrs. James Lyons, \$5.

For the famine sufferers in India:

A Reader, \$1; a Friend, \$2; Rev. Thomas Finn, \$5; Mrs. Julia O'B., \$1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

G. B. T., \$2.50; Bertha, 50 cts.; P. H., \$5; Rev. N. J. K., \$2.

THE AVE MARIA.

REGINA COELI.

(For Four Male or Female Voices.)

ANTONIO LOTTI (1667-1740).

Tutti
f
 Re - gi - na cœ - li læ - ta - re Al - le - lu - ja læ - ta - re al - le -

Soli *p* *Tutti* *f*
 lu - ja, qui - a quem me - ru - is - ti por - ta - re al - le - lu - - ja al - le - lu -

Soli *p* *Tutti* *f*
 ja, re - sur - rex - it si - cut dix - - it al - le - lu - ja al - le - lu -
 dix - - - it

o - - ra pro no - - bis
 ja o - - - ra pro no - - bis De - - -
Soli o - - - ra pro
 o - ra

De - - - um *Tutti*
 - - - - - um *ff* al - le - lu - ja al - le - lu - ja al - le - lu - ja.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 15.

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Awakening.

BY MARION MUIR.

THERE is a sudden tremor in the earth,
A dawning glory in the vaulted skies,
As if the wonder of a mighty birth
Startled the meadows into dim surprise.

A ripple gives the lake a silver bloom,
Strange music murmurs in the sad old pines,
While the remembrance of a past perfume
Stirs the plantation's regulated lines.

We feel the promise at the heart of things,
The rising good that overcometh ill,
And a new influence that feeds the springs
Within ourselves of enterprise and will.

The Christian Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne (A. D. 177).

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

MANY a reader of these pages has stood upon the hill of Fourvières at Lyons and gazed from the platform of the great modern shrine of Our Lady upon the mighty city that spreads away beneath her loving gaze. Long the centre of the silk industries of France, the huge town is yet one of the world's great markets; and its favored position at the meeting of the waters of the Saône and the Rhône assures for an illimitable future its ancient coign of vantage. In the Middle Ages Lyons was an outpost of Germany; more than once it hung on slight contingencies that this heart of

uncertain and shifting Burgundy should be finally Teutonic. A general council was held there in 1245, at which the great canonist Innocent IV. excommunicated the Second Frederic, after a famous discourse on the five sorrows of his own soul and the five wounds of the Church.

We are not concerned here with the mediæval function of this splendid city as a factor in the politics and religion of central Europe, in the gathering and distributing of the wares and manufactures of the East and the West, in the transmission and modification of institutions from Roman to German life, and *vice versa*. A history of Lyons would be a history of the marvellous smelting of barbarism and antique civilization in the fifth and sixth centuries, such as the contemporary Gregory of Tours has outlined in his inimitably fresh and truthful book.

But German barbarism was still a remote threat in the middle of the second century after Christ. The philosophers of Rome, her captains and statesmen and priests, were more concerned about the spread along the river of the new doctrines of a despised Jew named Jesus the Christ. Yearly new communities cropped up to whom His "Name" was the symbol of a new life and to whom His "Work" was the sole ideal worthy of the human heart. The temples were being abandoned, the sacrifices neglected, and the numerous trades that prospered by both began to suffer. A hundred

vices, grown venerable by toleration, scented from afar their conqueror and prepared for resistance. The genial worship of Greece, the grave and ancient rites of Rome herself, the fantastic mummeries of the Orient, made common cause against the newcomer. Year after year complaints went up to the municipal senate, petitions were sent to the emperor, the military authorities were besought, the lawyers rummaged the decisions and opinions of their predecessors, in order to cast out the adepts of the new religion, who boldly confessed themselves by the peculiar name of Christians. The growing evils of Roman society were laid at their door, and the wisest complained—

That Heaven rains plagues upon the guilty earth;
That Pestilence is let loose and Famine stalks
O'er kingdoms, withering them to barrenness;
That reeling cities shake and the swollen seas
Engulf our navies, or with sudden inroad
Level our strong-wall'd ports.

It was in vain that the disciples of Jesus bade men look into their upright and blameless lives; that they abstained from sedition and intrigue; that they left uncared for no sorrow or misery of their own and their pagan neighbors; that they surpassed the classic ideals of Pythagoras and Plato and Seneca; that their mutual affection astounded those world-worn and life-weary men of the Empire who had lost all respect for humanity. They were, indeed, the soul of that ancient society, even then stricken to death; though as yet it heard not, or heeded not, the dread response of the decree of fate. More than a century must elapse before this primary truth could be accepted by the proud rulers of the world,—just now the Christians were a cancer to be cut out or burned out from the body politic, threatened by them with corruption and ruin.

And so it was a right glad message of permission and encouragement that

Marcus Aurelius (A. D. 161–180) sent across the sea, via Marseilles, to the men of Lyons, that they should stamp out the Christian impiety and atheism. He had just finished his great campaign against the German Quadi, during which the white oxen of Rome, so ran the epigram, had sent him word that they feared his victory; for on his triumphal return they would of a certainty be all immolated by him. Perhaps he had already put down in his "Meditations" that the Christians were guilty of an immoral stubbornness against the supremacy of the state; though that did not prevent him from calling on their God for water in a hopeless drouth, or from summoning a Christian bishop to heal an imperial princess. Falsehood has ever a special right to inconsistency.

For several reasons the original records of the Christian persecutions have not come down to us, except in a few cases, and these often in fragmentary or imperfect shape. Of some no account was kept, or the brief and hurried notes of the appointed scribe were lost. It was at best a poor humble domestic literature, subject to the rabid violence of the mob, even if it could escape the natural enemies of all writing—time, the moth, fire, water, removal, ignorance. Of the numberless victims who died in the Colosseum or the Circus Maximus for liberty of conscience, only a few are known to us by name, and of them only a few are better known by their genuine acts. The persecution of Diocletian was particularly the cause of the disappearance of most of the ancient Christian writings. During the last years of the third and the first of the fourth century many of them were handed over to the imperial police, to protect the Holy Scriptures, whose superior authority and dignity these rude mercenaries were usually unable to understand.

There is, therefore, a certain pathos.

about all the genuine acts of the early Christian martyrs; but about the victims of the persecution at Lyons there is something more—the unstinted admiration of the entire Church then and afterward; a savor of simple joy and childlike eagerness to be through with the dread experience and to rest in the bosom of the Lord; an extraordinary calm of spirit; an absence of rancor against their tormentors; and an elevation of soul that place them on a level with the noblest witnesses who ever laid down their lives for the love of Jesus. Their story is told by one of themselves, in a Letter to the Churches of Asia Minor, as the inscription shows:

The servants of Christ who sojourn in Vienna and Lugdunum of Gallia, to the Brethren throughout Asia and Phrygia who hold the same faith and hope with us of redemption, peace, and grace and glory from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord.

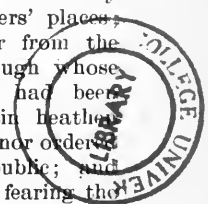
It would have entirely perished, like so many other Christian documents of the time before Constantine, had not the great historian Eusebius decided to give large excerpts from it in the fifth book of his history. Its opening paragraph refers to the ugly mutterings before the storm—"the variety of sufferings endured by the blessed martyrs, which we are neither able to state with accuracy nor indeed is it possible for them to be embraced in writing." They were excluded from all public places—the baths and markets and streets; yet the grace of God acted as their general, and ranged them in strong battle-array against the Evil One, and enabled them to bear all reproaches, to make light of all oppression, and to show "that the sufferings of the present time are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

First, they nobly endured all that had to be borne at the hands of the mob and rabble; they were hooted, assaulted, pulled about, plundered, stoned, and forced to barricade themselves in; in fact, they suffered every indignity which an

infuriated mob is accustomed to inflict upon its supposed adversaries and foes. At length, being brought into the forum by the chiliarch and chief men of the city, they were examined in the presence of the whole multitude; and having confessed [their Christianity], were put into prison to await the arrival of the governor.

One Vettius Epagathus, a most upright citizen, protested in vain that there was nothing impious or sacrilegious among the Christians,—precisely what the two deaconesses had told Pliny in Bithynia some sixty-five years before. He was asked from the judgment-seat if he, too, was a Christian; and on confessing it, was ranged "in the order of the martyrs," while the mob jeered at him as the lawyer of the Christians. The writer of the Letter saw the holy martyr before him as he wrote; for he exclaims that "he was and is a genuine disciple of the Christ, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Then follows an account of the preliminary examination, always a moment of dread for the bishop and the priests and deacons who had been day and night laboring with the chosen victims, that no fear or pusillanimity might seize them at the last moment.

Thereupon the rest were scrutinized, and the first witnesses were forward and ready, who with all eagerness completed the confession of their witness. Likewise the unready and untrained were made manifest; moreover, also the weak who were unable to bear the strain of a great contest. Of these about ten miscarried, who both caused us great grief and sorrow unmeasured, and also hindered the eagerness of the others who were unarrested, and who, although suffering all terrors, were nevertheless constantly present with the confessors and would not leave them. Then, indeed, were we all greatly anxious, through uncertainty as to their confession,—not dreading the punishments to be endured, but fixing our gaze on the end, and fearing lest any might fall away. Each day, however, those who were worthy were arrested and filled up the others' places; so that there were gathered together from the two Churches all the zealous ones through whose instrumentality especially our affairs had been established. They arrested also certain heathen domestic slaves of ours,—for the governor ordered that we should all be examined in public; and these falling into a plot of Satan, and fearing the



tortures which they saw the saints suffering, on being instigated to this course by the soldiers, falsely accused us of Thyestean banquets and Edipodean intercourse, and of other deeds of which it is not lawful for us either to speak or think, nor even to believe that the like is ever done amongst mankind. These statements being reported, all were infuriated against us; so that if there were any who from ties of kinship had hitherto been lenient, even these were now greatly enraged and mad with anger against us. Then that was fulfilled which was spoken by Our Lord: "The hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth a service to God." (St. John, xvi, 2.)

In the long struggle that now followed between physical force and moral courage there come to light all the distinctive features of Christian martyrdom from Nero to Diocletian. Had we only this touching story, we should know in a general way the ordinary course of procedure against the Christians. The story of the sufferings of Sanctus can never be read with dry eyes. When asked his name, his race, his city, his condition, whether slave or free, he replied in Latin: "I am a Christian." As the Letter is written in Greek to Greek-speaking Christians, there is here an archaic souvenir of the days of union between Latins and Greeks ere wealth and success and the goods and ideas of this world finally sundered the holy bond of charity between them. Very lovely also is the narrative of the bravery of Biblias, a woman who had fallen away at the first examination before the magistrate, but came forward later on, and bore away with glory the palm of martyrdom.

The anonymous writer reaches the limit of his inspiration in the lines that he devotes to the little slave Blandina and her unexampled courage and perseverance. Perhaps the most earnest and truthful phrases that ever fell from the lips of a far different writer, Ernest Renan, are those in which he describes Blandina as the highest type of those Christian women who freed their sex

from its moral slavery by such exhibitions of an ineradicable purpose to return no more to the abyss that they had left behind. Blandina looked to the great pagan mob of Lyonesse that summer day as indeed something "worthless and uncomely and despicable." Yet, says the writer of this superb tragedy, she was deemed worthy of great glory by God because of her enduring love for Him.

For while we were all afraid for her, and her earthly mistress, who was herself also one of the witnessing combatants, dreaded lest she should be unable through bodily weakness boldly to make confession, Blandina was filled with such power that she was set free from and contrasted with those who tortured her with every kind of torture in turn from morning to evening; and who confessed that they were conquered, since they had nothing left which they could any longer do to her; and that they marvelled at breath remaining in her when her whole body was lacerated and laid open, testifying that one of the tortures by itself was sufficient to end life, let alone so many and such great ones. But the blessed woman, like a noble athlete, gained her strength by her confession, finding refreshment and freedom from pain in saying, "I am a Christian," and "We do nothing vile."

These bloody scenes had now lasted several days. The aged Bishop Pothinus, over ninety years of age, had died in prison of the abuses received. A great band of holy witnesses had been dispatched with every refinement of cruelty. The writer, transfiguring the language of the circus, says they were like a wreath of many-colored flowers that was offered to the Father by these noble athletes, in the hope of receiving at His hand the splendid wreath of incorruption. Alexander the physician, from Phrygia, died a hero's death, after he had for several days encouraged by word and look these pioneers of the Christian state. Attalus, a man of repute in the city, had also died in the most painful torments. After having been paraded about the arena with a placard on his breast bearing the words, "This is Attalus the Christian," he had been

remanded to prison, only to be brought out on another day, placed upon an iron chair and roasted to death. As the hot odor from his poor body was borne aloft, he said to the crowd, in Latin: "Lo, this it is to eat men, and you are doing it; we neither eat men nor practise any wickedness." The writer here returns to the true leader of this extraordinary band of men and women before whom that day capitulated unconsciously the power that deemed itself the Queen of the World.

Finally, on the last day of the gladiatorial games, Blandina was again brought forward with a lad of about fifteen, named Ponticus. These two had been brought in each day to witness the punishment of the others, and had been pressed to swear by the idols. And because they remained constant and set them at naught, the populace grew furious, so that they respected neither the youth of the boy nor the sex of the woman; but they made them pass through every form of terrible suffering, and through the whole round of punishments, urging them to swear after each one; but they were unable to effect this. For Ponticus, excited to zeal by his sister, so that even the heathen saw that it was she who encouraged and strengthened him, yielded up his spirit after nobly enduring every punishment. And the blessed Blandina, last of all, like a noble mother who had excited her children to zeal and sent them forward as conquerors to the King, recapitulated in herself all the conflicts of her children and hastened to them; rejoicing and exulting in her death, like one invited to a bridal feast rather than thrown to the beasts. For after the scourging, after the beasts, after the frying, she was at last enclosed in a net and exposed to a bull; and having been many times tossed by the beast, and being no longer sensible of her sufferings on account of her hope and firm hold on the things entrusted to her and her converse with Christ, she also was sacrificed; even the heathen themselves confessing that never yet amongst them had a woman suffered such manifold and great tortures.

We are not told by the writer of the Letter what the Christians did when these dread scenes were over. But we know otherwise that they were wont to meet frequently and recite before one another these tales of heroism, that acted as whips and spurs for the undecimated remainder. Without bitter-

ness they listened to these simple but burning paragraphs ere they were folded and sealed, and delivered, with his letters of credit, to the messenger who should bear them across the Mediterranean to the high table-lands of Phrygia, where the face of Paul was yet vividly clear to the communities he had established, and where a stern and solemn fervor of faith and hope still possessed the souls of a large percentage of the native population. As he descended the hill of Fourvières the messenger-deacon would no doubt hear every dying echo of those victory-psalms that Milman has so touchingly paraphrased in that death-chant of Margerita which fittingly closes his noble poem on "The Martyrs of Antioch":

Sing to the Lord! let harp and lute and voice
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice,

While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne;
Sing to the Lord! their blood-stain'd course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,

Rich as the purple of the summer morn;
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-ward road!

Sing to the Lord! for her in Beauty's prime
Snatched from this wintry earth's ungenial clime,
In the eternal spring of Paradise to bloom;
For her the world displayed its brightest treasure,
And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.

Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,
The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her cross with Thee, Incarnate Son of God.

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs. From its freshening rain

High springs the Church like some fount-shadow-
ing palm;

The nations crowd beneath its branching shade;
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made;

And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm
Earth sinks to slumber like the breathless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings
and sleep.

Sing to the Lord! no more the angels fly
Far in the bosom of the stainless sky

The sound of fierce, licentious sacrifice.
From shrined alcove and stately pedestal
The marble gods in cumbrous ruin fall;

Headless in dust the awe of nations lies,
Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
And mute as sepulchres the hymnless temples
stand.

The bodies of the martyrs were exposed for six days in the arena; then they were burned and reduced to ashes by the pagans, and the ashes were cast into the Rhône that flowed close by. It was thought thereby to conquer the Christian God and to deprive the martyrs of their boasted new birth, or the resurrection. The pagans spread it about that thus "they would have no hope of a resurrection, through trusting in which they bring in to us a foreign and strange religion, and despise terrible sufferings, and are willing with joy to die. Now let us see whether they will rise again, and if their God is able to succor them and rescue them out of our hands." Similar language had been used twenty years before at Smyrna to the proconsul Arrius Antoninus, after the execution at the stake of the blessed Polycarp of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John. We are standing, indeed, at the outer edge of the apostolic times.

It was in the latter part of July and the earlier days of August that these events took place, very probably in the year A. D. 177. By ancient custom the different provinces of Gaul met annually at this date to consult on provincial business, and to worship at the shrine of Rome and Augustus. The great altar of the latter, a shining marble cube above a mound of green turf, rose near the junction of the rivers, and was dominated by a huge statue of Augustus, around which were disposed sixty smaller statues symbolical of the sixty "cities" of Gaul,—or, rather, of the sixty Keltic clan-tribes to whom these "cities" were their ancient seats of power. On that day the martyrs could hear not only Greek and Latin but genuine Keltic accents that would have been understood in Ireland or Britain. Perhaps, for purposes of barter or commerce, some woad-painted Britons or Picts, some gigantic, long-haired,

ruddy-featured Scoti from Ireland were there. Nay, it is not impossible that some Christian Irish would have been present; a few years later St. Irenæus, the successor of the martyred Pothinus in the see of Lyons, could write that the Gospel had made its way among the Kelts, who held it in reverence written on their hearts without paper or ink—i. e., by oral preaching.

Among such "Kelts" may have been some pre-patrician Irish Christians. The laws of Rome were yet translated into Keltic for the inhabitants of Gaul, and all memories of Druid lore and magic had not perished. Curious old Keltic gods stood about the amphitheatre while the blood of these Christians was flowing like water; the Romanized grandchildren of exiled Druids could compare with their own huge wicker-cages of human victims this hecatomb of Greeks and Latins which outrivalled the archaic rites of blood that Cæsar had suppressed on this very soil. Indeed, it is far from improbable that among the forty-eight whom ancient tradition declares to have died for Christ on that occasion were some genuine Kelts either from the continent or the islands. The well-known ardor and intelligence of the race would have easily led them into the society of the Lamb; and their equally well-known contempt of death and rooted belief in immortality would only confirm their presence among these first-fruits in Jesus of the Church of Gaul. Be this as it may, all Christendom has ever held in loving veneration these pioneers of the new religion along the far-flung line of its proselytism; and cherishes yet, after seventeen centuries, the admirable *procès verbal* of their martyrdom,—a statement which for simplicity, feeling, and classic picturesqueness could not be surpassed by any modern account of similar proceedings in the Middle Kingdom.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVIII.—MR. HENRY MORAN GOES TO A DINNER-PARTY.

THE dinner at Mrs. Thurston's was a great success. Mrs. Thurston's dinners always were a success. She was one of those American hostesses who abound—genial, dignified, tactful, and sympathetic. But she had certain qualities peculiar to herself,—an American woman is always individual. Her face, with its smooth, satin-like skin, scarce touched by time, her brown eyes and her snow-white hair, were well set off by her costume of ethereal black, touched here and there with gold. By way of ornament she wore only a cluster or two of yellow roses; for with unerring good taste she had discarded her diamonds with her winter costumes.

The dinner was a delightful meal. The oysters, cold and delicious; the *printanière* and the iced bouillon; the fish, prepared by that past-master of his craft just then sweltering in the kitchen; the *entrées*, the *hors d'œuvres*, and the *entremets*, all with the suggestion of the season in their lightness and in their variety; the fillet and the game, the ices and the fruits,—all appealed by their very fitness to the palate. The wines were of the most exquisite quality, the china of the rarest; and the cut-glass, old English make, varied at dessert by the Venetian crystal, gleaming jewel-like, to suggest the sunsets of a far-off land. The flowers were choice but not too abundant (abundance at that season, when Nature was so lavish, would have been eminently inappropriate); while the damask was a marvel in design and execution, recalling those wondrous mediæval looms whence issued dainty fabrics embodying whole histories. The

menu cards, the work of a well-known artist, suggested forest glades, shaded nooks by running streams, and meadows flower-strewn. The doilies, a study in green, had each one its tale to tell in the deftest of embroideries.

Every detail of the dinner was suggestive. It spoke of the cosmopolitan character of this wonderful land to which the countries of the earth contribute, to which boundless seas and regions but newly discovered minister, which is the heir of all the nations; for history itself lends its associations and art beautifies, so that the very sense of newness is veiled by what is borrowed from the old.

Whilst the details were thus skilfully managed, all was subordinated to the charm of Mrs. Thurston's perfection as a hostess, and to the congeniality of her guests and their social distinction. The American patrician, it is true, whose progenitors had come with the first Dutch to Manhattan, proclaimed her long descent a little too loudly to the smiling Italian beside her. His line went back a hundred generations, but he gave no note of it. And the ever-so-many-times a millionaire who entertained the British lion could not refrain altogether from jingling dollars.

Mrs. Thurston was grateful, therefore, to Mr. Moran, who was a product of the soil, which fully satisfied an American. He made no claim to long descent: it was unnecessary. He made no allusion at all to his wealth, which was popularly supposed to be fabulous; nor to any other man's wealth, which is a form of vulgarity very prevalent. He had seen fortunes made and unmade in a day. He put his own, or at least a large portion of it, at stake continually. He did not pose as an artist or a man of letters or a scientist. All those things were outside of his sphere. Nor did he even advertise himself as an American. He had travelled much and could talk

of many lands to any kind of people.

True, he had not that *bonhomie*, that exquisite refinement, that unassuming superiority, conspicuous in the well-born and travelled American; with the wit, the polish, the power of repartee, which Mr. Mortimer lent to that dinner-table. But, nevertheless, he cut a most respectable figure in an ultra-respectable company, being readily noted by the most careless observer as a man of mark. He was, indeed, regarded by both the foreigners with a curiosity and interest which none of the others could have awakened, as the great Wall Street financier, the typical American man, who is all brains. Mr. Mortimer, who had long desired his acquaintance, approved of him from the first.

Henry Moran took in to dinner a very brilliant beauty, who wore an exquisite gown, a Paris creation, which, together with its owner, might well have dazzled an ordinary man. She was very versatile; she had travelled much, she knew a little of almost every subject, and often talked upon subjects of which the Wall Street man knew nothing. She was an heiress; and Henry Moran, casting a wicked look at his hostess, wondered if she destined this brilliant creature for him. He valued her money, indeed, no more than if it had been the paper money of a child. He had never at any stage of his career proposed to enrich himself with a woman's money. Money was, indeed, essentially a thing for men to make and for women to enjoy. Moreover, he was haunted, at intervals, during that dinner by Kate in the moonlight kissing her finger-tips to an imaginary old gentleman; Kate down on her knees scrubbing; Kate kneeling in church; Kate scribbling off that fascinating letter, which lay in his waistcoat pocket, beneath his correct evening coat.

"Are you always as silent as you are

to-night?" the young lady asked after a pause of some length.

"Silent?" inquired Henry Moran, in surprise. "Have I been silent? I may prefer listening, you know."

"But I can't go on talking unless you answer," persisted the lady.

"Have I not been answering? That is a grave charge. Try me again."

She gave him a quick look out of her heavily-fringed eyes. Her eyes were her great beauty.

"I suppose you are always thinking of weighty matters," she said. "You are so very wise."

"On the contrary, I am essentially foolish in some things," he responded, peeling an apricot daintily.

Henry Moran was thinking of his own romance, which had little to do with common-sense. But the lady took the remark in a very complimentary sense, and inferred that this magnate of the world of commerce had already been impressed by her charms.

"I could hardly imagine you foolish," she observed.

"Could you not?" laughed the other. "That is a very flattering opinion; but the burden of being always wise would be a heavy one to bear."

"I suppose," the young lady went on, "that you busy men regard us very much in the light of butterflies."

"As to the beauty of your wings?" Henry Moran asked quickly.

"No, no!" she said; "but as frivolous beings who do not count for anything, or for very little; who are useful only to amuse a leisure hour."

"You are fond of making serious indictments against us, I perceive," said Henry Moran. "But surely no man, busy or otherwise, ever expressed such an opinion as that."

"But you think it of our sex in general," persisted the fair one; "all busy men do."

"I must be very unlike busy men, in that case," said the broker; "and could one show his thoughts as he does the lines upon his hand, you would see that you have been guilty of rash judgment."

"Mrs. Thurston has told me a great deal about you," said the beauty.

"Not, I hope, all these things you have just been repeating!" said Henry Moran, in affected dismay.

"No, not exactly; but still—" the lady hesitated.

"I had counted Mrs. Thurston as among my friends."

"She is an awfully good friend of yours," the beauty declared; "but she thinks you a woman-hater."

"A what?" cried Henry Moran.

"A woman-hater, and that you secretly despise our sex and think us all alike—trivial and petty and absorbed in vanities of every sort."

"My breath is taken away!" said Henry Moran. "And I can only cry out: Save me from my friends!"

"From my feminine friends," I suppose you mean," said the young lady. "Mrs. Thurston talked about you all last Sunday. She dragged me off to church with her. I never go in summer; and Dr. Wilkins, who is just divine, was away on his holiday and some dreadful prosy man had his pulpit. It was a horrid, poky old service. I do think churches ought to be closed in the hot weather."

"Why did you let Mrs. Thurston prevail on you to go?" Henry Moran asked, carelessly. For while the beauty was thus wound up, he had relapsed into his own meditations, in which figured Kate, in her trim summer gown, walking along a country lane, with her prayer-book in her hand, to early Mass.

"Oh, some English people were to be at church and come on here afterward to luncheon!" the girl answered.

"Oh, that was it!"

"Don't you think most of the preachers talk rot in the pulpit?" his companion asked next.

"I am not much of a church-goer," Henry Moran responded, somewhat gravely. "It is the pew-holders who should answer that question."

"Oh, don't you go to church! You shocking man!" And the beauty fairly beamed on him, as though this confession had given him a new attraction in her eyes.

"You can scarcely advise me to go and listen to rot, can you?" Henry Moran inquired, maliciously.

"Oh, but you really ought to go to church, you know! Everybody does. It's bad form to stay away."

"You are quite a missionary. What a pity you can't change pulpits with some of these clericals who have been so unlucky as to bore you! Then there would be an attendance even of us heathens."

"You know how to flatter!" cried the girl, interpreting the speech favorably.

"Why, how could a busy man, as you say, learn how to flatter? Besides, the fact is self-evident: there wouldn't be standing room."

"Of course the novelty might attract."

"Only that?" asked the stockbroker, raising his eyebrows.

At this point the conversation was suddenly interrupted,—just when the great financier was charming; "so original and so witty, and pays such lovely compliments."

There was another woman present at the dinner-party,—a woman of reduced fortunes, who wrote for many journals and spoke on many platforms. She was an advocate of women's progress in all its forms. She had a fine, strong face, and, somewhat to Mr. Moran's surprise, she was neither vulgar nor hysterical. He heard her in conversation with the Englishman deprecating

all religious creeds; she declared that they were as essentially narrow and deforming to the mind as the bandages to the feet of Chinese womenkind. Henry Moran felt a sudden, eager desire to defend dogmatic faith, only he did not know how; so remained silent, crushing a *marron glacé* with unnecessary force. He heard, however, Mr. Mortimer's remark. The lady sat on the banker's left, so that he was enabled to join in the conversation.

"Would you, then, my dear lady, have order in everything but religion? Nature is orderly, science is orderly, human society is orderly. Must faith alone be chaotic?"

The woman turned her eyes, which seemed to be forever studying people, on Mr. Mortimer, and observed in her deliberate fashion: "You are, I perceive, a Roman Catholic."

"Is that a necessary inference from what I have said?" Mr. Mortimer asked, with some amusement.

"The Church of Rome is the great upholder of authority," the woman answered, still in her measured tones; "and has consequently—forgive my plain-speaking!—applied the fetters to the human race."

"Well, before that application," said Mr. Mortimer, "you will allow that the race in general was somewhat—ah—undisciplined."

The lady flushed.

"Madam," he added, more gravely, "you will pardon an old man's freedom in venturing to controvert your argument; but surely your clear intellect must perceive that man may not be left uncertain in so vital a matter. Should he reject the accumulated wisdom of ages to run after an *ignis-fatuus*?"

Mr. Moran listened with deep interest. The lady, however, began a monologue which was too low for him to hear, but to which Mr. Mortimer hearkened

with the most courteous attention. His fine face showed nothing more than a friendly willingness to enter into his companion's difficulties. And it was a fine face, a noble face, Henry Moran thought, with clear-cut features, snow-white hair, and eyes of unusual blue. Indeed, the chief interest the evening had for the Wall Street man was his meeting with the genial old banker. He admired him from the first, even had he not been already prepossessed in his favor by association of ideas.

Never till that occasion had Henry Moran perceived Mrs. Thurston to be wholly material. Bound with the sternest of bonds to the earth, skimming gracefully over serious things, deprecating controversy, she recognized as her standards of conduct only conventional usage, social distinction, or possible preferment. She asked of life only its elegance, its refinement, its culture. She abhorred evil, to be sure, especially in its grosser forms; but goodness in her eyes meant little more than good taste. She had no desire to look above or beyond the existence she led. Other problems, other difficulties, other mysteries left her totally indifferent. She cared nothing for the supernatural, save in so far as there might be an artistic side to it. Church must be for her the Temple of Good Taste, over which must preside a man of culture, of irreproachable dress; conducting the service in the most well-bred fashion possible; announcing the Gospel in the best modulated of voices; avoiding in his sermons all unfortunate allusions. As to the edifice, the chief essentials were comfortable pews, with cushions, neutral-tinted to avoid glaring contrasts with gay costumes.

"Society is becoming very singular," she observed to Henry Moran, in a short interval after dinner, during which she permitted herself the luxury of a chat with her favorite. "One never knows

what topic may be introduced. It is distressing, for instance, to have that terrible bugbear of religious controversy brought to a dinner-table. But people will talk of such things nowadays,—even the most cultured.”

“The less cultured probably do not *talk* so much about it,” Henry Moran said, with a slight emphasis on the verb, which caught Mrs. Thurston’s quick ear.

“You are not turning religious?” she asked, in alarm.

“I have certainly not been guilty of anything approaching to godliness,” he said, smiling into her face.

“It is such a relief to talk to you!” Mrs. Thurston responded. “You are so free from cant and so broad-minded.”

“So much of a pagan, Mr. Mortimer would say,” Henry Moran remarked, looking over to where the banker, though the company had removed to the drawing-room, was still listening with old-fashioned deference to the strong-minded lady.

“I can’t understand *him*, can you?” cried Mrs. Thurston. “But in spite of his religion he is charming.”

“So I should fancy,” assented Henry Moran.

“What! you haven’t met him yet! I must make you acquainted, and it will be an opportunity to get him away from Maria Van Sittail. She is so fearfully in earnest.”

Henry Moran looked after his hostess as she crossed the room. What more elegant, what more high-bred than her every movement? But to the man’s awakened perceptions she seemed as hard, as soulless, as glittering as some beautiful reptile.

Mr. Mortimer liked Henry Moran from the beginning. He had always admired his integrity, his uprightness of conduct in difficult situations; and he was now both pleased and interested in his appearance and conversation. They had

half an hour or more of familiar and delightful discourse.

“I want to know you better,” the old gentleman said. “Of course I have long been familiar with your name. Who would argue himself so unknown as not to know it?”

Henry Moran, on his part, treated the old banker with a consideration which he did not always show to the most prominent of commercial magnates; and this deference sat well on the younger man. It softened a certain hardness which was habitual to him in dealing with other men.

“I shall hope to see you before long,” Mr. Mortimer said at parting. “Run down to Cape May some evening. I am old-fashioned and have a nest there. I can give you a whiff of sea-air, a good cigar, with a bite to eat and a glass of Chambertin.”

“Thank you!” said Henry Moran. “I shall certainly accept your invitation, though when I can not say.”

“Any time will suit my convenience,” Mr. Mortimer replied. “We old fellows are very free, and the hours hang heavy on our hands sometimes, even in this many-sided American life of ours. So it will be a real favor to come soon and often.”

“I will telegraph,” declared Henry Moran; and so it was settled.

As he walked from the elevated train to the boat, Henry Moran strove to imagine Kate in these surroundings, to which by her birth and antecedents she belonged. That she would shine there he had no doubt, but could not bear to think of her as part of that glittering sham. In any case, he thought, she might be *in* it but never *of* it; and this conviction consoled him.

He was late getting home that night; and he stood leaning on his gate and watching, by the starlight, Vine Cottage, peaceful as the crest of the mountain

over which Orion was descending. His own house, too, was very still. He had given orders that no one should wait up for him. He had before him in the morning the unpleasantness of giving Martha Finney her final discharge and of placing the upper housemaid, Mary Geraghty, in the temporary position of housekeeper. She was not very young, and if she suited him he would leave her in command. If she did not suit, why, then, he knew of a widow who had been recommended for the position.

(To be continued.)

"Then shall the Dust Return."

BY THOMAS WALSH.

DUST of the desert, blown
Against the Sphinx's face of stone,—
Restless dust of the desert,
What wrong can you atone?
Though you were fruit or flower
Or human thing or beast,
Must Fate that smiled for an hour
Leave such remorse for the feast?

Dust of the desert, cast
Great Cæsar's pinch of ashes past!
Fruitless dust of the desert,
Is Omar on your blast?
Was there to sate your thirst—
No sultan's winecup spilled,
No martyr's blood immersed,
No knightly heart-springs stilled?

Dust of the desert, tell
Where Xerxes's vaunted myriads dwell—
Voiceless dust of the desert,—
Where Godfrey's kingdom fell!
Tell how the teeth of Time
To equal powder ground
Proud steed and skull sublime,
Base slave and monarch crowned!

Dust of the desert, here
While wears away our meagre year—
Drifting dust of the desert,—
In the Sphinx's shadow drear,
Does hermit Antony,
Does Paul, does Thais sweep
In joy or mockery
Through your appalling deep?

Mexican Vistas.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.—THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

ONE of the most beautiful and picturesque cities in Mexico, or in the world, is Puebla de los Angeles; and the stories told of its foundation are lovely as the city itself. The most poetical of these is that which relates how Fray Julian Garcés, the first Bishop of Puebla, beheld in a dream "a most beautiful plain [*hermosísima vega*]. . . . And as he gazed in pleased amazement at this charming place, lo! he saw two angels who with line and rod measured bounds and distances upon the ground, as do those who plan the founding of great buildings and mark where shall be wide streets and open squares. And having beheld this vision, the Bishop awoke. Straightway he set himself, that very hour, to searching for the site that, as the vision had shown him, was chosen of the angels. And as he walked, being no doubt divinely ordered in his goings, he came to the very plain that he had seen in his dream. Then gladly he exclaimed: 'This is the site that the Lord has chosen through His holy angels; and here, to His glory, shall the city be!'"

We could not blame Puebla if she clung to this charming legend. But there is another account of the foundation, given by one not only trustworthy as a chronicler, but himself the true Angel of the city—none other than Fray Toribio de Benevente, better known as Motolinia. One of the Twelve Apostles who came to Mexico in 1524, this holy Franciscan is famous for his great and fruitful labors among the natives—it was he who baptized in five days over fourteen thousand,—for his valuable "Historia de los Indios de Nueva

España," and as the real founder of Puebla de los Angeles. He writes: "The City of the Angels, which is in this new Spain, in the Province of Tlascala, was founded with the approval and by the order of the Audencia Real, at the earnest request of the Friars Minors." (He is too modest to name himself.) "These begged that there might be made a town of Spaniards, who should themselves cultivate the earth in the manner and fashion of Spain, without wishing or having allotments of Indian slaves; that thus might be gathered together in useful employment the many going about the country vagabond and idle. Therefore the city was founded on the 16th of April—being the day of Santo Toribio,—in the year 1532. On this day came the inhabitants that were to be, forty families of Spaniards; and the Indians of the surrounding towns, a great multitude, most willingly helped the Christians, bringing materials for the first houses of straw, and singing joyfully as they gave their aid. And before the plan of the city was marked out upon the ground, was celebrated the first Mass." Here we have the true story of the actual foundation; and the picture of the saintly apostle celebrating the first Mass—for who can doubt that he was himself the celebrant on this feast-day of the saint whose name he bore?—"before the plan of the city was marked out on the ground," is not less beautiful than the angels of the Bishop's dream. It gives the exquisite Christian touch which no foundation in Mexico lacks, derived from that intense Spanish fervor in religion, which is perhaps the most noble as it is the most exalted form that Catholic piety has ever taken.

And so the City of the Angels arose on the fair plain—"hermosisima vega," indeed!—which is as marvellously fertile now as when its beauty and its productiveness amazed the *conquistadores*

on their first entrance into it. Very lovely is the view of Puebla as we approach it from Tlascala, its towers and domes rising against a line of blue mountains beyond. On each side of the way the cultivated lands of great haciendas extend far as the eye can reach, set here and there with groups of walled buildings; church domes, covered with tiles and gleaming in the sunshine, form brilliant notes of color on the rich green of the landscape; picturesque stone bridges span the crystal streams. The whole scene is an Arcadia of pastoral beauty; with the stately city across the plain lifting its lovely towers, and the mighty forms of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, like guardian spirits of the land, brooding in dazzling whiteness above the great chain of the western mountains.

And when we have entered within the city walls, we wander as in a dream—if an artist, a dream of intense delight—through its picturesque streets (of a most miraculous cleanliness), lined with ancient houses, their fronts set with the tiles for which Puebla is famous, their inner courts glistening with the same rich adornment; through Moorish arcades (*portales*) where every line of architecture is a line of beauty, where color seems running riot, and every group is a fit subject for painting; through leafy plazas filled with the sweet singing of birds and the music of fountains; and above all and over all, into such churches as one hardly finds elsewhere. For, in their supreme picturesqueness, these Puebla sanctuaries are unequalled even in Mexico. A volume might easily be written upon them; for, as Mr. Janvier remarks, in his "Mexican Guide," "in all, there are forty-five churches in Puebla; and in the careful study of these any one with a taste for the curious and quaint can spend several delightful months."

There are two of these churches, however, upon which we must linger. The first is the great cathedral, second only to that of Mexico in size and surpassing it in richness of decoration. In the last particular, indeed, there is nothing in America to compare with it. Built of a dark stone resembling blue basalt, massive as a fortress, and crowned by two lofty towers, the noble edifice is almost severe in the majestic simplicity of its outward architecture; but what can be said of the magnificence of its interior? Here splendor of gold and silver, of marble and carving and painting, has been lavished until the result fairly burns upon the vision. All that is most precious and most beautiful in wealth and art Puebla has brought, with a generosity which counted no cost, to adorn the sanctuary which is her pride and glory. Entering by the great west portal, we find the choir, as in the cathedral of Mexico, occupying a portion of the nave; but so far from agreeing with Mr. Janvier that "the effect of the lofty nave is much injured by the choir in the centre," we are glad that this peculiarly Spanish feature has been retained; not only because it is Spanish—thus marking the close connection between the Mexican cathedrals and their elder sisters of Old Spain,—but because in themselves these ancient *coros* are priceless works of art. So here, as in the sanctuary of Ocotlan, there is "a virtue of omission" for which to be grateful; since an extensive work of renovation has recently been completed in the church, under the able direction of Señor Leandro Tello, a native of Cholula and of Indian extraction.

As we enter, we find, therefore, the rear wall of the choir immediately before us in the nave. On either hand stretch the noble vistas of the aisles, lined on the inner side by massive columns that support the lofty roof; and on the outer by chapels, the gates of which are

gratings of iron, richly gilded, wrought two hundred years ago by the master Mateo de la Cruz. In these chapels are a multitude of artistic details—lovely old pictures, altars of carved and gilded wood, admirable statues, frescoes and marble tombs. In the examination of these treasures days, if not weeks, could readily be spent. The choir, which is of stone, is closed toward the high altar by gates of the same beautifully wrought and gilded iron as those of the chapels; but the side entrances are through doors of dark, carved wood. Within is a marvellous wealth of marquetry-work and sculpture. The stalls, desks and music-stands are examples of the most exquisite inlaying of the master Pedro Muños, whose name and the dates when he began and completed his work—1719-1722—are inlaid on the stalls. The two great organs are enclosed in richly carved cases and adorned by golden figures of angels blowing trumpets. The outer walls of the choir are hung with paintings, several of them notably fine, especially the "Apparition of Nuestra Señora de la Merced to San Raymondo de Peñafort," by Ibarra. And then we come to the great open space under the soaring dome, where stands the high altar, designed by Manuel Tolsa and composed of a great variety of Mexican marbles, with the beautiful onyx of Puebla predominating. All around stretches a pavement of marble which glistens in the light; and, turn the gaze where we will from this central spot, we behold a scene which for richness, majesty, and incomparable magnificence of effect, can not be matched in the New World; although there may be something more imposing, more full of the potent spell of antiquity, in the dim, solemn grandeur of the cathedral of Mexico.

One picture of this cathedral of Puebla memory recalls which can never be forgotten. It was during the Octave of

Corpus Christi—a celebration of the greatest solemnity in Mexico, during the whole time of which there is a continued exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Glorious as the cathedral is at all times, on this occasion she puts on her festive robes. And such robes! Hangings of the richest crimson velvet, bordered with heavy gold fringe, cover the massive pillars from roof to pavement—harmonizing superbly with the gilded gratings, the carvings and pictures which are seen on all sides. And in the centre of the vast edifice, where all the vistas of aisles and transepts meet, the high altar blazes,—simply a mountain of light; for hundreds of immense wax-candles are burning on it in honor of the Sacred Host, throned high for the veneration of the people. And all day long the people come and go. There are, thank God! no pews with clanging locks in Mexico; no tables of money-changers at the door of the sanctuary; no ushers, as in a theatre, to conduct those who have *paid* to seats in the temple of God. Like children in their father's house, the people of Mexico come without money and without price to the great celebrations of the Church. Whether it be Mass, Benediction or Exposition, they enter freely, drop on their knees on the pavement—hidalgo and peon alike; and if the Blessed Sacrament is exposed (as during Corpus Christi), the lighted candles which many of them hold as they pray, shine like stars amid the dark mass of the crowd, typical of the ardent faith burning within them.

But, beside the cathedral, there is another sanctuary in Puebla which not even the most cursory account of the city can neglect. This is the ancient Church of San Francisco, the first and oldest foundation in the city; for it was founded by Fray Motolinia himself in 1532. Crossing the Atoyac by the bridge which spans the stream at the Plazuela

de San Francisco, we see before us the picturesque mass of the church, on an eminence reached by a fine flight of stone steps and planted with great old trees. The beautiful façade, set with tiles and ornamented by stone statues and elaborate stone carvings, with its graceful tower rising above, and the whole embosomed in the soft green of spreading foliage, forms a picture on which the eye dwells with delight. And as we gaze at the time-stained sculptures, over which the great boughs of the trees fling entrancing shadows, we think of Fray Motolinia standing in his brown habit on this spot; for although the existing building dates from 1667, this is probably the spot where he erected the altar on which was celebrated the first Mass, "before the plan of the city was marked out upon the ground"; certainly the spot where he baptized so many of *los naturales*, and undoubtedly the place of his own choice and dwelling. So, although the monastery where his brethren lived for three centuries is now a barrack, and the church he founded is but the wreck and remnant of its former greatness—its chapels dismantled, abandoned and falling to decay—the spell of his memory still haunts and dominates the lovely old sanctuary, although its actual walls were never hallowed by his living presence.

Within those walls we find a pathetic mingling of noble architecture, faded glories and inartistic renovations. Here is preserved the little image of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios (Our Lady of Succor), famous under the title of La Conquistadora, from having been presented by Cortés to his friend, the Tlascalcan *cacique*, Don Axotecatli Cocomitzin, in gratitude for the aid given by this chief at the time of the Conquest. And here in the (fortunately unrenovated) chapel of the Blessed Sebastian de Aparicio is a series of

quaint and interesting frescoes depicting various incidents in the life of that holy man—a lay-Brother of the Franciscan Order, born 1502, died 1600, who first introduced oxen and wheeled carts into Mexico; who for many years drove an ox-cart post over the Vera Cruz road between Jalapa and the capital; and for a long time thereafter continued an ox-cart post over the dangerous Tierra Dentro road, through the Chichimec country between the city of Mexico and Zacatecas. We are told that in the course of his long life Fray Sebastian encountered many perils; but, being much loved by the Blessed Virgin and certain of the saints, great numbers of miracles were wrought in his behalf; and these miracles the pictures illustrating his life set forth. This humble cart-driver, with the courage of a soldier and the piety of a saint, was made a *beato* in 1790.

From this interesting sanctuary, with its stately nave, its choir with finely carved stalls and lovely old organ, and its chapels full of relics of the past, we come out again into the soft air and sunshine and turn into one of the most charming spots in Mexico—the old Paseo which extends along the terraced bank of the Atoyac. This is a place of such delightful sylvan beauty—for the great trees with which it is thickly planted are left to fling out unhindered their vast boughs of interlacing shade—that one forgets the work of man and seems wandering in a pleasance of Nature's own planting. At the end of the delightful park we find an upward climbing path which conducts us to the ancient causeway that led to the sanctuary, once crowning the hill of Guadalupe, now occupied by a fort. This hill was the scene of the famous battle of the Fifth of May, 1862, when the Mexican forces, under General Zaragoza, repulsed the French. The sanctuary was demolished at that time

in order that its walls might serve as breastworks, and, needless to say, has never been rebuilt. But the causeway, up and down which the religious processions wended their way in the old days, still remains; and the penitential exercise of ascending the hill over its rough pavement is well repaid by the glorious view—one of the great views of the world—to be obtained from the summit where once stood the shrine of Our Lady of Mexico.

It is the same scene on which the Spanish conquerors gazed entranced from the great platform of the Pyramid of Cholula, except that Cholula itself enters into the picture when viewed from the hill of Guadalupe. The smiling plain which spreads for leagues in all directions, its wide levels broken here and there by swelling hills, and set with villages and the *casas grandes* of great haciendas, is as fair now as then; the great mountain range which stretches like a mighty rampart across its border wears the same heavenly tints of royal purple and ethereal azure; while solemn, stately, serene in their supreme majesty, Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl rise into the luminous sky, with an aspect far more imposing, because seen without intervening foothills, than when viewed from the valley of Mexico. Directly eastward the beautiful snowy crest of Orizabā—star of the sailor far out at sea—lifts itself above the hill of Amaluca, while on the left the noble Malintzi overlooks all lesser heights. And then, turning from these mountains which seem to touch the very courts of heaven, the eye, passing over the fort-crowned hill of Loreto near by, and over the city gleaming like a peacock's neck with color, sees directly westward the white shining of the great Sanctuary of Los Remedios, crowning the immemorially ancient Pyramid of Cholula.

But to pause, even in passing thought,

at Cholula would carry us too far into the byways of history. So our glance returns to the city lying outspread at our feet, bathed in sunshine which flashes back in dazzling lustre from the highly-glazed surfaces of its tiled domes; while its sculptured towers and the airy grace of its slender minarets rise above an Oriental expanse of flat-roofed dwellings, their softly-tinted walls and arches interspersed with the green foliage of plazas and parks. A more richly-colored picture, set amid natural surroundings of equal beauty and grandeur, the world can not show; nor one where the charm of a civilization having its root in the deepest sources of human life and human art is more manifest to the glance. All the potent spell of Mexico—all that makes the country second to none on earth in fascinating interest—becomes as visible to the gaze as to the fancy. The picturesque beauty of the land, its brilliant cities with their Hispano-Moorish architecture; its vast plains which might bear the harvests of the world; its quaint villages where life lingers still in primitive and idyllic conditions; its great mountains, robed in the most ethereal tints known to Nature and crowned with eternal snows; its marvellous skies and lifegiving atmosphere; the romance of its Conquest; the shadowy traditions of races that have left monuments which rival those of Egypt in grandeur; and, above all, its deep and tender faith in divine things,—all this is not only felt but seen from the height which overlooks Puebla of the Angels.

(The End.)

The Vows.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

THE wine of pleasure brimmed life's golden cup:
Slow he outpoured its wealth, then looked above,
And, thrilled with pain of conquest, held it up—
“Lord, fill it with Thy bitterest draught of love!”

Mother's Hood-Cloak.

BY C. DORGAN.

THERE is a charm in the sound of the name. In fancy, it takes one back to the scenes of early life and shows the faces which one loved and the things that one revered, and causes one to feel those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. And how typical it all was of the good people's simplicity, reverence, acuteness, and love! And how various the parts mother's hood-cloak used to play in the economy of their many-sided natures!

One time we see it hanging on its own honored peg in the principal apartment of the old home, and seem to hear the voice—alas! long since hushed for aye—of the dear housewifely woman coming from the kitchen to Ellie in the room, enjoining her to be careful of her treasure in the tidying-up process of the place,—a needless reminder as it ever proved.

“See that me hood-cloak is well turned inside out, Ellie *alanna*! An' you might at the same time, after you take good care that the collar is not crumpled nor the cloth creased, throw an old skirt over it to save it entirely from the dust.”

It was the most valuable asset in the house. There was no article of apparel or piece of furniture there—not excepting the old clock, with its complicated machinery of weights and chains visible to all—nearly so costly as mother's black cloth hood-cloak; nor was there anything of the entire homestead equal to its worth in coin of the realm, save one, and that was Cooby, the old white milch cow, which would any day fetch four pounds odd, sterling. Indeed, it was thought extremely doubtful whether there was a lady in the land who possessed any one single article of

attire (a real seal-skin jacket excluded, of course) genuinely as valuable, not to mind as graceful or elegant, as it. Certainly no feathers, hats, satins, silks, or any of those other flimsy fineries of which there was knowledge, would, taken separately, approach in cost the equivalent of Cooby's selling price,—reflections and convictions which used to be the source of no little mutual gossip and innocent pride.

Another time one can fancy the same dear voice, ringing down the long aisle of years, expressing apprehension. She would not mind "at all, at all," if it had not been for the cloak getting every drop of rain which had fallen and every blast of wind which had blown since she left the village returning home. And she would appeal to Bawnie to see if the fur of the collar and texture of the cloth had been seriously injured.

"See, *accuda!* You have better sight than me."

And then Bawnie—how real and true it all seems!—with some great concern, would take the cloak from the line stretched across the kitchen on which it would be drying, and hang it on the front door in the light, the better to inspect its ample proportions, before hazarding the opinion:

"It did get a drinchin', sure enough, mother; but the story could be worse."

"Is it that bad, Bawnie child?"

"O'yea, no!—not at all, mother. It is not even by any means as bad as you imagine. The fur is only ruffled and the gloss taken off the cloth from the soakin' they got, both o' which can be med right again by a few rubs o' the flat-iron,"—a mercy for which the simple-minded woman would be soulfully thankful.

When Sundays and holydays used to come, how characteristic and familiar, and now how sweetly reminiscent, was:

"Bessie, I say, you'll be late for Mass. Hurry on down!"

"Oh, I've plenty time! Mother haven't her *cloak* on yet."

Nor is it possible to forget, when that same process would be about to be entered on, the request: "Here, Maggie, hould this" (meaning the hood-cloak) "till I put it on; an' see do it want brushin'." A query which seldom if ever had occasion to be put, seeing that Maggie would have the brush ready at hand to give the cloak a final touch up before mother's departure whether for market, fair, or Mass. In the course of this operation many little confidences would sometimes be exchanged, such as when Maggie, noticing the worn appearance of the cloak, which she would be industriously brushing, would remark that a new one was necessary, this cloak not being fit to stand any more dyeing or "scouring"; while as for putting new satin lining in the hood and fur on the collar, it was not to be thought of.

"Mother," she would say, "you'll have to buy a new cloak out-an'-out!"

And then would come the answer, which, always unconsciously, betrayed the secrets of a mother's heart:

"I will, *asthoreen*, when we get better off; or when William sends me the price o' one, as he said. God help us! mebbe 'tis more'n the poor boy's able to do to clothe himself as it is, far away."

After which the girls, side by side with their mother, would walk to the moss-grown chapel among the trees, at which they usually heard Mass.

Anybody who knows anything of Irish peasant life must have observed how easily the people's curiosity is aroused; that there is hardly anything so trivial as would escape their notice, or so far-fetched as would not be entitled to some show of credence; that even nonsense, which everybody knows Talleyrand found singularly refreshing, is not only the exciting cause of mirth but also

that of inquisitiveness in them. Yet how very few know—or, if knowing, seem to appreciate—those little gems of character disguised under the most enjoyable subtleties, and native to the rather paradoxical people's nature!—those charming little fundamental traits of character, which are rarely if at all exhibited in so delightful a manner, with so much subtlety, force, and effect, and play so important a part, as on the evening of the market or fair in the case of a typical Irish girl, and then invariably under the ægis of the redoubtable hood-cloak!

Nora, being anxious to get informed of that which a well-set purpose would impatiently urge, but which a sense of shyness would forbid her asking openly, invariably resorted to the strategy which she felt sure would appreciably soften the rigors of her position, if not altogether restore her to her usual equanimity. So divesting, with wonted consideration, her mother of her hood-cloak on her return home, Nora would suggest the merest commonplace in the most pronounced of provincialism, just as she might have suggested the previous Monday morning: "Mother dear, Tom will destroy your cloak,"—with a world of secret meaning, objecting to her brother's rummaging among the family Sunday clothes for something he had forgotten to take out of his pockets the night before; resourceful and keen as the Irish colleens are, every one of them.

To be sure the query would bring a suitable rejoinder, strange as it may appear; seeing that the dear woman must have time and again in the golden years of the long ago acted similarly as Nora. But it is best not to inquire too critically into the subject, remembering that Nora would have but entered on the days of her first and, as it generally proves, only love; while not

forgetting the tolerance of age and the wonderful discretion of motherhood,—facts which the fair girl would hardly dream of as possible, and so would pursue the even tenor of her tactful way, albeit getting more nervous the further she would adventure.

"You must be real jaded, by that account, mother. An' how much more so would you be if you met any one else you knew—the Buckleys, for instance?"

This would be a master-stroke of diplomacy; and the fur collar of the cloak, as a consequence, would come in for a large measure of patronage on Nora's part; brushing it the wrong way presumably, and unobserved by her mother, who would rejoice:

"Indeed, we had a long set down with these same people to-day."

"You had! An' the Dores, mother?"

"No, but the Burkes o' Aherla."

"An' the Driscolls, mebbe, o' Cloghroe? I wonder how Lizzie's gettin' on?"

It shrewdly occurs to us that Nora would scarcely be thinking of the girl at the moment, but of a "boy o' the Hanlons"; as certainly would she be unmindful of the partial destruction of the cloak in her hands by her vigorous brushing of it.

"Did you see any one else you knew—any we are intimate with, mother?"

And as Nora would hide herself behind the folds of the hood-cloak, blushing, she would hear the name which would make her heart thrill with delight; and after hanging the dear hood-cloak on its own honored peg, as duty imposed and custom required, she would busy herself about the house, happy in the conviction that everything was as she could wish it.

The foregoing are but a few of the multitudinous possibilities of mother's hood-cloak,—a theme which we shall no further enlarge upon, but, like Nora, blushing, resign the pen.

The Christian Life.

BY HENRI LASSEURRE.

II.

IN the deserts of the Thebaide there were once many solitaries. Of the last of whom we have any record, St. Paphnuce, they tell a strange story.

In the wilderness Paphnuce had led the wonderful life of a hermit,—a life which resembles neither that of ordinary men nor of modern saints; a life whose austerity surpasses imagination. One day he said to himself:

"To what degree of sanctity have I reached?" The question soon became an earnest prayer: "Lord, I beseech Thee to make known to me which among the saints I most resemble."

"Paphnuce, Paphnuce!" said a voice, "thou dost most resemble an humble musician who plays his pipes in yonder little village."

Paphnuce was more surprised than he had ever been in his life before. So he determined to go in search of this prodigy; and after a walk of some hours he arrived at the village and asked if there was a musician in the neighborhood.

"He is yonder at the inn," replied a peasant, "making music for the men who are drinking in the taproom."

Poor Paphnuce stood still with astonishment. But, summoning his wits together, he entered the inn, called the musician, and, after requesting a private interview, asked him by what means he had become a model of sanctity before God and His holy angels.

"My dear man," said the wondering bard, "I am afraid you are seeking to amuse yourself at my expense. Far from being a saint, I am the vilest and most miserable of men. Before I began to play in this manner I was a thief—one of a band of brigands. My life has

been a tissue of abominations; I loathe the thought of myself."

Paphnuce reflected for a moment.

"Think well, my friend," he said. "You can surely remember some good action you have performed."

"I do not know of any."

"Think again."

"Well, I remember," replied the other, slowly, "that one day when we had seized and carried away a virgin consecrated to God, I repented me of what I had done and rescued her from the hands of the others. I took her to a neighboring village, where she passed the night in safety. The next morning I reconducted her to the convent as pure as when she was torn therefrom."

"And what besides?" asked Paphnuce.

"Once," answered the robber, "I met a lady lost and alone in the forest. 'What do you here?' I said.—'Ask me not who I am,' she replied. 'But if you have pity on me, take me for your slave and conduct me whither you will. My husband has been thrown into the debtors' prison. They have caused him to suffer horrible tortures; they have also arrested my three sons for the same debt; they are now pursuing me. I have hidden myself in this wilderness; I have not eaten anything for two days.'

"Touched with compassion, I promised to take care of this poor woman. I offered her shelter and food. After she had revived somewhat, I said: 'How much money would pay your debt?'—'Five pieces of gold would save us,' she replied,—'my husband, my sons and myself.'—'Here are the five pieces,' I said, placing them in her hand. 'Now go and be happy.' She went on her way rejoicing and grateful."

..

It appears to me that this recital is of particular interest. It is exceptional. It makes us not only see but reflect on something too often ignored. It offers

a glimpse of the mysteries of divine justice, which measures all things, which judges infallibly, taking count of graces given, of temptations conquered, and of diverse situations. It seems to me that the voice which spoke to Paphnuce speaks to us still, saying to some: "You think yourselves good: do not presume." And to others: "You believe yourselves wicked: do not despair."

"Some dwell in hatred who fancy themselves to be in love; some believe themselves in hatred who really dwell in love," said the Blessed Angela de Foligno. And long before her the Holy Spirit has said: "No one knows whether he is worthy of love or hatred." Visible and invisible things mingle together in the abyss of the human heart, as different metals are fused in a furnace; and no one sees the interior operations by which they are so united,—no one except Him who measures temptations and graces as He regulates the wind and the fire.

We stroll at eve along the borders of the ocean. We lower our eyes: can we count the sands on the shore? We lift them heavenward: can we number the stars above us? No; but the task were small to that of comprehending the mysteries of the human soul. If you try to count the interior and exterior actions of a man, of your neighbor,—if you try to count the inclinations and passions, the graces and temptations, the circumstances; the assaults from within and without; the aspirations, the desires, the successes, the rebuffs, the joys and sorrows; that multitude of contradictory emotions crowding upon him and within him, multiplying and strengthening for him and against him through forty or fifty years,—if you endeavor to define, to separate, to make this infinite calculation, you will seek to do that which God alone can do: you will be trying to lift the veil which hides eternal justice.

God alone is far enough removed from our miseries to know them in their entirety and to value them as they are. He alone is clear-sighted enough to vouchsafe us an indulgence equivalent to our needs. He alone is high enough on the inaccessible mountain to hold in His compassionate hand the balance of our deserts. To Him who alone comprehends us belongs the measure of the justice we merit,—justice profound and mysterious; justice divine, unknown as God Himself; justice which holds in reserve for us the greatest surprises, because it is comprehensive, universal and absolute.

(To be continued.)

The Eastertide Greeting.

IT is a noteworthy fact that as often as our Divine Lord appeared to His disciples, during the period between the Resurrection and the Ascension, His greeting was invariably *Pax vobis!*—"Peace be unto you!" Naturally eager to grant them munificent compensation for the trouble and sorrow and anguish which they had experienced during the dolorous days of His passion, and the still darker hours of His entombment, He could bestow upon them nothing so precious, no blessing so great as interior tranquillity, peace of soul.

In an age when discontent is openly preached as the duty of the poorer classes, and when the wealth of the millionaire is pointed out as the goal toward which individual humanity should strive with all the strenuousness of which it is capable, it is well to remember that genuine happiness is to be sought for in something other than abundant riches and the comforts or luxuries to which they give access. Whether or not we accept in its entirety the dictum, "Virtue alone is happiness below," it is quite demonstrable that

virtue is at least an essential ingredient of happiness, and that a tranquil conscience is a more satisfying possession than a plethoric purse.

"Who is it that resists God," says Job, "and has any peace within him?" This is the rhetorical interrogation, and is merely an energetic form of asserting that no sinner can really be at ease, can enjoy true comfort, can truthfully declare himself happy. It is possible, of course, that he may wear the semblance of perfect content, may put on an appearance of thorough satisfaction with the world and himself; but there is nothing surer than that beneath the veil of outward seeming, behind the mask habitually worn, there are innumerable stings of conscience, agitating thoughts, anxious doubts, lively apprehensions, well-grounded fears of heavenly chastisement,—in a word, a constant state of disquietude, which may indeed, from time to time, be forgotten for moments or for hours, but which unfailingly asserts itself and gives the lie to the smiling face and the care-free voice.

This inability of the sinner to enjoy, not the transitory pleasures of sense, but that true peace of soul which constitutes real happiness, vindicates the Providence of God which some find it hard to reconcile with the prosperity of the wicked and the misfortunes of the good. Both the prosperity and the misfortunes are rather apparent than real. Would any sane man barter a tranquil conscience, a soul thoroughly at peace with God and one's neighbor, a mind free from the hauntings of remorse, a heart filled with love of God and firm hope of eternal life, for a heavier bank account, a higher position on the social ladder, a season-ticket to the manifold entertainments of modern luxury! The true explanation of the conduct of Divine Providence in allowing the wicked to prosper in this world and

the just to endure misfortunes, would seem to be that sinners receive here below whatever reward is fitting for the natural good they may do, and the just are punished on this side of the grave for the evil of which they have been guilty. The real punishment of evil and the real recompense of virtue are meted out only after death.

Death! After all, the thought of that most certain of all future events is the only adequate touchstone by which to determine the genuineness of our happiness. Do what we will, the thought obtrudes itself upon our minds that the dread angel will one day summon us as he is daily summoning our relatives, friends, and acquaintances. Can we entertain the thought calmly, reflect on the intimate connection between the manner of our living now and our fate when life is over, picture ourselves standing before the bar of divine justice,—and still feel that we have reason to rely on securing the supreme blessing of eternal beatitude? If so, we may with some semblance of reason flatter ourselves that "the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding" indwells our minds and hearts. If, on the contrary, that thought of death produces in us unrelieved terror, if it comes as an importunate counsellor, reminding us that our ways must be changed, our habits reformed, our life remodelled, before we shall be ready for our summons to the judgment-seat of God,—then, despite all the gifts of the world of which we hold possession, despite the luxurious appointments of our everyday life and the all but boundless facilities we enjoy for the gratification of our every taste, we ignore the meaning of true, abiding happiness, and may well long to hear in the tribunal of penance a repetition of Christ's Easter greeting to His faithful disciples: "Peace be unto you!"

Notes and Remarks.

Our coreligionists over the water are grateful to King Edward VII. because in repeating the offensive words of the Oath of Accession—the words which denounce the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and devotion to the Blessed Virgin as superstitious—he lowered his voice so that the passage was hardly audible. The tact of King Edward was surely worthy of praise; indeed it is known that he personally regrets the ancient custom which imposes on him a declaration offensive to millions of his best subjects. But the London *Pilot* (Anglican) points out an aspect of the case which has hitherto been ignored. Not only is the King obliged to make the declaration that he holds these doctrines to be superstitious, while in reality he does not so hold them, but he is further required to confirm the declaration with an oath. In other words, the King is obliged by the tyranny of an old custom to begin his reign not only with a solemn public lie, but he must add to it what is known to be a solemn public perjury. The question, then, is very pertinent: What effect will the whole performance have on the popular conception of the sanctity of an oath?

“A remarkable demonstration of religious faith,” says the *Washington Post*, “occurred yesterday afternoon, when 3000 Roman Catholics, all members of St. Patrick’s Church, marched through the streets of the city on a pilgrimage of piety.” This superb act of public devotion, which so profoundly impressed the people of the capital, was the processional visit of St. Patrick’s congregation to the jubilee churches of the city. As the Rev. Dr. Stafford truly said, the participation of so many men and women in a public work, not of obligation but

of pure piety, was a demonstration of the energizing and vivifying influence of religion in an age when superficial critics affirm that faith and devotion are dead. The Washington procession was fifteen blocks in length, and included 1500 men, led by 200 members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The *Post* observes that “the congregation marched quietly, orderly, modestly, without the least pretence of show, and reminded one of the solemn devout pilgrimages described in the early histories of the Church.” In other cities, too, this impressive sight has been seen; and we do not doubt that the influence exerted by it on serious-minded non-Catholics will be among the best fruits of the Jubilee.

If a good half of the statements made by our exchanges regarding the administration of the Viceroy of India are correct, Lord Curzon is hardly entitled to all the praise lavished upon him since he assumed the office. It is charged that in some districts of India the conversion of a native is equivalent to the forfeiture of all his civil rights, so intolerant is the pagan majority which makes the laws. Last November the bishops of Malabar published a joint letter “in loyal and respectful phraseology,” requesting that this serious grievance be redressed; but the Viceroy replied that the grievance does not exist except for “an infinitesimal number of persons, nearly all of humble station and possessed of but little property.” To this the Apostolic Delegate to India rejoined that 475,000 Catholics are not an infinitesimal number even in India; and that if these are of humble station and possessed of little property “it is precisely because of this very persecution.” His Excellency also makes the very serious assertion that “this religious persecution, tolerated and sanctioned by the

English government, is the greatest obstacle to the propagation of Christianity, and the reason why the Christian religion spreads only among the poor and the lowly." Herein we have another difference between the robust Anglo-Saxon and the effete Spaniard, for instance. With all their faults, the Spaniards never forgot that one of their duties was to spread among their dependencies belief in the Risen Saviour.

It is a sign of the newness of our country that only a few of our colleges or academies have yet celebrated their fiftieth birthday. Be the faults of these institutions what they may, it is well to remind people who assist Catholic education with criticism rather than cash that nearly all our colleges have grown to their present proportions within a few years and entirely without patronage. Georgetown, in the extreme East, is a little over a hundred years old; Notre Dame, in the central territory, is a little past her fiftieth anniversary; and Santa Clara College in California has just finished the preliminary celebration of her Golden Jubilee. Santa Clara has done her work well these five decades, and it would gratify us immensely if some of the Catholic millionaires who flourish in California would send the college their autographs on the right sort of paper when the formal celebration is held next June.

People who, being baptized Brigit, write their names Birdie or Bee, should feel rebuked when they read the sympathetic sketch of Saint Brigit which appeared in a recent issue of the *Youth's Companion*. "Brigits," says that Protestant magazine, "are as frequent among us as Patricks; and the noble lady of ancient Ireland whose name they bear is a far more winning

historic figure than the good Bishop." There may be some to quarrel with this judgment, but all will rejoice that the holy Abbess of Kildare is thus honored by the stranger; all the more so at a time when the Birdies and the Bees seem to be ashamed of their names. The illustrious Montalembert observed in his day that "wherever the Irish monks have penetrated, from Cologne to Seville, churches have been raised in her honor; and wherever in our own time British emigration spreads, the name of Brigit points out the women of Irish race. Deprived by persecution and poverty of the means of erecting monuments of stone, they testify their unshaken devotion to that dear memory by giving her name to their daughters. There are glories more noisy and splendid, but are there many which do more honor to human nature?" The Birdies and the Bees we can not respect; the Brigits we congratulate on their good name, and we offer them the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

A distinguished Frenchman whose diplomatic relations with foreign courts a few years ago place him in a position to secure exact accounts of France's interior and external policy, has given *La Liberté* some interesting information concerning the Law of Associations. Negotiations on the subject of that law were begun some months ago between the government of France and the Vatican. It seems that at first the French Minister of Foreign Affairs succeeded in blinding the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Lorenzelli, as to the real import and scope of the law. Later on, Leo XIII. examined the matter personally, dispensed with the Nuncio as an intermediary, and addressed to Waldeck-Rousseau directly observations which the President of the Council was forced

to recognize as being of decided weight and importance. Two deputies, friends of the President, were sent to Rome to prevent, or, at the very least, retard the definitive rupture of the Vatican with France. They were unsuccessful as to their main purpose, and the news of their failure doubtless aggravated the recent illness of Waldeck-Rousseau. In the meantime Germany wants to possess herself of the prestige now enjoyed by France in the East, as protector of the Oriental Christians; the Duke of Norfolk's address on the Temporal Power and England's friendship with Germany are factors in the situation; and even the anti-papal Italian government has notified France that disastrous complications are likely to result from the passing of the obnoxious Law of Associations. "To employ a trite figure," concludes the old diplomat, "the President of the Council resembles a coachman who can no longer hold the horses he has lashed into fury. All he thinks of is dropping the reins and jumping to the ground, if possible without breaking his neck. To speak plainly, Waldeck-Rousseau has had enough, and he will take the jump before long."

It will readily be believed that among the 800,000 pilgrims who flocked from all parts to Rome in the course of last year to gain the indulgence of the Holy Year, few, if any, were to be found who equalled in age the venerable occupant of St. Peter's Chair. There was, however (we learn from the *Katholische Welt*), one exception—a bent and withered but still sturdy peasant woman, with silvery hair, who is not only as aged but even more so than the Holy Father. She is his fellow-countrywoman; for her birthplace, like his, is among the Sabine hills, and there her home is still fixed. Catharine Tanturri by name, she was born in 1798; thus she has reached

her hundred and third year, and has seen three centuries: the last two years of the eighteenth, the whole of the nineteenth, and now she has entered upon the twentieth. Despite her great age, she was able to follow almost all the devotions with the other pilgrims. She was most graciously received by the Holy Father, who appeared much gratified when this venerable pilgrim from the home of his childhood, wearing the simple costume of her native place, presented herself to implore his blessing.

If the municipal authorities of New Orleans do not wish to incur the imputation of reprehensible supineness, they will administer to their police force a considerable dose of that pointed advice which has been dealt out so liberally of late to the captains and patrolmen of New York. That ten churches in the most populous portion of the city should within a few days be broken into and robbed without the police's finding any clue to the burglars is somewhat inexplicable except on a supposition that would be a flagrant disgrace to New Orleans. That these ten churches should, without exception, be Catholic, and that in several cases the purpose of the criminals would seem to be sacrilegious rather than mercenary, is a condition of affairs that suggests very unpleasant suspicions. Nothing but vigorous action on the part of the police, resulting in the apprehension and swift punishment of the marauding gang, can save the Southern city from the infamy of being known throughout the country as a municipality whose police force, in the words of an indignant New Orleans priest, "is criminally incompetent or is in league with the law-breakers." This is strong language, but it seems to be amply justified at this writing.

FRANK YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Our Risen Lord.

'TIS the touch of His risen feet that bids
The April flowers to spring;
'Tis the sound of His voice that wakes the birds,
Their carols gay to sing.
'Tis the pulse of His risen Sacred Heart
That makes all nature fair,
That lifts our thoughts to Heaven above,
And makes our gladness prayer.
'Tis the love of the gentle risen Lord
That teaches us to know
That from His wounds all glorified
Our peace and joy must flow.

A Saint's Pet Trout.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



CANDIDLY, I am afraid I have been indiscreet in reporting so faithfully, as has recently been my practice, interviews with sundry nieces and nephews who profess a critical interest in these stories of the saints and animals. At any rate, the privacy of my study is being disturbed much oftener than is compatible with either reading or writing,—not to mention the circumstance that conversation and smoking can not conveniently be carried on at the same time.

Now, last evening I had just ensconced myself in my snug easy-chair, thrown my slippers feet upon a padded stool, lit my small Brosely churchwarden's pipe (an excellent clay with a twenty-one inch stem); and, taking up "The Works of Father Prout," was preparing to enjoy an intellectual treat, when

who should suddenly march into my presence but Miss Bride Barry and her little brother Frank?

"Good-evening, Uncle Austin!" was Bride's polite greeting; which Frank supplemented with "Dood even, untle!"

"Good-evening, my dears! What brings you so far up-town at this late hour?"

"Take a chair, Frankie," said Bride, seating herself in my cosiest rocker as she spoke. "Uncle doesn't *mean* to be impolite. He only forgets sometimes."

"Pray forgive my rudeness, Miss Barry!—although it has not apparently disconcerted you to any notable extent. And, now that you have made yourself quite at home, let me ask what can I do for you?"

"Fwankie want a stowy," interjected that diminutive mortal.

"Yes, uncle, that's just why we're here. Frankie heard Clare reading your last story in *THE AVE MARIA*, and he has been plaguing me ever since I got home from the convent this afternoon to bring him up to pay you a visit."

"Want a stowy 'bout St. Fwancis," explained the youth in question.

"As I couldn't expect a minute's peace until I brought him," continued Bride, "here we are. But, of course, if you are very busy, Frankie can wait for some other time."

"Fwankie want stowy 'ight away," protested my persistent nephew.

"Won't some great big chocolates do as well as a story to-night, Frankie?"

And, laying down Father Prout, I pulled open my candy drawer and helped my visitors to some luscious pyramids that *should* have made the little fellow forget everything else in the enjoyment of crunching them. But they didn't.

"Want tandy and stowy *bof*," he coolly assured me. "Stowy 'bout my patwon, St. Fwancis."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, uncle, tell him one and be done with it!" put in Bride. "And let me suggest," she added, with an assumption of grown-up seriousness truly enjoyable,— "let me suggest that you use littler words than is usual with you. Frankie's acquaintance with the dictionary is of the slightest."

"Many thanks for the hint, my dear. Well, Frankie, which St. Francis is your patron— Francis Xavier, Francis of Assisi, or Francis of Sales?"

"St. Fwancis Polly," rejoined Frankie.

"Who? Oh, I see! St. Francis of Paula. And so you want to hear something about him, do you? Well, he was a very good man, and just as nice and kind as he could be to everyone. He liked all the world, good people and bad; and all animals too—horses, dogs, sheep, birds, and fishes."

"Me don't 'like fwish. Nasty bones 'tick in my froat."

"Yes," explained Bride; "we had salt codfish for dinner on Friday, and Frankie got a bone in his throat and came very near choking."

"Indeed! That was too bad. But if Frankie and his sister eat codfish as rapidly as they demolish chocolates, accidents are liable to happen. Now, St. Francis Paula once received a nice fish for his Friday dinner,—a beautiful speckled trout. Did you ever see a trout, Frankie?"

"Ess, me did; papa caught free dozen a big while ago, all full of pitty spots."

"Yes? Well, this one that St. Francis got for a present was a real beauty. It was dead, of course; but instead of sending it to the kitchen to be cooked, the saint carried it out to the monastery fountain and put it in the big stone basin of water. Just as soon as he did so, the trout came to life again and

swam about the basin at a great rate. St. Francis christened it Antonella, and made a pet of it. Whenever he came to the fountain and called 'Antonella!' the trout would swim over to him, eat out of his hand, and let him stroke its shining back. Seeing how fond St. Francis was of his pet, all the religious in the monastery were very good to it; and everyone used to feed Antonella until it got to be very fat and sleek."

"Was they div it tandy too, untle?"

"No, Frankie: trout don't like candy. But they gave it so much of things it did like that Antonella soon became a little glutton. And this fault brought its misfortune too. In the town of Paula there was a bad man, who, seeing how tame the trout had grown, thought he would steal it and have it cooked. So one day, while the monks were in the chapel, he went to the fountain, threw some bread crumbs into the basin, and when poor Antonella swam up to eat them, he seized it and put it in his pocket.

"He had seen nobody about, and thought of 'course that his theft was unknown. Saints, however, know many things that they learn miraculously, because God tells them; and St. Francis knew all about the trouble his little pet had got into. Just as soon as the Office was finished, he sent a Brother to the thief's house with an order to send back Antonella at once. The Brother went; but the bad man denied the theft, and talked so big that the monk felt ill at ease. He returned to St. Francis and told him what had passed. 'Go right back,' said the Saint; 'and to prove to the thief that I know all about the matter, tell him that he has ordered my poor trout to be fried, and that he is just going to sit down to table to eat it. Tell him, too, that if he doesn't return my fish, he'll be sorry.'

"Back went the Brother; and when

he gave his message to the thief, the man saw that he was found out, and, falling on his knees, begged the Brother's pardon. Then he went and brought the fish—or, rather, the remains; for, alas! poor Antonella was in a very sad state. It had been cut up into half a dozen pieces, which, half-cooked, were floating about in the gravy of the frying-pan."

"Poor 'ittle twouty!" sympathized Frankie. "Wot St. Fwancis say? Did he cw y awful hard?"

"No, he didn't cry at all. When the Brother brought him the pan, he went out to the fountain and, talking to Antonella just as if it were alive, he said: 'My poor little pet, see what you have got for being greedy! In the name of the Lord, come back to life, but let this adventure teach you to avoid gluttony for the future.' Then he threw the pan and the half-fried pieces of trout into the basin. And what do you think, Frankie? The pieces came together, and Antonella was alive again. Perhaps it didn't swim and dive around the basin for the next half hour."

"Dat's a grand stowy, and my patwon was the doodest mans in the 'urld."

"Much obliged, uncle," said Bride, "for the story *and* the chocolates. They were so very delicious that I fear you will think me addicted to Antonella's failing—no, Frankie, there are none left. Good-night, uncle!"

"Good-night, my dears! And hurry home now!"

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent in Omaha, after explaining the Scripture upon which was based the lesson for the day, inquired: "Now, children, I have explained the lesson. Have you any questions to ask?"—"Please, sir," said an anxious small boy, "I have."—"What is it, my little man?" said the delighted official.—"Are we going to have a picnic next summer?"

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XV.—THE TREASURES OF DOÑA DOLORES.

"And now," said the hostess, as she carefully laid the bonnet on the bed and replaced the scarf she always wore over her own abundant hair, "I am going to show you some of my treasures. I know the mother, at least, will be glad to look at my old things; and the girls too. Many happy hours has Marie, when she was a little thing, spent over those knickknacks."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Degler; and Marie added:

"I used to *love* to rummage in Cousin Dolores' boxes, and I do still."

Robbie was not much interested in what promised, he thought, to be a display of female wearing apparel and ornaments. He was silent and turned toward the window.

"Oh, you are not to stay, you poor boy," said Doña Dolores, "unless you are interested in relics from the sea,—or, rather, from foreign shores! We had some captains, soldiers, and brave sailors among our relatives, you know; and I have some mementos of them also."

"Oh, but I am interested in anything relating to the sea!" replied the boy, turning around with new interest in his beaming eyes. "Will you show those first, Doña Dolores? And then, perhaps, I might go out again with Cousin George. He is with your Indian there in the garden, talking about the bees."

"Come, then, dears," said the old lady, opening a door which led into a small room, with two windows, barred with iron, placed high up in the thick wall. "This is my treasure-trove."

Some richly-carved chests were ranged along the walls. Producing a bunch of keys from a shelf, Dolores opened one o

them. A smell of cedar, sandal-wood and spices, mingled with the musty odors, diffused itself all about the small apartment.

And such a varied and beautiful array as it was! Her guests were soon in a veritable bewilderment of admiration. Curious carved vessels of bamboo and ivory, animals of teak-wood, vases barbaric in splendor of coloring and eccentric shape; pieces of cloth woven also from the fibres of the bamboo, striped in blue, brown and red, and practically indestructible. There were platters of wood and china, beautifully engraved and gilded; curios enough, it seemed, to stock a small shop their hostess produced, one after another, till the bottom of the chest was reached. There were queer firearms also, sabres and short swords, pipes of all nations, boxes of silver and ivory containing delicately painted fans, each separate article wrapped in Chinese or Manila paper, which, as it was duly examined and admired, she carefully replaced. And Doña Dolores enjoyed their astonishment and delight quite as heartily as they did the sight of the beautiful treasures displayed before them.

"Perhaps you are wondering," she said, "why I have kept all these things so long; why I have not given them away. Indeed, persons who know me well and know that I am far from rich, have sometimes asked why I do not sell them. I could, no doubt, get a large price for them. But each and all are very dear to me. Not while I live shall I part from them. Each has its history. They are my only companions, these lifeless relics of days gone by. To sell them would be to commit a sacrilege—for me. To hold them closely as I do may seem, perhaps, selfish; but that is not the spirit in which I cling to them. They are reminders of the past. When I am gone—and it can not be

long now—they will go to my nearest of kin. I think there are none nearer than yourselves; for I have outlived all my generation. And now that there are a new family of De la Guerras, some of these treasures of mine must be given to them also." She turned to the newly-found cousins. "I mean yourselves. Formerly it was to Marie they were all to go; but now they will be divided. I feel that you are of a higher and more delicate intuition than many; and I feel already that you are my kin."

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Degler. "And we have felt quite at home since the first moment we saw you."

"I knew it," said Doña Dolores.

The other chests contained quantities of silk and satin, some made up into garments and some still in the folds.

When the contents of the chests had been restored to their places, Dolores led her visitors to the sitting-room.

"There is something else I want you to see," she said, opening a drawer in an old black cabinet which stood in one corner.

From this she produced a lace scarf of the most exquisite texture, long enough to be wound about the neck and thrown over the shoulder, and broad enough to cover the head, falling in the back like a veil. From another drawer she drew forth a miniature painted on ivory. It was the picture of a beautiful woman about thirty years of age.

"It was painted in Spain," said the lady, laying it in Mrs. Degler's hand. "Is it not exquisite?"

"Yes, it is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen," she replied. "And it greatly resembles you, Doña Dolores. Who was she?"

For answer Dolores shook out the lace scarf, threw it across her hair, and in a moment had arranged the folds exactly like those of the head-dress in the picture, to which, making allowance for

the great difference in age, she bore a striking resemblance. Then, assuming a graceful position, leaning one hand on the table, and pointing to the picture, in a voice of wonderful expression and sweetness she broke forth:

This is my grandmother's portrait, Doña Dolores Pilar,—

She who was fairest of women from gay Santa Cruz to Del Mar;

She who from rancho to rancho measured her acres in miles,

Counting her cattle by thousands; she who, with witchery of smiles,

Brought to their knees *comandante* and proud *almirante* of Spain;

She who at bull-fight and fiesta scattered *prestas* like rain.

This is my grandmother's portrait: mark you the beautiful face,

Painted on rarest of ivory, framed in a fortune of lace.

She rests at San Buenaventura: *I* am the last of her name,—

One overshadowed by sorrow, one never darkened by shame;

I count neither acres nor cattle from San Luis Rey to Del Mar,

But *I* lift up my head with the proudest,—*I*, too, am Dolores Pilar.

While she was declaiming Señor de la Guerra had entered.

"She is improvising," he whispered to Mrs. Degler. "Is she not wonderful?"

"This is the very scarf," continued Dolores, as she unwound it,—*"the very scarf you see in the picture. Somehow I could not help it. You will not think me a foolish old woman. Sometimes I get like that. And here—here is a little thing,"* she went on, going to the cabinet once more and returning with another portrait—a young girl, with a most angelic face. *"That is Chonita, my great-aunt; always praying—a real saint. She died at sixteen. Now I will show you her home."*

She left the room for a moment, and came back presently, followed by the Indian woman, who carried a large picture, composed of two panels.

"Leave it there on the table, Benita," said Dolores.

De la Guerra assisted her in putting it into an upright position so that all might see. On one of the panels was a typical adobe house and courtyard of the better class; on the other was a ruined church tower, a palm-tree, and two bells depending from a heavy beam.

"There lived Chonita," said Dolores, assuming her former attitude.

Her home was there, just there;

And they tell of her to-day:

How she knelt at eve 'neath the palms to pray,
While the bells chimed forth with tuneful sway,

"Ave Maria!"

Through the throbbing, starlit air.

The bells are there, still there;

And the tall palms, as of yore,
Wave to and fro near the crumbling door;

But the voice they loved repeats no more,

"Ave Maria!"

At the solemn hour of prayer.

"That, too, is an improvisation," said De la Guerra. "And the picture—she painted it years ago." Aloud he said: "Cousin, do not exhaust yourself."

"No: it is over," she said, sinking into a chair. There was a scarlet spot on either cheek; her eyes were shining. "I meant to have had some music," she continued. "Do you all sing?"

"A little," replied Mrs. Degler.

"For me, I love it," said Doña Dolores. "Sometimes I spend whole days at the piano, and then again with the guitar; and then it will be painting."

Marie brought a fan and began to wave it gently above her forehead, on which drops of perspiration were now standing. Presently the tired eyes closed. She was asleep.

(To be continued.)

A Good Recipe.

The *Catholic Universe* tells of a little girl who sent fifteen cents to a Chicago firm advertising a "recipe for softening and whitening the hands." The answer was: "Soak them well in dishwater three times a day while your mother rests."

With Authors and Publishers.

—An historical novel by Mary Catherine Crowley is announced for early publication by Little, Brown & Co. It is called "A Daughter of New France," and deals with Catholic times and characters in Canada, the Northwest and Detroit. The illustrations are by Clyde O. De Land. The Harpers will soon publish another novel by a Catholic author—"Heart and Soul," by Henrietta Dana Skinner, whose first book, "Espiritu Santo," is still high in public favor.

—The latest volume of the Beacon Biographies is a very sympathetic and well-written sketch of "Father Hecker," by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., who says of this ornament of our American priesthood: "Nobody who feels an interest in the religious and spiritual condition of this country can fail to take hope and courage from even a little knowledge of Father Hecker's heart and soul." The Beacon Biographies are excellently published, and it is not too much to say of them that they are the best series of brief biographies in American literature.

—Another book of extracts from the Bible intended to serve for readings in the public schools has appeared, this time from the press of the American Book Co. Our opinion of such books has often been expressed. The extracts are from a Protestant translation of the Bible; they are wanting in the approved notes without which the Bible should not be read, and they are altogether insufficient as religious teaching for the young. The passages collated here are well chosen, it is true; but the whole principle of Bible-reading in the public schools is impracticable, and the advocates of purely secular teaching must be content with its logical results, which are shown often enough and in many different ways.

—Nothing of its kind could be more interesting than the comments, now first published, of Walter Savage Landor—he ought to be called savage Walter Landor, for his temper was not the meekest—upon "The Search of Proserpine," a volume which contains some of the best work of Aubrey de Vere. Here are some of the judgments which this erudite and exacting critic recorded on the margins of the work: *Miltonian; Like Shakespeare, but better; Capital; Worthy of Raleigh, and like him;* (of "Sunrise") *The noblest sonnet that ever was written;* (of another) *What sonnet of Petrarch equals this?* (of a couplet) *Finer than the best in Horace;* (of a song) *Greece never produced any-*

thing so exquisite. The presence of a different sort of comment here and there—exclamations like "Stuff!"—remind us how fastidious was the reader who was lost in admiration for the work of the venerable Irish poet and convert.

—Vol. II. of the *Dominican Star*, a literary annual published at Dunedin, New Zealand, contains a variety of interesting reading and a goodly number of attractive illustrations. We hope this new *Star* will continue to shine upon us and increase in brilliancy.

—As Mrs. Hugh Fraser has promised further contributions to THE AVE MARIA, our readers will be grateful for the information contained in the following note from the *Critic*: "Mrs. Fraser has made a reputation for herself, and need no longer be introduced as the sister of Mr. Marion Crawford. She is perhaps best known by 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan.' Her husband was at one time English Minister to Japan, which gave her an opportunity of knowing that country. She has just written a novel the scenes of which are laid in the Thames valley and Devonshire. It is called 'A Little Gray Sheep,' and may be described as 'a study of character and of social life.'"

—A batch of new brochures from the English Catholic Truth Society of London includes a selection of strong passages from Monsig. Vaughan's "Thoughts for All Times," dealing with "The Protestant Rule of Faith," which is shown to be an impossible one; brief statistics of Catholic progress in England during the reign of the late Queen, with the dates of some leading events affecting Catholics, entitled "Catholic Progress under Queen Victoria"; brief biographies of St. Simon Stock, St. Anthony of Padua, and Father Mastrilli, S. J. ("A Martyr of Japan"); and "The Gospel of St. John," with a short introduction and notes by Canon McIntyre.

—The monumental work of Father Algue, S. J., on the Philippine Archipelago—which was well on toward completion when the first Commission to the islands was appointed, and which the Commission adopted as a supplement to its official report—has been printed by the United States Government. Five hundred copies (the edition was 1500) were retained by Uncle Sam for his own purposes, and the rest are now for sale. The number of subjects treated of in the 1200 pages of this work causes astonishment; it may be described as a digest of all that the sciences have

to say regarding the past and present of the Philippines and the Filipinos. To these two volumes Father. Algue has added a third—an atlas of the islands.

—An excellent sermon on "The Monastic State," preached last November at Bath, England, by Bishop Hedley, is issued as a penny pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society of London. Sermons of this sort deserve to be printed and can not be too widely circulated. In the present discourse Bishop Hedley combats the views so generally held regarding the cloister by the ignorant and frivolous, and exhorts Catholics to cherish an appreciation of the vowed state of obedience, of poverty and of chastity. Let us quote two brief passages:—

The cloister is not an hospital for cases picked up on the battlefield of the world; but it is a school for making strong characters stronger, noble minds nobler, ardent hearts still more ardent and devoted.

No Catholic can go too far in reverencing and honoring the monastic principle. Renunciation is the spirit of the Gospel. If the cold airs of scepticism and rationalism wither and kill, among Catholics, the appreciation of the vowed state of obedience, of poverty, of chastity, then barrenness will descend upon that portion of the vineyard of God.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.
- Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.
- A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.
- In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, net.
- Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.
- Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqué.* 50 cts.
- Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, net.
- Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, net.
- The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénéigne Bossuet.* \$1.
- A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

- The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.
- The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.
- The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.
- Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.
- Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.
- Her Father's Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.
- The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.
- In Faith Abiding. *Jessie Reader.* 55 cts.
- Magister Adest; or, Who is Like unto God? \$1.75.
- Stringtown on the Pike. *John Uri Lloyd.* \$1.50.
- Notes for the Guidance of Authors. *William Stone Booth.* 25 cts.
- Christmastide. *Eliza Allen Starr.* 75 cts.
- The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* \$1.50.
- The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* \$1.50.
- Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* \$1.25.
- At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* \$1.
- His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* \$1.
- The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* \$1.
- The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.
- Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.
- Around the Crib. *Henry Perreye.* 50 cts.
- A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. E. Begley and the Rev. Patrick Boyle, of the Archdiocese of Boston; and the Rev. Father Luber, O. S. B.

Mother Augustine, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Dr. Henry Worthington, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. James Donohoe, Washington, D. C.; Mr. J. J. Ryan, E. Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Rebecca Henderson, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Anton Gorth, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. E. McCann, Chicago, Ill.; Miss B. M. Griffin, Townsend, Mass.; Mr. Z. Fennimore, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret McKenna, Lyons, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Leonard, Millville, Minn.; Miss Grace Finan, Goshen, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Manion, New York city; Mr. Samuel Deckard, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Eliza Byrne, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Ellen Hurley, Glens Falls, N. Y.; and Mr. Ernest Kern, Las Vegas, N. M.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1901.

NO. 16.

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Our Lady of Great Consolation.

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

SHE stands secure above the world's unrest
To plead with God the sorrows of our race;
A mother's smile relights her thoughtful face
As each lone soul creeps sadly to her breast.
Within her arms (O arms so softly pressed
About her Babe!) each one may find a place
Who yearns for love and that all-sacred grace
With which at last earth's weary ones are blest.

Each one to her can falter out the tale
Of tasks attempted, how results would fail
The soul's ideal and the heart's desire;
And when, at last, the childish murmurs cease,
With soothing glance she gives the griever peace
And strength to brave the daytime's purging fire.

Links with the Past.

BY M. H.

THE advent of a new century seems to throw a mellower light upon the events and persons of a bygone day, and makes us cherish every particle of information which those who remember can give us of the life and habits which prevailed when the nineteenth century was young. It was my good fortune last September to spend a short time at Broadstairs, one of the oldest of English watering-places, in the house of an old friend, a lady approaching her ninetieth year; and it was a rare delight to enjoy the crisp and racy talk of one who could vividly remember and

charmingly describe persons and events which have become to us personages and matters of history; to sit chatting gaily with one who was eight years old when Napoleon died at St. Helena; who had frequently met the Duke of Wellington; to whom the Miss Berrys (Horace Walpole's friends), Macaulay, Rogers, Southey and Wordsworth had been familiar friends or acquaintances; and who had helped Sydney Owenson (Lady Morgan) with her autobiography, writing at her dictation to save her failing eyesight. Through her, and through the Miss Berrys, my old friend held a multitude of links with that more distant past when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette still lived and reigned in France, when the Revolution was yet to come, and when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke and Goldsmith were the glory of British art and literature.

It was very charming to hear of the pleasure, as well as the inconveniences, of travelling in England before railroads had been invented; of the comfort of being carried to a friend's house in a sedan-chair, and of the simpler fashions and homelier habits that obtained when George III. was king; when London's streets were dimly lighted by oil lamps and most insecurely guarded by night watchmen, its theatres illuminated by candle-light, and the twopenny post a new institution,—the *rat-tat* of the postman is a survival to the present time of those early days when the two quick consecutive knocks signified that

he had brought a letter for which he claimed the fee of twopence.

It was pleasant to walk beside my hostess' chair to the edge of the cliff and look down upon the yellow sands, where she had scrambled as a child more than eighty years ago, and where, later on, she had seen Queen Victoria—then a chubby little girl of six—riding a donkey and enjoying her seaside holiday.

The house, with its date 1760 over the door, was a fitting place for such Old-World reminiscences; and so was the garden, surrounded by a brick wall which seemed to have absorbed some of the sunshine which had played upon it during its century of existence, so ruddy and warm and mellow had it become,—a fit background for the multitude of varied flowers which are the joy of my old friend.

The presiding genius of this beautiful garden is an old man of eighty-six, as interesting a link with the past as Miss C— herself. His garden, which he has tended for more than sixty years, is his passion, his whole thought and care; and at all hours of the day we see him at the labor he delights in. His tall, spare frame looks as vigorous as the old mulberry-tree at the bottom of the garden; the stoop in his shoulders seems more the result of bending over his flowers than the consequence of the weight of years; and the wisps of sun-dried hair emerging from under his weather-beaten cloth cap, on either side, the intelligent hatchety face, show no thread of grey.

The old man has the manners of a bygone day, and every sentence is rounded off with a touch of his cap. His politeness and his sense of duty are often at variance; for I fear he considers conversation frivolous and a waste of time. He tells us he has taken only three days' holiday in sixty years, and that was when his "old master" made him

go to London to see the Great Exhibition of 1851; but he was glad to get home again, and has never been away since. "My heart's in my garden. I was always fond of a garden since I was a boy,"—with a loving look round his little kingdom. We have not ventured to inquire, but we should confess to a distinct feeling of disappointment if we found that he could read and write; his close and ardent study of the Book of Nature, his clear-sighted experience of the men within the limits of his ken, have given him so fine an education that we have a—perhaps stupid—feeling that book-learning might have marred its originality. And yet in his gardening he keeps well up with the times, and won three first prizes at the recent County Flower Show.

His reminiscences date back as far as Miss C—'s; and he is proud of relating that he assisted, as an infant in long clothes in his mother's arms, at the dinner given to the laborers, "in the great barn at the farm yonder," in honor of the proclamation of peace in 1814. "Peace an Plenty" were written in big letters on the wall; and an inscription of the date remains there still, as he would show us if the barn were not now filled with its golden store. Still prouder is he of the fact that he, as well as Miss C—, has a recollection of the Queen at Broadstairs. When her late Majesty was a little girl of nine years old, on one of her visits to Pierrepont House with the Duchess of Kent, during the bathing season, she once or twice rode on a donkey in the Ranelagh Tea Gardens; and Robert, then a page-boy of fifteen, helped her into the saddle. "Yes, I've had her in my arms; and she was about as much as I could lift, for there was no great difference in our ages."

This being a remarkably good year for plums, I happened to mention the fact in a congratulatory tone to the

gardener. An expression of disgust came over his face and he exclaimed, with a volley of touches of his cap as if to excuse his vehemence: "Plums! Yea, it's a fine year for plums; and I never knew a good plum season that wasn't a *turruble* year for sickness and death. Why, the time of the great cholera [1849], when the dead were taken at night in carts, ten or twelve at a time, to be buried away from the parish—my cousin had the *contrack* for the *cawfins*,—it was such a year for plums that they were lying thick upon the ground, not worth picking up. I wouldn't eat a plum if you paid me."

Survivor of a period when the relations between servants and masters were far different from what they are nowadays, not his least interesting trait is the way he speaks of the "old master" and his descendants, whom he had served, "man and boy," for fifty years—until the property was let, and he with it, some dozen years ago. He gives us terse bits of biography, always in a tone of affectionate respect, of the various "Mr. Johns" or "Mr. Stephens," with one or two of whom things had evidently gone astray. "He went shooting rooks on a neighbor's land and was warned off. He went again, and they got to law about it; so *the lawyers got his money*." The tone of acceptance of the inevitable result of going to law expressed in the last words was about as sweeping a denunciation of the legal profession as I have ever heard.

"Then there was Miss Ann. 'Robert,' she says, 'my mother wants me to buy a new hat, but I shall never want another hat.' She sat at that *winder*"—with a jerk of his head toward the parlor window from his station by the grape-house door—"the whole day long, looking out into the garden—consumption it was,—and then I carried her to the churchyard. She was a pretty little

body." There was a moisture in the old fellow's eye as he turned away to attend to his vines,—a tribute to Miss Ann, whose pretty little body he had carried to the grave half a century ago. For a moment we felt as if we had known "Miss Ann," had witnessed her resignation, her mother's would-be hopefulness, and that silent vigil at the window gazing out upon the vigorous growth and beauty of the flowers as she faded away, and was at last carried through the walled garden to be laid beneath the shadow of the great square tower just beyond the belt of trees.

That square grey tower is attached to a beautiful fourteenth-century church, a relic of the days when England was Catholic, and her church architecture an art which has enriched the face of the land with its greatest ornaments, proclaiming the piety and genius of our forefathers as much by these village churches as by the stately piles in our cathedral towers. Their broken statues, their mutilated brasses tell of the wave of furious iconoclasm which swept over England three centuries ago, and spared not the remotest corner where church or chapel stood; often sweeping through with so hasty a rush that a crooked line scored with a knife or dagger's point across such words as, "On whose soul, sweet Jesu, have mercie!" on a fine old brass or mortuary stone, leaves the words distinctly visible; telling us in the same breath of the Puritan's denial of the doctrine of purgatory and of his ancestor's belief in it.

Curious also is it to compare the broken statues and crucifixes—on which time has laid a tender, mellowing hand, and which are now cherished as precious relics of the past by the present custodians of the ancient churches—with the new statues (often exact imitations of the old, and set up beside them) which latter-day Anglicanism is everywhere

erecting. They teach the lesson, already so often told in the history of Christendom, that a heresy does not long survive its three hundredth birthday as a cohesive whole.

The inscriptions on the older tombstones in this picturesque churchyard, so close to our own door, are no longer legible; but we spend more than one hour of this beautiful September day—one of the most glorious I have ever known—in deciphering the moss-grown headstones of the last two centuries. These homely epitaphs always possess a certain fascination—the solemnity of circumstance and sentiment warring so strangely with the inadequacy and even triviality of expression,—resulting sometimes in a semi-ludicrous pathos which makes us inclined to laugh and to cry in a breath. The following I copied, among others, in our morning strolls through this old churchyard:

“In Memory of Richard Joy (call’d the Kentish Samson), who died May 18, 1742. Aged 67.

Herculean Hero! Famed for Strength
At last lies here his Breadth and Length.

See how the Mighty Man is Fall’n!
To Death ye Strong and Weak are all one.

And the Same Judgment doth Befall
Goliath Great as David Small.”

In the composition of the next epitaph it looks as if the village stonemason had been assisted by the undertaker—the first line breathes the disappointment of that functionary’s legitimate expectations:

“In memory of George Hill, who unfortunately lost his life in his twenty-eighth year by a fall from the Cliff at Kingsgate.

His Pall unthought of, unbespoke his Shroud,
Nor had he cause, a warning was denied.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!”

September 10.—To-day Miss C—brings home a treasure, a link with the past in the shape of a very rare book: John Mockett’s Journal, published in 1836. Interesting in itself, it is doubly

so to us here and now; for the writer was the ancient occupant of this house—the “old master” of whom we have lately been hearing so much from his faithful servitor. Old title-pages have a charm of their own; they are so carefully explicit and explanatory, the author is at so much pains to set forth his wares, and that none of them should escape notice, and at the same time occasionally oddly oblivious of some essential point, such as the omission in the following to tell us which St. Peter’s parish, among all those dedicated to that saint in England, he is treating of.

“John Mockett’s Journal. A collection of interesting matters, relating to remarkable personages, ancient buildings, manners and customs, etc., beginning from the year 50. Also particulars of the various churches; origin of the Reculvers; parochial matters relative to St. Peter’s; with observations on agriculture (the result of forty years’ experience), and the prices of corn, cattle and labor for many hundred years. Collected from manuscripts of the author’s ancestors together with those of his own during the last fifty years; interspersed with tours to Cambridge, Norfolk, Hampshire, Berkshire, Devonshire, and France.—Canterbury, Kentish Observer General Printing-office, 1836.”

The ample promise of his title-page is faithfully fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the fine portrait it all unwittingly gives of its author—the Yeoman Farmer, as he describes himself at the outset,—who gives us his pedigree for three hundred years on the same homestead; and who during his busy life kept up his studies, and was churchwarden, overseer and surveyor of his parish. The journal covers fifty years—1786–1836,—while the chronological

calendars, probably copied from his commonplace book, which he makes for himself every few years, would furnish a good clue to his reading, so odd a medley are they of history, discoveries and science,—one of the earliest entries in the work being the death of Nero. The “interesting matters and remarkable personages”—apart from public events that have become history—which he introduces to us in the course of his fifty years of journal-keeping, form so extraordinary a collection of centenarians, marvels, monsters and phenomena, that we become quite bewildered. It is impossible to doubt his good faith, or to think that so shrewd a man would lightly set down statements for which he had not some authority; so we must resign ourselves to wonder how far he carried his researches into the authenticity of some of the marvels he relates.

It is delightful to follow him in his tours to Cambridge, Norfolk, Hampshire, and so forth. There we are on safe ground; and he makes us realize that a tour through a corner of England in those days furnished pleasures of deliberate travel and sight-seeing for which we must now go to far-off nooks in distant lands. And his intelligent appreciation of the architectural beauties of the towns he visited gives us some idea of their former fairness. The pages of his tour bristle with anecdotes and clear-sighted observations. From Bath he brings away a good story of Beau Nash’s despotism as master of ceremonies at the Pump Room at the close of the eighteenth century. The Duchess of Queensberry had appeared at a ball wearing an apron. Beau Nash desired her to take it off. The Duchess obeyed, and made him a present of the apron, which was made of lace and worth £500.

Mockett has something interesting to tell of most of the places he visits, and loves to describe old churches in careful

detail, and to set down the curious epitaphs and inscriptions he meets with. Thus at Bideford old church he notes that the treble bell has for its motto, “Peace and good neighbourhood.” And the tenor,

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave I summon all.

Which reminds me of another inscription, dating from Catholic days, on an old bell,

I, sweetly tolling, men do calle
To taste on Bread that feeds the soule.

The following is one of the epitaphs he has transcribed, and which I have never before seen in print:

John Brooke, of the parish of Ashe,
Only he is gone;
His days are past, his corpse is laid
Now under this marble stone.
Brook Street he was the owner of;
Robbed now it is of name,
Only because he had no seed
Or child to have the same.
Knowing that all must pass away,
Even when God will, none can deny,
He passed to God in the year of grace

One thousand five hundred four-score and two
it was

The sixteenth day of January, I tell you plain;
The five and twentieth year of Elizabeth’s reign.*

Surely the date of a man’s death has rarely been more plainly, not to say emphatically, stated.

From the almshouse at Ford, founded by Lady Lucy, wife of Sir Richard Reynell, in the reign of James I., for the reception of four poor widows, he culls the following:

They shall be noe gadders, gossupers, talkers,
Talebearers, nor given to reproachful words;
Nor abusers of anye; and no man may be
Lodged in any of these houses, nor any beer,
Ale, or wyne, be found in them.

Some of Mockett’s observations read oddly enough at the present day. There is an entry in 1835 on the laying of the first stone of the national school in his parish: “Education has now become so general that the poor begin to claim instruction for their children.” I think Michael’s observation in the play of

* 1582.

the "Adopted Child" (1795) may be applied: "Fine doings, to make poor people scholars; and when they get it, I WONDER who is to mind the ferry-boat?" The capitals, I fancy, are Mockett's own. In 1836, writing of the agricultural laborer, he says: "I have long seen a very great difference in the condition of the agricultural laborer. The independence of that class of persons lies buried in the graves of their forefathers."

It was an enterprising thing on the part of this Yeoman Farmer to start off, with two or three of his friends, for Paris a year or two after the proclamation of peace in 1814. His observations are shrewd and intelligent as ever, while his joy at getting safe home again is touching. One of his remarks I do not remember to have met with before at so early a date, and it is deeply interesting as showing what a strong revival of religion there was in France from the restoration of the monarchy until the revolution of 1830. He expresses his astonishment at the great number of people who flock to the churches. He says that in every town and village through which he passed on his way to Paris, the churches were too small to hold the congregations at Mass, and numbers of worshipers had to kneel outside on the church steps, and even in the street. Could honest John Mockett now revisit those French villages and towns he would, alas! not meet with the same edification. The population has increased, but the churches, instead of being, as he says, too small, are nowadays all too large for their congregations.

The limits of this article will not permit us to dip deeper into Mockett's quaint reminiscences, nor to set down any more of those "links with the past" with which those golden September days were filled.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.—MR. HENRY MORAN RECEIVES AN ANSWER TO HIS LETTER.

NOW, that last afternoon of Mr. Mortimer's stay at Vine Cottage and the exquisite drive on the loveliest of sylvan paths, the Quaker Road, were quite spoiled for Kate by the torturing thought that her unfortunate letter might have fallen into their neighbor's hands, and that he might construe it as a *bona fide* appeal for help. What would he think? What would he do? If she were sure that he had got it she would write and explain. That was impossible under the circumstances, and would only make bad worse. Her mother was, of course, unconscious of any cause for uneasiness; and her sisters only partially shared her anxiety. Mary had stayed at home to cook the dinner, while Kate, Elinor and Pauline, accompanied their elders on the drive. Pauline sat up with the driver, and called down expressions of delight every once and a while, her black eyes dancing and her brown cheeks glowing.

They drove several miles, to a pretty village, where there were factories and a goodly number of houses, breaking in on the idyllic quiet of the road they had just quitted. Mr. Mortimer remarked that Kate seemed so much quieter than usual.

"What sprite has stolen away your high spirits, my dear?" he inquired.

"Oh! I never talk much when I am driving," the girl answered evasively,—
"especially in the country. And I like to hear you and mamma talk of all those interesting places and things. Fancy the Nile and the Mediterranean and the Baltic! It all sounds very grand."

"We might be a couple of sea-rovers

from your description," laughed the old gentleman. "Still, though it was not the seas we sought precisely in our travels, we met with nothing more beautiful."

"But you did not travel together, did you?" asked Kate.

"No, my dear; but I had the happiness of meeting the beautiful Miss Fairfax"—here he bowed with old-fashioned courtesy to his neighbor—"on the banks of the Nile some years, my pretty Kate, before you were born."

Mrs. Raymond smiled, but there was a dreamy look in her eyes and something that felt like tears very near the surface; for Horace Raymond had also been beside her that day, an ardent young suitor whom she was soon to wed.

"We met again on the Riviera and smiled at each other over the blue of the Mediterranean," went on Mr. Mortimer. "And was not our last meeting at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg?"

"It was," said Mrs. Raymond. "I was then a bride, and my husband had taken me to see those wonderful winter scenes. But you forgot to mention our pleasant week in Rome, and the moonlight on the lagoon, when Horace joined with the gondoliers singing 'Santa Lucia'; and we paused near the Doge's Palace while you told us a fragment of history."

"To which Horace, seeing the moon reflected in my lady's eyes, paid but scant attention," replied Mr. Mortimer. "But I will say that you, my dear lady, listened, and looked from the moonlit path before us on the water to the gloomy pile of which I discoursed."

"Ah, what a night it was!" sighed Mrs. Raymond.

Mr. Mortimer, seeing that the subject was a melancholy one for the widow, changed it with his customary *bonhomie*.

"Here we are, after all our wanderings, on good American soil, with a pretty little streamlet before our eyes,

and a splendid range of hill, and a trio of American girls who can hold their own against no matter whom."

"You would spoil the girls if you were to be here long," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Why, what's the use of being an old fellow if one hasn't some of the privileges of age, and can't say pretty things to pretty girls?" he argued.

"If only the young men could flatter as prettily it would be quite dangerous," observed Kate.

Almost immediately, however, she fell again into her previous train of thought as to the fate of her unhappy letter. At one time she argued that it would be better it should fall into the hands of their neighbor, who was probably a gentleman, than that some evil-disposed person should find and misconstrue it. The next moment she cried out within herself that anything would be preferable to his finding and reading those luckless lines. Curiously enough, as she vexed herself about the matter, she did not at all represent her neighbor as a decrepit old man. When she fancied him holding it in his hands and puzzling over its contents, he seemed to have assumed quite another attitude.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she cried,— "what shall I do?" And the beautiful soft Nature about her could give no answer to that question any more than to the thousand and one questions which are daily asked of it.

A delicious coolness came into the air as the party drove homeward; a soft dreaminess fell over the landscape and penetrated the spirit. A star trembled into space as the carriage drew near the town, and hung uncertainly,—a pale fire as yet unaware of its own splendor; and the blue began to transfuse itself into glintings and gold, and delicate flushes of pink, and a white fleeciness delicate and pure.

Mr. Mortimer murmured this or that

line from a poet as he lay back in full enjoyment of the scene, upon which Mrs. Raymond's wistful, disenchanted gaze rested also. As the party alighted at the cottage gray tints predominated in the sky—the ashes, as it were, of dead fires,—while the coolness and freshness of evening were everywhere.

It was Mr. Mortimer's last evening at the cottage, and they had "to make the most of it," as the old gentleman said. And this they did, what with Mary's good cheer of roast lamb and some of the game and fruit from the hamper, with the cherry pie and a snowy dish of whipped cream, and with Kate's songs and Mr. Mortimer's delightful talk.

It was a very few days after Mr. Mortimer's departure that the blow fell upon Kate. She had almost forgotten about the missing letter, and had ceased to fear any evil consequences from its loss, trying to persuade herself, with Mary, that it had really been burned. Her mind had been more occupied with the sayings and doings of Mr. Henry Moran. She read every line and paragraph in the paper about him, and a few of these she cut out and stored away. Sometimes she wondered if she should ever see him, and when and where it would be, and what he was like; whether he would be as interesting on acquaintanceship as the papers made him out to be. It was a strange fascination, for which she could not account. Why his personality should seem to interest her in so remarkable a degree and to dominate her very existence seemed incomprehensible, as it was vexatious and absurd. Sometimes even at church the thought of him occurred to her, and she felt impelled to pray that the gift of faith might be given him. She always explained this to herself by saying: "He could do so much good with his money, if he were a practical Catholic."

On that memorable morning when the blow fell she walked home from Mass, after having had a chat with the pastor, Father Brophy. She passed the post-office and went in for her letters. The first was from Mr. Mortimer. She knew his hand and tore it open, reading as she walked slowly along the board walk, which was bordered on either side by a strip of very bright green grass. A sentence or two caught her eye, and the tinge of color which the mountain breeze had brought to her cheek deepened, as though Mr. Mortimer had divined her strange secret. The sentences were as follows:

"I met Mr. Henry Moran at dinner the evening before last, and was charmed with him. What a pity his life should be wasted, from our point of view! My pretty Kate, I think I must get you to try your powers of conversion on him. Even this iron man can not resist you."

A wave of color swept over Kate's face as she stood and looked thoughtfully, but with unseeing eyes, over the hills whence the morning mist was clearing. Was there, indeed, some strange link between her life and that of the great financier? Was he about to come into her life and she really to exercise over him the influence of which she had dreamed? It all seemed very chimerical and even fantastic now, in this broad sunlight of the morning; and she told herself that if they did meet she would probably find him commonplace and prosaic, and that they would have no common ground of interest at all.

Having finished Mr. Mortimer's letter down to the neat superscription, she folded it and put it into her pocket, carelessly breaking the seal of the other, which she noted, with vague surprise, was likewise in a masculine hand. Yet she had no male correspondents except Mr. Mortimer. She slowly unfolded the piece of paper which the envelope con-

tained, and again stood motionless, crimsoning to the roots of her hair, while the tears sprang to her eyes. He *had* got the letter, then! This was the answer. Kate's first impulse was to tear it in pieces angrily. On second thoughts, however, she folded it too, and put it into her pocket. For the first few minutes her resentment knew no bounds. How dared he send her this! Should he not have ignored that unfortunate letter, which he must have known was a jest?

Before she had reached home, however, cooler counsels prevailed. This answer to her letter was mocking, perhaps; but delicately, considerately mocking. He wanted her to understand that he knew the appeal to be a joke, and yet what more did that rude sketch convey? For she felt that it did convey more than mere mockery. It was a generous offer of help and from a very old man.

She said nothing about it during breakfast. She did not wish her mother to know, lest it might distress her; but she confided in the three girls. Pauline and Elinor were aghast; and Mary, after being at first shocked, burst into a peal of laughter.

"He is offering you his heart and hand," she said.

"Oh, no!—only a cheque," corrected Kate. "It is kindly done too, as if to assure us that he would gladly help us if possible. Perhaps he was thinking of that old-time sweetheart."

"He leaves *her* out of the drawing," remarked Mary.

"Well, the question is, What ought I to do?" said Kate.

"What *can* you do?" exclaimed the two younger girls.

"Nothing," said Mary, emphatically.

Kate was, however, of a different opinion; and that night, in the privacy of her little room, with its sloping roof, beneath the stars, she wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR:—You can hardly realize into what shame and confusion your enclosure, received this morning, threw me. The letter, which was a mere piece of fun, was accidentally lost, and picked up I know not by whom, unless it was that odious Farmer Hobson. Forgive, I beg of you, all its seeming rudeness and impertinence! Forget the references to financial affairs, which were the merest jest; and believe me to be, with the deepest regret,

Very truly yours,

KATHERINE RAYMOND.

As she did not wish to post this herself, and also because she was uncertain of their neighbor's real name, she sent the letter by a boy, after she knew Henry Moran was actually in the house.

(To be continued.)

The Twilight of Tadousac.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

IT is the quietest place in the world nowadays—only a litter of stone overshadowed by a cluster of pine-trees said to be more than two centuries old; yet this was the site of the first house of stone and mortar built by foreigners in North America; and in that house dwelt Père Marquette, who was perhaps even then dreaming of the Mississippi. From the threshold of his lodge in Tadousac he looked upon the waters of a river so extraordinary that the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi are hardly to be named in the same day with it. The Saguenay lives forever unrivalled, and unruffled save by the storm-blasts that in their season hold high 'carnival under its cyclopean walls. But the name and fame of Marquette, the inspired explorer, have become a kind of sacred myth; and Tadousac, once the richest

trading-post in the far North, has gone to sleep by the riverside and troubles itself no more with traffic. It is true that Marquette has given his honored name to a city, *et-cetera*, and his fame is perpetuated in statue, song and story; but Tadousac—well, the Saguenay steamers that connect with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway touch there long enough to give the worldling a hop on the hotel-veranda.

The Saguenay steamer leaves Quebec in the afternoon late enough to give one that comfortable feeling which comes with the knowledge that one is to make a night of it. The shore, a silhouette dissolving between a river and a sky of gold; the sails that floated past us as if suspended in midair; the spectral night-birds dotting the middle distance,—all, all was just as it should be; it “filled the bill,” as I heard some one remark,—some one who was watching for his money’s worth. Not even the Canadian boat-song of my childhood—an imported delicacy that smacked of another sphere—was missing; though it seemed little more than an imitation of the refrain I loved.

Adjusting my “scenic spectacles,” a recent purchase, I painted the lily, gilded the refined gold, and rouged the roses of that sunset till my eyes ached with the unwonted splendor thereof; and I said to my neighbor as I handed him the lenses—he was an utter stranger but a moment before:—“Though Art may paint pictures more beautiful than Nature, and the landscape gardener add a finishing touch to the vista, even as my magic glasses double and treble the radiance of that sunset, the everyday world is the world for everyday use, and these spectacular luxuries we must keep for Sundays and feast-days.” He agreed with me—my amiable neighbor whose acquaintance I had encouraged in a moment of enthusiasm,—and he hung

onto my binocular until the shades of night had rendered all optical illusion of no avail.

It was dark when we reached the dock at L’Anse à l’Eau, the port of Tadousac. We were to go up stream that night as far as Chicoutimi—which is said to mean in the native Indian tongue “Thus far the water is deep.” From Chicoutimi we returned by daylight, viewing all the wonders of the river, and having a few hours on shore, to our credit, at Tadousac.

Long ago a Jesuit missionary wrote of the Saguenay—he had not yet weaned his heart from the charms of his native land:—“This river is as beautiful as the Seine, almost as rapid as the Rhone, and deeper in many places than the sea.”

“As beautiful as the Seine,” said the good priest who in dreams, no doubt, revisited the fruitful banks of that loved stream. True, O Father! But there is a beauty of the forest and there is a beauty of the flowerpot. Even as one star differeth from another star in glory, where all are glorious, so the beauty of the Saguenay and the Seine are as dissimilar as night and day. If Doré and Dante alone, or together, could do justice to the peculiar majesty of the Saguenay, then Watteau and Waller might celebrate the softer graces of the Seine.

Many word-painters have tried their hand at picturing the grandeur of the gorge through which the waters of the Saguenay make their way to the St. Lawrence and the sea. They set themselves a hopeless task; for its chief features should be studied in solitude and silence to be appreciated. But where shall we find solitude and where silence on the track of the summer tourist?

The fiords of Norway as well as the estuaries of the New Zealand coast boast loftier heights than these that

overshadow the surface of the Saguenay; but for river-walls there are none comparable with these. For sixty miles from the juncture with the St. Lawrence the Saguenay steals through a chasm that is at some points two thousand feet in depth. The grandeur of the spectacle culminates at Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity; here one might almost imagine that the sea had forgotten its bounds and was wandering at will in the abyss of the Yosemite.

"Almost as rapid as the Rhone," said the missionary, still mindful of his far-off France. The waters are so many in the Saguenay they seem almost motionless; yet 'tis said they noticeably affect the waters of the St. Lawrence, with which they mingle; and even at a distance of many miles from the river mouth they have been known to change the course of ships. In 1535 Jacques Cartier, then on his second voyage of discovery, waited a whole night at anchor in his ship before venturing to cross the current of the Saguenay; he refers to the river as being deep, narrow, and of very dangerous navigation. He liked not the shores of it, and cried out against "this rock without any savor of earth." He thought it God's gift to Cain—a suitable reward—and believed Roberval was fated to visit it; for when he did so, in 1543, with eight barks and seventy seamen, one of these barks foundered in the Saguenay and eight of the seamen were drowned. Roberval's pilot, who escaped, declared: "This river comes from Cathay; for in that place a strong current runs and a terrible tide rises." The dream of those ancient mariners was to reach Cathay by a short cut across America.

In 1608 Champlain, on his way up the St. Lawrence to found a colony at the rock of Stadacona, now Quebec, gave these directions to those who followed him: "Having a favorable wind and

the tide being half-high, on account of the Saguenay currents which might drive you in another direction, raise your anchor and set sail; double Pointe aux Vaches, your sounding-line in your hand always. Have two or three boats at hand; so that, having doubled Pointe aux Vaches, you can get yourself out of the currents of the Saguenay, if it is calm, and thus enter the said port [Tadoussac]....Being in the port, carry a good anchor to land; stick the wing of the fluke of the anchor well into the sand; place a piece of wood over the wing, and have at hand some piles which you can thrust deep down in the sand to protect the vessel from dragging its anchor. The land winds are to be feared. They come from the Saguenay in squalls, which do not last long but are violent and impetuous."

It is "deeper in many places than the sea," wrote the fond Father, who for the moment seemed to take an especial pride in this unrivalled river. Prof. Roberts observes: "The Saguenay can hardly be called a river. It is rather a stupendous chasm, from one to two and one-half miles in width, doubtless of earthquake origin, cleft for sixty-five miles through the high Laurentian plateau. Its walls are an almost unbroken line of naked cliffs of syenite and gneiss. Its depth is many hundred feet greater than that of the St. Lawrence; if the St. Lawrence were drained dry, all the fleets of the world might float in the abyss of the Saguenay, and yet find anchorage only in a few places." Indeed, though it has been sounded to the depth of three hundred and thirty fathoms, often no bottom has been found. These waters were once the haunt of sea-monsters; Jacques Cartier declared that whales, porpoises and sea-horses abounded there. Charlevoix tells us that while on board his ship the *Heros* in 1705, which was anchored at

Tadousac, he saw four whales nearly as long as the vessel.

Who shall point to the very beginning of history? It is written that from time immemorial hardy mariners, braving the unknown ocean, fished on the banks and coast of Newfoundland; that for long centuries before the pilot of St. Malo first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence, coasters from Bayonne, Dieppe, Honfleur, Havre de Grace, and La Rochelle, had visited these regions in pursuit of whales and the walrus, and a seal very much larger than the degenerates with which we are familiar. Their ventures antedate those of Cartier; and Lescarbot tells us that "the great profits which the inhabitants of Capberton [Cape Breton], near Bayonne, and the Basques of Guienne, realized from the whale fishery, and the facility they acquired in it, decoyed and enticed them to become so venturesome that they sought these animals all over the ocean, in all the longitudes and latitudes of the world. For this purpose they formerly fitted out vessels in order to go in search of the haunts of these monsters. It was thus that, a hundred years before Christopher Columbus crossed the ocean, these mariners had discovered Great and Little Cod Bank, (Banc des Morues), Newfoundland, Capberton (Cape Breton), Baccalieu (which in their language means cod), Canada, or New France, where there are many seas abounding in whales."

La Pothere adds: "In the river there are a great number of whales. The Basques had a permanent fishing-ground there some years ago; and had they not amused themselves by secretly carrying off all the pelts from Tadousac and its environ, they would not have subsequently found themselves deprived of their property." Such was the Saguenay and such its resources in the past. Is it any wonder that it was looked upon

by the aborigines and the earliest settlers with fear and awe? For a long time it was thought to be a kind of fabulous monster that lay in wait for venturesome mariners to devour them; it was filled with dangerous eddies, subject to fearful tempests and whirlwinds. It was believed that the boats of the fishermen were caught by gigantic water-spouts, whirled high in air, dashed against those adamantine walls and crushed like egg-shells. It has been called the River of Death and Nature's Sarcophagus. The sentimentalists worshiping in its presence have babbled of Lethe and the Styx. Therefore did the gentle Jesuit say, so many years ago: "This river is as beautiful as the Seine, almost as rapid as the Rhone, and deeper in many places than the sea."

Tadousac is situated a hundred leagues from the sea and forty from Quebec. Why is it, I wonder, that the word *league* sounds so much finer than *mile*? It seems to lend dignity to distance when we divide it into leagues. Dignity is not wanting at the mouth of the Saguenay; here the river is four and twenty miles in breadth. Old writers, those licensed romancers, have asserted one after another that five and twenty men-of-war could take shelter in the harbor of Tadousac. They can not do it now! An excursion steamer and a few schooners are about all that deign to visit it to-day. Yet Tadousac was one of the four great trading-posts of the first colony in New France; it was the oldest, the richest, the most frequented of these. It was the predecessor and the proud superior of Quebec and Montreal; it was the rendezvous of the nomadic tribes of Canada; the favored centre, the great summer station of all the Northern nations.

In 1599 De Pontgrave, a merchant of St. Malo, with one Chouvin, who had obtained the exclusive privilege of

the Canadian Indian trade, landed at Tadousac and established the base of their operations there. They built a house, like a guard-house, surrounded by hurdles and a trench. It had a chimney in the middle of it. The settlers who lodged here, sixteen in number, were left to pass the winter, while Chouvin and De Pontgrave returned to France. But for the Indians, who took the unfortunate men to their wigwams before the winter was over, they would have perished; as it was, eleven of them died. In 1600 Chouvin renewed his traffic with the Indians; and in 1601 was about concluding a second successful year when he died.

From that period Tadousac became more and better known in the Old World. Many followed in the wake of Chouvin. In 1603 Champlain wrote: "This port of Tadousac is small and could hold only some ten or twelve vessels. Besides this, there are high mountains, where there is but little soil but plenty rocks and sands where grow woods of pine, cypress, fir, and several sorts of trees of little worth." Again he says: "This land of mountains and rocks, the greater part of which is covered with woods of fir, cypress and birch; a most unpleasant sort of land, a regular desert, uninhabitable for animals and fish."

From Tadousac the way was opened to Hudson's Bay. From the Northland the skins of the Canadian elk, the lynx, the fox, the otter, the marten, the muskrat, the bear and the beaver were brought to Tadousac and bartered for foreign wares. Hither were brought the most beautiful furs; that of the marten was most prized in Europe. In one year alone twenty-two thousand skins were shipped abroad.

The first missionaries of the colony were Recollects. In 1615 Champlain landed at Tadousac with four of these

religious and one lay-brother. The religious were distributed up and down the river, over three hundred and fifty leagues of country, in a straight line from Quebec to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In December of this same year—1615—Father Dolbeau built himself a cabin at Tadousac, with a kind of chapel attached; and here he assembled the French settlers and the Indians and performed the offices of the Church. In 1617 the Recollect friar, Paul Huet, on his arrival from France, said Mass at Tadousac in a chapel made of green boughs. During the celebration two sailors stood near him waving branches, to keep the mosquitoes at a respectful distance. Parkman, in his "Pioneers of France in the New World," says that this was the first Mass celebrated at Tadousac; but it is believed that Father Dolbeau, who was already a year or more on the premises, must have said Mass at an earlier date.

The Recollect Fathers called the Jesuits to their assistance, and in 1641 Father Paul le Jeune, Father de Quen, and Marsollet the interpreter, embarked for Tadousac. This was the beginning of a missionary work which for a century and a half—1641 to 1782—was prosecuted with unceasing vigilance and ardor.

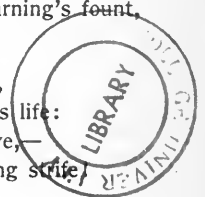
(Conclusion next week.)

The End.

If death were the end of all,
How pitiful were life!
If glory were the end of all,
How vain the long, long strife!

If death were the end of all,
Nor led to realms above,
'Twere vain to drink at learning's fount,
'Twere cruelty to love.

But God is the end of all,
And death means endless life:
Be strong, O heart, to love,
Death ends the long, long strife!



No Room.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

AN old man was sitting under a grape-arbor, which was bending with its weight of fruit. A neighbor passing by stopped for a moment's chat, and remarked:

"Well, friend Martin, you'll have a fine crop of grapes this year. How is it about the profits? You and William go halves, I suppose. It's a good thing to have the burden of the place off your shoulders. You can rest now and take your ease."

"Yes," said the old man, thoughtfully and it seemed to his neighbor with a certain reserve. "Yes, I suppose when one reaches seventy it is time to take one's ease, if one can. I have all I want to eat and drink, and that is enough. I've no share in any profits now: I've given up everything to the children. God knows they are small enough, those same profits,—when all is told."

"Yes, that is true," responded the neighbor. "But I don't know that it's wise for a man to give up *everything*, even to the best children, before he dies. I'm not certain but sooner or later it may make a difference."

The speaker had not much tact: he had better have left the words unsaid. He realized this at once, when Martin replied, somewhat querulously:

"It's all right giving advice, neighbor, when a thing can't be helped. Not that I'm complaining at all; but—but—well, don't do the like yourself when the time comes. It *does* make one feel a little dependent—"

"I'd *never* do it!" was the reply. "I think it's a mistake. However, you're well enough fixed for the rest of your life, Martin; and I've no doubt you'll live the longer for having got rid of all responsibilities."

So saying he bade the old man "good-day" and passed on. For a long time after he went his way Martin still sat, thoughtfully smoking.

The sun was sinking behind the rugged hilltops in the distance when young Martin, the son of the old man and the present owner of the farm, made his appearance. He had a rake over his shoulder and was dragging some empty sacks behind him by a rope.

"Father," he said abruptly, "I've been over to Hubert's; they'd like to have you down there for a while."

"I'm well enough here," said the old man, slowly. "I like the fresh air and the sweet-smelling country. It is very close and hot over there in the town. I'm well enough here, Martin."

"Yes, father," pursued the young man, shifting his position uneasily as he spoke. "But the winter will soon be here, and that little room near the bake-shop will be very pleasant on cold days."

"Have I not my own little room where I am?" queried the father. "It is very easily heated, too; and you know, Martin, I was never one for a warm place—too warm. I've been so active all my life."

"Yes, so you have," rejoined the son. "But now that you are not working any longer you will need to keep yourself warmer than formerly. And Hubert will be expecting you. You know the agreement was that you were to divide your time between us. He might be offended with me as well as you if you didn't go. And you know, father, how quick-tempered he is."

"It is early autumn yet," said the old man,—*"the pleasantest time in the fields and gardens and all round about. He wouldn't mind, think you, if I didn't go until toward the close of the year? I could put in a few months with him then during the cold weather."*

The young man frowned.

“To tell the truth, father,” he said, “since the baby came we’re very much pressed for room. Mary says she can hardly manage with what we have.”

At those words the old man gave his son a long, penetrating glance. Then he rose to his feet, took his stick and said, as he walked away:

“Your mother and I raised a family of four, and comfortably too, in that little house, and we never thought it crowded, Martin. But I’m ready to go to Hubert’s to-morrow.”

Arrived at Hubert’s, he was given a stifling room behind the bake-shop. The old man liked companionship, and soon began to take up his daily quarters in the shop, where people were constantly coming and going. Everyone liked him and was kind to him, and he soon had quite a little coterie of old men gathered about him. Together they sat and smoked and chatted; but this was not pleasing to Hubert, who did not consider his shop the place for such meetings. In this he may not have been altogether wrong, but he was certainly not happy in his remonstrance with the old man.

“Father,” he said one morning, “I don’t think this shop is a suitable place for a crowd of old cronies to sit and smoke in. It will take away custom from the place if people find their bread and cakes tasting of tobacco. Why not sit in your own room? You can have all the company you want there.”

“My room is so small and hot and dark that I can’t bear to be in it except when I sleep,” said the old man, rather testily. “But we’ll sit outside in the yard, under the shed, in the future, if you don’t mind.”

“And what will you do when the winter rains and snows come on?” inquired the son. “Many an old man would be glad to have that room you turn up your nose at.”

“I’m not turning up my nose at anything,” said the old man, wearily. “But it seems to me that perhaps I’d better make a visit to Catherine. I remember now she was asking me the other day when I was going to stop with her a while.”

“Very well,” said Hubert, nothing loath. “I shall have to be enlarging the bake-house soon, and the little room will be taken in then. In any case, I’m sure Catherine will be glad to have you.”

“You’ll probably use that money I gave you last spring for that purpose,” said the old man, innocently.

“Yes, I’ve had it lying by,” said the son, either ignoring or not observing the point of his father’s remark.

Catherine welcomed her father with sufficient warmth; his poor old heart grew lighter than it had been for some time. She was a widow, owning the house in which she lived. Small and poor enough it was, standing on top of a rough declivity; but it had been given her by her father. Every morning she went into the town to sew in one of the large shops; her house was situated in the outskirts, and the old man found the broad, unoccupied commons and vacant lots a grateful change from the stifling bake-shop. He was alone nearly all the time; and when the spring came, and the wild flowers were blossoming, and the birds twittering in the bushes, he would take his arm-chair and sit near the edge of a high wall overlooking the road below, along which many persons were constantly passing. Twice on her return from work his daughter found him dozing there, his pipe fallen from his hand. The second time this occurred she said to him:

“Father, I shall never be easy in my mind any more, thinking of you sitting out here so close to the wall. If you were to fall over you would be killed.”

"I'll be more careful hereafter," he said, meekly. "I won't go so close to the edge again."

"That is what you said last time," she rejoined; "and here I find the same thing over again when I come home to-night. I can't have you on my mind; I'm always worrying, thinking maybe you'll fall into the fire or something."

"Am I growing so helpless as that?" answered the old man, pitifully.

"Well, not exactly helpless," said Catherine. "You are very little trouble, I know; but it seems to me Elizabeth might take you a while now. She is better off than I am, and you haven't been near her yet."

"Very well," replied her father, slowly taking his chair and following her into the house.

The next morning, before Catherine was up, her father had arisen and packed his few belongings and set off on foot for the house of his youngest daughter. Her husband was the sexton of the church, and also gravedigger for the parish. The family lived in a small but comfortable house near the cemetery. His son-in-law received him kindly: he had never forgotten the goodly plenshing her father and mother had given their favorite child on the occasion of her marriage. His wife was not so effusive, however; and the old man could not help noticing this. He was put to sleep in the room with two of the boys, who were very noisy and not at all kind to him. After a few days his son-in-law said:

"Father, I don't think you are very comfortable at night. To-morrow I am going to clear out that little store-room and put the things in the barn. You can have your bed in it then, and not be bothered with the children."

"There are boxes in that room that can not be left in the barn, John," said Elizabeth. "They may be stolen;

all the winter clothes and blankets are in them."

"Never mind," said her husband. "I'll put a good lock on the barn. Your old father must be made comfortable."

His father-in-law cast him a grateful glance and went slowly and laboriously out of the room. Some time later he was sitting, sunning himself against the side of the barn. 'One of his grandsons passed by.

"Jimmie, fetch me my pipe," said the old man. "I forgot it, and I am feeling weakly this afternoon."

"Fetch it yourself," replied the boy, impudently. "You're a great bother, grandfather."

"Yes, no doubt I am," said the old man,— "no doubt I am. But I won't be so much bother after this; for I'll have my own little room, and I'll not trouble anybody more than I can help."

"Mother said to father just now that the best room for you now would be the kind that father makes—with a spade. That's what mother said," rejoined the boy as he ran away.

The old man did not answer. Very quietly he sat there, his head against the wall, his toil-worn hands crossed in front of him, his eyes closed. So the hours passed, and when his daughter came to call him to supper she found that he had gone to his Father's home, where no door would be shut against him, where no heart would be steeled against his loneliness and weakness, and where no bitter, unkind word would pierce his long-suffering, world-weary heart.

There is much truth in the old German proverb: "It is easier for a father to take care of six children than for six children to care for a father."

SOMETIMES a shipwrecked sailor makes the best captain, for he knows the force of the tempest.—*Charles F. Goss.*

The Christian Life.

BY HENRI LASSERRE.

III.

WHEN we are tried by a great misfortune, when we are obliged to submit to an inevitable necessity, to perform an act of virtue from which, if we would be Christians, there is no withdrawal; when we have to carry from morning till night those crosses which, by accumulation, are at the day's close equal to one of lead,—our friends, spiritual directors, worldly counsellors, even our most indifferent acquaintances, beg us to be resigned to the holy will of God. Then it is that, quite powerless to resist a host of trials, we cry out: "*Fiat voluntas tua!*" Of course this is meritorious; it is the acceptance of the divine decree at the very moment when we are weighed down by an almost insupportable burden.

Nevertheless, besides the submission demanded of us in these heroic moments, there is a general submission—an everyday, continuous conformity to the will of God, more intimately allied to the ordinary habitude of life, yet on this account no less meritorious. It would hardly be desirable that these beautiful acts of submission should be reserved exclusively for times of trial; it is far better to associate this attitude toward our Divine Father with the joys of our existence also; and never to forget, even in the midst of our most arduous trials, that it is He who ordains and regulates with His paternal hand our pleasures and our compensations.

I do not propose here to establish a balance between the disappointments and the satisfactions of our mundane existence. We know, alas! there are in the world more tears than smiles; and each one of us believes that the yoke of

tribulations he has to bear far exceeds the modicum of his pleasures. At the same time it is a fact that, save in very exceptional cases, the joys of this world, little as they are, have seldom been denied in total to the large majority of men. By the nature of things, there are certain pleasures, certain joys, certain phases of contentment, which are equally shared by the highest and lowest orders of society. But we can never rightly appreciate the savor of those which fall to our lot, if we are constantly drawing a jealous parallel between them and those of our neighbors. How beautiful it would be if we could but remember to bless the will of God when He caresses the same as when He smites us!

We are all too apt to think that misfortune, of whatever kind—be it in the form of loss of reputation, illness, poverty; whether caused by our own fault or by the malice of our fellowmen—is unprovoked and unmerited. We call it by various names, of course,—“an evil chance,” “the injustice of life,” and the like. And when, with many sighs, we consent to characterize it as “a trial which God has sent us,” we really begin to believe ourselves embryo saints. On the contrary, whatever comes to us in the nature of happiness we receive as our due. We happen to belong to a good family, we have perhaps an even disposition, a patrimonial inheritance, a remarkable mind,—nothing appears more normal. If we have been well educated, if we occupy an elevated position, if we have talent, if we have invented something, or written a famous book, we think, congratulating ourselves, that it is all due to our own labor, our *savoir-faire*, to the exercise of our faculties,—in a word, to ourselves; and we never dream of thanking the One who gave us all this.

Again, we are not sufficiently grateful for what we have, by reason of our

dissatisfaction at what we lack. Have we worldly goods in abundance? We would be perfectly content if we had children. Have we excellent children? Then perhaps we employ our time in deploring the bad state of our health. Are we in the topmost rung of society's ladder? We detest the obligations it imposes on us. Are we outside of that charmed circle? We regret the fact, no matter how happy our surroundings.

In short, our attitude is somewhat like that of a servant who, without counting the benefits he receives, spends his time not in taking an interest in his work, but in enumerating the duties it imposes upon him. The Master whom we serve exacts devotion from us, it is true; but one which we should freely give Him when we consider the multiplicity of good things with which He lightens for us the details of our service. Yet we dare, on our own behalf, to conduct ourselves toward the greatest of Masters in a manner which we would not brook from one of our own earthly servitors. Yes, it is true that to forget our benefits and long for those we have not is unfortunately the fashion of the human heart; and it is only after we have acknowledged this and begun to conquer our perverse inclinations that we can do justice to the wonderful decrees of Almighty God.

Without comparing ourselves with others—for that would be to imitate Cain or the Pharisees,—we ought to rejoice in what we have received from God. This we can not call submission but rather *adhesion* to the will of God. At the same time it may be possible that the gifts we possess are accompanied, perhaps thrown somewhat in the background, by one annoyance or another. Yet this very fact, by contrast, makes the bright side brighter.

To live constantly in the presence of God—what a delight! It is given to

those who, according to Him what is His due, whether in prosperity or adversity are thereby equally able to endure both. Such a course makes of suffering a refining and purifying dispensation. There is a beautiful incident told of a young girl—and every Christian should make it his care to do the like. Tried by sorrow and cruelly disappointed in the hope of a miracle for which she had fervently prayed, she had a ring engraved—a constant reminder—on which was traced “Amen. Alleluia!”

(Conclusion next week.)

A Recent Favor of St. Joseph.

A CONVENT of the Sisters of St. Joseph, called Nazareth Retreat, situated near St. Louis, Missouri, was the scene last month of a cure so extraordinary as to leave no doubt of its being supernatural. It was wrought through the intercession of St. Joseph at the conclusion of a novena in his honor. The following account is drawn from letters written by the person cured, the attending physician, and the chaplain of the convent. Publication has been delayed until now in order that a proof of what is here presented might be submitted to each of these correspondents, and to another person who lately visited Nazareth Retreat and furnished important information not contained in the letters.

For eighteen years Sister Laura had been a constant sufferer from pains in the stomach; three years ago a running sore developed, “spreading rapidly over the entire breast.” (Her letter.) Three physicians pronounced it cancer and declared that there was no possibility of cure. During this period the Last Sacraments were administered several times. The patient suffered so intensely and Death seemed so slow in coming to

her relief that she resolved to make a novena of Holy Communions in honor of St. Joseph, in order to be cured, if such should be the will of God, or to obtain the grace of a speedy and happy death.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the sufferer made her way each morning to the chapel, though only a short distance from her room, her pain and weakness having become almost overwhelming. On the last day of the novena (the 18th ult.) the sore was discharging so profusely that it seemed evident the prayers addressed to St. Joseph were to be answered by a happy death rather than a cure. Such was Sister Laura's thought while preparing herself to go to the chapel. Soon after Mass she was obliged to return to her room and lie down, so great was her exhaustion. She soon fell fast asleep, and on awakening found that she could rise without pain, though heretofore the slightest movement or pressure was attended with much suffering. "I then passed my hand over the sore," writes this favored Sister, "and found that I could press on it without feeling the least pain. With trembling hands I next loosened my clothing, and, to my great joy, saw that I was cured,—the great wound perfectly healed!" The bandages were dry and only faint scars remained on the affected part.

The rejoicing at Nazareth that day may be imagined; but it was only when Sister Laura took her place with the community in the refectory that everyone fully realized the extraordinary nature of her cure. She had been absent so long and was known to be so near death's door that her presence was almost like that of one returned from the tomb.

Dr. Samuel J. Will certifies that for about two years Sister Laura had been under his care and treatment for epithelioma, during which time she

suffered great pain; the discharge from the wound in her breast being sometimes profuse. "I examined her this morning [March 19], and find absolutely no discharge and complete absence of pain." Dr. Will had not seen Sister Laura before for about a month, having previously done all that his kindness and skill could suggest for her relief, and considering her case a hopeless one.

It is noteworthy that the Sister was able to drive to the doctor's office—a distance of about three miles both ways—the very day after her cure, feeble as her condition had been hitherto. In entering a high-seated vehicle and alighting from it she required no assistance whatever.

The Rev. L. J. Kernan, who has been chaplain of Nazareth Retreat for one year and eleven months, states that he visited the Sister almost daily during that time, and was so well aware of her condition that he had been thinking of preparing her once more for death.

In giving his certificate Dr. Will, who is a Protestant, remarked: "The cancer has certainly disappeared, but it may come back." Sister Laura continues to enjoy perfect health, however, and is as little apprehensive of cancer as of cholera infantum. All to whom miracles are among the possibilities will be of opinion that she is more likely to die of old age.

CHEMISTRY undoubtedly proves the existence of a Supreme Intelligence. No one can study that science, and see the wonderful way in which certain elements combine with the nicety of the most delicate machine ever devised, and not come to the inevitable conclusion that there is a big Engineer who is running this universe. After years of watching the progress of nature, I no more doubt the existence of an Intelligence that is running things than I do the existence of myself.—*Edison*.

Notes and Remarks.

The *Literary Era* stands sponsor for the statement that Brunetière's public profession of Catholic faith "has caused as much curiosity, if not controversy, in continental Europe as Newman's conversion a half century ago." And two other sentences from this American Protestant magazine are worth quoting: "It is of interest to learn that Brunetière was first set to thinking of the possibility of belief on marking the gross materialism of the so-called Anglo-Saxon races. To him the British have no religion, and when he visited America he looked in vain for anything more of religion than forms and platitudes." Mr. Gladstone, it may be remembered, once remarked that what characterized religious life in this country—he was speaking of the sects only—was "the total absence of the sense of sin."

We do not share in the indignation against the prejudiced old gentleman who bequeathed a hundred thousand dollars to the Wellesley Female Seminary on condition that "Roman Catholics and colored persons" be kept out of the institution. The Negroes have a real grievance against him, but so long as we have our peerless convent schools we can contemplate the exclusion of Catholic young women from the benefits of Wellesley with a great deal of fortitude. Indeed, we wish that all sectarian and non-sectarian schools, whether for boys or girls, would show a like intolerance. They would thus do an immense service to our young people as well as to our colleges and academies.

It is more than probable that the Boston secretary of the American Board of Missionaries for Foreign Missions is at present lamenting his premature

expression of gratitude to the *New York Sun*. That journal having published in a recent Sunday issue a long interview with the Rev. Mr. Ament, whose actions in China have been criticised, the secretary sent to the editor a most appreciative letter, lauding the courtesy of the *Sun*, and testifying to his own and his colleagues' satisfaction at the display of such courtesy. The letter furnished the metropolitan editor with a timely occasion for subjecting the lengthy statement of Dr. Ament to a vigorous and pretty thorough analysis, and the result can scarcely be gratifying to the gentlemen in Boston. The American missionary in question is convicted of having conducted himself rather in the retaliatory spirit of the Old Law than in accordance with the gentle teachings of the Gospel he was presumed to preach; and his statement—which the secretary styled "frank, manly, comprehensive and satisfactory"—proves to be in more than one respect the reverse of what is implied in these several epithets.

A correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals*, who was an artilleryman during our Civil War and is now a member of the Massachusetts bar, is of opinion that as a rule, with nations as with individuals, self-defence alone justifies bloodshed. "The province of military art, then," he continues, "is simply to defend the rights of nations. All the glamour which is thrown over conquest, all the pomp and circumstance of war, all the glory of conquerors, are false and injurious to the interests of the human race; and we commit a most serious error in placing before our youth the false and gory tales of slaughter which constitute three-fourths of our school histories. This cultivation of the brutish instincts of mankind, which are always to be repressed, not encouraged, results in the

general worship of military heroism and the growth of that war spirit which is always anxious to test its prowess upon some weaker nation."

These are wise words, but the spirit of war is now so sedulously cultivated that there will be few to heed them. Nations are not more disposed to profit by others' experience than individuals. Not until our country has had more wars, and the horrors of them have been brought home to the people, will the evil of a large standing army be realized. A man who owns a gun is most likely to go gunning betimes: the temptation to do so is always present to him. So a nation that maintains a great army is sure to go to war, though with as little necessity of conflict as there was between the Filipinos and ourselves.

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In view of the fact that the Hon. Edward Spencer Pratt, late United States Minister to Persia and Consul-General at Singapore, brought Aguinaldo into direct relations with Admiral Dewey, he is entitled to a hearing on the subject of the trouble between our government and the Filipinos. Mr. Pratt was certainly in a position to know the facts. He thus states them in an important article in the current number of *Collier's Weekly*:

First, there was never the necessity of misunderstanding, much less of conflict, between the Filipinos and ourselves. Second, the misunderstanding which preceded the conflict was due to our action in making use of the Filipinos against the Spaniards in every way that we possibly could; and when we thought that we could safely dispense with their aid and assistance, coolly ignoring them. This was certainly enough to have incited any people to retaliatory measures.

The actual conflict, however, between ourselves and the Filipinos was started not by them, but by us; for it was our sentries who on the 4th of February fired the first shot. But even after the conflict had begun it could have been stopped, and certainly Aguinaldo was anxious that it should be; for it is well known that three days later he sent word to General Otis that the

attack on the part of his troops had been made contrary to orders, and requested a cessation of hostilities. This General Otis refused, saying in substance that they had begun the fight and he would finish it.

The capture and submission of Aguinaldo does not necessarily mean the termination of the troubles which we have brought upon ourselves in the Philippines. The cause there is a national one, not that of an individual. It can find a leader to replace Aguinaldo as it found Aguinaldo to replace the martyred Rizal. There may be a temporary cessation of hostilities; an apparent even general acquiescence in alien American rule. But the spark of independence has been kindled in the hearts of the people, and will there remain, ready at any time to be fanned into flame.

The capture of Aguinaldo has been heralded as the beginning of the end of the "insurrection" in the Philippines; but the fallen leader is almost sure to have a successor, and he will not want for followers among a people who have already suffered so much for the cause of independence. The Filipinos have had sufficient experience of the policy of the United States to distrust it, and have seen enough of the civilization our army has introduced in the islands to hold it in derision.

When the history of the last half century is written the name of the late ex-Senator Evarts will figure frequently in its pages. Indeed, the tributes paid to his memory show that even now he is recognized as one of "the giants of those days." None of these tributes is heartier or more impressive than the testimony borne by a priest who used to labor at Windsor, Vt., once the home of the lamented statesman. The first donation toward the building of a Catholic church at Windsor, we are told, came from Mr. Evarts; and the fine bell that calls the faithful to Mass is also his gift. "It was never necessary to make an appeal," says the grateful priest: "he took the initiative in the promotion of Catholic interests." The example of Christian charity set by the man who had once held the offices of

Attorney-General and Secretary of State, who was counsel for President Johnson in the trial for impeachment, and for President Hayes before the Electoral Commission, who pleaded the cause of Henry Ward Beecher in a notorious trial, and was counsel for the United States in the case of the *Alabama* claims,—the example of toleration and charity in so prominent a man had a happy effect on the old-fashioned prejudices of the Puritan community in which he lived.

The famine in India has not been without consolations to the devoted missionaries who labor there. A recent letter from the Bishop of Nagpur, acknowledging contributions from our readers for the support of the orphans adopted by him, states that the number of adult converts increased fifty per cent while the scourge lasted. "The nuns [Sisters Catechists and Sisters of St. Joseph] baptized 28,930 infants *in articulo mortis* from the 1st of October, 1899, to September 30, 1900." In the case of adults it was no less surprising than consoling to witness their good dispositions when dying,—how willingly they accepted the few truths necessary for salvation.

Another illustration of the catholicity of the Church was afforded at the consecration of Bishop Crochet, who, like his predecessor, the beloved Bishop Pelvat, is a native of France. The ceremony took place at Madras, and was performed by the venerable Archbishop Colgan, who hails from Ireland. Italy and Portugal were also represented by the attending bishops.

The passing of James Stephens recalls an episode of modern history which shows how narrow at one point is the dividing line between a great success and a great failure. Stephens was the

founder of the Fenian organization which purposed to liberate Ireland by converting the English army into an Irish army. The project was so audacious as to be fascinating, and not all Englishmen realize how near it came to succeeding,—realize that it certainly would have succeeded if Stephens had known how to use the marvellous weapon he had fashioned. But the psychological moment passed and the blow was not struck; then followed the inevitable informer, with imprisonment and exile in his train. James Stephens was among the imprisoned, but escaped and went into voluntary exile. Later, when age and disappointment had broken his spirit and chilled his blood, he was permitted to return to Ireland, where he ended his days in obscurity. *R. I. P.*

With characteristic largeness and zeal, Archbishop Ireland has begun preparations for the celebration of the half-centenary of the arrival of the first Catholic Bishop of St. Paul. On July 2, 1851, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Cretin first greeted the few hundred Catholic families living within the limits of the new bishopric, a territory now divided among six prosperous dioceses. The cathedral to which the Bishop was proudly led was a poor frame building, and Father Augustine Ravoux was the only priest in what is now the splendid city of St. Paul. In few portions even of this amazing country has the mustard-seed so visibly grown into the great tree.

"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion." It is astonishing to reflect upon the very general acceptance of this dictum. More autocratic than the Czar of all the Russias has ever been, Fashion commands, and mankind submissively pockets its common-sense and yields unquestioning obedience to her

oftentimes preposterous decrees. There are fashions in Christian or baptismal names, as in other things. Such names manifestly vary according to time and place. An illustrious statesman of one generation will survive, if in no other way, at least in the given names of many of the next. The hero or heroine of a popular novel will exercise a notable influence on the designations of the unfortunate babies born while the work is in vogue. Different epochs and circumstances, in a word, bring about remarkable changes in the Christian appellatives of men and women. The Antiquarian Society of Picardy (France) has recently published some interesting statistics relative to the varying fashions in names prevalent in that province at three epochs—1691, 1791, and 1891. It is scarcely too much to say that the lists given furnish a skeleton history of the country, so pronounced are the indications of royalty, revolutionism, and republicanism embodied in the successive styles.

The Holy Father has published the solemn decree which approves the heroic nature of the virtues of the Venerable Benedict Cottolengo, Canon of Turin. This eminent servant of God, who died only sixty years ago, is best known as the founder of the *Piccola Casa*, a charitable institution renowned throughout Italy. Leo XIII. a few years ago styled him "the wonder of Italy," and no doubt his process will be duly continued until the supreme honor of canonization crowns his name and memory.

The letters of surviving missionaries in China only add a deeper black to the picture drawn by the press dispatches during the Chinese Reign of Terror. We have already referred to the martyrdom of Bishop Hamer, but the new reports

show that his death was peculiarly cruel. He was dragged from the altar, clad in his vestments, and led away behind a cart with an iron chain round his neck. "On the way," writes one of his missionaries, "the soldiers cut off a hand of the poor old Bishop, who was reciting his beads." At Torro-sheng he was condemned to death; and, "after having hanged him by a sharp iron hook, they threw oil over his body and set fire to it." Of the native Catholics themselves this gratifying account is given by the missionary already quoted:

For weeks eight priests have heard confessions the whole day long in the church. You should have seen and heard these Chinese pray! Hundreds of Communion were distributed day after day; the church (double church) was too small to accommodate the people. Three or four times the alarm bell was rung to call us to arms, but every time the rumors of the approaching enemy proved to be false. I have admired the courage and calm of the women and children, who, on the ringing of the alarm bell, walked coolly to the church to pray, reciting the "Hail Mary" on the way or uttering some pious ejaculation.

When one remembers that the Chinese Catholics were repeatedly though vainly offered safety on condition that they deliver over their European missionaries, it becomes clear that the faith had taken strong roots in their hearts. And the pity grows that the spread of the Gospel among so worthy a people should have been so deplorably retarded.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the indulgence of the Holy Year, which has been extended for six months to the entire Catholic world, may be repeated in behalf of the souls in purgatory. The *American Ecclesiastical Review* has obtained authentic information from Rome pointing out that the Bull of Extension limits the privilege of gaining the indulgence of the Jubilee to one time only, and is not applicable to the suffering souls in purgatory.

Notable New Books.

The Life of Our Lord. By the Rev. J. Puiseux. Translated by R. A. McEachen, A. B. The *Rosary* Press.

The purpose of Canon Puiseux in preparing this volume was to supply Catholic school-children and collegians with a suitable compendium of the life of Christ. Hence the Gospel narrative is supplemented by descriptions of places and by explanations of customs, ceremonies and institutions mentioned in Holy Scripture. As it stands in English, the book bears few traces of translation from a foreign tongue. The student who masters it will have acquired more than a hazy outline of the words and works of Our Lord, and will be sure to pursue his studies into some of the larger Lives. For this purpose, as well as for the assistance of teachers, the foot-notes contain frequent references to works for subsidiary reading; most of these are French, and some, unfortunately, have not been Englished. The translator, we are glad to see, adds a reference to Father Gigot's excellent manuals. The make-up of the book conforms admirably to its purpose, if we disregard the illustrations, which, with a single exception, are hideous woodcuts; and the maps, which ought to be much better. Good maps are as clearly necessary to the usefulness of a book like this as are the explanatory foot-notes.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year.

By the Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C. 2 vols. Benziger Brothers.

This work was compiled and rearranged a short time since by the Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, a Capuchin monk, from an old work by the Rev. Alphonsus von Zimmerhausen, of the same Order, who lived in the early part of the eighteenth century. The original was called "A Mirror of the Virtues Displayed in the Life and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." In its English form this work comes to us with high recommendations, the translator being the late lamented Father Clarke, S. J. His name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the book and the fidelity of the translation. Most works of piety taken from other languages have the genius of the parent tongue, and seldom present ideas in a manner suited to the needs of the English mind and temperament. The present work has escaped these defects entirely. Besides, it is solid and practical; and, although strong in its descriptions,

it is never harrowing nor gruesome. It will be found suited to the use of priests and religious of both sexes, and will also prove useful and profitable to all who desire to lead a virtuous and devout life.

The work opens with a few concise and excellent thoughts on mental prayer, followed by meditations—not too long—for every day in the year. There are also meditations for the principal feasts and saints' days. These meditations are arranged according to the liturgical year, and as Holy Week draws near the thought is more and more directed to the sufferings of our Saviour. A good table of contents and, what is still better, a good index are provided. It is regrettable, however, that a work intended for daily use should not have been substantially and flexibly bound.

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. By Ingram Crockett. Charles Wells Moulton.

Ingram Crockett is a new name to us, but this book will raise up many friends to him. It is the book of a poet, feeling the beauty of woods and sky, living close to nature, and enjoying a rhapsodical but perfectly normal sympathy with trees and fruits and flowers and birds. It is high praise, indeed, to say that in reading his pages we were frequently reminded of Thoreau and Burroughs and Bradford Torrey; but we venture to think that Mr. Crockett has proved his right to enter into that high fellowship. The religious note occurs with pleasing frequency in these musings in Kentucky woods and fields. The young who feel the joy of mere living, and the refined who delight to see nature through "the poet's eye," will read them with relish. There are some very pretty illustrations which put one quite in sympathy with Mr. Crockett's delightful enthusiasm.

The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.

Whoever brings to the reading of this historical romance the preliminary knowledge that it has been hailed with almost unanimous enthusiasm by the critical reviews, and (a natural consequence perhaps) has achieved the distinction of being one of the best-selling books of the time, is safe to find it rather disappointing. To the Catholic reader, more especially, it can hardly fail to prove eminently unsatisfactory. That the fiction is, in the main, vivid, strong and artistic; that the skeletons of the twelfth century are clothed with genuine flesh and blood and imbued with vigorous life; that they pray and curse and fight and make love quite consistently with the author's

conception of the characters whom he evokes from the musty tombs of history; and that the picture of the third Crusade is graphically drawn and fairly accurate,—all this may at once be granted. But Mr. Hewlett's realism is frequently offensive; his Abbot Milo is nothing more or less than a caricature; the whole narrative of Jehane St. Pol and the Old Man of Musse is both artistically and morally execrable; and the author's general conception of Catholic life in the Middle Ages is more picturesque than historically true. Richard, the Lion-Hearted Knight of "The Talisman," has a higher and more permanent place in literature than is, or will be, occupied by Richard Yea-and-Nay.

The Making of Christopher Ferringham. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company.

This historical novel will appeal irresistibly to all youthful readers, and to such others as have preserved any glimmering sparks of youthful love of stirring adventure, thrilling situations and romantic incidents. A story of the early colonial period, it abounds in local color, vivid characterization and apt phraseology. The action moves along with a rush that is inspiring; and, although the plot is simple rather than intricate, the interest never flags. As a picture of life in New England in the middle of the seventeenth century, it is a notable piece of work, in no way inferior to Miss Dix's former stories, "Hugh Gwyeth" and "Soldier Rigdale." Christopher, it must be confessed, is not, especially in the first half of the book, a particularly edifying character; and, in the attainment of realistic effect, the author allows him to lard his discourse with a superfluity of inelegant expressions. His oaths, however, are less villainous than are those we find in other historical fictions of our time,—in Mr. Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay," for instance; than which popular book, by the way, the present volume is distinctly safer for Catholic readers, young or old. And, before fortune has got through with the making of him, Christopher learns to eschew the more objectionable portions of the cavalier's vocabulary, as well as to do noble deeds and brave.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. By La Motte Fouqu . J. M. Dent & Co.; the Macmillan Co.

This volume is one of the Temple Classics, which means that it is well selected and well published. It may be doubted, however, whether these two stories are not better suited to full-grown readers

than "for young people," as the title-page announces them. Both are stories of pure imagination, and sorcery and the various forms of black art are conspicuous. In both, too, the narrative is of knightly combats for the love of fair ladies; and, altogether, the flavor is very medieval and very charming. There is subtle and beautiful symbolism in each; so that those who object to sorcery in a story may find peace in the reflection that it is only a parable, after all. The moral quality of this pretty little volume is splendidly robust, and the stories as stories are interesting. The Temple Classics have already done a commendable work in rescuing some of the best work of other times from the temporary oblivion into which it had fallen. There still remain many inaccessible writings; and when these are published it will be all the better for modern readers and all the worse for modern writers.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. By Mother M. Salome. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The life of this zealous worker for souls reads almost like fiction. It abounds in adventures, disappointments, unlooked-for successes and undaunted labors, with Protestant England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as enveloping action. Mother Mary Ward was a child of grace, and to follow her career as she sought to learn the will of God in regard to her life-work is to be deeply edified. That the spirit of faith animated her every action one can not doubt, and the spiritual children who have her example as a legacy are blessed with an incentive to holy heroism in God's service. All classes of readers, but particularly religious, will be interested in this charming volume.

The Watson Girls. By Maurice Francis Egan. H. L. Kilner & Co.

Any young girl who is not pleased with this story by Dr. Egan doesn't deserve to enjoy books. The Washington setting is realistic, the characters live, there are good lessons inculcated without a suspicion of preaching, a few wholesome art principles are enunciated,—what more could one want? Yes, and there is an instruction on salads! Bob is a fine boy, and is of sufficient prominence in the story to make boys read "The Watson Girls" with interest. There are some inimitable touches in this bright story, but that is understood when one knows it was written by Dr. Egan. This is the second edition of the book, but we hope there will be many more.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

Reasons Why.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE brook that prattles merrily, along its way
rejoicing,
Was lifeless all the winter time and silent as the
dumb;
And if you ask it why this glee its blithesome tones
are voicing,
'Twill tell you that the reason is: "The gladsome
spring is come."

The robin on my window-sill, that cocks his eye so
slyly

The while he pecks the bread-crumbs that I've
scattered for him there,
Is plainly full of joy and glee, and he will chirp out
dryly

To those who ask the reason why: "Because the
springtime's fair."

You boys and girls who out of doors are brimming
o'er with gladness,

And lively as the frisking lambs about this time
of year,

Reluctantly go into school and take your books with
sadness;

And if you ask me why, my dears, — perhaps
spring-fever's here.

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VII.—SOME CONTEMPORARIES.

A NYBODY would suppose that
there weren't any circumstances
to fight nowadays," said one of
our young people, as he tried to buckle
his skates with a hand that had come
into collision with a hammer the day
before and was somewhat maimed. "All
these old fellows you've been telling us
about are back numbers. Let us have
something up to date."

"Harry," I said, rather severely, "are
you not using slang?"

"How can you think such a thing?"
he answered. But there was a twinkle
in his eye as he hurried off to take
advantage of the fast-melting ice; and
I fear my surmise was correct, and that
he was indulging in the jargon to
which old-fashioned ears can not get
accustomed. But a reproof lurked in his
words, slang though they were; and
so to-day the "back numbers" shall
be set aside and contemporaries have
their place.

Some years ago a little Irish lad was
caught in one of those frightful blizzards
so common in the West; and when he
came from the surgeon's hands he found
himself without legs, his left arm gone,
as well as the fingers and thumb of his
right hand. In fact, he was little more
than a living, breathing, thinking trunk
with a head attached,—about as pitiful
an object as one can well imagine. But
did he sit down and lament? Not
he! The county educated him, and he
improved his advantages so well that
in time he had charge of its schools.
He next tried his hand at editing a
paper, and his success attracted such
widespread attention that he had no
difficulty in being elected chief clerk of
the State Legislature. From that to the
position of Secretary of State was but
a step; and people were soon quoting
the opinions of the clever Secretary
Dowling, the young Irishman without
arms or legs, but with a brain which
made up for the loss. He accumulated
property, became president of a bank—
an *honest* president, too,—and now
we hear that he has been doing con-
fidential work for the government in
the Philippines.

A case even more pitiable than this

is that of a Frenchman known as "the Living Trunk," for he came into the world without arms or legs. He is a very cheerful and busy man, and an expert maker of toy houses for children, holding the handles of his tools in his mouth as he works.

You may remember Charles Felu, the armless Belgian artist, whose accomplishments in spite of difficulties were the subject of the first of these sketches. There is an Englishman named Chambers who does quite as wonderful things. He, too, is minus arms, and has learned how to make his toes take the place of fingers. When he buys anything at a shop he takes off one shoe and sock, puts his toes into his waistcoat pocket and counts out his money just as well and quickly as you could do it. He can use almost any tool and plays very well on the cornet.

It sometimes seems as if people are determined to succeed in the line for which they are least fitted. And the strangest thing about it is that they *do* succeed. There is, for instance, the young Indian, Warcineh Boseth. Although he had no arms, he determined to be an archer, and has astonished all London with his skilful use of the bow and arrow. Then there is the blind sculptor Vidal, who might, one would think, naturally have confined his studies to quiet subjects. But no: he wanted to carve a lion, and for that purpose went into the cage of one of those fierce beasts and rubbed his hand over him until he had a perfect picture of him in his mind. A little French lad lost his sight at three years old. Four years later his right hand became helpless, and then he determined to be a pianist! He is now in charge of the music at an institution for the blind, and the wonderful things he can do on the piano keys with his left hand are almost beyond belief.

Is there not something in good Irish

blood which makes the sons of the Emerald Isle laugh at difficulties? As I write I think of Jimmie Lynch, of Wisconsin, thrown from a horse and made a hopeless cripple when but a little lad; yet rising to a high place among his fellows, and called "General Lynch" before his death. People, sadly enough, are not fond of looking upon deformity, and Jimmie's crooked back and shrunken form handicapped him as heavily as the loss of his eyes or hands would have done. But he thought: "I am not a pleasant-looking boy, but I can be a good one and maybe a clever one. At least I will try." And so he won love and honors.*

If I have so far neglected to tell you of women who have triumphed over obstacles, physical or otherwise, it is not because there are not plenty of instances ready at hand. One thinks in a moment of Helen Kellar, born deaf and dumb and blind, yet acquiring a collegiate education, becoming a rare linguist, and expressing herself in written English as few people with all their senses are able to do.

Less widely known, but wonderful in her way, is Miss Fannie Tunison, of Long Island, whose entire body, with the exception of her head, is paralyzed, yet who supports herself and others by her own exertions. What can she do? She can sew and embroider and paint. She even threads her own needle. Her paint-brush and needle are held with her lips, tongue and teeth. And it is said that no one can find any fault with her sewing; and that her little paintings command a ready sale, not from pity alone, but because they have real worth.

* In a little volume called "The Prairie Boy" the Rev. John Talbot Smith has given us the record of the wonderful incidents in the life of General Lynch. This capital book, which is full of interest and inspiration, deserves to be better known.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVI.—THE JOURNEY HOME.

"Come," said Señor de la Guerra to the children. "It is time to go."

They passed quietly from the room.

"Benita," continued the Señor, "watch your mistress. She is very tired; she will need something when she awakes,—perhaps a glass of wine."

"She is often thus," said Benita. "She tires herself. She will wake in five or ten minutes. She will not be pleased if you go. There is fruit and wine in the dining-room, Señor."

"We will take some, then, Benita. Come, now! I will do the honors."

Everybody seemed very quiet; the children subdued.

"Doña Dolores is a little eccentric," said their cousin. "She is impulsive and enthusiastic, and wastes her strength and energy that way. But only on occasions like this, I fancy; for the greater part of the time she is alone, and her life runs in a very even current. Sometimes you will come and it will be music—music all day long. Again, all the time will be given to showing you the sketches she has made; there are portfolios full of them—in crayon, in pen and ink, in pastels, in water-colors. And in the twinkling of an eye she will do one for you."

"She is awfully nice," said Robbie; "but I should think at times she might be called wearying."

"Yes, the word expresses it," rejoined De la Guerra, smiling. "But when we consider how little pleasure her solitary life affords, and how loving and kindly she is, it can be borne."

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Degler. "I think she is charming."

"Once, when I was ill," said Marie,

"Cousin Dolores came to Las Rosas and took care of me. Oh, how good she was! I shall never forget it. Robbie, you will enjoy your trip to town with Cousin Dolores very, very much."

"I know it,—I know it," replied the boy. "I'm going to have a splendid time; and I'll do all I can to give her a splendid time too."

"Well, now!" said the voice of Doña Dolores, who made her appearance from the corridor. "I woke suddenly from my little nap and feared you had gone. Then I heard voices and thought you were here. So I came around through the garden to get a breath of fresh air. Cousin," she continued, turning to Mrs. Degler, "why is it, do you think, that I go to sleep suddenly that way?"

"Because you tire yourself out," said Mrs. Degler. "You are not young any longer, cousin. You must remember it."

"Yes," she replied; "I always forget that. And when I have walked about my lameness hurts me. But come, eat and drink; for you have quite a ride before you."

"Sit there, at the head of the table," said De la Guerra, gently pushing her into a chair. "Let us wait upon you, Dolores; you look pale and fatigued."

"Ah! that is good—sometimes to be waited upon," she answered, looking up at him with a grateful glance from her fine dark eyes. "The old woman likes to be taken care of—a little. She begins to feel it."

"I'm going to take the greatest care of you, Cousin Dolores, when we go to town together," said Robbie, pouring a glass of wine for her. "I shan't let you walk much: we shall have a carriage and drive all about."

"Why not?" asked Cousin Dolores. "We take my surrey, I think, and drive there, you know."

"Oh, I did not know that! I thought we should go by train."

"What do you think, Cousin George?" asked Dolores.

"Just as you please; though that vehicle of yours is a little antiquated. Mine is at your service, if you wish it. It will be an all-day drive. Perhaps it may be too fatiguing."

"I thought to stop in the afternoon and for one night at Cousin Domingo Martes'," said Dolores. "It is so long since I have seen the old lady, she will be pleased."

"Very well," returned De la Guerra.

"Are they *my* cousins?" said Robbie.

"Yes, though not very near," answered De la Guerra. "But they are nice."

"That will be a very good way," said Dolores. "We may go then as far and fast as we please, Robbie. Trains are such tyrants, I think."

"If we wish to reach home before dark, we must start," said De la Guerra. "Indeed, I hardly think we can do it now, it is so late."

"But, papa, it will be moonlight, and that is better," said Marie.

"Your cousin does not wish to be out in the night air. It is not good for her," replied her father.

"It will not hurt me, I think," said Mrs. Degler,—*"that is, if Doña Dolores will lend me a scarf for my throat."*

The old lady leaned back in her chair and opened a drawer of a cabinet set into the wall. The cabinet was of some close-grained dark wood and was shining with age.

"Here, cousin," she said, drawing forth an article wrapped in old Chinese paper. "I shall not lend but give you this; I have several. They are so soft and warm, and so light about one's neck or head in the evening."

She opened the paper and shook out the folds of a beautiful scarf, shading in broad stripes from black to pearly grey. The material was the finest silk and wool,—a delight to handle.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Degler. "It is one of those exquisite Indian scarfs, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Dolores; "and it will never, never wear out. Nor does it soil easily. When it does you can wash it like muslin."

She wound the soft folds about Mrs. Degler's neck as she spoke, then kissed her on the cheek.

"You are a frail little thing," she said affectionately. "Save yourself for those dear children."

"That is what she came here to do," said the Señor. "And that is why she and they will stay with us always."

"God grant it!" said Dolores. "It will be well for all."

Before they separated it was arranged that Cousin Dolores and Robbie should begin their journey on the following Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon Doña Dolores was to come over to Las Rosas, so that they might have an early start next morning. Finally, after repeated farewells, the little party drove off; and Dolores, who had remained on the front terrace until they were out of sight, returned indoors.

Part of the way led through a stretch of eucalyptus woods, planted by the grandfather of Mr. de la Guerra in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

"There was some malaria in the valley there," he said; "and a traveller had told him that the eucalyptus would prevent it. But I believe the draining of a marsh had more to do with its banishment than the eucalyptus trees. However, they are a pleasant feature in the landscape and make good firewood. Once, when I was a boy, an old Indian who came from the North discovered an herb there which he called 'rattlesnake plant.' He said it would cure the bite of the snake, but no one would believe him. However, one day this very man was bitten by a huge

snake while cutting down a tree. He was so frightened that he forgot all about the cure. My father and I were in the vicinity and heard his cries—or rather moans. When we found him his limbs were already frightfully swollen, though not more than half an hour had elapsed since he was bitten. But, strange to say, he had had the presence of mind to cut off the head of the snake as soon as he saw it. There it lay beside him,—the largest, I think, I have ever seen. When he saw us he directed me where to find the plant, which grew in a small isolated clump near by. I plucked some of the leaves, which I took to him. He chewed them until no more juice could be extracted from them, then spit out the remainder, and said he already felt better. In ten minutes he was walking about, his limbs returning gradually to their normal condition. In half an hour he was perfectly well."

"What is the name of that wonderful plant?" asked Mrs. Degler. "One ought to be able to make a fortune with it, I should think."

"The name I never knew," said De la Guerra, shamefacedly. "I was only a thoughtless boy at the time, and did not think of asking for it. The leaves were of a peculiar shape, trefoiled and slightly acrid in taste. However, there were so many plants of a similar kind that when, the next year, a small boy on the ranch was bitten, and we tried—my brother and I—to find the antidote, we were unable to determine which it was. *That* boy we cured by a liberal dose of mescal."

"Do you see that large adobe house embowered in trees down yonder in the valley?" inquired Marie, pointing to a fertile spot in the distance, greener than any of the land which surrounded it.

"Yes; it is very pretty and homelike," said Genevieve.

"That is the house of the Ortegas, where Cousin Dolores and Robbie will spend the night."

"Many a happy hour I spent there in my youth," said her father. "There are, or were, homesteads scattered all about here and there was always some merrymaking going on. For instance, the Carnestolendas,—that was held at the Ortegas'. Can you guess what that means?"

He turned to Robbie, but the boy shook his head.

"It has something to do with the Carnival, I fancy," said Mary, who was learning Spanish very quickly.

"Yes, that is it," said De la Guerra. "Ah, what a jolly time we used to have those three days before Lent! It was customary to fill egg-shells with cologne-water, with which we drenched each other whenever we could."

"That must have been expensive," said Mrs. Degler.

"It was, I assure you," replied Mr. de la Guerra. "The eggs would first be perforated at each end with a large pin, the contents blown through, and the shells dipped in basins of cologne. Each would be about half full, and the holes stopped with wax; then it was in condition to be broken over the head or thrown in the face of any one who came along. Understand, however, that this was only among intimate friends. And what suppers we had when all was over! And what drives home in the moonlight! Ah, those were happy days! But see, we are almost home. There is Tonita near the gate. They are afraid the supper will be cold."

(To be continued.)

HERE is an interesting verse which contains all the letters of the alphabet:

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should joy to lift His praises high.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The English papers chronicle the death of Father William B. Morris, of the London Oratory, who is referred to as an amiable and excellent priest. He was the author of the best life of St. Patrick in the language and made other notable contributions to Catholic literature. *R. I. P.*

—Some years ago when a first edition of Stevenson's great letter in defence of Father Damien, with autograph corrections, was sold for fifty dollars we declared that we would not part with our copy for several times that amount. There must be others who share our unwillingness; for a copy was recently sold at public auction for one hundred and thirty-six dollars. The letter is a pamphlet of only 32 pages without a cover.

—Mr. Carnegie's proposal to endow New York with sixty-five new public libraries has given rise to an interesting discussion, from which it would appear that not all, even of the cultured, are of the opinion that a public library is either an unmixed good or the best means of promoting general and useful knowledge. The assertion is made that the best library for the reader is that which he has acquired as his own possession; and there is much force in the contention. One's own books are certainly more likely to be "chewed and digested" than are those borrowed from the shelves of the public library, most of which are often not even swallowed, but merely tasted. A multitude of volumes at one's disposal nowadays is, after all, a questionable good.

—The *Critic*, which was at one time among the most rancorous admirers of the unspeakable D'Annunzio, now refers to him in this unmistakable way:

D'Annunzio does not lack literary skill in the expression of certain morbid moods. His stories have something of the interest that attaches to a clinic. They are not so much works of art as they are human documents,—the confessions of a lost soul: a soul so infinitesimally little that it was the easiest thing in the world to lose it, and so indescribably dirty that the world is the richer for its loss. . . . When D'Annunzio ends his days in a mad-house and is buried in unconsecrated ground, his writings may be forgotten; but the injury done to another than himself by this boastful turning inside out of the hole where his soul ought to be, will remain unpardoned of gods and men.

Another interesting judgment of the *Critic*—one which recalls the temper of the very superior *Bookman*—is this emphatic condemnation of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe":

It is difficult to deal with this book in a brief notice. At the same time it does not deserve a long review. Professor Haeckel is a materialist; he calls himself a monist. His

manipulation [of scientific phenomena] in [their relation to religious ideas is familiar. He has no new ideas to put forth. His position is a trifle out of date. While we hold no brief for the Roman Catholic Church, we find his abuse of that organization vulgar. Possibly his feelings are due to the German *Kultura-Kampf*.

—"Ascension Lilies" is the title under which Aloyse Frederick Thiele tells in poetic prose a touching legend of the Resurrection and of Our Lord's apparition to Mary Magdalene. The booklet is daintily bound in white and gold, and is artistically illustrated. It is well adapted for a gift-book. Published by the Dayton Book & Printing Co.

—The death is announced of Canon William Bright, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and best known as the author of "The History of the First Six Centuries of Christianity." He was driven out of a professorship in a Scotch University for speaking disrespectfully of the Reformers, but after a short interval succeeded the celebrated Dean Mansel in the Oxford professorship.

—While the number of books published in this country during 1900 was the largest ever recorded in any one year (6356), it is gratifying to note that 1866 of these were new editions of old works. One hundred and thirty-three fewer new novels came out in 1900 than in 1899. England's output of books during the last year of the century was 7149, and France's 13,362. Will there be a baker's dozen of all these volumes remembered in the last year of the present century? Doubtful.

—That ridiculous apotheosis of sentimental gush, "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," has furnished the parodists with a fruitful theme. Some deliciously absurd single letters have been appearing in various periodicals for the past month or two; and now the announcement is made that a full volume of burlesque, "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters," has been written by Barry Pain. This author says that the original book produces the feeling "that one has been eating caramels to excess in a moonlit churchyard."

—Through the kindness of a friend in an Eastern city we have had the privilege of reading a large number of letters written by the late Cardinal Newman,—all dated from the Oratory, Birmingham, and addressed to a layman who had won the great churchman's confidence. They are not letters that could be published; in fact, several of them are marked "private," and most of the others are on subjects that have ceased, long since, to

be of general interest. These old letters are all precious, however, as a revelation of the broad mind and great heart of the illustrious writer, and they show how far his spirit soared above the selfishness and sordidness of common men. He could be pained but not otherwise affected by their actions. In one letter dated Sept. 30, '56, this great father of souls writes to his friend:

You may easily understand that your letter and one I had ... have pained me. But these collisions *will* occur; and you have had too much experience of life to feel what a younger man might be excused in feeling on the subject. We do good always at our own personal inconvenience. It is the rule of things.

In another letter of later date Cardinal Newman thus explains the object which he had "in setting up the *Atlantis*," a periodical intended to be the organ of one of the faculties of the University of Dublin:

The very idea of the work implies the production of papers *not* addressed to the general reader, *not* easy reading like those of a review or magazine, but essentially hard and dry articles, the result of study and labor, communicated by the diligent scholar or philosopher for the sake of his brethren at home and abroad, and adapted to advance and enlarge the province of speculation, observation, experiment, or research to which they respectively belong. From this it follows that, paradoxical as it may seem, I am obliged to decline the kindness of friends who write articles simply for the *Atlantis*; for they ought to be such as it would be natural to publish on their own account, as being the result of previous research and discovery.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, *net*.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, *net*.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, *net*

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, *net*.

Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqu .* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, *net*.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, *net*.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques B nigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

The Cardinal's Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perrey .* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Antonio Luiselli, of the diocese of Louisville; the Rev. Francis O'Shea, Pittsburg; the Rev. Patrick O'Donohue, St. Louis; the Rev. James M. Galligan, New York; the Rev. Sylvan Robholz, Cleveland; and the Rev. Francis Stuart, Albany.

Brother Jerome, C. S. C.; and Sister M. Octavia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Robert G. Goodwillie, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Caroline Phillips, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Arthur McCusker, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. John T. Yorrell and Mr. James Yorrell, Hamilton, Canada; Mrs. Peter Donald, New Orleans, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bogler, Mrs. Thomas Ronan, and Mrs. Helen Quinn, Kingston, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Hudner, Hollister, Cal.; Mr. P. A. Donovan, San Jos , Cal.; Mrs. Josephine Kesselman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Cooney, Covington, Ky.; Mr. George Hahn, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Harkins, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John and Miss Johanna Sullivan, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Recktenwald, St. Clair, Pa.; Mr. Edward T. Donnelly and Mrs. Teresa Gallagher, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. Frank Ritter, Norwood, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 27, 1901.

NO. 17.

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In Patience.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHAT though sad skies hang dark and low
O'er hills and vales of drifted snow,
What though the north winds fiercely blow
And dart their icy lances,—
The skies will rise and change their hue,
The snow, I trow, will melt from view,
Fierce blast at last will wail adieu
When jocund Spring advances.

What though sad thoughts oppress you now,
And cares annoying crease your brow,
What though life seems a hopeless slough
Wherein you blindly stumble,—
Sad thought forgot full soon may be,
True prayer from care will set you free,
And life is rife with hopeful glee
To patient hearts and humble.

Our Lady of Good Counsel.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THAT which I am about to write is somewhat in the nature of a confession, but I am content to write it. At times, remembering the long years elapsed in silence, I am astonished that I did not write it before. It is simply the account of a day spent at Genazzano,—of a pilgrimage indeed, if ever soul worn out and sick donned shells and shoon. I may have been some twenty years of age. I had grown up with no thought for the morrow,—no special avocation, no calling to one state or another. And here the outward

circumstances of my life changed. Nor they only; for, whether incidentally following the transition, or independent of it, questions unasked till then grew pressing. What should I be? Was I going through life with soft hands and brain mildewed where there is work for all to do?

My schooldays were over, spent more in nondescript reading than in the tasks assigned. I had passed two years in an art school; and there were material reasons why I should leave the art school, other reasons which made me wish to leave it, and the honest witness of the self which does not lie that I was not born to be a painter,—alas! alas! All I brought away from that place, where my eyes had been opened to beauty so that never again shall I be able to shut them (this much the great artist who was my master taught me, and for it won my undying gratitude), was his maxim, which I have treasured because it seemed to me good teaching for all effort of the hand and understanding: "Children, don't try to put in too much. Keep it broad and keep it simple. That is true art." Similarly, Paul Verlaine, in poetry, used to repeat to his group of impressionists: "My children, art is just to be one's own self." I could not be a painter, to my infinite sorrow; my "own self" I had not found as yet.

Well, I had begun to write, and the indulgence of one friend and another encouraged me; but I had a great diffi-

dence, a great unfaith in the profession of a writer. That is, I believed firmly that harm could be done but not so any good; and I am not quite sure that I have recovered from that unfaith now. I remember the grim amusement a holy soul caused me by telling me to persevere in my writing because I might do so much good. I shall be glad if God grants me the grace to do a little some day. A callow stripling of eighteen, I had found it necessary to erase sometimes before my conscience. A Catholic editor had given me an object-lesson in the same direction, and I did not believe it was possible to be a literary artist and to keep the Law. One day, much later, I was to learn—Ruskin taught me—that all good art, the truest, the purest, the highest, should be didactic in its essence. I had been waiting for that word all my life long when I found it. I did not know it then. Besides, apart from the ethical standpoint, writing was no profession.

And the poignant questions slowly forming, the doubt and uncertainty continued; dissatisfaction, the trying to break away from my actual life and the impossibility to break away; anxiety for the future; the craving and the impossibility, not wholly dependent upon myself, to make up my mind; a gradual eating into the heart of all unrest and bitterness and torture, until my days were upon me as a burden too heavy to bear. Together with this the need—or fancied need—pressed me that this was no matter to be put off indefinitely, but one that must be resolved upon at once. And, in spite of my eagerness to be up and doing, I myself scarcely knew except vaguely what I wanted to do, much less what Our Lord willed.

We may be very foolish in the big bundles we pile up for ourselves; but to this day, considering the importance

of the issue, to myself, the sincerity of my intentions, and the realness of my suffering, I can not laugh at my state of mind. For weeks, months almost, I had been living with my pain—a pain too complex and too subtle for speech—silently, alone. I have no doubt that it made me morose,—I think I can remember that it did. Then one day an intimate friend, guessing perhaps at my trouble, or seeing my gloominess, spoke in my presence of making a pilgrimage to Genazzano and invited me to join the party. A day in the country in pleasant company was a treat in itself, and I rejoiced at the solace it would afford me. In my heart, looking out toward that sanctuary which was to be so dear to me after that day, I thought, with more weariness even than hope: "Perhaps I shall get relief." By this time I was like some fever patient wasted and athirst, or some anæmic reduced to extreme exhaustion.

We started early one May morning, by train—a band of five,—all fasting (I like to remember the fact, because it was the only thing that marked us pilgrims), and reached Valmontone before the day was many hours old. Here we took the *diligenza*—one of those dear old rumbling Italian concerns that never hurry because they belong to a land grown grave in wisdom,—and, as an attack had been made upon it by brigands some days previously, we had the pleasure of two strapping young *carabinieri* sitting with loaded rifles beside the driver. Inside, the travellers were chiefly of the peasant class,—men of the rural district, who were quiet and well-behaved.

The drive, begun in the earliest coolness, went on through the May sunshine by the most beautiful road that was ever made. Great fields of young corn swept undulous about us; tall hedges that had still trails of

early blossom upon them guarded the wayside; all along the road stood cherry-trees with the rich fruit hiding ripe in the foliage; and peasant women and children with upturned faces, and arms lifted from the ladders, gathered the ruby harvest. Away in the distance the Sabine mountains, white-streaked with snow, closed the horizon; and their chain, grey-blue and misty, severe yet dreamy, seemed to rise there as it were in the poetry of beauty and the austere strength of thought. What the air was like I can not define—light, pure, fresh, breezy; sweet with the wholesome, clean scent of grain; pungent with imperceptible aromas of flower and fruit.

Once the coach drew up for the *carabinieri* to buy cherries. One of them extended his queer cockade hat for them, and the woman filled it out of her apron. The hat was subsequently handed in to us to go the round of the travellers, and the man's face was so full of smiling good-nature that we were sorry to decline. These *carabinieri* seemed to be everybody's friends. A little farther on, where the road wound abruptly, and from the sheer cliff at our right a tangle of creepers and blossoms pelted down over the red earth, the coach stopped again. This time they spoke to an old monk, brown-robed and sandalled, who stood bareheaded in the sun and the dust, holding a blue handkerchief full of vegetables. They seemed glad to meet, and the friendship between these men so different in age and calling struck us as very beautiful.

Once again did that wonderful coach stop. It was at a junction between two crossroads. Another country vehicle arrived after some waiting, and a few of the passengers "transferred." This American word makes me smile, because it was before a tiny white shrine of our Blessed Lady; and there were trees

and fields around it, and the broad, glad breath of the Italian Maytime. That is where they transfer in Italy—before the Madonna's chapel; and, verily, it is a sweet way to mark the spot. I have remembered always that there was a blue vase full of withered flowers upon the altar; and I can still hear the hoarse tooting of the horn through the boundless morning, and see the tall young German artist who waited for the coach.

In a few minutes we were off again for the hill country, and by ten o'clock reached the quaint little medieval town. It did not seem like arriving anywhere. The *diligenza* came to a standstill in front of a small church, or chapel; there were a few houses scattered about, a rough ascent—you would scarcely call it a street—leading to the famous sanctuary; and here we alighted and walked up. It was bordered with lowly dwellings; the sunlight was dazzling; and some few brown-skinned, white-haired grandmothers, in the traditional open-sleeved *camicia* and *busto*, were feeding grimy little children and fluffy chickens outside the doors. These dames all looked to be about one hundred and ninety, so that I fell to wondering what the climate of the place must be to keep people in life up to that age; and then they all set upon us, grandmothers and little children—I wonder the chickens dared to excuse themselves,—and loudly begged. A very few cents will satisfy them, but this is one of the tribulations of travellers in Italy wherever they may go.

We went straight to the church (Our Lady of Good Counsel), and learned in the sacristy that Mass would be said immediately. One of the Augustinian Fathers always waits until after the arrival of the coach; and I felt rather sorry for him when I remembered its snail's pace, the many halts, the buying

of cherries, and the much talking by the wayside. It is done, however, for the convenience of pilgrims. The candles were lighted upon Our Lady's altar, and we were admitted to kneel inside the railing which parts off the shrine from the rest of the church. I believe the church was empty save for one good old peasant woman telling her beads; I know it was intensely quiet. We were given *prie-dieux*, and Mass began.

The picture as it has stayed in my memory is not exactly what you would call beautiful. It is slightly Byzantine in type, slightly crude in color, and very quaint. That was what struck me chiefly, the extreme quaintness. The Blessed Mother's face in its intentness is excessively expressive, and the same characteristic appears to be repeated in the face of the Son. I did not notice whether, as I have heard, it rests in midair, unsupported, without touching the wall at its back. I did not see Our Lady's face color as many others have seen, and as I firmly believe that at times it does. But this is what I know of Genazzano: that at the *Domine, non sum dignus* we all received Holy Communion, and that after it I knelt for five short minutes, with my head in my hands,—not longer than five minutes; for immediately Mass was over the head of the party rose with thoughtful kindness, and begged we would go to breakfast.

I believe the only prayer I said was: "Mother, I have brought thee this my burden which I can no longer bear; I lay it at thy feet." And since then my faith in her has been a new faith and a stouter faith; for I went forth out of that church free, delivered, healed. I know not how. I scarcely knew that I was; I felt no difference in myself; only that burden which had pressed me down and made my life sore had been taken from me. I know not how,—simply

taken off as a weight is taken off in the material world. Of my long suffering, my bootless struggles, my dumb agony, not a trace; not a question left as to the future—or a fear either.

I went down from that place in a soundless, strange happiness. I did not want to talk: I had nothing to say. This thing I never spoke, and did but write once after we were parted to the friend who took me there; but there was no cloud between me and God's sunlight, and I heard the songs of birds. I had not decided my future: the care of it was taken from me. And, in truth, if I have had other anxieties, this one never returned. My life took shape gently and gradually, as God willed it, I trust, with no striving of mine. I see now, with sight more clear than my own sight, what my work and object should be—my mission, if I have one. I have learned it day by day and step by step. It has never cost me a thought.

Driving home that evening in the May twilight, it seemed to me that nothing was wanting to my peace. Our Lady, perhaps, wished to be more systematic in her work. The first time I went to confession after Genazzano the priest, to whom I did not tell my late anxiety and perplexities, took them one after another as though he had known them, and ground them to dust. I can not remember what led him to the subject, and never told him what he was doing for me; but when I think of it I lift up wondering eyes in gratitude to the face that hangs above me where I write. I do not think I should have been troubled with the same questions again after Genazzano; but I admire how my Deliverer, having broken my fetters, willed that the very stones of the prison should be ground to dust.

At times, looking back to that day, I argue with myself: after all, what you are pleased to enlarge and expatiate

upon at length was a very small matter altogether; a mere difficulty removed, a phase of mental tension relieved, and a fit of youthful worrying appeased that in the natural course of things would have worn itself out. No doubt. But I answer this: How at the age of twenty, with every question for the future pressing unsolved, can you be content,—nay, involuntarily, you no longer care to probe or forecast and wish for nothing beyond doing to your best the small work of each day? How, having struggled long, can you be content, having attained nothing, to cease struggling and not be so much as tempted to struggle more? How, through the years elapsed since, often in much sorrow, often in trouble, and sometimes in grievous anxiety for others, has the problem of my own life, of which I never knew the morrow, harassed me no more? As I look back, the way, not traced by me or known but as I made it, lies smooth as the furrow of a ship cleaving blue water in the calm light of the stars.

I know to whom I owe it: I know to whom the care of my life passed. That image, that altar, the very steps beneath it, and that one moment of prayer, so short, so glad, so still, are before me for all time. I know why we went down through the noon sunshine in such happiness; why the remembrance of the *carciofoletti fritti* our unctuous-voiced hostess provided still delights me; why we went wandering by the old roads to the Colonna Palace, and away to the green land beyond, as though floating in some Elysian dream. The poets, souls delivered of the body and treading the asphodel meadows together, what was their bliss to ours? For we know that by and by, after much dreaming, we shall see coming with white feet through the clover blossoms, in the dew and the sunrise, our fair Dream face to face.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.—MR. MORAN COMES TO A RESOLVE.

SO it happened that by the light of his library lamp Henry Moran read that second epistle, some two or three evenings after he had mailed his own from Wall Street. He had been feeling dull and depressed. Owing to a succession of rainy days, the girls next door had been detained indoors; and he had caught no glimpse of Kate, had not even heard her voice. What a life this was, he thought, where, with unlimited money at command, he could not procure this pleasure for himself!—not even this much! What was the use of money?

Just then there was a light knock at the door, and the new housekeeper, Mary Geraghty, entered and said, with some hesitation:

"I think this is for you, sir."

One glance told him that it was indeed for him. The incorrect address betrayed its secret at once.

"Yes, it is for me," he said, steadily; and the housekeeper, who withdrew at once, had but little idea of the thrill of delight with which that dainty missive had been received. He held it in his hand and regarded that first letter which Kate Raymond had ever knowingly, deliberately, penned to him. How delicate it was! How fine and clear the handwriting! He opened it at last and read. It was not half so fascinating an epistle as that other, in which the girl had revealed herself. The style of this was halting and formal, and the only phrase which seemed absolutely like Kate was the one wherein she referred to "that odious Farmer Hobson." He smiled as he came to that, and read it over and over again.

Having finished the letter, Mr. Moran rose to his feet and paced the room; then he sat down and made another drawing, wherein the old man was still at the feet of the girl, but the cheque was omitted. He dispatched this at once by a groom, after which he stationed himself on the sill of the library window. This was the nearest he could get to the cottage; and, indeed, it gave him a very fair view of the kitchen, while he could hear quite distinctly almost all that was being said therein. This was especially the case when Kate was the speaker. Her voice had that peculiar carrying sound which is of so much value to orators and public speakers, and could therefore be heard at some distance even when she spoke low.

Mrs. Raymond was absent. She had gone to spend some days at Staten Island. The girls were all in the kitchen, washing the tea dishes; and Henry Moran heard the merry peal of laughter with which Kate examined the drawing, and her remark:

"He must be a very charming old gentleman, and knows how to take a joke. If he were only younger, I should certainly fall in love with him."

"How will it be," Henry Moran cried within himself, "when the old gentleman shall have thrown off the mask of age and laid aside his crutches? Will you fall in love with me then, Kate my dear? Will you find me charming when that day comes, or will you laugh at the presumption of a man who has only money to recommend him?"

The insects humming past in the darkness brought no answer to these questions, nor did the murmuring vine leaves or the rustling tree-tops repeat the message. Mr. Henry Moran leaned against the window, his cigar smoke going out to mingle with the perfumed air of the summer night, and thought and planned with his brain of steel and

his heart of fire. All those operations on Change, that turning over of big sums, those corners and deals, those risings and fallings, mattered very little to him now. He even wondered that that world, bounded by a few streets in the throbbing heart of commercial New York, could so long have satisfied him.

"How shall I please her?" he cried within himself. "How interest her many-sided character? How touch the heart, the soul, within her?" He was introspective by nature and habit, and he now analyzed his own personality, his own thoughts and feelings and ideals, by the light of how Kate might regard them. Just as those great, silent stars were looking down upon the mountain-top yonder, Kate's eyes would look at him, he feared—coldly, critically, unsympathetically. If love is said by the poet to work like madness in the brain, it certainly had the effect in Henry Moran's case of making him extraordinarily clear-sighted and unusually critical of himself. He tried once or twice to call himself to order.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that you are really in love with a woman to whom you have never spoken and whom you have scarcely seen? The moonlight may have idealized her. She may be very ordinary indeed if met face to face in the disenchanting daylight."

The answer was sturdily given:

"I care nothing about whether she is beautiful or ordinary. I am in love with that soul of hers which I have discovered; that mind, that heart, that imagination all grace and poetry."

He interrupted the rhapsody—which was very much the same that all men of finer mould have indulged in from generation to generation—to wonder how he should become acquainted with Kate. There was one very simple course open to him since his meeting with Mr. Mortimer. He could frankly ask the

old banker to make him acquainted with the family. But he dallied with his incognito. He hoped to gain more by it yet.

He was recalled by the sound of the girls' voices again.

"Perhaps he is a Chinese," Pauline was saying. "You notice he seems to use the picture alphabet."

"Isn't it so much better than writing, Polly?" cried Kate. "For what in the world could he say?"

"He must be clever to have thought of it," observed Elinor.

"I wonder," said Kate, in that voice of hers which was always so melodious and well modulated, "if the dear old soul really has crutches? How I should like to go and read to him! And then I could explain to him how little I care about money, except just to pay our debts. I don't think I should like to be rich. I should be afraid of wealth, and always have in mind about the camel and the needle."

"Well, there's not much danger for us unless Jack should grow rich," said Mary, solemnly.

"Jack!" Mr. Moran let fall the cigar which he had just been trimming, and rose to walk about again in uncontrollable agitation. Good heavens! he had been forgetting about Jack Holloway. Even if Kate could be won from him, it would be utterly impossible for an honest man to commit such treachery. Besides, he was certain that if Kate loved that young man, or if she had once plighted her faith to him, nothing on earth could cause her to change. It was a moment of intense suffering to that cynical man of the world, who had so long regarded love as a jest, and the sorrows of lovesick swains as a matter deserving only of amused contempt. It seemed to him then that there was nothing worth having but that one good which was now lost to him.

Theologians tell of the pain of loss which is to be the sharpest torment of the sinner's eternity. Such pain as Mr. Moran then felt, though but the faint earthly reflection of that other pain, is still sufficient to give proof of what that higher suffering will be. If one can know so sharp a pang for that which is earthly and transitory, the conclusion is easily reached. That other pang will be supreme, eternal and infinite.

The strong man reeled from the blow, and the strong nature was during those few minutes utterly cast down. He threw himself into a chair, and the darkness seemed to close around him oppressively. Out of it came all at once a voice. It was Mary who spoke and her words were few:

"If Jack should grow rich, *I* will bear it with Christian fortitude!"

"*I!*" Henry Moran sat erect. In another instant he was on his feet and listening with close attention.

"She said '*I*,'—yes, she certainly said '*I*,'" he murmured.

"Oh, I wonder you, dear, practical soul," answered Kate, "that you ever for a moment thought of marrying a poor man!"

"Jack wasn't so poor when I thought of marrying him," said Mary. "But you needn't look so scandalized, my romantic Kate. I'll stick to my colors; and as soon as old Jack has anything to marry on, you can all dance at our wedding."

"Hurrah!" said Kate. "Three cheers for stout-hearted Mary!"

Henry Moran's relief was so intense that it was almost painful. He drew away from the window a little dizzily, as one recovering from a fall.

"How could I ever have thought it was Kate,—Kate who shall be mine, and no other man's, as surely as the stars are above us both!"

Kate, utterly unconscious of this

resolve, went to her room, after a little more gay chatter with her sisters, and read a few lines she had seen in a daily paper about Henry Moran, and read over again what Mr. Mortimer had said concerning him in his letter. She also looked at the two drawings with dancing, merry eyes and a kindly feeling toward the good old gentleman. Indeed, she cast a look of genuine interest at the big house across the way, and was astonished herself how warmly she felt toward its inmate.

She said her prayers at the window, after she had extinguished the light, gazing at the stars as though she had been worshiping them aloft, burning in full magnificence in the vast spaces of the heavens. In truth, they helped her, as she felt, to realize her own insignificance and the infinitude of that God to whom she prayed. The name of Henry Moran was mentioned in her petitions with even unusual fervor that evening, though she could not have told why. Nor could the girl dream that the boon she asked for him, if granted, would one day directly affect her own happiness; for the links that connect human beings one with another are many and subtle, and the chain of human brotherhood is riveted in varied and mysterious ways.

(To be continued.)

Alone.

WHEN Christ beneath the Paschal moon
 In prayer and anguish wept,
 His chosen band of followers
 Forgot their Lord and slept.
 When He, with robe from Bosra dyed,
 Looked pleadingly for one
 To grieve with Him, to comfort Him,
 Alas! His Heart found none.
 Adown the years His tender voice
 Hath sent the grief-wrung moan,
 "My weary feet the wine-press red
 Have trod alone, alone!"

The Twilight of Tadousac.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—(Conclusion.)

IN a preface to his interesting and valuable brochure entitled "In and around Tadousac," Mons. J. Edmond Roy observes: "I know a house, with white walls and mossy roof, that is hidden away beneath the quivering foliage of ever-green beech and fir-trees. The clematis and the nasturtium climb about it, mingling their variegated tints with the hop and the ivy. In the walled garden grow wild roses and sweet-smelling hay. There is no luxury there: severe simplicity reigns around. It is one of those tiny nests dreamt of by philosophy as a fitting home for its votaries, and on its threshold may be read: '*Parva domus, magna quies.*' This little house is the presbytery where dwells the parish priest of Tadousac. It was there, while enjoying a sweet repose, that I first thought of writing these humble pages. I dedicate them to him whose guest I was for one day of my life and whose fellow-student I was for ten years."

It was not ever thus in the presbytery at Tadousac. For eleven years—from 1641 to 1652—the Jesuit Father de Quen came thither. As soon as the river was free from ice in the spring the Indians went to Quebec to carry him in their canoes to Tadousac. It was in no spirit of complaint that the Father wrote in those early days: "Indeed, this is such a miserable country that there is hardly sufficient earth for the purposes of sepulture. It is all barren, bare rock. Still, it would do good to everyone if the company, whose fleet spends some months here every year, would build a house, as Mons. de Plessis-Bochart had commenced doing. Then the Fathers

could come here every spring and remain till the vessels departed. I would not advise the French to remain there during the winter. The Indians go away during that season, leaving their rocks to the cold, the snow and the ice."

My Lady Bountiful had knowledge of that need and the wish was answered in the person of the Duchess of Aiguillon, who, in 1648, donated the wherewithal for the maintenance of the mission. She was but one of many noble French ladies who aided the missionaries by gifts of money and other necessities. The historian adds: "The same year brick was brought from France to build the house at Tadousac. A year later, when Madame de la Peltrie came there from Quebec, she was godmother to two little Indians in this improvised chapel. Two Ursuline nuns, who had arrived from France with Father le Jeune, happened to be there at the time, and they all offered fervent thanksgiving to God. Never had the Saguenay nomads seen such a spectacle. Still greater was their astonishment when, in 1649, the chapel was embellished by some little drugget hangings and was endowed with a bell to call them to the services. The hangings were of a wavy pattern, and the more superstitious of the Indians did not fail to suspect that some spell or sorcery was attached to them. As for the bell, all of them took the greatest delight in listening to its sound. They themselves hung it as skilfully as a French artisan could have done. Each of them wanted to ring it himself, to see if it would speak as well for him as for the Father."

It was useless for the Jesuits to remain all the year round at Tadousac; for, as one of the annalists of the Order has written: "At the approach of the winter, when the country puts off its green vestment in order to assume a white robe, and when the little crystals

begin to form on the edges of the rivers and streams, the Indians separate in every direction and go in search of the elk, the deer, the caribou, the bear and the beaver. Each one goes in his own direction, but only in the one agreed upon before separating from the others, so as not to interfere with one another in their hunting excursions. The Fathers then all return to Quebec."

It was a custom of the Fathers before their separation from their charges to appoint "Chiefs of Prayer" from among the better instructed Indians. It was the duty of these "Chiefs of Prayer" to gather their fellows together on Sundays and feast-days and instruct them. They carried with them a simple calendar to remind them of the approach of these days. "They were also empowered," says the annalist, "to decide any difficulties that might arise; to dictate what prayers were to be recited during illness, in time of trial, or when the chase was not productive; or, again, in time of danger, when rivers and lakes were to be crossed."

For some years the mission flourished, but it fell on evil days. Famine, fever and death visited the twelve hundred catechumens and reduced them to a mere handful. The warlike Iroquois slew some of the French settlers; fire and sword were rivals in this onslaught. The post-house was destroyed, and the church reduced to ashes. For nearly two years thereafter Tadousac was a wilderness.

It sprang to life again. The Jesuits were faithful. "As early as 1656 the Governor, Jean de Lauzon, in the name of the Company of New France, had given to the Jesuits a piece of land at Tadousac, as a freehold; which land they were to select wherever they found it most suitable for building a church and a priest's residence and for making a cemetery. The gift was confirmed by

the king, May 12, 1678. On this piece of land, which consisted of six square *arpents* (less than twelve acres), the missionaries built the edifices necessary for worship, and began an agricultural establishment, of which the vestiges still exist, and which is known in the country by the name of 'The Jesuits' Garden.' The old inhabitants still tell wonders of the orchard and the fruit-trees which grew there up to some fifty years ago."

Gardens and fruit-trees—nothing of these remain, or scarcely a trace of them. It is true that wherever the Jesuit dwelt, even were it for a short time only, he endeavored to beautify it, to make it homelike and attractive. It was slow work. He had a thousand obstacles to overcome, almost everything to contend against and little or nothing in his favor. The Jesuits received for the support of the mission at Tadousac from the state the sum of one hundred dollars annually. With this they did wonders. One of their number, François de Crépieu, left instructions for those who were to follow him. They tell in plain language what was to be looked for in the lot of a missionary in those early days. Hear him:

"The life of a Montagnais missionary is a long, cruel martyrdom, entailing incessant mortification and trials of patience; it is indeed a life of penance and humiliation, particularly in the huts of the Indians and when travelling with them. The huts are made of birch-bark and poles, surrounded by branches of the fir-tree to cover the snow and frozen ground. The missionary spends nearly all the day seated or kneeling, exposed to perpetual smoke in the winter time. He often perspires during the day and generally suffers from the cold during the night. He sleeps without undressing, on the frozen earth, sometimes on the snow, with but a few branches of trees to cover him. He eats

from a vessel which is seldom washed or cleaned, it being more frequently wiped with a dirty piece of skin from some animal or licked by the dogs. He eats when there happens to be anything to eat and when something happens to be offered him. Sometimes the meat is but half cooked; sometimes it is very tough, especially the meat which has been dried and smoked in the chimney. The repast is cooked in a pot but once a day, or twice in times of plenty; but there is generally little enough."

A missionary accompanying an Indian hunting party in the neighborhood tells us: "Every place serves as a hostelry, built in the snow, where neither bread, wine, salt, sauce, nor ragout is to be found, but only a good appetite. The missionary always lodges in the same hostelry, finds the same bed awaiting him, which bed has existed since the beginning of the world, and since Adam's days has never been shaken up except by some earthquake or other. A good appetite makes him find a bit of smoked meat, dry as leather, as delicate eating as a young partridge. Fatigue obtains for him sweet sleep. God keeps him in good health; and his legs and arms, in conjunction with the oars of his boat-companions, bring him to the end of his journey in time for him to undertake another one immediately."

This good man, who could make sport of hardships that might have embittered a less loyal soul, concludes the account of his first winter passed at Tadousac: "The greatest favor I ask of you, my superiors, is to grant me the same happiness the next year, during which I hope that God will give me courage to repair by fresh sufferings the faults I have committed this year."

The Jesuit Relations, printed at Quebec, contain some twenty Journals of travels in the Tadousac region undertaken by

missionaries from 1641 to 1672; each breathing the same spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice; and all alike aflame with ardor in the love of that one aim and end—the greater glory of God.

From the Journals and Relations of these Jesuit missionaries we get almost the only knowledge of the aborigines of New France; and Father le Jeune's instructions prepared for the missionaries of his Order are of special interest to the reader of to-day. The "Guide" to Tadousac offered the missionary by this worthy pioneer in 1637 runs as follows,—let the tourists of to-day make a note on it:

"Reckon up beforehand all the labors, the hardships, the perils which must be encountered during your journeyings, so that you may be prepared for whatever may happen. Love the Indian well. Never let yourself be waited for when you are to embark in a canoe. Provide yourself with a gun and with a burning mirror, so as to be able to strike a light for your companions on the road,—in daytime to light their pipes, and at night-time when preparing their cabins. Such little services as these will win their hearts....

"Force yourselves to eat *sagamite*, however dirty or insipid it may be. Bear with everything. Refuse nothing which they offer you, for fear of displeasing them. Force yourselves to eat at day-break. You must be quick in embarking and disembarking. Tuck up your habits so as not to carry any water or sand into the canoes. Go barefoot and barelegged. Do not speak too much during your journeys. Do not question them too much about their language. You will learn nothing and it bothers them. Silence is a useful possession at those times. Try to be always joyous....

"Each one of you will be furnished with half a gross of awls, two or three dozen of small knives, a hundred or so

of fish-hooks, and some drinking-cups so as to feast the Indians. Strive to carry something at the portages, the carrying places. However little you carry, even should it be only a pot, the Indians are pleased that you should do it. Do not be ceremonious with them. Take care that your hats do not interfere with any one in the canoes; it would be better to wear your nightcaps. Do not begin by rowing unless you intend rowing all the time. When in their own country, the Indians will entertain the same opinion of you as they have formed on the journey. If you have passed for being tiresome and difficult to please, you will have much trouble in changing their opinion of you. It is perfectly incredible how they remember and remark the slightest fault or error. Give everyone a good reception. They care nothing about your philosophy and your theology. If you can go naked and carry a horse's load, as they do, you will be looked on by them as a great and learned man."

The historian has declared with the voice of one speaking with authority: "No words can paint the calm tranquillity of Tadousac. The hamlet is frequented only by the lovers of peace and quiet; whilst those who are in search of a spot where they can let time slip away leisurely need have no fear of being here molested by the intrusive idlers who frequent more fashionable watering-places."

A street—if I may call it such—climbs a long incline from the dock at L'Anse à l'Eau to the hotel at the far side of a small plateau. A few cottages border the street; there is a wooden bridge, a double row of small houses, a barnlike church—perhaps never to be completed; a tiny chapel and a cemetery on the water-side of the hotel grounds,—and this is all of Tadousac as it is to-day. A forlorn air hangs about it like a pall.

The stillness is almost oppressive. The straggling voyagers sit about in distracted groups. Only a portion of these visit the one object of historical interest in the vicinity, the one possessing the deepest interest for the lover of antiquity in all that Northland. This is the chapel of Tadousac.

This is the chapel—or the shadow of the chapel—or the shadow of the shade of the chapel—which was one of the first, if not the first, of God's altars erected in the wilderness. It is like a memory of the past made tangible; for this reason it is guarded with reverence and visited in a spirit of pious devotion. Here once in the year—and once only, on St. Anne's Day—Mass is celebrated for the eternal repose of its benefactor—the Intendant Hocquart, who in 1747 furnished planks, shingles and nails for the construction of the edifice. It is a primitive building. In its unpretending tower hangs the bell that was the wonder of the Indian worshipers in 1647. A few ancient paintings still decorate its walls; and there is treasured a waxen effigy of the Infant Jesus, robed in tarnished tinsel and with the rosiest of complexions, said to have been the gift of Louis XIV.

Until 1885, when the new church was dedicated, the little chapel was in constant use. It has been restored and somewhat altered in the process. It could never have been picturesque; it is prosaic now. All that was poetic in the spirit or the letter of its annals has vanished, save only a tradition,—a tradition as delicate as the perfume of a flower; indeed, it is like the scent of the rose that hangs round the shattered vase, of which the poet has so sweetly sung; like that fragrance, it is evasive.

Tradition says Father de la Brosse, who for sixteen years had celebrated Mass at this church, while serving more than one parish in its turn, died at

Tadousac April 11, 1782; and on the day following his body was buried before the altar in the mission chapel. Let the Abbé Casgrain tell the story in his own way:

"On the evening of April 11, Mons. Compain was passing the evening alone in his room. After having recited his Breviary, said his evening prayers and read his allotted portion, he was quietly studying by the light of his lamp, when suddenly, about midnight, the sound of a bell struck on his ear, ringing amid the silence of the night. Filled with astonishment, he at first thought himself the victim of an illusion. Approaching the window, he listened attentively. It was indeed the chapel bell ringing a passing-bell. Mons. Compain went forth from his presbytery, while the bell continued to ring. He entered the chapel and found it empty, but the bell still continued to ring. Then a voice sounded in his ear. Did it sound to the ear of the body or to that of the soul? Who knows? But the voice was distinct and spoke thus: 'Father de la Brosse is dead: he has just expired at Tadousac. The passing-bell announces his last sigh. To-morrow go to the end of the island. A canoe will come there in search of you and will take you to Tadousac, where you will perform the rites of interment for him.'

"The rumor had spread some time previously that at the moment of Father de la Brosse's death the church-bells of his missions would announce his decease. The next day Mons. Compain was waiting at the lower extremity of the Ile aux Coudres, at the spot where he had been told to wait.

"What had been passing all this time at Tadousac? Father de la Brosse had for some time been on a mission there, and was awaiting the arrival of the Indians, whom the opening of the navigation would soon see flocking there

from the interior. Their canoes, laden with furs, would descend the Saguenay, following the ice as it came down the river. . . . While the fur-traders were making their harvesting for the benefit of this world, Father de la Brosse was gathering in his harvest for heaven from among the little ones of this world.

"Tradition has preserved the details of his last moments, the circumstances of which were, indeed, of a nature to strike everyone. On the eve of his death, Father de la Brosse appeared to be in perfect health. He was a large, robust, white-haired old man, with an ascetic-looking face and inspired speech. During all the day he had been fulfilling the duties of his ministry—confessing, baptizing, and praying as usual in the Tadousac chapel. At nightfall he went to take a few hours' recreation at the house of an officer of the post. He was as gay and agreeable as ever. Toward nine o'clock he prepared to leave.

"After having bade good-evening to everyone he was silent for a moment, and then, in a solemn tone, he said: 'My friends, I bid you farewell—farewell until eternity; for you will not again see me in life. This very evening, at midnight, I shall be a corpse. At that very hour you will hear my chapel bell ring; it will announce my death. If you do not believe it you can come and ascertain the fact for yourselves. But I ask of you not to touch my body. To-morrow you will go to Ile aux Coudres to fetch Mons. Compain to enshroud me and perform the rites of sepulture. You will find him waiting at the end of the island. Do not fear to embark, whatever may be the weather: I answer for the safety of those who set out on this journey.'

"After his departure the company he had left remained quite stupefied, not being able to believe in the reality of his prophecy. Those who had watches

placed them on the table and awaited the result in great anxiety. Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, then midnight—and then the chapel bell began to sound. With one accord they all rose and, impelled by sudden fear, hastened to the chapel. They entered. By the faint light of the sanctuary lamp they perceived Father de la Brosse's black robe in the choir. He was stretched motionless on the floor, his face bowed down on his clasped hands, which rested on the lowest altar step. He was dead!"

His instructions were followed to the letter. The voyage was made in a storm, yet the canoe seemed to be crossing a still water. They were in the midst of it without being at all influenced by it. So they came in sight of Ile aux Coudres, says the chronicle. "Mons. de Compain was awaiting them at the lower end, walking about the rocks with a book in his hand. As soon as they were within sound of his voice he cried out to them: '*Father de la Brosse is dead,—you have come to fetch me for his interment!*' The canoe approached the shore, Mons. de Compain embarked in it, and on the evening of that same day he landed at Tadousac."

Over the grave of the priest there was a small opening in the chapel floor; it was in the form of a cross. Here for many years it was the custom of the Indians—who in passing had landed at Tadousac—to kneel and whisper a confession; they would listen with their ear at the aperture, and after a time go their way rejoicing.

There are half a thousand souls left in the silent village, but they eat not of the fruit of the Jesuits' Garden; for the wash of the waves and the stormwinds of winter have devoured it, root and branch. No one was at the chapel when I visited it and chatted with the modest young priest, who led me into the cemetery to pluck me a flower or

two from the often sunken and nameless graves. It was the close of a day as uneventful as it is possible to conceive. We were almost under the eaves of the Summer Hotel, but the drones of society had passed us by on the other side. They had scattered over their sand dunes, in fantastic costumes, to their daily and direful toil on the golf-links; and the twilight of life had come home to Tadousac.

The Office of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

Some articles have lately appeared in THE AVE MARIA by a priest who cares not for controversy, but utters forth his spirit in sympathy with the Church's offices.... Father Kennedy writes as if many of us English-speaking Catholics said the Divine Office, and even met to say it in common, as Abbot Gasquet says Englishmen of education and honorable standing were wont to do with the Little Office in the days before Henry the Eighth ran riot in the Garden of the Lord. But may it not rather be said of us that "we have not so much as heard of there be" an Office? For the priest—yes, we have heard of the Breviary. But what is it?

What is indeed astonishing is to find Father Kennedy writing as if, somehow, many of us Catholics knew what he was writing about; or to hear your parish priest speak in sympathy with the service for the day, and frequently to hear the Introit alluded to and the note it strikes; to have attention called to repetitions of the tone in Gradual and Communion; and to listen to quotations from Collect and Post-Communion,—as if these were in hand and in mind of the hearers, when you know that hardly one in the congregation has ever seen a Missal in English, or has had the means of seeing one, or has ever had explained to him the sequence of the Church's services,—that is, except as something which he has no means of grasping.*

Now, this good convert does not mean to find fault with THE AVE MARIA, or with the Irish country priest that writes on the Breviary and Missal; but he wishes to call attention to the want of knowledge on the part of the laity with respect to the sacred beauties of the

Breviary and the Missal, and to suggest or crave a remedy therefor.

I will, therefore, take the Office of "The Patronage," and tell as briefly as I can, to a devout lay-person, what it is the priest does when he takes his Breviary and begins his Office. The first portion of every Office is called First Vespers. The priest can begin that any time from about noon on the vigil of the feast.

The priest, taking "his book," says a prayer which he has by heart: Open, O Lord, my mouth, that it may bless Thy holy name. Cleanse also my heart from all vain, perverse, and distracting thoughts. Enlighten my understanding and inflame my will, that I may recite this Office worthily, attentively and devoutly; and may deserve to be heard in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty. Through Christ our Lord.—O Lord, in union with the intention with which, while on earth, Thou didst offer praises to God, I offer these Hours to Thee.

The priest repeats the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, and then: O God, come to my assistance.—O Lord, make haste to help me.—Glory be to the Father, etc.—As it was in the beginning, etc.

Antiphon. And Jacob begot Joseph, husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ. Alleluia.

Psalm cix is recited, followed by a repetition of the above antiphon,—and that is the rule with every psalm.

Second antiphon: The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. Alleluia.

Psalm cx is recited; after which the antiphon, "The Angel Gabriel," etc., is repeated, as at the first psalm.

Third antiphon: And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. Alleluia.

Psalm cxi, and repetition of antiphon.

Fourth antiphon: And they came in

* W. F. P. Stockley in the *Catholic World* for Feb.

haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger. Alleluia.

Psalm cxii, and repetition of antiphon.

Fifth antiphon: And Jesus was about thirty years of age, being as was supposed the Son of Joseph. Alleluia.

Psalm cxvi, and the antiphon.

Capitulum (or little chapter): The blessings of thy father are strengthened with the blessings of his fathers; until the Desire of the everlasting hills should come; may they be upon the head of Joseph and upon the crown of the Nazarite among his brethren. (Gen. xlix.)

HYMN.

Him all the heavenly bands acclaim,
And joyful nations bless his name,—
The *man** to God's own Mother dear,
Her holy spouse and guardian here.

When sore distressed at what he saw—
A sight surpassing nature's law,—
An angel came, dispelled his gloom,
And told of God in Mary's womb.

His hands to God gave daily bread;
To Egypt's land His footsteps led;
At Salem when he lost the Boy,
He sought, and found with heavenly joy.
Till death from hence doth mortals bear,
Nor crown nor glory may they share;
But he, by far a happier lot,
His crown and God e'en here had got.

Through Joseph's prayers, O Saviour blest!
Grant that we reach eternal rest,
Where, earth and death and sorrow o'er,
We sing a new Song evermore. Amen.

V. He constituted him lord of his house.—R. And prince of his possessions.

Antiphon at *Magnificat*: And Joseph, rising from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife [whom he was minded to put away].

The priest here recites the *Magnificat*, and at the end repeats the antiphon.

V. The Lord be with thee.—R. And with thy spirit.

Prayer: We beseech Thee may we

* St. Bernard says: "Mary was espoused to Joseph; or rather, as the Evangelist puts it, to a *man* whose name was Joseph. He calls him a *man*, not only because he was her husband, but especially because he was a *man of virtue*."

be assisted, O Lord, by the spouse of Thy most holy Mother; that what our weakness is unable to obtain may be granted to us by his intercession, etc.

Commemoration of Sunday, which is the third after Easter.

Antiphon: A little while and you shall see Me, saith the Lord. And again a little while and you shall not see Me; for I go to the Father. Alleluia. Alleluia.

V. Stay with us, O Lord. Alleluia.—R. For it is growing late. Alleluia.

Prayer: O God, who doth show to the erring the light of Thy truth, that they may return to the paths of Thy justice, grant to all who are accounted to belong to the Christian religion, both to abhor those things that are hostile and to embrace those things that are suitable to it. Through Christ our Lord.

Then follows *Compline*,* at the end of which the priest says the prayer† to be recited after the Divine Office:

To the most holy and undivided Trinity, to the Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the fruitful virginity of the most blessed and glorious Mary ever-virgin, and to the whole company of saints, be forever praise, honor, power and glory, from every creature; and to us be remission of all our sins, world without end. Amen.

V. Blessed is the womb of Mary the Virgin, which bore the Son of the Eternal Father.—R. And blessed are the breasts which gave suck to Christ the Lord.—*Pater Noster, Ave Maria.*

* *Compline* is known to all the readers of THE AVE MARIA. A charming leaflet giving *Compline* in full is on its list. And it may be allowed me to say that no evening prayers can at all be compared with those which the Church has officially arranged and set down for the multitude of her children. *Compline* was introduced into the Church's liturgy by St. Benedict.

† Composed in the Latin by St. Bonaventure, of the Franciscan Order, and adopted by the Church in the time of Pope Leo X. The translation here given, approved by Pope Pius IX., is the work of Father Ambrose St. John, of the Oratory.

The priest's Office for that portion of the day is over and we now come to the principal part of the daily Office—Matins and Lauds. These, which are said by many religious communities shortly after midnight, the Church allows the missionary priest to say during the evening of the vigil.

There can be little doubt that our ordinary word "matin" came into use from the custom of the monks singing Matins (*matutina* in Latin); and from the second custom,—namely, that of the former inhabitants of our islands being early risers and constant attendants at the Divine Office. In summer time, at any rate, the Matins of the monks in northern latitudes and the matindawn would coincide. And it needs no effort of imagination to conceive how beautiful it was, and is, to hear the praises of Almighty God sung at such an enchanting hour, and accompanied by all the minstrelsy of earth. One such hour is worth a lifetime.

The priest says the *Pater, Ave, Credo*.

V. O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips.—
R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.—V. O God, come to my aid.—
R. O Lord, make haste to help me.—
V. Glory be to the Father, etc.—R. As it was in the beginning, etc. Alleluia.

Antiphon: Let us praise our God on the feast of blessed Joseph our protector. Alleluia.

The antiphon is repeated. The Invitatory is always Psalm xciv, and the antiphon is repeated after each verse. The Invitatory is followed by the hymn of the feast. The hymn at Matins is the same as at Vespers.

Then comes the first nocturn. There are three nocturns generally in every Office. During Paschal time there is but one antiphon to the triplet of psalms found in each nocturn.

Antiphon: The angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying, Arise,

and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. Alleluia.

The 1st, 2d and 3d Psalms are chanted. They are most appropriate on the feast of St. Joseph: I. Blessed is the man who hath not gone into the gathering of the wicked, and hath not walked in the way of sinners.—II. Why have the Gentiles raged [against the Divine Child], and the nations meditated foolish things?—III. O Lord, why are they multiplied who harass me? For many have arisen against me.

V. I will confess to thy name [O blessed Joseph]. Alleluia.—R. For thou art my helper and protector. Alleluia.

As to the lessons, there are three in every nocturn. They are called *lectiones*, or lessons, from being read rather than chanted. The first lesson of St. Joseph is from Genesis (xxxix), where the first Joseph is sold into Egypt, and God blesses the house of the Egyptian to whom he was sold because of Joseph. But Joseph was "beautiful in face and orderly in demeanor"; from which we gather that St. Joseph was beautiful in soul and orderly in all the works of God.

The Church, with marvellous adaptation, turns the words of Scripture to the feast of the day, and at times sheds on the words a luminous meaning, as—

Response: The people cried to the king asking for food. But he said: Go to Joseph. Alleluia. [And they said to Joseph] Our salvation is in thy hands; do thou but look upon us and we shall be filled with joy.

The second lesson also is taken from Genesis (xli), where it is told that Joseph's "counsel pleased Pharaoh, . . . and he said: Can we find such another man that is full of the spirit of God? He said therefore to Joseph: Behold, I have appointed thee over the whole land of Egypt."

Response: God made me as it were the

father of the king and the lord of his whole house. He hath exalted me, that I should save many peoples. Alleluia. Come to me, and I will give you all the good things of Egypt, that you may feed on the richness of the earth.

The third lesson is taken from the same place, where we read that "the king said to Joseph: I am Pharaoh, and without thy order not a hand or foot shall move in all the land of Egypt."

Response: Now will I die gladly, because I have seen thy face, and leave thee alive. May He who hath fed me from my youth bless those boys; and may my name be invoked upon them!

Antiphon for the second nocturn: The angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying, Arise, and take the Child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead who sought the life of the Child. Alleluia.

The 4th, 5th and 8th Psalms are recited, and the antiphon is repeated.

V. Look down, O Lord, from heaven, and see, and visit this Thy vineyard. Alleluia.—R. And perfect it. Alleluia.

Absolution: By His clemency and mercy may we be assisted, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, etc.

The blessing of the Holy Trinity is then invoked at each of the lessons; thus for the blessing of God the Father: May God the Almighty Father be propitious and clement to us!

The fourth, fifth and sixth lessons are from St. Bernardine of Sienna.

Fourth lesson: Of all singular graces bestowed on any rational creature, the general rule is that when the divine bounty selects any one for a singular favor, or for any high dignity, God bestows on that person all the special gifts necessary for that dignity or office, and pours them out abundantly. And this was verified especially in the case of the Blessed Joseph, reputed father of

our Lord Jesus Christ and true spouse of the Mistress of the world and the Queen of the angels. For from all eternity he was chosen by the Eternal Father to be the faithful cherisher and guardian of His principal treasures—that is to say His Son and His spouse; and this office he faithfully fulfilled. And to him, therefore, doth God say: Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.

Response: Thou hast given to me the protection of thy safety; and thy right hand hath upheld me,—my protector, and the horn of my salvation, and my support. Alleluia. I am thy protector and thy reward exceeding great.

The blessing of God the Son: Christ give us the joys of everlasting life!

Fifth lesson: If you compare St. Joseph with the whole Church of Christ, do you not find that he is the man specially chosen, through whom and under whom Christ is introduced in an orderly and fitting manner into the world? If the whole Church be debtor to the Virgin Mary, because through her it was made worthy to receive Christ; after her it owes truly a singular reverence and gratitude to him, etc.

Response: He shall set his sons under his shadow, and under his branches he shall rest; and there he shall be protected from the heat of the day. And in his glory he shall rest. Alleluia. Hope in him all ye congregation of the people, and pour out your hearts before him.

The blessing of God the Holy Ghost: The holy fire of His love may the Lord God enkindle in our hearts! Amen.

Sixth lesson: Now, it can not be said that Christ has denied to St. Joseph in heaven that familiarity, reverence and obedience which, as a good son toward a venerable father, He showed him here on earth; but rather supplemented and consummated it, etc.

Response: If camps of armies should arise against me, my heart shall not fear. If war should come upon me, in him will I hope. Alleluia. In thee shall my rejoicing ever be; for thou art the strong helper. Alleluia.

Antiphon for the third nocturn: And Joseph arising took the Child and His Mother and returned into the land of Israel, and dwelt in the city that is called Nazareth. Alleluia.

The 14th, 20th, and 23d Psalms are recited, and the antiphon is repeated.

V. I called upon the Lord, the Father of my God. Alleluia.—R. That He would not abandon me in the day of my tribulation. Alleluia.

Absolution: From the chains of our sins may the almighty and merciful Lord free us! Amen.

Blessing: May the Gospel reading be to us health and protection! Amen.

Then follows the Gospel according to St. Luke (iii, 21-23).

The seventh and eighth lessons are taken from the Homily of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

Seventh lesson: It is manifest that the saying, *Being as was supposed the Son of Joseph*, relates to those who thought that He was born of Joseph after the manner of other men, etc.

Response: Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son. Alleluia. And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.

Eighth lesson: And now—since it is necessary to believe that one [of the Evangelists] spoke of the adopting, the other of the begetting father,* etc.

Response: Arise, take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt; and stay there until I tell thee. Alleluia.

* St. Matthew says: "Jacob begot Joseph." St. Luke "Joseph, who was of Heli."

That it might be fulfilled which was foretold: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

The Gospel for the third Sunday after Easter is taken from St. John (xvi, 16-22). After it is read St. Augustine comments briefly upon it.

The *Te Deum* is recited to praise God. Lauds follow after Matins, and are generally read with them. The psalms of Lauds rarely change. The following are the antiphons:

And Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.—The Angel Gabriel was sent by God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph.—But Joseph went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem.—And the Shepherds came in haste; and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger.—And Jesus was beginning to be about thirty years of age, and was thought to be the Son of Joseph.

After the "short chapter" the hymn is read:

One special throne in heaven there is,
One glory 'mid exalted bliss;
Thither the weak and friendless fly:
'Tis Joseph's blessed throne on high.

Reserved by God for Mary's spouse,
Poor tradesman of a royal house;
Jesus to him doth "Father" call,
And through his hands gives grace to all.

At Bethlehem on Christmas morn
The promised Babe of old is born;
The Shepherds gaze, the Angels sing,
But he embraces Israel's King.

That Babe is God and Lord on high,
Adored by all beneath the sky,
Supreme in hell below; and still
Subjects Himself to Joseph's will.

Mysterious Lord of wondrous love,
Behold that special throne above!
Oh, still obey thy "Father's" voice,
And bid his children's hearts rejoice. Amen.

V. Thou hast given me the protection of thy salvation.—R. And thy right hand hath upheld me.

Antiphon: Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for what is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

The *Benedictus* is said here, and the antiphon repeated.

Prayer: O God, who in Thy ineffable providence hast deigned to select the Blessed Joseph as the spouse of Thy most holy Mother, grant, we beseech Thee, that while we venerate him on earth as our protector we may merit him in heaven as our intercessor: who livest and reignest, etc.

It would take a large amount of space to go through the Little Hours in detail. They are: Prime, which is to be recited, as its name signifies, at dawn, or the *first* hour of the morning; Terce, at the *third* hour; Sext, at the *sixth* hour—that is noon; None, at the *ninth* hour—about three in the afternoon. The hymns and psalms of these are generally unchanged. Three psalms are recited at each Hour. The antiphons, as a rule, are those of Lauds. The short chapters and the versicles and responses are always beautiful and instructive, and frequently lead one into a new understanding of the Scriptures. The prayer recited after each is always the prayer of Lauds. These Hours are called the “Little Hours,” or the “Small Hours,” because they are shorter than the other parts of the Office.

Second Vespers close the day, and are recited toward the decline of evening; and last of all comes Compline, which all pious Catholics should endeavor to know and understand, and repeat at twilight. Nothing can be conceived more delightful than the human soul at that solemn hour speaking to God in the language of the Psalms, which are undoubtedly inspired; and in the sacred words of the Church, which are little less inspired than they. “In peace, in the selfsame, I will sleep and take my rest.”

Prayers for the Dead.

[The following lines are from the pen of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. W. C. Smith, D. D., LL. D., of Edinburgh. The *Living Church*, an Episcopalian journal in this country, reprints them, with the remark that the author's heart has taught him better than his creed. Article XXII. of the religion of the Church of England, we will add, could have taught Dr. Smith nothing more than the harsh creed of his own sect.]

O'er land and sea, love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, grief, and cares;

There is no spot

On which it does not drop this tender dew,
Except the grave, and there it bids adieu,

And prayeth not.

Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
And sacred grown?

Living, we sought for blessings on their head;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead,
And we alone?

Idle? Their doom is fixed? Ah! who can tell?
Yet, were it so, I think no harm could well
Come of my prayer;

And O the heart, o'erburdened with its grief,
This comfort needs, and finds therein relief
From its despair.

Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill

Our dearest, best,

And bring them home and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest?

Nay, I will not believe it. I will pray,
As for the living, for the dead each day.

They will not grow

Less meet for heaven when followed by a prayer
To speed them home, like summer-scented air
From long ago.

Who shall forbid the heart's desires to flow
Beyond the limit of the things we know?

In heaven above

The incense that the golden censers bear
Is the sweet perfume from the saintly prayer
Of trust and love.

ST. ANSELM likens the angels to busy bees in God's service, flying between the flowers of earth and the hives of heaven.

The Christian Life.

BY HENRI LASSERRE.

IV.

THE peace, order and edification of a household rest on the mutual forbearance of its members. All, whoever they may be, must depend upon others, and are obliged to bear with them in many ways, on account of the wondrous variety of characters, physical organizations, moral and intellectual qualities, which would make an inferno of a household of saints, provided one can imagine saints destitute of patience.

Even the simple diversity of virtues presupposes a conflict of wills. This one is characterized by an expansive charity, that one prefers recollection and solitude; these are absorbed in certain outside works, those in visiting the sick and the poor. Some are wisely economical, and others nobly generous. Where such contrasts exist, as they necessarily must everywhere—contrasts between senile and juvenile weaknesses, as well as between active and dreamy temperaments,—patience finds supreme opportunity for its exercise. It may be truly said that there is no virtue which from the cradle to the grave is more thoroughly identified with and allied to the vagaries and ills of humanity in all their phases.

Patience is one of the most exquisite forms of charity; and it is at the same time one of those virtues which more than others demand an exceptional and persevering force of character and moral courage. If charity, properly speaking, is the most efficacious antidote against the evils of the world; if humility be the most efficacious remedy for the mortifications that same world inflicts upon us, patience is undoubtedly the virtue most requisite to peace and union

in the intimate relations of family life. To possess and exercise the virtue of patience is to possess the secret of those inestimable treasures of tact, gentleness and kindness which alone guarantee the permanence of all affection.

And if it be necessary with those whom we love, what shall be said when it comes to be exercised among those to whom we are indifferent? But without it, what must follow? How many painful disagreements, ruptures, scandals has it not hindered! How many trifling incidents would never have been magnified into deadly feuds, if only patience had been exercised in the beginning!

With even a *little* patience what misunderstandings might be averted between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters! And with a *great deal* of patience how many hearts could be mollified, softened, encouraged from day to day, from month to month, from year to year!

It has been said "Patience is genius." But more truly might it be said that "patience is the genius of women." By nature of their occupations, as well as through their own characteristics, men are not called upon to exercise that heroic patience which is demanded in the more contrasted lot of women,—a patience which, because of the narrow confines in which it must be exercised, often becomes sublime.

Patience is woman's sceptre, her magic wand. Often the memory of a mother's patience will curb the irritations of manhood or womanhood, and, like her prayers, serve in the darkest moments to touch and soften what seemed to be a hardened soul. And true patience, having its foundation in God, never fears but that it can, as it does, overcome doubt, disillusion, and even despair, in the souls of those for whom it waits and is silent.

To have cast one's lot among the aged or infirm, or to have been placed by circumstances with one or more such persons, often calls for the exercise of extraordinary patience. An incident is related of a lady, wife of a well-known public man, whose father-in-law, after having renounced the practice of religion for many years, became more and more bitter and cynical in his disposition as the infirmities of old age increased. Madame R. was an angel of patience, though he tried her sorely. His sneers at religion were particularly hard to bear, but she never retaliated, never resented; for deep down in her heart she hoped and prayed unceasingly that her silence would one day reap its reward. And so it proved.

The old man came to die. Vainly did his son try to induce him to make his peace with God. An old friend, a priest, also paid him several visits, using all his powers of persuasion to prevail upon him to return to the faith he had so long ignored. Only the patient, cheerful daughter-in-law made no sign, but went about her gentle ministrations with her usual care and affection.

One evening she sat beside the old man as he seemed to doze. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked up at her with a faint smile.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked after a moment.

"Of you," she replied.

"Tell me your thoughts," he went on.

The lady hesitated; but, knowing his humor, finally answered:

"I was thinking that I must have failed wofully in the duty I owe you, father. Otherwise our good God, who is so merciful, so just, would have granted me the favor of seeing you again in heaven."

"Oh! And why? Do you expect to go there?"

"I hope to."

"And so I shall not be there, you think? It seems to me you have had enough to endure from me here without wishing for my company there. What if I don't believe there is a heaven?"

"But you do."

"Yes, I do; but I am not going to die just yet—not for a few days, at least."

She approached nearer.

"O father dear!" she pleaded, "your words fill me with hope. Delay no longer, I pray you; do not put it off—your reconciliation with God."

"Oh, we are reconciled—God and I! He knows all about it. When I knock at the door, and it is opened, and St. Peter, starting back, may possibly say: 'Ah! I am surprised to see you here! How did it come about? Was it through Father C., or Bishop L., or Cardinal P., or Monsignor H.?' I shall reply: 'No, no, St. Peter! These are all very good men; but it was neither pope nor cardinal, priest nor friar, that brought me back to the old sheepfold again; it was the angelic, long-suffering *patience* of a woman, who never opened her mouth to me about the state of my soul. Send for a priest, my daughter,—send for a priest. I am ready to make my confession and prepare for death.'"

The patience of a woman!—God and repentant souls alone know what it can accomplish.

(The End.)

OF necessity the mountain peak that rises above its fellows must dwell apart; and it is the peril of the great that at last they are alone, none daring to expose the strong man's peril or lay bare his secret faults. Yet for a thousand reasons the great have special need of sympathy and friendship. Hours there are when the world reels beneath man's feet, when trouble chokes his voice, and then each Saul must lean upon some bosom-friend.—N. D. Hillis.

Notes and Remarks.

The famous Law of Associations in France, or the project of confiscating the property of the French congregations, seems to have entered upon a new phase. The Roman correspondent of a French exchange says that, should the measure really become law, the Sovereign Pontiff would be forced to oppose thereto an act looking toward the preservation of the goods of the Church. It is intimated that the Holy Father would apply to the situation the canons protecting the property of religious. Though old, these canons are not obsolete; the Sacred Penitentiary has enforced them since the year 1860 in the case of Italian spoliations. They excommunicate whoever lends himself to spoliatory laws, as also those who buy without permission property of which congregations have been unjustly deprived. The Pope would need to take no new step: he would merely declare that the ecclesiastical censures retain their force. If Bismarck failed to prove that as against Rome might does not supersede right, it is safe to predict that M. Waldeck-Rousseau will hardly come out triumphant from the present imbroglio.

The French cynic who said, "I have noticed that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions," would probably be moved, did he live in our day and country, to notice that in non-Catholic churches God's interests are best served in pulpits that yield the largest salaries. It is surprising the infallible divinity which appears to attach to a "call" that means an increase of emoluments to the called. The most remarkable instance of this kind that has as yet come to our notice recently occurred in New Jersey. The pastor of a Methodist church in

Newark accepted a call which involved not merely a change of congregations but a change of creeds. In becoming pastor of the United Congregational church of Brooklyn, the Rev. Mr. Dyott ceases to be a Methodist, and thus serenely explains his action: "Denominational relations should always be subsidiary to the large demands of the kingdom of God, which is greater than all churches." Comment is surely superfluous.

The appointment of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram to succeed Dr. Creighton as Anglican Bishop of London moved our Protestant contemporary, the *Independent*, to regret that, "by the death of Victoria, a man not noted for devoutness becomes the head of the Church of England, and has power to appoint its bishops and archbishops according to his own will." King Edward is assuredly neither a devout man nor an austere liver; but, in justice to his Majesty, everyone must admit that he is altogether fit to be the successor of Henry VIII. The new bishop of London, however, has been cordially welcomed; and Archdeacon Sinclair announced in a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral that "the whole diocese of London will rejoice to be guided and ruled by one so single-minded, self-devoted, eloquent and humorous as the new bishop." If all of these adjectives are well bestowed, we do not hesitate to say that the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram is an ideal head for the Anglican body. But St. Paul required other qualities in a bishop.

A striking article is "Non-Catholic Witnesses to the Faith," by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., in a recent issue of the *London Tablet*. Certain of his views are not new, having been expressed more than once by the late Dr. Mivart;

but one is glad to see them restated by a writer whose grasp of principles is firm, and who is possessed of a sheet-anchor that was wanting to the unfortunate scientist. All who know the facts of the great schism of the sixteenth century will probably agree that had there been more of the spirit of St. Bernard and St. Francis amongst the rulers of the Church, the chances of the revolt would have been small. "In the secularization of the Church," says Father Cuthbert, "lay the seed of disruption." He continues:

For this reason I do not think we shall ever face aright the problem of the reconversion of the Protestant nations to Catholic unity, until we regard the Reformation as permitted by God for the punishment and purification of the Church, and until we Catholics see in the disruption of Christendom our own humiliation and penance. We shall fail to grasp the actual situation until we get rid of the notion that Anglicanism and the other forms of Protestantism are utterly evil and unspiritual forces. Rather must we regard them as elements permitted by God for the ultimate exaltation of the Church.

Only the bigots amongst us regard the different forms of Protestantism as utterly evil and unspiritual forces. We all know what Cardinal Newman thought of the Establishment. But whether "the theologian of the future, looking back upon the Reformation, may exclaim '*O felix culpa!*'" is very much to be doubted.

After some account of the methods of treating dogma now in vogue among Protestant theologians, so many of whom are surprisingly Catholic in tone and tendency, Father Cuthbert urges our publicists to familiarize themselves with the writings of these men, declaring that they sometimes throw a flood of light upon the most intricate problems of Catholic thought. The necessity and advantages of such study are thus set forth:

To many of us the illuminating thought to be found in the works of non-Catholic theologians is utterly unknown. One advantage at least we

should gain by a study of their works. They have, many of them, a way of expressing the truth so as to make it intelligible and convincing to the non-Catholic mind, such as we seldom find in Catholic works. Much Catholic labor is simply wasted upon the non-Catholic mind because of the failure to get at the point of view of the non-Catholic, or because of the use of technical language which is foreign to the modern understanding. A familiarity with non-Catholic theology would at least help to remedy this.

Of course it is not to be thought that these works should be put into the hands of every Catholic. In order to gain profit from them we must be sufficiently instructed in our faith, so as to be able to sift the truth from error. In fact, it is a matter for theologians and priests rather than the laity. Hitherto it has been the custom to go to such theology for the purpose of combating its errors, and in the stress of controversy the good elements have been overlooked. That no good can come out of Berlin or Oxford or Glasgow has been the accepted principle. In consequence we have so far signally failed to get into touch with the religious difficulties and problems which beset the non-Catholic mind. If the Protestant world is becoming more Catholic in temper and thought, it is owing more to their own religious thinkers than to ourselves. We usually touch but the fringe of their difficulty rather than pierce to the heart of it. We ought, then, to recognize that outside the Church God is working in the minds and hearts of men, and that this divine working is not only for their personal salvation but for the benefit of His Church. Nor ought we to refuse to recognize the labors of those who are not of the fold but who are making Catholic dogma acceptable to the modern mind. By a generous recognition of this fact we may, perhaps, atone for the sin of those Catholics who in times past, by their negligence, helped to bring upon the Church the humiliation and pain of schism.

The corner-stone of a grand cathedral, which will cost \$200,000 and require three years for completion, has been laid at Christchurch, New Zealand. It is in honor of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and will be a monument to the sincerity and self-sacrifice of the faithful at the antipodes. The flock of Bishop Grimes is neither numerous nor wealthy; but faith is strong among them, and they are happy to co-operate with him in erecting a temple of magnificent proportions for the worship of God. The offerings laid upon the

corner-stone after the religious ceremony amounted to \$10,000. Marvellous changes have been wrought in Christ-church since the appointment of Bishop Grimes. The site of his new cathedral until recent years was a lagoon; and the venerable missionary who travelled through the district carrying on his back the requisites for Catholic worship is still living, the pioneer of progress which only toil and suffering could have made possible.

The people of this country — without exception, we like to believe — will rejoice that the full insignia of the archiepiscopal office has at last been formally bestowed on Mgr. Keane. That exemplary prelate, like many of the illustrious bishops of Church history, has been tried in the fire and has not been found wanting. Neither clergy nor laity are likely to forget the great example which Archbishop Keane set when he returned without a word to a work from which he had been rather ungently taken by a storm of partisan feeling; it was the act of a holy as well as a superior man. Dubuque is to be congratulated on its chief pastor, and it can not be doubted that through the establishment of Archbishop Keane in that see a great spiritual influence will go out over all the Western States. Let us hope that the successor of Archbishop Hennessy may have health and length of days.

The evils which you deplore... have their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice, and in an inclination to a soft and easy life.... Therefore must men... labor more zealously in training themselves to the practice of Christian virtues, and especially they must grow in the virtues of charity, self-denial, humility and contempt for the perishable things of this world.

Quoting these words of the letter which the Holy Father lately addressed to Cardinal Vaughan and the bishops

of England, the editor of the *School Journal* observes:

Now, the teacher who reads these noble, exalted and glorious sentiments will be inclined, perhaps, to dismiss them with the remark that they aim at religion, and hence at a field beyond the scope of the school. This is his error. Leo gives a striking description of the American state of mind. All teachers worthy of the name must hope, at heart, that the generation of buoyant, impressible, and generous youth in their companionship in the schools daily will avoid the degradation to that "excessive spirit of worldliness" which prevails outside. It is inconsistent with true education; it suspends the education that has begun.... We know we voice the feelings of thousands of teachers who feel the time has come for a united effort to make morality a distinct and daily aim in education. To such we commend the noble words of Leo XIII. If a few thousand of the teachers would unite in saying, "We will conscientiously endeavor to live and teach in the spirit of these words," a movement would be begun that would revivify in a few years the entire field.

The correspondent who directed our attention to this article was right in supposing that it would surprise and gratify us to see the Pope's words quoted and commended in the school-board issue of one of the leading educational journals of this country.

The late Monsig. Joseph McMahon, a venerable priest of the Archdiocese of New York, who died on the 15th inst. at the Catholic University of Washington, where he had resided for some years past, was one of the most generous benefactors of that institution. He was the founder of McMahon Hall, so named in his honor; and it is understood that the University will inherit the property that remained to him. The ecclesiastical title which he bore was bestowed through the kind offices of Cardinal Satolli, in recognition of his princely benefactions. Monsig. McMahon was a native of Ireland, and was educated for the priesthood at Maynooth and in Paris. His life-work was done in New York city, where he is still remembered by many of the older residents. *R. I. P.*



When the Queen was a Little Girl.

DOESN'T it seem strange to think that once upon a time Queen Victoria was a little girl and had to study and mind just as any little American is supposed to do now? Indeed, I am not sure that she wasn't brought up more strictly than some little girls I know.

Queen Victoria, who died lately, was born on May 24, 1819. She was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a golden font was brought from the Tower of London for the occasion. She was named Alexandrina Victoria, and she was very fortunate to get so short a name; for some royal babies get names longer than themselves. Just think of being baptized Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, as was a cousin of Queen Victoria's, who was born in 1822!

For a long time the little girl who was destined to become England's Queen was called Drina, and her father loved to call her his Mayflower; though he died before she was a year old. The little Drina had several narrow escapes in her childhood. When she was six months old she was taken by her parents to Sidmouth, a watering-place on the Devonshire coast; and a boy who was shooting sparrows near the house fired a charge through the nursery window close to the baby's head; and when she was three years old she was thrown from her pony carriage in Kensington Gardens. Of course it was the proper thing that great care should be taken of the little queen-elect, but it must have been very uncomfortable for her to feel that she

was always being watched and guarded. I don't suppose she ever slid down the banisters or fell out of bed or rolled downstairs or made mud pies in her whole life. How much she did miss!

The poor child was lonesome sometimes too; for it is related that once her mother, the Duchess of Kent, had a little harpist, Lyra by name, come to play for her. The Duchess was called out of the room, and when she came back she found Lyra sitting on the floor beside Victoria enjoying the pretty toys. It is said that the royal child had one hundred and thirty-two dolls at one time, and they were not the beautiful wax dolls that little girls have now. They were rag dolls and wooden dolls and some china dolls, and they were dressed in a great variety of ways. They are preserved in Kensington Museum. If you ever visit that Museum you must be sure to see if the dolls look like the characters they were dressed to represent. There were Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Napoleon; also Dr. Johnson, Josephine, Shakespeare, Ann Hathaway, and others.

It is related that a servant some years ago found in one of the garrets of Buckingham Palace several dolls which were dressed by Queen Victoria when she was a little girl. Word was sent to Osborne; and the Queen telegraphed to have all the dolls seated on chairs and sofas, and photographed, and the pictures sent to her; and she greatly enjoyed seeing these reminders of her childhood.

This is how Alexandrina Victoria spent most of her days when she was a little girl. She rose at seven, breakfasted on fruit and bread and milk; then she

had a donkey ride or a walk. From ten to twelve she had lessons. After the two o'clock luncheon she worked at her studies till four, when she went for a drive or played in the garden with her nurse, whom she called Boppy. Her supper was of bread and milk, and soon after she was put to bed.

When she was five years old a regular tutor took charge of her education, already begun by her mother and a governess, *Fräulein Lehzen*. Besides the ordinary English branches, she studied German and French; and at eleven, Italian, Latin, Greek, mathematics, music and drawing were added. Then, too, she received special instructions in constitutional law and politics.

The little Victoria liked to dance; but it couldn't have been much fun to dance when tall, solemn footmen in scarlet stood around like statues, looking at your every move.

When at home special services were held in the palace on Sunday, so she did not go to church; but when away from London she attended the nearest church, and on her return home her mother would make her give an account of the sermon; and in those days short sermons had not yet come into fashion. She was twelve years old before she knew that she might be England's Queen; and, according to *Fräulein Lehzen*, this is the way she learned her rank:

"One day, after the instructor left the study-room, I placed the genealogical table in the historical book that I knew she would use next. When the Princess Victoria took it up to prepare her lesson, she saw the additional leaf and read it. She then said: 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' She was very thoughtful for a little while, and finally said, earnestly: 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin.'

And again she said: 'I will be good.'"

When there seemed no doubt that Victoria would become England's ruler, Parliament voted £16,000 a year for her maintenance and education. The Duchess of Kent was very strict with her little girl, and her governess carried out to the letter the orders she received in regard to her young mistress. One thing that I wish were enforced with more little girls: she was made to finish whatever she began. One day she was raking some hay into a heap, and, becoming tired, she threw the rake down; but the governess made her pick up the rake and finish the haycock. The little royal lady had a fixed allowance of spending money, and one time at a bazaar she spent all she had on gifts for her cousins. She happened to think of one whose name was accidentally omitted from the list, and she picked out a jewel-box for her. The governess told her she had no more money, so must wait till her next allowance was due. The clerk wished her to take the box with her, but the governess would not allow it. So the pretty gift was laid aside for the royal purchaser, and the day she received the money she rode down on her donkey at seven in the morning, secured the box and paid for it.

She was a bright little girl; and once, when some one had read to her the story of *Cornelia*, the mother of the *Gracchi*, who said of her children, "These are my jewels," Victoria remarked: "She should have said, 'These are my *cornelians*.'"

Victoria was trained to be courteous and affable with all; and one day, when walking near *Malvern*, she and her dog ran on ahead of her mother and the governess. Overtaking a peasant girl about her own age, she spoke to her, and after a few words she said: "My dog is very tired. Will you carry him, please?" The good-natured child took up the dog; but after a while she said:

"I am tired now and can't carry your dog any longer."—"But you have carried him only a little way: you can't be tired," declared the royal child.—"Far enough," the girl replied; "and if your dog must be carried, why, carry him yourself." And the dog was put on his own little legs. Victoria was amused, and went on talking to the peasant girl until the Duchess and Fräulein Lehzen overtook them, and spoke to Victoria, using the title "Princess." The country lass was much confused; but the royal visitors put her at her ease, and the Duchess gave her half a crown as they passed on; and the coin was framed and hung up as a precious souvenir.

Of course little girls in our free land can not understand the relation between this little Princess and her people; but there is one thing in common between little girls in America and in England—they must all learn, sooner or later, that their dolls are stuffed with sawdust.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.—ROBBIE VISITS THE WHARF.

Cousin Dolores and Robbie rode into town in the soft light of the setting sun. After a day and a half of constant travelling, save for two stops at the ranches of distant cousins, Robbie was not loath once more to see the rows of houses; and, above all, the tops of the masts on the ships in the bay shining in the evening light. The smell of the salt-water in the air blew fresh in his nostrils, and he looked longingly toward the bay. At last he was about to see a real ship, and perhaps go aboard one. But he said nothing to his cousin, who, a little fatigued and abstracted, leaned back in the surrey, glad to be nearing a rest.

"Robbie," she said, taking the reins from the boy's hands, "we are so tired and dusty, and it is so long since I have been there, that I do not believe we will go to cousin Antonia Mirado's to-night. If we do, I shall be kept awake till all hours talking of old times and I know not what. Let us go to a hotel and have a good sleep. To-morrow, after I have transacted some business, we can go to our relations. What do you say?"

"Yes, Cousin Dolores, I think that will be best," rejoined Robbie. "For my part, I don't feel tired; but you must be. Where shall we go?"

"Not far from here is a place where in olden times the Spanish people used to put up. Nowadays the old couple who keep it are perhaps not so active as they were, and there is no *style*; but we shall find it clean and comfortable, and it is also near the place where I must go on business to-morrow. Let us go there—to the Villavencias."

They turned into a side street, and soon drew up before a whitewashed adobe house, set in a grove of pepper-trees, flanked on the outside by tall eucalyptus. A wide gate stood leaning on one rusty hinge; the carriage drive was grass-grown; the whole aspect of the place picturesque but lonely.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the lady. "Since I have been here last they have taken away both wings of the house, which were of wood. Who knows but that the Villavencias are not here any longer? Jump down, Robbie, and see."

The boy was on his feet in an instant. At the same moment the door opened, and an old woman, with very white hair, appeared, shading her eyes from the setting sun.

"Ah, Señora Marta!" called Dolores, in Spanish. "You are, then, still alive! So quiet did it look all about that I feared you might have followed the way all the old-timers have taken."

"What! is it Doña Dolores?" cried the old woman, hastening forward. "Come, Miguel,—it is Doña Dolores!" she added; and an old man appeared in the doorway, bowing and smiling an exuberant and most respectful welcome.

The horse was soon stabled and the travellers seated in a comfortable sitting-room, while the old lady began to prepare the evening meal. When this had been dispatched, Dolores said she would like to retire to her room. Robbie was already nodding; by nine o'clock both were asleep. But they were early astir next morning; and, after breakfast, Dolores asked the old man to get the carriage ready, as she had considerable business to attend to before noon.

"You will be back to dinner, Señora?" asked Marta, as they prepared to depart.

"To be sure," was the reply. "And then we shall make some visits, and probably pass the night with some of our relatives. But you may depend upon having us back to dinner at noon, Marta. And I promise you that we shall be very hungry."

The commission houses lay close to the water. While his cousin was holding interviews with the various merchants Robbie sat in the carriage, gazing out longingly at the blue waters of the bay, on which light sail-boats were flitting hither and thither. Finally she came out from one of the dim, dark-looking warehouses and once more took her place in the vehicle.

"I have made most satisfactory arrangements," she said. "And now I will drive you down to the water, for it is early yet."

"You look tired, Cousin Dolores," said the boy. "Really, it would be better for you to go back and lie down. After dinner we can visit the water-front,—or I can, if you do not feel like it."

"But there are some calls to make this afternoon, Robbie," said his cousin.

"Well, then, let me take you home, and I can come back alone. It is not near dinner-time yet; we started very early."

"Could you find your way back, do you think?"

"Certainly I could. We can see the pepper-trees about the Villavencias' house from here. I am good at finding my way; and it is not far."

"Very well, then. Suppose you stay? There is no need that you should drive me home. Stay now. In five minutes you will be at the steamship wharf." She looked at her watch. "It is now five minutes of ten; you can see a great deal in two hours. The shipping about our water-front is not very extensive. When you hear the noon whistle, come up as fast as you can. You will easily find the place, as those pepper-trees can be seen from the wharf very well, and it will not be much more than a ten-minutes' walk. Here, Robbie, better take my watch, and perhaps start back at ten minutes before twelve. Marta will have dinner promptly at noon, and she will be disappointed if you are not there to partake of it."

Robbie took the watch and, throwing the old-fashioned chain over his head, placed it in his pocket, saying:

"Thanks, Cousin Dolores! I shall be there on time—never fear."

"And do not go too near the edge of the wharf, Robbie," said the old lady. "I know I can trust you."

"I think you can," answered the boy, laughing gaily. "I shan't go too near the water; and I promise you, well as I love the sea, not to take passage in any of the ships."

"Good-bye, then!" said the old lady, gathering up the reins. "Promptly at twelve will be dinner, remember. I know Marta of old. And it will be a very good dinner; do not be late for it."

"I shan't," said Robbie. "You're sure you don't mind going up alone?"

"No, not at all," was the reply. "I am quite familiar with these streets."

The boy watched the carriage until it had turned the corner; then, setting his little cap firmly on his head, he sped away down the long, sloping street, till he came to the open water-front, where the magnificent bay, in its blue, rippling expanse, lay stretched out before him. He drew in long, deep breaths of satisfaction as he gazed upon it. It was so beautiful, he thought, that it seemed a wonder the whole population did not spend all their leisure moments admiring it. Yet there were very few people about, and not many ships in port. In the near distance a battleship lay at anchor, small boats going to and fro all about it; the water was alive with little sail-boats practising for the Carnival, which was to occur in a fortnight; a lumber schooner was unloading not far away; and considerably farther, the top of its masts just within sight, a large Australian merchantman was getting ready for sea.

But Robbie did not observe all these at once: his enraptured eyes were too busy taking in the whole scene. Very soon a boat put off from the cruiser. He watched it as it approached, loaded with sailors, all in Uncle Sam's uniform. His heart swelled with joy and pride as they came closer,—a manly-looking lot of sturdy fellows. He threw back his head, folded his arms and began to feel a proprietary interest in those brave defenders of his country.

While he stood admiring the precision with which they raised and lowered their oars, a shout from behind arrested his attention; and, turning, he saw about twenty sailors coming along the wharf, laughing and joking. A voice at his elbow startled him.

"Those lads have been having a good time on shore," said an old man standing close beside him, of whose presence he

had not been aware. "They seem all right, though," he went on; "they don't any of them appear to have abused their liberty. You see they're going back to the ship now, and the fellows in the boat are coming on shore."

"No, sir, that ain't so, beggin' your pardon!" said another old man, who had been slowly approaching. "The common sailors don't come ashore in the captain's boat—and that's it—except when they're bringin' over some of the officers or takin' company to visit the ship. You see them little boats puttin' out from the vessel just now? Them's full of sailors, and they'll land 'em and take back the others. That there launch is fetchin' over the captain,—I see him. There he is yonder!"

The launch was made fast, and a greyhaired gentleman in citizen's dress came on shore. Robbie was a little disappointed; for he could hardly believe that the captain of a great American warship would prefer wearing civilian's garb at any time to that of a naval officer.

"They always do it when they're in port," said his informant. "You don't never see 'em in uniform except when they're payin' official visits."

After the sailors had disappeared the old men strolled away together; Robbie was left alone. The tall masts at the end of the steamship wharf attracted him. He glanced at his watch. It was a quarter of eleven.

"I think I will go over and have a look at that big ship," he thought, at the same time turning his steps in her direction.

(To be continued.)

"I CAN imitate the notes of the nightingale," said a conceited man to Philip of Macedon.—"The nightingale does not have to imitate," answered Philip. "I prefer his notes."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Aphorisms and Reflections" is the title of a new book by Bishop Spalding, to be published immediately by McClurg & Co.

—We regret to have to chronicle the death of the Baroness Pauline von Hügel, the author of the charming sketch of Father Gallitzin published in this magazine. She was the daughter of the Baron Charles von Hügel, and was a model of all that is best in Catholic womanhood. *R. I. P.*

—We have received from B. Herder a new book of devotions for the hour of Visit to the Blessed Sacrament, entitled "Before the Most Holy." The writer, Mother M. Loyola, of Bar Convent, York, England, shows in these meditations and prayers the spirit of holy confidence with which we should speak to Him whose delight it is to be with the children of men.

—Of new devotional books published in this country we note "The Rosary the Crown of Mary," by a Dominican Father (Benziger Bros.); and "A Popular Manual of the Grand Jubilee for 1901," by Rev. Joseph Jackman, C. SS. R. (P. J. Kenedy). Neither of these booklets calls for more than a mention, there are so many others like them. Both are published with episcopal approval.

—A zealous priest in Ireland set a good example by reprinting, for the use of the faithful during Holy Week, the history of the Passion according to the Four Evangelists. The distracted looks of the majority of people attending the solemn services of the last week of Lent prove that they have little understanding of what is read or chanted in the sanctuary. The penny booklet to which we refer is likely to be eagerly welcomed.

—Mr. Griffin's *Historical Researches* continues to do its own peculiar work in a very satisfactory way. The latest issue, among other good things, contains some valuable notes on the bigoted fable embodied in O. W. Nixon's much-praised book, "How Whitman Saved Oregon." According to the fable, Dr. Whitman, a Protestant clergyman, overheard an exuberant young Canadian priest exulting over the prospect of making the present Oregon a Canadian and Catholic district, through the immigration in 1842 of a colony from over the border. In the fable the young priest cries out: "Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late and we have got the country." Then Dr. Whitman sets out for Washington, arouses the federal authorities to a sense of the double danger, leads

back a thousand immigrants of the right sort, and thus "saves" Oregon. A writer in the *American Historical Review* (January) pronounces the story fictitious both in essentials and in details. Of Mr. Nixon's book he says: "The author is either ignorant of, or suppresses, essential facts." This is history as she is wrote in the romantic novel.

—Another warning regarding the importance of punctuation is afforded by the newspaper report of a brief lecture by an army officer. The report quotes the officer as saying: "The military service requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior." What the officer said was this: "The military service requires little: prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

—Among the many biographies of Tennyson that appeal to the reading public there is one whose title is likely to arouse more than momentary speculation. It is Mr. Robert F. Horton's "Alfred Tennyson: A Saintly Life." The English laureate was no doubt a good man as well as a great poet; but the connotation of "saint" and "sanctity," at least in Catholic minds, is something quite different from even the estimable personality, or the preponderance of natural virtues, exemplified in Alfred, Baron Tennyson of Aldworth.

—It often happens that authors are unable to find a publisher willing to assume the risks of works which, not to speak of the labor of writing, have cost much to prepare for the press. Readers do not always consider that an author may have paid more than the price of the volume in their hands for a single illustration or work of reference. Had it not been for the patronage of Queen Victoria, those valuable contributions to the literature of Christian art by Mrs. Jameson might never have been made. It is pleasant to know that deserving writers find needed patrons in our own country. To the munificent patronage of Archbishop Feehan we owe the publication of Eliza Allen Starr's "Three Keys," which is one of the most creditable and costly volumes ever issued under Catholic auspices in the United States. It is a publication of which American Catholics have reason to be proud. The Archbishop of Chicago is as thoughtful and practical as he is generous. Fearing that other excellent and helpful books for general readers by the same author, notably her "Christmastide," "Archangels and Angels," and "Seven Dolors," might be lost sight of, he

has given directions to have them electrotyped at his expense. It may be permitted to tell this much—we think it ought to be told—since we make no mention of other benefactions of the Chicago prelate, none, the less praiseworthy though carefully concealed.

—There seems to be a growing tendency among the publishers of fiction to “stampede” the reading public into the belief that the most ephemeral novels, fit only to beguile a leisure hour and then be thrown aside, are really meritorious classics fully worthy of a prominent place on one’s library shelves. Books which a decade ago would have appeared in paper covers, their very livery suggesting their transiency, now come to us in the substantial and elegant apparel once reserved for standard works. The difference between the handsomely bound \$1.50 novel of to-day and the unpretentious, paper-covered 25 cent story of the early 90’s is really one of degree, not of kind; and even in the matter of degree, the difference is not uniformly in favor of the more recent books. Thousands of readers are discovering nowadays that expensive bindings and the trade-marks of reputable publishing houses are no guarantees of excellence in the warp and woof of novels.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, net.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, net.

Hans Memlinc. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga’s Knight. *La Motte Fouqu .* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques B nigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

The Two Stowaways. *Mary G. Bonesteel.* 35 cts.

Orestes A. Brownson’s Latter Life: 1856–1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

Life of Felix de Andreis, C. M. \$1.25.

The Cardinal’s Snuff-box. *Henry Harland.* \$1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

Around the Crib. *Henry Perrey .* 50 cts.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. \$6.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* \$1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* \$1.

Her Father’s Trust: A Catholic Story. *Mary Maher.* 75 cts., net.

The Last Years of St. Paul. *Fouard-Griffith.* \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. J. H. Defouri, of the Archdiocese of Santa F ; the Rev. Martin Dowling, New York; the Rev. Henry Delbaer, Peoria; and the Rev. John Holloban, S. J.

Sister Josephine, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. of St. Maur, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. J. M. Zimmerman, of Quincy, Ill.; Miss K. Dillon, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Margaret McAuliffe, Randolph, Mass.; Mr. Roland Reed and Mr. Nicholas O’Connell, New York; Mr. Thomas Healy, Sr., Blossburg, Pa.; Baroness Pauline von H gel, Boscombe, England; Mr. J. Ruedisueli, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. John Murphy, Mr. M. J. Murray, Mrs. Caroline Johnson, and Miss Agnes E. Quinn, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Daniel Moran, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Joseph O’Connell and Mr. Michael Connor, Liberty, Ind.; Mr. William Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; and Mrs. Laura Mattingly, Westminster, Ky.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Words by FATHER FABER.

Music by REV. H. G. GANSS.

1. Dear Hus - band of Ma - ry! dear Nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full
2. For thou to the pil - grim art Fa - ther and Guide, And Je - sus and

wea - ry, the de - sert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no
Ma - ry, felt safe by thy side; Ah! bless - ed Saint Jo - seph! how

home we can see; Sweet Spouse of our La - dy! we lean up - on thee.
safe should I be, Sweet Spouse of our La - dy! if thou wert with me!

3.

4.

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth!
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus, ah! then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee bearing thy God;
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou bear me?





MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM.
L'Surugue after Vlenghels.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

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To Our Lady in May.

BY L. B.

THOUGH joyed at beholding young Nature
unfolding
Her beauties close hid through the winter's long
day,
Still fuller our measure of rapturous pleasure
In hailing thine advent, blest Queen of the May!
Each land to thee proffers whate'er springtide offers
Of goodliest gifts for a festal array,—
Bright sunshine, sweet flowers, and balmy-breathed
bowers
All vocal with trills of the song-birds of May.
With these take one other—a gift, dearest Mother,
Thou wilt prize all the charms of the Maytime
above:
To thy custody tender our hearts we surrender
And pledge thee forever our life and our love.

The Gala Month of the Year.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

 IN tracing the development of
Christian doctrine, from the first
century to the twentieth, one can
not but be impressed by the marvel-
lous harmony with which the special
devotions of particular eras have been
adapted to the needs of the age in
which they flourished. While leaving the
faithful of every century perfectly free
to translate into such exterior practices
as best suited their mood the faith that
dominated their intellects and the love
that inflamed their hearts, the Spirit
of God has ever directed this liberty

of His children, has kept its action in
fullest accord with the principles of
Catholicism, and has superabundantly
blessed the successive manifestations of
religious fervor that have constituted
from age to age new chapters in the
history of the Church.

During the first few centuries of the
Christian era, when the Church was
engaged in the tremendous task of
reorganizing society, of substituting
Catholic truth and pure morality for
heathen chimeras and unbridled license,
there was manifest need of dauntless
energy in the inevitable conflict between
the old and the new. Courage, fortitude,
heroism were the qualities meet for the
early Christians; and, accordingly, we
see that martyrdom was the expression
of their interior piety. Old and young,
slaves and freedmen, venerable pontiffs
and youthful soldiers, tender virgins
and feeble widows,—all thronged to the
reeking sands of the arena to bear
testimony in their blood to Christ, the
true God, whom they loved with an
ardor unquenchable on earth.

Later on, when the persecutors had
been glutted with martyrs' blood and
conquered by martyrs' patience, peace
supervened; and religious fervor had
to seek another outlet than gladsome
exposure to the fury of wild beasts
or the multifarious tortures of Roman
prefects. The pagans had learned one
lesson—that Christians would willingly
die for their faith; a new era demanded
vivid instruction of another kind, and

the anchorets of the Thebaid forthwith supplied it. Thousands of the faithful distributed their goods among the poor, quitted their homes and country, and, seeking out the most retired solitudes, gave to the world beneficent examples of lives of poverty, chastity, constant penance, and indefatigable prayer.

Still later, in the course of the centuries, we find that pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to Rome were the distinctive features of the exterior piety of many a long generation. Coming down to more recent epochs, how admirably is not the work of the Propagation of the Faith suited to times when rampant heresy seeks to neutralize the vivifying action of Christ's unchanging Gospel! And how wonderfully apt, as remedies for the evils of a civilization that enthrones pleasure and luxury and love of self, are not the rapidly spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the world-wide cultus of His Blessed Mother!

In the economy of Divine Providence, each of these various manifestations of the religious spirit has corresponded to the actual needs both of the faithful who gave and the world that witnessed them; and it is not too much to say that not to be a devout client of our Blessed Lady in this dawn of the twentieth century is to be distinctly out of accord with the mind of the Church, whose prelates and faithful are everywhere emphasizing the pressing need of the age—our seeking Jesus through Mary. In a sense somewhat different from that usually attached to the phrase, it is to be lamentably behind the times. Indifference to Our Lady's cult is indeed nothing more or less than unfaithfulness to the vocation of our age; and, as with individual vocations, so with this general one, lack of fidelity thereto is the forerunner of untold trials and griefs and spiritual dangers.

Given that we are not unfaithful, that

in this matter of seeking Jesus through Mary we are at one with our brethren the world over, that our souls vibrate in unison with the dominant note of the Catholicism of our age,—then we welcome the present month as the fairest and best favored, the most beauteous and most bountiful of all the twelve, that make up the cycle of the year. Our hearts throb with additional momentum of filial love; our voices assume a more tender tone in chanting the praises of our Heavenly Queen; our lips murmur more frequent and more fervent prayers to our Mother, who is also Christ's; and the exuberant joy of Nature in the gracious unfolding of springtime life and beauty is more than equalled by the spiritual delight with which we accomplish our share in the thrice-welcome task of worthily celebrating Our Lady's special month.

The setting apart of a full month as peculiarly the Blessed Virgin's was a development of her cult which, long before it appeared, might well have been foreseen as the inevitable rounding out of that cult's perfect symmetry. Following the natural divisions of time—hours, days, months, and years,—our forefathers early appropriated to Our Lady certain hours of the day. At morning, noon and eve the Angelus bell pealed out the Archangel's greeting, "Hail, full of grace!" and heads and hearts bowed in veneration to the handmaid of the Lord, whose humility won for her incomparable dignity. Of the days of the week, not more sacredly was Sunday observed as the Lord's than Saturday became especially His Mother's. So, too, each month was beautified with some glorious festival whose octave furnished our Blessed Lady's week; and thus it remained only to sanctify the year by consecrating to her one of its twelve divisions. So it is that with artistic

symmetry, the whole year round, come stated periods when the Catholic world raises its eyes to Mary, renders her its homage, implores her intercession, sings her glories, and, impressed by the study of her manifold virtues, intensifies its fervor in the service of God.

That May should be the particular month selected as the Virgin's own is strictly in accordance with the characteristic appropriateness of the Church's ordering of her festivals. The felicitous congruity so often observed in the admirable harmony between special solemnities and the aspect of nature at the period of their occurrence is here clearly visible. Just as the plaintive rustle of the falling leaves and the wailing blasts of bleak November are fit accompaniments to the pathetic solemnity of All Souls', so the fair season of nature's rejuvenescence—of budding leaflets, unfolding blossoms, carolling birds, and balmy breezes,—is the most congruous offering to her who is pre-eminently the Flower of the field, the Lily of the valley, the Rose of the garden of Jericho.

While the recalling to mind of such considerations as the foregoing is natural enough at the opening of Our Lady's month, and is so far profitable as it disposes us to spend it worthily, it must not be forgotten that other considerations are probably, in our individual cases, of far more practical import. One may yield intellectual assent to the statements that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the dominant manifestations of the religious spirit of our age; that it is a most excellent expression of that spirit and one peculiarly pleasing to God; that its appropriate setting is the dedication of a complete month to the Queen of Heaven, and that May is the month of all most worthy of that honor,—and yet fail to garner during this favored season

a tithe of the golden spiritual wheat that daily invites our sickle. It behooves us, then, to see to it that the Month of Mary shall enrich us personally by increasing our devotion to that benignant Mother, and by furthering our progress in those virtues of which she is the perfect example.

Our devotion to the Blessed Virgin finds expression in three different modes: we love her, we invoke her, and we imitate her. Granted that we have long cherished such a devotion, and that it daily finds expression in some one or in all three of these modes, is it not susceptible of increase? and can not our love, invocation, and imitation be practised in a degree far higher than that which marks them now?

Our love for Mary! Is it as deep, as tender, as intense as we are capable of making it? She is our mother; and what word is sweeter to the lips or heart than that blest name? It is the touching and universal symbol of goodness, gentleness, devotion, and sacrifice. Mary is our mother, for by the incarnation of her "first-born Son"* we were all raised to the dignity of brotherhood with Jesus Christ. She is our mother because the dying Saviour gave her to us as such,—“Son, behold thy Mother! Woman, behold thy son!” And His omnipotent word constituted her all that the gracious name implies—made her our refuge in misery, our unfailing resource in time of need, our consoler in suffering, and our advocate at the throne of Divine Justice.

We love her, it may be; but is our love for her stronger than that for self, than our longing for wealth and honors? Do we love her to the extent of making genuine sacrifices for her sake, of manifesting ardent zeal for her devotion, of enkindling a similar love in the hearts of those among whom we habitually

* St. Luke, ii, 7.

live and move? Or, rather, is not our love for her inconstant, transient in its acts, ephemeral in its glow? If so, the function of Our Lady's month, so far as we are concerned, is to intensify and fix in our hearts the flame of love for the Immaculate Virgin; to render it fuller and brighter than as yet it has shone; to feed it with thought and word and act till its beneficent light illumines our whole existence.

We invoke our Mother every day; but is nothing wanting to the invocation? Is it as fervent, as earnest, as whole-souled as are our petitions to earthly benefactors of whom we seek precious favors? Is it as frequent as, in view of our needs, our duties, our temptations, and our trials, it should be? Nay, are our prayers to Our Lady invariably *real* prayers, informed with a vivifying spirit; or are they sometimes mere recitations of a memory-lesson, almost as mechanical as the utterances of the phonograph? During the progress of her special month, at least, our supplications will be characterized by vivid reality. Echoing in our inmost hearts the canticles that voice her dignity and her prerogatives, assenting with interior delight to all that we hear and read of her unbounded affection for every child of humanity, we shall endue our petitions with a force and energy of which too often, hitherto, they have been devoid; and shall multiply our entreaties for additional strength, new graces, increase of fervor, and final perseverance.

The perfect flower of devotion to the Mother of God, the most adequate mode in which that devotion can express itself, is unquestionably the imitation of her virtues. On this point, what is our record and our standing? The present is not the first Month of Mary that we have celebrated. Often already have we entered upon and followed up the exercises of the May devotions.

What fruits of virtue have we secured by the practice? As truly as our Divine Lord said it to His disciples, Mary says to us from her throne in heaven: "I have given you an example." She bids us regard her whole earthly career; her infancy spent in the temple; her youth and part of her maturity passed in the obscurity of Nazareth; her dolours during Passiontide; her anguish on Calvary; and her desolation when left alone on earth, bereft of the sustaining presence of her Divine Son. In each of these situations she left an example which, as occasions arise, it is for us to imitate.

Imitation has been called the sincerest flattery; it is rather the patent proof of genuine love. If we desire to render ourselves truly worthy of our Mother's tenderness, if we ardently long to secure during this privileged month favors and graces beyond all price, no surer plan can we adopt than that of endeavoring to resemble her in so far as her virtues are by us attainable. The most grateful homage that we can proffer to Mary during these gracious May days is additional zeal and fervor in the practice of humility, patience, purity, obedience, piety, and fraternal charity. So, too, the most blessed harvest we can reap from this fruitful field of the May devotions is steadfastness in the continued exercise of these and kindred virtues. Devotion to our Heavenly Mother is an infallible sign of predestination, but only when it is a real devotion that is manifested in work as well as in word. Let May increase the volume of our love, the earnestness of prayers, and, above all, our likeness to our peerless Queen; and it will prove what the Church designed it should be—a month of glory for Mary and of grace for us her clients.

THROUGH Mary we deserve to ascend to Jesus her Son, who by her has vouchsafed to descend to us.—*St. Bernard.*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.—MR. MORAN'S EX-HOUSEKEEPER
VISITS HER RELATIVE.

DOOR Martha Finney had accepted her month's wages and her sharp dismissal with furious wrath. She had left as much poison of the asp as she could under her master's roof, striving to sow discontent here and dissension there, and to discredit him and his motives and his conduct.

"He knows what he's doing when he gets rid of an honest woman that's broke down her health slaving for him," she declared. "He was that furious when I gave him warning that he told me to pack up and go at wunst. But he has his reasons. And I'll stay no longer under his roof, with the doings that I see around me."

This was her parting malediction. The groom, eager to obey his master's order to see that she caught the train, hurried her off; so that the venomous hissing of her tongue and her face of vinegar were soon far away. The servants felt her exit to be a relief; and, while there was, unhappily, a tendency amongst them to side with their own class and to take a jaundiced view of their employer—which, by the way, often spoils a really good servant,—they joked and laughed about Martha's denunciations of Mr. Moran.

Yet in the minds of some of the household lingered Martha's dark hints. They wondered if Martha could have found out anything. Could Mr. Moran be a swindler or a forger? What did it all mean? Still, the pay was good, the place agreeable; and Mary Geraghty's face and her full, round Irish tones were as wholesome in dispelling those foul miasms of thought as Martha

Finney's were potent in generating them.

Mary Geraghty knew nothing about any communication between her master and the inmates of Vine Cottage, nor would she have been appalled by any such knowledge. She was accustomed to see the young ladies and their mother at church, and admired them greatly. The new housekeeper was one of those servants who shed a lustre on their race and religion. High-principled, warm-hearted, loyal, Mary Geraghty would have been as incapable of speaking ill of her master as of robbing the plate chest. She was a model Irish servant, winning respect and sincere affection in whatever household she lived.

Martha Finney had gone over that very morning to say "good-bye" to Mrs. Gregg. She found the butcher and his wife unusually bitter and loud in their denunciations of the ladies at the cottage; for Mrs. Gregg, according to her husband's instructions, had made overtures, only to be firmly, if politely, shown the door. Joshua himself told Martha that he was about to take legal measures to recover the amount due to him; at which Martha rejoiced exceedingly, urging him to lose no time in securing his own.

"For, mark you, it was through them that you lost Moran's custom. You were right enough, Mrs. Gregg, that morning you told me so."

"Well, yes, I mostly am right," said Mrs. Gregg, with blended modesty and triumph. "When I gets a notion into my head, it's generally correct. But what does it mean?"

Martha jerked back her head with a gesture full of significance.

"Who knows what it means?" she said. "They've got hold of him somehow; and a prize he is, the low-down—"

Gregg interrupted:

"'Tain't no use talking, ma'am. We'll fix them all yet."

"Aye, we will!" Martha said, sourly.

She had already a plan in her mind by which she hoped to revenge herself.

Martha had a relative employed by a large furniture firm in New York, and through him she had learned that the Raymonds had bought all their household furnishings on the instalment plan, and had been hitherto unable to make the stipulated payments. The furniture had been procured not for the cottage, but for a more expensive house in which they had previously dwelt at the far extremity of the little country town. It was during their residence there that they first became involved with Gregg and other tradesmen. The renting of the cottage had been, indeed, a measure of economy; but so far its results were scarcely perceptible, as they had been unable to free themselves of previous indebtedness.

Now, Martha had resolved to see this relative of hers and urge upon him the necessity for immediate action if he wished to recover anything. She meant to inform him of Gregg's intention of making a seizure, which would cause other tradespeople to do the like. This scheme had come into her mind at first as a means of getting rid of the obnoxious neighbors; now, however, she contemplated it solely through a desire for vengeance upon the luckless ladies of the cottage and her offending master.

Martha, having arrived in New York on that memorable afternoon of her dismissal, lost no time in carrying out her evil intention. She crossed the City Hall Square and took a Fourth Avenue car, which would convey her to that particular point in the Bowery where Boomer, Smallby, and Chestenham had their establishment for the furnishing of houses on the instalment plan.

Martha, passing in at the great glass door, covered with advertisements of the cheapness within, sat down upon

a stool and looked about her. Her face was purple and mottled from the heat, and covered with perspiration; her neck-gear was reduced to pulp, and her thread gloves adhered uncomfortably to her hands. She heard people, mostly the poor and shabby, bargaining with a dozen curt-voiced salesmen. These sounds, with the noise of cable cars and wagons and vehicles of all sorts on the street without, were distracting after the quiet of the country. The smell of fresh varnish, too, was distasteful to nostrils which had so long inhaled only the fragrance of forest and garden. The piles of chairs turned topsy-turvy, and the rows upon rows of tables, sideboards, cabinets, bedsteads, seemed phantasmagorical. Presently a shopman stepped up to her:

"What can I do for you, ma'am? All articles on the instalment plan,—one-fifth of the price down, the rest paid monthly. Extra inducements to extensive purchasers."

For, as people grow to resemble their surroundings, Martha, having lived in prosperous surroundings, had an air of prosperity about her.

"I want to see Mr. Freeman," said Martha, briefly.

"Commercial gent? Travels for the house?" the clerk inquired.

Martha nodded.

"The prince of drummers, too. Smart fellow, Freeman. He may be out on the road. I'll ask at the office."

He disappeared, and his voice was heard hallooing at the telephone and asking for Mr. Freeman. In an incredibly short time he was back.

"Just step this way, lady," he said. "You're in luck. Mr. Freeman came in from the West last night and is talking to a party upstairs now. He'll be here in a few minutes."

He led her into a small box-like office and shut the door. Martha sat there,

wiping her face and neck, and feeling some exhaustion from the heat, but never relaxing her evil purpose. She looked out at the blistering pavements and the hurrying, sweltering crowds on the Bowery. She gazed vacantly at the many curious signs on the buildings opposite and the flaring advertisements on all sides. She saw a man parading up and down with huge sign-boards hung about his neck, and she read with unseeing eyes the advertisement of a patent medicine. The letters conveyed nothing whatever to her mind.

Just at this moment a step was heard and Mr. Freeman turned the handle of the office door, still in conversation with "parties," as he said himself, outside. Entering, he greeted Martha with curt and jocular civility.

"Why, hello, old girl! It's a century since you were in town before."

"I come most every week of my life to Washington Market," Martha said.

"Is that so? Well, I haven't seen you except that one day I stopped over at your town on business with the folks next door to you."

He waited a moment; but as Martha did not speak he rattled on:

"Well, what's up? The millionaire don't want anything on the instalment plan, I suppose?—though a mighty good plan it is for rich or poor."

"I have left Moran's," said Martha. Her relative whistled.

"Is the sky going to fall? Been cutting up rough, has he; or getting married, or making love to you?"

The man's vulgarity was intolerable to her, for she had been so long breathing another atmosphere.

"I left him," Martha said, slowly; "and I come here on business. I come for your advantage, as you're about my nearest of kin."

Freeman only nodded. He wondered if she wanted a loan of him.

"I come, I say, for your advantage," Martha repeated.

Suddenly it flashed into Freeman's mind that this woman might have got hold of one of those magical secrets which Henry Moran was supposed to possess and about which there was almost a superstition in financial circles. But he dismissed the notion with a contemptuous laugh, and merely said:

"Well, spit it out, old girl, whatever it is. I must be on the road again."

"I guess you'd better put off going for a day or so," observed Martha.

"You'll have to show just cause!" cried he. He was getting impatient of Martha's slowness.

"You made a sale out our way?"

"Yes, a year ago, or more. Raymond,—eight hundred dollars. Only paid first instalment. Goods to be seized if more cash isn't forthcoming."

He was running his finger down the page of his memorandum-book, and by some process, which to Martha appeared magical, he had instantaneously opened it at the precise spot whereon these facts were recorded. Martha stared; the man was so quick.

"Don't you delay in making that seizure," said she.

"It can't be done too quick," Freeman answered. "These things get out and hurt trade, you see."

"Then there won't be no furniture to seize," said Martha; and her cousin looked her straight in the face.

"What in thunder is she driving at?" he wondered.

"Joshua Gregg, the butcher, is going to seize; and I guess the grocer, and maybe one or two more."

Freeman sprang from his chair, where he had been sitting with his feet upon an opposite table.

"By George!" he cried. "Old girl, you've done the right thing by me! If there was any loss on that furniture it

would come out of my salary. See?"

"Why, of course! To be sure I knowed it!" Martha replied, sententiously and with much self-complacency.

Freeman suddenly stood still and looked at her.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't want nothing," Martha said,—"I don't want nothing!"

Freeman felt convinced that sooner or later she would try to realize "on this job," but he only observed:

"Well, I'll keep it in mind anyhow, and I'll do as much for you."

"I couldn't stand by and see you cheated," cried Martha, warmly.

"Right you are! Blood's thicker than water. But I'll make those deadbeats squeal before I'm done with them."

He arose and straightened his hat on his head as a sign that he must be going. That instant he caught such a gleam of malicious satisfaction in his kinswoman's eye that he stopped again, confronting her.

"Say, Martha, those folks lived near you out there, didn't they?"

Martha nodded, mystified in her turn.

Freeman went off into an explosion of noisy laughter.

"I guess I've got the clue I want now," he said. "I recollect a couple of deuced good-looking girls come here with an old woman to choose the furniture. You've got 'scrapping' out there, you have, because I guess Moran's sweet on one of them, and you were scared that he might run his head into the noose. Great Scott, but it's rich!"

Martha had turned red and pale during this discourse.

"If that's so, old girl," Freeman said more gravely, "it wouldn't do to make any seizure."

Martha trembled for the success of her scheme.

"Please yourself," she said, in a voice that fairly shook with anger. "But I

tell you one thing, that Moran's never laid eyes on one of them."

"Honest Injun?" he inquired, with the engaging cordiality which made him so invaluable a "drummer." He was accustomed in his calling to untruths and fabrications of all sorts.

"It's as true as Gospel," Martha declared, solemnly.

"All right, then; the goods will be protected, don't you fret. And now I'm off. So long, old girl!"

(To be continued.)

Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.*

CELESTIAL city, bright with every gem,
Thou dream of peace, divine Jerusalem;
Whose stones are living souls, whose rapturous
song

Lifts thee in heaven above the starry throng,
Girdled with glory in thy bridal state,
Myriads of angels guarding every gate!

O prosperous Bride with beauty crowned and shod,
Whose dowry is the glory of thy God;
Besprent with graces of thy Spouse divine,
How ev'n thy raiment, holiest Queen, doth shine!
Thy ruler Christ, thy Prince, thy Holy One,
City of heaven, resplendent as the sun.

Glittering with pearls, thy glowing gates behold
Wide open flung in all their wealth of gold;
Virtue's clear nimbus shining o'er each head,
Hither come mortals through temptations led,
Chastened by earthly woes for love of Him
Who is the bliss of burning Seraphim.

Salubrious wounds the chisel oft would show,
Struck from the marble by the forming blow,
The ponderous mallet o'er the stones would wield,
When heaven's Artificer thy pomps did build,
Till, aptly joined and crowned, the glorious pile
Shone in full beauty 'neath th' Almighty's smile.

Homage and glory, then, with loud acclaim
To God in Highest let all earth proclaim;
Alike to Father and Son we raise,
To Paraclete alike, our songs of praise:
To whom be honor, power, glory given
For endless ages in the courts of heaven!

* In the metre of the original, Ilue for Ilue.

An Episode of the French Emigration.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

THE name of Mrs. Augustus Craven is still fresh in the memory of the reading public. Her books, more especially the record of family life known as "A Sister's Story," have been widely appreciated; and indeed it was one of the chief consolations of her declining years to realize that by giving to the world the history of her beloved dead she had helped to draw many souls nearer to God.

A book has just been published* that might aptly serve as a preface to "A Sister's Story." It shows us the stock from whence sprang those heroic souls to whom Mrs. Craven introduces us in her well-known volume. Moreover, while throwing additional light upon the sympathetic figure of Count Auguste de la Ferronays and the sweet woman who shared his fate "for better or for worse," it opens before us new vistas of that fascinating yet harrowing portion of French history, the Revolution of 1789.

While in France the prisons were filled to overflowing, and the guillotine sent hundreds of souls into eternity, thousands of refined, pleasure-loving and sceptical French nobles were cast adrift upon the highways and byways of Europe; and, together with the inevitable faults and failings of more prosperous days, they displayed much steadfast heroism and a light-hearted resignation which we know not whether to wonder at or to admire. It was among these outcasts that Auguste de la Ferronays, Mrs. Craven's father, was thrown when a mere boy; and the story of his marriage reads like an idyl among scenes of tears and blood.

* "Le Comte Auguste de la Ferronays." Par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

He was born at St. Malo in 1777, of a good Breton family. His father, Count Eugène de la Ferronays, belonged to a class of men unfortunately only too common at the end of the eighteenth century, when the scepticism of the age had loosened family ties and weakened religious convictions. He was a brave soldier, an accomplished courtier, but a selfish and neglectful husband and father. While he moved about from one garrison town to another, or from Paris to Versailles, his young Creole wife, Mademoiselle de Bellevue, pined away in a lonely manor-house, called La Bouchère, buried in deep woods between Poitiers and Niort. She was a delicate, fragile woman, whose big Creole eyes were inherited by some of her grandchildren; and except at the shooting season, when her husband remembered her existence, she spent her life alone with her three children, Auguste, Agathe and Antoinette.

It proved a terrible wrench to the melancholy recluse when her brother-in-law, Mgr. de la Ferronays, Bishop of Lisieux, insisted that Auguste was old enough to go to school, and took him to Paris, where his choice of a college seems to have been most unfortunate. The boy learned nothing, was cruelly treated, and seems to have been heartily glad when, after fifteen months, the Revolution brought him release. The mob invaded the school and carried off the pupils' books and furniture. Auguste fled to his father's lodgings, and was promptly sent back to La Bouchère. His mother's enjoyment of her boy was short: in 1790 Count Eugène de la Ferronays determined to emigrate and to take his son with him.

The three La Ferronays (the Bishop of Lisieux accompanied his brother and nephew) proceeded to Soleure. But Auguste was too young to enlist in the *émigré* army that was raised by the

Prince de Condé; and his father left him at a Norbertine Abbey near Porrentrui, where he remained three years, during which he received only one letter from France; that letter informed him of his mother's death.

The life of the poor little Countess de la Ferronays had been a melancholy one; her death was tragical. She would probably have escaped notice in her lonely manor-house had not anxiety for news brought her to Nantes, where the Reign of Terror was at its worst. Here she was arrested and imprisoned; and her little girls, left friendless in the streets, were picked up by some poor people whose charity was greater than their cowardice. So fearful were they, however, of the penalties incurred by harboring the children of *aristocrates* that in order to keep their little visitors out of sight and hearing, they simply walled them up in a cellar, leaving only a small aperture through which they passed them some food. At the death of Carrier, the tyrant of Nantes, the children, who were in a sad condition, were released. But the hardships of her prison had proved too much for their mother's frail constitution, and she died of exhaustion a few weeks later.

After three years' stay at the Abbey, Auguste was called for by his father; and the two proceeded to Brunswick, one of the few German towns where the French *émigrés* still found a welcome.

The overwhelming strength of the Republican armies was now recognized even by the *émigrés*, who had once despised them; and their steady advance was a subject of fear to the German sovereigns, who trembled at the possible consequences of the hospitality they had extended to the unfortunate refugees. So far, the Duke of Brunswick had not closed his states against them; and among the noble families who enjoyed his hospitality was that of the Comte de

Montsoreau, whose second daughter was the future Countess de la Ferronays. It was at Brunswick that Auguste, then a lad of seventeen, first met the young girl who became the good angel of his life, and whose sympathetic personality has come down to us enshrined in her daughter's pages.

Albertine de Montsoreau's first impression of the husband she was eventually to idolize was decidedly unfavorable. Auguste was then a plain, undersized, awkward youth, extremely shy, and crushed by his father's severity. The young people met only for a brief space of time, as Count Eugène de la Ferronays hurried on to Saarbrück, where the *émigré* army was quartered.

This army of volunteers presented a curious and yet pathetic picture. The officers and soldiers bore names that had echoed through the galleries of Versailles under the *Roi Soleil*. They were of all ages: old men and mere children; all equally ragged, forlorn and famished. Their chief, the Prince de Condé, who a few years before held almost regal state in his superb domain of Chantilly, had just divided his last gold pieces with his starving troops. Brave to heroism in battle, undisciplined and turbulent in intervals of peace, unswerving in their blind fidelity to a lost cause, light-hearted in spite of poverty and exile, the soldiers of this strange army displayed all the qualities and defects of their race.

Young La Ferronays was enrolled in a cavalry regiment, receiving for his pay fourpence a day. His first battle was at Oberkaulbach, where the Royalists were defeated by the Republican troops. He took part in a long, weary retreat across the plains of Bavaria, during which a malignant fever broke out among Condé's unfortunate soldiers.

An armistice having put an end to hostilities, the two La Ferronays went

back to Brunswick, where the Bishop of Lisieux had now settled. A close intimacy had been established between him and the Montsoreau family, and it was in his private chapel that Albertine made her First Communion. Soon after this event the young girl again met her future husband, but the impression made upon her by poor Auguste was scarcely more flattering than it had been a few months before. Since he had left the shelter of his mother's love, the boy had grown up without any training; and it speaks well for the innate nobility and sweetness of his nature that, in spite of adverse circumstances, he should have developed into a high-minded and kind-hearted man.

During his second visit to Brunswick his finances were at a very low ebb; and Mademoiselle de Montsoreau, who noticed his shabby appearance, did not know that the reason why he was so closely buttoned up in his well-worn uniform was that he possessed no shirt. He, nevertheless, was assiduous in his attendance at the evening gatherings, where the *émigrés*, who had worked all day to earn a livelihood, forgot their troubles in animated conversations. Quite unconsciously, Albertine began to be interested in him; and, although they had never exchanged a word or sign, she used to blush when young La Ferronnays was mentioned in her presence.

The power of Napoleon Bonaparte made itself felt in the remote German towns where the French Royalists had taken refuge; and after the treaty of Campo-Formio he peremptorily required that the Prince de Condé should disband his army, and that the *émigrés* should be expelled from German soil. The sad news fell like a thunderbolt upon the French colony in Brunswick. The kind-hearted Duke could not disobey Napoleon's imperious mandate, but he generously placed his private purse at

the disposal of the refugees. The two La Ferronnays, father and son, started for Russia, where the brave Condé hoped to reorganize his troops; the Emperor Paul being at that time a warm friend of the Bourbons. The Bishop of Lisieux made his way to Constance and thence to Munich, where he died in 1799. The Count de Montsoreau, by the King's orders, joined the Duke de Berry, to whose household he had been appointed, in Poland; leaving the Countess and her two daughters to follow at leisure.

It so chanced that they rejoined the Count at the Russian town of Dubno, where the two La Ferronnays were likewise quartered. Auguste was in a pitiable state of poverty until a Princess Sapieha, whom his father had known in former days, sent him a timely present of food and clothing. Most of the Royalists were much in the same condition — half clothed and famished; nevertheless, they assiduously attended the receptions held by the Princess of Monaco, on behalf of the Prince de Condé, whom she was to marry later on.

It was at Dubno that, much to his own surprise, young La Ferronnays attracted the attention of the Duke de Berry, the youngest nephew and eventual heir of King Louis XVIII., who insisted on making him his aid-de-camp. The position was not a brilliant one now; nevertheless, it proved a Godsend to Auguste, whose finances were at the lowest ebb, and eventually it paved the way to his happy marriage. The Duke de Berry was generous and true, but violent, headstrong and capricious; his friendship for his aid-de-camp lasted through life, despite occasional breaks, when the Prince's violent temper sorely tried the steadfast fidelity of Auguste.

After many months of weary waiting among the hardships of a Russian winter, the *émigré* army was ordered to march toward Italy. Its progress

presented a curious spectacle: many of the soldiers were on foot, others followed on horseback, others in carts or carriages; and with the latter were Madame de Montsoreau and her two daughters. Thus the Royalists proceeded across Austria to Bavaria, Switzerland, Styria; across the Alps to Venice, then back to Salzburg, according to the varying fortunes of the campaign that was being carried on against Napoleon by the allied powers in whose pay were the *émigré* troops.

When at last, in consequence of an agreement between the allies, the Prince de Condé was forced to disband his troops, the Duke de Berry retired to Klagenfurth, in Carinthia. The Count de Montsoreau and Auguste de la Ferronays accompanied him. The Countess and her daughters followed as a matter of course; and the two young people, having more frequent occasions to meet, felt their mutual sympathy develop into a warmer feeling. Auguste, after long regarding Albertine de Montsoreau with secret admiration, now taking courage, made a confidant of the Duke de Berry, who, with all his faults, had a kind heart and fully entered into his young aid-de-camp's hopes and fears.

However, Monsieur de Montsoreau received his first overtures somewhat coldly, even though they were made by a royal prince. Auguste was penniless, and Albertine's outlook was scarcely brighter. All immediate prospect of returning to France seemed at an end; Bonaparte's power was increasing daily, and a long life of exile and poverty appeared in store for the French princes and their adherents. The former lived upon the pensions that were allowed to them by foreign powers; the latter, upon the money they had brought away from France, supplemented in certain cases by small sums that were sent by their relatives at home.

Under these circumstances it seemed folly to unite two young people, who, humanly speaking, were condemned to lifelong penury. And another objection existed, which, although less serious in itself, seemed of importance to the Countess de Montsoreau, who carried with her in her wandering, homeless life the ideas and prejudices of the old régime. Albertine was her younger daughter, and, according to custom, Félicie, the elder, ought to marry before her sister.

All these difficulties were discussed by the Count and Countess, the Duke de Berry, and the friends who advocated Auguste's cause. Albertine was fully aware of what was going on, although her mother fondly imagined that she knew nothing of the matter. At last the Duke came forward and settled a certain sum upon his young aid-de-camp, and this friendly act removed Monsieur de Montsoreau's last objections.

Albertine prettily relates how one day her mother solemnly informed her that a marriage had been arranged for her with Auguste de la Ferronays, provided she had no objection. Although she had never exchanged one word in private with her future husband, Albertine knew that he cared for her; but, in order to preserve her reputation as a *jeune fille bien élevée*, she thought it necessary to feign surprise when her mother spoke to her. As may be imagined, however, she made no objection; and a courier was dispatched to Poland to ask Count Eugène de la Ferronays' consent to his son's marriage.

When this was given, preparations for the wedding began; and, simple as these were, they created a pleasant flutter of excitement among the little French colony. Madame de Montsoreau's heart must have ached, however, when she remembered what Albertine's wedding would have been a few years before, in

the golden days of the old régime; how the King and Queen would have signed the marriage contract, and how the flower of French nobility would have surrounded the young pair. Now, in the depth of winter, in an out-of-the-way Austrian town, in presence of a few exiles poor and homeless as themselves, how different was the scene!

The little bride was in no way troubled by the contrast between what was and what might have been. She gaily describes her modest trousseau, consisting of three dozen coarse chemises, three dozen handkerchiefs, and three dresses. Nevertheless, in order to lend splendor to the scene, a magistrate among the refugees, who drew up the settlements, thought fit to insert an imaginary list of carriages, horses, furs, laces and diamonds belonging to the bride.

The evening before the ceremony Albertine retired to her own room to pray. In the souvenirs which in after years she wrote for the benefit of her children she thus alludes to this solemn hour of her life: "I felt as if I had not thanked God enough for my great happiness. I begged Him, from the depths of my heart, to make my life worthy of him to whom I was about to be united." Never was a petition more fully granted. Slight, delicate and timid in appearance, Albertine's heart was as strong and faithful as it was tender; and when Providence placed her hand in that of Auguste de la Ferronays it gave him the crowning blessing of his life.

The next day, February 23, 1802, between two walls of snow, the wedding party proceeded to the bishop's palace, where, in presence of the Duke de Berry, who took the place of Auguste's father, an *émigré* priest performed the ceremony.

The future loomed threatening enough for both parties, and many years were to pass ere the young pair found a settled

home in their own country; but their marriage, contracted under circumstances that, humanly speaking, were uncertain and anxious, probably proved happier than it would have been under more brilliant auspices, when, to use Auguste de la Ferronays' own words, "interest, ambition and convenience often take the place of sincere love."

Through the varying fortunes of a long career, through alternatives of poverty and sorrow, with occasional gleams of splendor, Albertine's spirit remained as brave, her heart as tender and true, as in the far-off days when, with the sweet confidence of youth, she went forth to meet her fate.

The Rising Up of Petie Arnold.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

DIRTY streets, slack police, wide-open saloons,—they had become intolerable in Bell Plain. For ten years the town had been used as a football by two municipal rings. The combination headed by Mayor Charlie Tugg being strongest had finally demanded and obtained control of the city, while the other ring contented itself by battenning on the county. It was again springtime, and Alfred Barton was talking with his friend Doctor Arnold about the situation. The two were Bell Plain boys who had settled in their native place to carve out their fortunes.

"Who wants you to run for mayor?" asked the Doctor, thoughtfully.

"Judge Deyer brought it up first." (Judge Deyer was one of Bell Plain's leading men, possessed of the confidence of the community.) "Since that the business men at the club have taken it up. There's actually a sort of boom on, Petie," laughed Barton. "It's ridiculous; but things are tough, locally, you know. What would you do?"

"Don't ask me: I'm no politician," replied Doctor Petie Arnold.

"Well, what would you do if they asked *you* to run for mayor?" urged Barton. "You can answer that."

"I wouldn't run."

"Then, I suppose, I oughtn't to."

"I don't say that. You're a lawyer; I'm a doctor. We're both an imposition on the community."

"Oh, well! if you won't be serious there's no use—"

"Don't go off mad," laughed Doctor Arnold; for he knew Barton's quick spirit.

Alfred did go, though,—exasperated by what he deemed a lack of sympathy in his friend. Barton was slight and nervous and bookish, quick to act. But Peter Arnold was a staving, big athletic fellow, slow to conclude. It was a difference in temperament. The young lawyer did go away feeling upset, because men with whom he had barely speaking acquaintance were stopping him on the street to tell him how glad they were he was going to make the race and redeem the city.

"Every good citizen of Bell Plain," repeated Judge Deyer to him emphatically that afternoon, "should be interested in bettering the municipal conditions. The time has come for a purging. You, Mr. Barton, represent the younger element. You are peculiarly fitted to head this righteous movement. Mr. Broadlie and Mr. Stringham take my view of it. You must run."

Now, Mr. Broadlie and Mr. Stringham were likewise men of large affairs,—the one a banker, the other a manufacturer. After they both had personally told Barton his duty, he felt he could do no less than consent to stand.

"Well, Petie," he announced to the Doctor next morning, "it's settled."

"Good!" cried Doctor Petie.

"I'm going to run."

"That's not so good."

Barton could not restrain his annoyance:—"I don't understand why you talk like that. I expected to get my first congratulations from you. It's nothing to me personally but responsibility; but they say politics show a man who his friends are," he added, rather gloomily. "I hope you'll vote for me, anyway."

"Why, Alf!" cried Doctor Arnold, springing to his feet. "How dare you say such a thing! Isn't it possible for me to doubt the wisdom of your running without—"

"Don't we owe anything to citizenship?" asked Barton, heatedly.

"Hear me through,—without, I say, lessening my loyalty to you?"

"You know things are not run right in this town."

"To tell the truth," admitted the Doctor, "I've never paid any attention to how they were run."

"Every American citizen *ought* to know how they are run in his own town."

Arnold sat silently fingering a book.

"Maybe you're right, Alf," he confessed.

That was all he said that day. But next day he hunted up his friend and told him he was sure he was right and that he himself was wrong.

"And I'm with you heart and soul; and if I knew how, I'd get out and make a speech for you, Alf. But, hang it! I never made a speech in my life."

"That's all right, Petie!" laughed Barton, appeased and confident of success. "There's no need of your speeching. Archie Dell, Judge Deyer's son-in-law, is going to run my campaign. All I want is your approval and hand."

"There they are both, and heartily, old fellow!"

Barton slept very soundly that night. But the next day there was alarm in Charlie Tugg's camp, where so much had

been heard of Barton's popularity that the Mayor became uneasy and sent some friends to pull the citizens' candidate off: coupling the request with the assurance that if he dared go against the boss he should never have a local office in his life,—not so much as poundkeeper. Of course it amounted to nothing; but that night Barton did not sleep *quite* so serenely happy. However, no man—no American at least—backs down from mere threats; and when next day Barton was nominated by the citizens' convention he accepted in a very neat speech,—not condemning anybody personally, but condemning the spoils system which had reduced municipal affairs to so corrupt a condition. And the convention applauded; but in the rear a man with a voice like a calliope fairly raised the roof. It was Doctor Petie Arnold. That evening everybody said Barton was as good as elected; but everybody had forgotten that Charlie Tugg had as many ways as a rat.

The first surprise came in the way of a third and unexpected nomination by the county party ring, Tugg's opponents politically. They put up Stephen B. Hiles, a young man of wealth, standing and public tastes. No one could mistake the effect of that. It would simply be to divide the respectable vote. In the twinkling of an eye things looked different. The following day a bombshell exploded in Barton's own camp. Judge Deyer sent for him. The campaign, he said, had unfortunately shaped itself along party lines, and Barton had no party behind him. To remain in the field and divide the vote with Hiles would be to insure Tugg's election.

"That we must admit would be a calamity," declared the Judge, judicially. "It is a queer turn things have taken. But you are young: you can afford to wait. Withdraw."

Barton walked down street like a

man dazed. Somebody coming up behind slapped him on the shoulder.

"Alf, old boy, how's it going?" It was Doctor Arnold. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!" stammered Barton.

"Nothing? You look like a cough drop."

As connectedly as he could, Barton told Doctor Petie the story.

"Judge Deyer," he concluded, "says withdraw."

"Withdraw?"

"Yes."

"Well, I like that!" snorted Doctor Arnold. "I like *that*! Weren't you the first in the field, even before Tugg was renominated? Now Hiles comes in last and asks *you* to withdraw. Why, *he's* the man to withdraw if anybody. Alf, that doesn't look square to me. Somebody's doing you."

They went to Doctor Petie's office and talked thirty minutes. Barton was demoralized; but the Doctor finally slapped his knee and said:

"I have it! I know where to go to find out what this business is."

"Where?"

"Well, it's not to a very reputable citizen, to be frank. But he's an old patient of mine. I think he'll post me."

Next day about two o'clock Doctor Petie was hunting up his friend. He found him at the rooms of the citizens' committee, where Judge Deyer had just finished a talk; a good many were present; Petie stood near the door.

"Under the circumstances," the Judge was concluding, "is it not better in the interests of the city, both for ourselves and our candidate, to throw the strength of this movement to Mr. Hiles and insure his election?"

At such a time everybody doesn't speak at once. There was a silence until from the back of the room came an exclamation like a cannon cracker:

"No!" The committee faced about like convicts.

"I say no," repeated Doctor Arnold, bluntly, as he walked forward. "Alfred Barton can't withdraw."

"Why, there's no law against it, is there," piped Archie Dell, — "if he wants to?"

"Yes," glared Doctor Petie at him. "There's a higher law than statute for that sort of thing. Stephen Hiles has been put up as a stool pigeon for Tugg. When Barton withdraws Tugg is to be elected. Even if Hiles were elected—which isn't the plan—we'd only be exchanging rings and bosses. I say it would be cowardly and dishonorable for Mr. Barton to withdraw. He's bound as a decent citizen to stay in the fight."

The committee appeared shocked. Judge Deyer stared in real amazement; Archie Dell looked tired.

"He'll be beaten anyway!" he sneered in an undertone; but Doctor Arnold had sharp ears.

"Not a bit of it!" he retorted. "But if he is, it will be after an honorable fight. Gentlemen, I don't see through the whole scheme yet; but there's crookedness somewhere."

"What are you going to do?" asked Archie wearily, turning to Barton, who had kept sternly silent.

The young candidate rose to his feet.

"I am in the race to stay, gentlemen!"

Doctor Petie grabbed his hand; but the meeting broke up in confusion. Barton's canvas appeared somewhat demoralized.

An hour later Archie Dell, as chairman of the committee, sent in his resignation; pretty soon the secretary, a friend of his, quit. By nightfall the committee was practically defunct. But, feeling now personally responsible for the new situation, the young Doctor took off his coat.

"I'll be chairman of the citizens' committee, *pro tem*, Alf. I'm no politician,

but I'm straight; I reckon I hold over the former chairman there."

Then Doctor Petie tried *his* hand getting up a committee. He went to the prominent men who had advised Barton to run. But Stringham had gone to California, and Broadlie complained of the rheumatism; and this prominent man had, so to speak, married a wife, and that one bought a yoke of oxen,—all sorry, but busy, don't you know?

"I'll have a committee *just the same*, though," pounded Doctor Arnold on the table where sat his discouraged candidate.

"Who will it be?" inquired Barton dejectedly.

"It will be Gabriel's band to start with."

"Gabriel's band?" echoed Barton, nonplussed.

"Yes; that band down on the flats that Tony Rosswinkel leads. You remember Tony? He was in high school with us. He got up the band in the workingmen's club,—the one I have had something to do with, you know. They're for us—and working. We've all got to saw wood."

And for a week that was the watchword at Petie Arnold's office. With twenty active, intelligent young workingmen around him, the Doctor toiled day and night. For the wind up they planned a monster ratification meeting with music by the band.

"By the way," laughed the Doctor at Barton, as he laid down a poll of the ninth ward, "you didn't know I belonged to that band."

"You?" echoed the weary candidate. "I didn't know you could play a note; but I'm finding things out since I began to run for office."

"I can't play a note. I play my instrument with a club: it's a kind of a hatrack, an honorary affair. I really don't know the name of it, but when

they parade I walk ahead in the procession. Of course I'm off duty this campaign; but the boys will all be there, and the best of it is it won't cost us a cent."

And the boys were there. Gabriel's band was a feature. They could outblow anything in the State; in fact, they had been backed once to blow the legs off a piano. The hall was crowded and the excitement came quick. The first Barton speaker got through nicely, but the second went straight on the rocks. The gallery hooted and yelled and catcalled until it was painfully apparent that the meeting had been packed by the smooth Charlie Tugg. His friends practically drove the speaker from the stage, and it looked as if the ratification would prove a ghastly joke. In fact, one leathern-tongued striker in the gallery got up and made a speech right there for Charlie Tugg.

The citizens' committee were paralyzed. But of a sudden a man, rising in the middle of the audience, climbed up on his chair and signalled Tony Rosswinkel. Tony, taking the cue like a caramel, signalled his tooters. They grabbed their instruments, and in one minute had blown the hat off the disturbing speaker's head. Whenever he tried to start they got the windward of him; and at length Tony himself, waking to an inspiration, started boldly for the Tugg contingent and hustled the fellow downstairs, shoved him in a dark closet and locked the door. Meantime the folks on the stage were at a loss to know how to take up the reins and save the thing from failure. Not so the man in the audience. Standing on his chair, he appeared perfectly composed, stretched a long finger at the chairman, and cried in a stentorian voice:

"Mr. Chairman!"

Everybody looked at him.

"You have heard the gentleman in

the gallery!" cried the speaker, pointing to where Tony had just left a forcible vacancy. "He said Charlie Tugg is known to be a good fellow."

"He is!" cried Tugg's crowd.

"He is, I say,—for Charlie Tugg!"

Then the Barton men yelled.

"He's a generous giver, is he? Yes: of other people's money. A wide-awake citizen! Sure, when every decent man in town is asleep."

Something in that observation struck the fancy of the man who played the bass horn in Gabriel's band. He laughed, and that man's laugh would shame a hippopotamus. It filled the hall; it was an explosion. It threw the audience into a convulsion of merriment. They yelled for more speech; it was just being noised that the man on the chair was Petie Arnold, whom everybody had known for twenty years; and, warming up, Petie fired the liveliest kind of shot for ten minutes.

When Barton and his perspiring manager and their now thoroughly excited following got back to headquarters a man was waiting to see Doctor Arnold.

"Why, hello, Dave Waller!" exclaimed Petie, as his visitor rose in the private office. "What on earth do you want?"

Now, Dave Waller was a saloon-keeper down on the flats, and in numberless Bell Plain campaigns a tower of strength for Charlie Tugg.

"I'm here to tell you I'm going to help you."

Petie Arnold nearly fell over.

"Look here, Dave, I've always treated you right, haven't I?"

"More than right."

"Then don't come here putting up any jobs. This fight's on my shoulders, Dave; and I'm going to win out," declared Petie, assuming a confidence he did not feel.

"I believe you are right, and I'm going to help."

"There's no campaign barrel here to tap, Dave."

"I'm not looking for money, Doctor. You took care of me when I was sick last summer, didn't you? And you got your money, didn't you?"

"I did, Dave."

"But, over and beyond the money, I liked your style and the way you set up and fed chopped ice to me when I was daffy with the fever and my wife give out."

"That's nothing, Dave," said Doctor Petie, uneasily.

"I know it; but I wouldn't put up a job on you after that. I'm not in a nice business, but I've got some ideas of decency."

"They must get rubbed awful hard in a saloon, Dave; but that's neither here nor there. We've got no favors to promise to saloons, not if you could elect Barton twice over."

"I'm not asking for favors. I'll tell you why I'm here. You folks think us people never have any trouble: our business is all velvet,—nothing to do but get rich. But I want to tell you there's a lot more. These politicians bleed us to death,—first one side and then the other; and I've had all I want of it. Charlie Tugg knows just where I stand; I've told him. 'Barton'll shut you up, Dave,' says he.—'I might as well be shut up as skinned alive every year,' says I. Now, Doctor, you came to me and asked me, when this campaign started, what it meant, their running Hiles; and I told you straight, didn't I? Now I'll tell you how they pulled off your high-toned Judge Deyer and his friends. Judge wants to be state senator next year, and Tugg served notice that if your man was elected he'd fight the county crowd. And *they* served notice on the Judge that if Tugg got to fighting, his nomination for the state senate would go glimmering. Now, do you see how

wheels run in wheels? But I don't owe Charlie Tugg anything. I've helped build him up, and he lives off me and men like me. 'Who are you working for?' says my wife. 'What have you got to show for your whiskey business except that decent children on the street won't speak to your children?' Then down comes Tugg and says you fellows are crowding him and he must have five hundred; and I says, 'No, Tugg! It's all off.' Now, you just keep still and keep on working the way you are till election night, and then see."

And Petie Arnold, a bit mystified, followed the advice; for it appeared sound. He worked hard and said nothing—and election night came.

The wards up the Hill where the so-called silk-stocking element lived, and where Barton was entitled to support, came in very ragged. Hiles not only cut in: in several heavy districts he led. One solitary ray cheered the early gloom at the citizens' headquarters: Barton carried his own precinct and Doctor Petie Arnold's; for the rest it looked black, and the committee began insensibly to disperse. Then there came a ring at the telephone.

"Hello!" cried Petie Arnold. "Who? O Tony! All right. Let them come. What's that? The eighth? Complete. Let her go. Barton 957, Hiles 72, Tugg 435. Hi! yi! yi!" There was a roar from the faithful few.

"Keep still, keep still!" called Doctor Petie. "Here's Tony's own ward, the ninth. Barton 1044. TEN forty-four, Tony? Go on! Hiles 33,—oh, my! Tugg 294. Suffering Charlie!"

"Why, we've got a lead!" cried Bob MacIntosh, who was the lightning calculator of the crowd. "No, no: excuse me!" he exclaimed, revising his figures. "But we're climbing Barton is 5498, Hiles 1354, Tugg 5944. What's to hear from?"

"Only the tenth," muttered Barton, who was silently keeping tab. "And that's Tugg's own ward—"

"Not till he gets it," growled Doctor Petie, grimly.

"It's up to the flats now, anyway," muttered Barton.

Just then there was a ring at the telephone.

"Who is it?" cried Doctor Arnold.

"This is Waller's place."

"Is that you, Dave Waller?"

"Yes. I've got some returns from this ward."

"All for Tugg, I suppose?"

"Not quite. Nine precincts in the tenth ward give Tugg 292, Hiles 13, Barton—"

"What?" roared Arnold. "Barton—get that—"

"Yes, yes. Barton 849."

"849!" echoed Petie Arnold, thunder-struck.

"Barton leads!" cried MacIntosh.

"Hold on!" yelled Petie Arnold, for the tumult in the office was maddening.

"There are three more precincts in the tenth," said Waller over the phone. "One is Tugg's own and one is mine. If Tugg don't lose all three I'll never quit the saloon business; and say, I've bought out an ice plant, Doctor; and I'm going to shut up shop here if we beat 'em. Hold the wire; hold on! Don't cut off, central. Here's Tugg's precinct just in. Are you ready? Tugg's precinct, the fourth of the tenth ward, gives Tugg 184, Hiles 2, Barton 201."

The citizens' committee immediately and in a body stood on its head. Alfred Barton won out by three hundred votes. Gabriel's band appeared pretty soon in full regalia. The young mayor-elect made a speech, but the campaign manager only bowed modestly.

"We got help from some unexpected quarters, though, Alf," said he, when they were all thanking him. "If it hadn't been for the band and a reformed

saloon-keeper it would have gone hard with us in the house of our friends. Waller has made a good start in the ice business. He's given Tugg and Hiles and Judge Deyer the coldest deal they ever had in Bell Plain."

"But if it hadn't been for the rising up of Petie Arnold what would it all have amounted to?" asked the mayor-elect, affectionately.

And Gabriel's band blew.

Christian Cheerfulness.

AMONG the innumerable Scriptural texts that various professing Christians habitually wrest from their true significance and employ as a warrant for unchristian practices is that sentence from the Sermon on the Mount which we call the Third Beatitude: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." To infer from this declaration of our Divine Lord that the congruous mood—or temper rather—of His true followers is one of sadness, dejection, melancholy, or gloom, is not only entirely to mistake the import of the words, but to place a very notable obstruction in the pathway to Christian perfection. That those who mourn at proper seasons for sufficient causes and in a fitting spirit will receive consolation from God may be deduced from the text readily enough; but to hold that mourning is, or should be, the normal condition of a sincere Christian is to indulge in fantastic exaggeration.

The weight of Scriptural injunctions bears decidedly the other way. "As a moth doeth by a garment and a worm by the wood, so the sadness of a man consumeth the heart."* "Let the just feast and rejoice before God and be delighted with gladness."† "The joyfulness of the heart is the life of a man, and

* Prov., xxv, 20.

† Ps., lxvii, 4.

a never-failing treasure of holiness."* Proverbs informs us that "a sad mind dries up the bones," and "a joyful heart gives a cheerful countenance." And St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, summarizes the teaching of Holy Writ on this point in the comprehensive statement: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice."

So far is cheerfulness from being antagonistic to genuine Christian living, that it constitutes true piety's very spirit. "Piety," says Father Faber, "is not the sad and gloomy thing that morose fanaticism or morbid asceticism would make it." It is rather the direct opposite of such a condition. The most exalted piety ever displayed on earth has been evidenced from age to age in the lives of the saints; and among the thousands of these whom the Church has raised to her altars there is not one who was canonized for having worn a long face. So incompatible, indeed, are the ideas of sanctity and depressed spirits that there is much truth in the French epigram, *Un saint triste c'est un triste saint*,—"A sorrowful saint is a sorry saint."

It is a pernicious mistake, then, to identify spirituality with sadness; to associate unusual virtue with abnormal gloom; to consider holiness incompatible with a cheery word, a merry smile, a ringing laugh. As a matter of fact, our seasons of depression, down-heartedness, and melancholy form the very harvest-time of the devil. At such periods he reaps by the dozen lapses and errors from which a cheerful bearing would have saved us. Sorrow for sin committed either by ourselves or by others is, of course, always in order; but there is no reason why it should not coexist with interior peace,—nay, if the sorrow be genuine, it invariably increases the true gladness of the heart. The most guilty transgressor of God's laws will

neither improve his chances of future well-doing, nor repair the evil of which he repents, by allowing himself to degenerate into a dejected pessimist.

If, in fine, the fervent Christian may not and should not be habitually cheerful, then cheerfulness is a state of mind for which no man can plead adequate justification. Such a Christian, by hypothesis, views life and death, time and eternity, good and evil, in their true relations to each other; makes his salvation the principal aim of his life and labors; and walks, more or less falteringly, perhaps, and with occasional stumbles, but in the main resolutely and steadfastly, onward toward his supernatural end. Doing his whole duty as best he can, he has good reason for experiencing that tranquillity of heart of which cheerfulness is merely the external expression. In the permanence of that tranquillity—in its being an abiding state, not a mere temporary condition—consists the chief superiority of his moderate joy over the possibly higher occasional spirits of the worldly devotee. To Christian cheerfulness there is no reaction; whereas, as Thackeray testifies, "without preaching, the truth may surely be borne in mind that the bustle and triumph, laughter and gaiety, which Vanity Fair exhibits in public, do not always pursue the performer into private life, and that the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentance sometimes overcome him."

MARY is the glory of virgins, the joy of those who are mothers, the support of the faithful, the crown of the Church, the true model of faith, the seal of piety, the pattern of truth, the ornament of virtue, the sanctuary of the Blessed Trinity.—*St. Proclus*.

No word of man nor mind of angel can exalt Mary sufficiently.

—*St. John Damascene*.

* Ecclus., xxx, 23.

Notes and Remarks.

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Evidence is accumulating of the rapid decrease of anti-Catholic prejudice, once so dominant in our country. A disposition to accord us our rights and to sympathize with us when hostility is manifested is growing everywhere. Organic Christian unity seems no longer beyond the bounds of possibility. Formerly Protestant ministers actually excluded Catholicism from consideration when they treated of the progress of Christianity. But the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a broad-minded Unitarian minister of Chicago, did not hesitate to declare in a recent sermon—a plea for religious unity—that:

The Roman Church has always stood for centralization, for combination. Now, in industrial life men have long come to recognize the value of this. Business men combine and laborers organize unions. But the six hundred or seven hundred clergymen in Chicago to-day are not so well united as the hodgecarriers. Each is following his own bent. If instead of this crudely individualistic religious life we had a great organization, how wonderfully powerful it could be! If men would co-operate as heartily for God as they do for greed, what a wonderful force for good their union could wield!

What has Protestantism done? Well, it has analyzed and reanalyzed and defined once more, until to-day we have 17 kinds of Methodists, 13 kinds of Baptists, 12 kinds of Presbyterians, and some 350 different denominations, all told, in the United States. This is not merely scandalous: it is imbecile. Every label on religion is a libel. There can be no schism on the multiplication table nor a heresy on the golden rule.

* *

A Jewish minister of New York, in an important and suggestive letter to the *Sun*, expresses views on the school question to which many non-Catholics now warmly subscribe. He writes:

I believe that many circles, particularly of Protestant Christians, formerly bitterly hostile to the Roman Catholic attitude toward education—viz., that secular and religious training should go hand in hand—no longer look upon it with the same antagonistic feeling. I know that a large section of the Hebrews hold practically the same view, but have hesitated to express

it, as they did not wish to take an attitude of opposition to what appeared to be the settled policy of the nation in regard to education, or a public school system in which all classes of citizens could participate in the same manner; that is, absolutely secular.

Experience has shown that the absolutely secular system of education, which relegates all religious training to the private and more or less unsystematic efforts of the various denominations, does not produce satisfactory results; and that a large section of the growing youth do not receive that thorough spiritual and ethical cultivation necessary for the development of the highest civic and human virtues.... The separation of Church and State is, of course, a fundamental feature of our American system of government; but I do not believe it would conflict with this principle for the State to aid the various denominations, impartially and in strict accordance with the proportion of their adherents to the general population, in their work of moral and spiritual training, so useful to the highest interests of the State itself.

It need not be said that intensity of resentment would have been roused had such views been expressed a few years ago. The Catholics of this country do not need to be told in what spirit this blessed change between present Protestant sentiment and the bitter antagonism of—let us say the last century should be accepted. Let no member of the Church deserve the blame of regarding the vast majority of non-Catholics as heretics—as persons who have renounced the inheritance of which in reality they were robbed.

So many persons in this country have been driven to insanity or brought to feeble-mindedness through spiritism that it is now proposed to institute an official investigation in order to ascertain the number of inmates in our insane asylums who are the victims of this evil. It is thought that in no other way can the public be more effectively warned against the danger of spiritism than by publishing the statistics of those whose minds have been impaired or wrecked by means of it. The gentleman who is at the head of this movement declares that it costs the State millions of

dollars yearly to care for unfortunates who have lost their reason by meddling in spiritism. His own daughter is of the number. Though not a Catholic, he is firmly persuaded that in many cases persons thought to be insane are possessed. Be this as it may, there can be no question as to the extent of the evil wrought by modern spiritism; and if our government is roused to action, it will only be following the example of other countries where the practice of spiritualism has been authoritatively, officially, and solemnly condemned.

It is unquestionable that the kind of music in vogue in many of our churches keeps not a few people from attending High Mass. There is a limit to endurance, and loud shrieks for peace, yells for mercy, thundering professions of faith, and *Amens* long-delayed and oft-repeated are more than many persons can stand—or sit, for that matter. Music figured and florid to the last degree is heard in the churches of Rome on the most solemn occasions, but it is always good music. Music that is not good surely ought to be banished, so that those who remain may pray and be induced to return. When church-music is first-class it ought also to be appropriate. One does not expect to hear overtures from the opera at High Mass; and if so many remain away rather than run the risk of not being disappointed, it is no surprise.

Whether conversions to the faith are more numerous at missions to non-Catholics than at the old-style missions is a mere question of evidence; hence the following figures furnished by a Paulist missionary are worthy of attention:

There were 10 Catholic missions, comprising 11 weeks of work, in which there were no converts actually received. There were 10 other Catholic missions, comprising 18 weeks of work, in which there were 26 converts. There were 5 other

missions, comprising 8 weeks, primarily Catholic, though the question box was used, in which there were 50 converts received. There were 10 non-Catholic and Catholic missions conjoined, comprising 14 weeks, in which there were 15 converts in the Catholic missions and 325 converts in the non-Catholic missions. The formation of the inquiry class after these missions gained 95 more. In all, there were 511 converts received, of which number 91 only were received through professedly Catholic missions.

From the *Missionary* we learn that a Bishop of Germany is investigating the methods and results of the missions to non-Catholics in this country, with a view to introducing the plan into his diocese. It deepens an American's appreciation of his own country to read the Bishop's words: "Yet if it should succeed our Protestant ministers would, in all probability, petition the government to put a stop to it, on the plea of its disturbing existing relations."

To associate free-thinking with Protestantism is a curious mistake on M. Giraud's part. In countries where the religion of the majority is that of the Church of Rome the proportion of free-thinkers is far larger than in Great Britain and the United States of America, where the majority profess some form of Protestantism. French writers in general scoff at England, not because it is a land of free-thinking, but because they consider it to be the land of "cant" in which the favorite book is the Bible.—*The Athenæum*.

This "curious mistake" (if that is what it is) is shared by a good many other observant people. We fear the *Athenæum* does not go to church regularly, or it would know that free-thinking is by no means exceptional among the leaders of the sectarian clergy, and that many Protestant congregations regularly listen to essays which pretty faithfully echo the voice of the late Mr. Huxley. If free-thinking *seems* to be more common in France than in England, for instance, it is because in the former country the dividing line between belief and unbelief is clearly drawn; and if a Frenchman does not believe all the articles of the Creed, he does not pretend to be a Christian. He is not content to stop

half-way on the road to agnosticism, and therefore he hardly ever becomes a Protestant. The reply of the French *attaché* at Washington politely addressed to a lady who urged him to join her own sect since he had left the Church, is worth recalling: "Ah, Madame! I have lost my faith, but I have not lost my reason." Very French, and very, very logical.

A movement is afoot in Philadelphia to organize among the various branches of the Keltic family—the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Manx, Cornish, and Breton—an association for the purpose of instituting in the City of Brotherly Love "a library, museum and art gallery, all illustrative of Keltic literature and history." The library, if all goes well, will contain all the works of merit in any cultivated language treating of the Keltic people, ancient, medieval and modern; the museum will be a repository of maps, documents and relics illustrating the life of the Kelts of old; and the gallery will collect and exhibit portraits of eminent members of the race in all countries. By lectures and in other appropriate ways the immense achievements of the ubiquitous Kelt in human history will be set before the public. We may add the hope that the association will do its share toward the revival of that particular idiom of the Gaelic language which has hitherto been permitted to languish.

Statistics are sometimes as interesting as they are generally instructive. The anti-clerical press of France has of late years been so outrageously defamatory as to the priests and the religious teachers of that country, that the Abbé Bertrin has been moved to compile some comparative tables of criminal statistics. The general report of the Minister of Justice supplies the information which

he has systematized for his special purpose. Taking groups of one hundred thousand in six different professions, he finds that, according to the official record, the yearly average of criminal condemnations in each group, from 1894 to 1898, is as follows: Lawyers, notaries, etc., 95; physicians, surgeons, druggists, 30; artists, 33; lay professors and teachers, not quite 10; religious professors and teachers, less than 4; and the secular clergy and the congregations together, a little more than 3. And yet the malevolent and malodorous sheets of Paris and the provinces will rage against "monsters in cassocks"!

The needs of our missionaries are nowhere more urgent at present than in many parts of China. A Franciscan stationed in the populous city of Singanfu reports that within two months about one hundred thousand people have died of starvation. Pagan parents kill or abandon their children. One missionary collected upwards of one hundred, bringing them all to a Catholic orphan asylum in the hope that some means might be found for their support. A touching appeal to the faithful of this country is made in behalf of these unfortunate children.

Mr. Carnegie is emphatically not a religious man, but he is a typical philanthropist. He has already given over eleven millions of dollars for libraries in sixty different cities, yet he declares he has "only begun to give." His creed is that "The man who dies rich dies disgraced"; and although the danger of disgrace is not yet wholly past in his case, we can not but admire the spirit of the man whose favorite dissipation is the founding of libraries, and who gave four millions in pensions to his old employees before leaving for Europe recently.



A Hymn to Our Lady.

[The following verses are from a manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century.]

HAIL be thou, Mary, Christ's Mother dear,
That art Queen of heaven, fair and sweet of cheer,
That art Star of heaven shining bright and clear;
Help me, Lady full of might, and hear my prayer:
Ave Maria!

Hail be thou, Mary, that high sittest in throne!
I beseech thee, sweet Lady, grant me my boon:
Jesu to love and dread, and my life to amend soon,
And bring me to that bliss that never shall be done:
Ave Maria!

Hail be thou, Mary, glorious Mother hende!*
Meekness and honesty, with abstinence, me send,
With chastity and charity unto my life's end,—
That through this prayer, Lady, I mote to heaven's
bliss wend:
Ave Maria!

Fractures and Friends.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

I.

EDWARD, the groom, and a horse-authority, declared that no human sinner could manifest greater "repentance" than did old White Nose as they led him home after the accident, with the short ends and other remnants of the children's beautiful new dog-cart trailing behind him.

"Deed, ma'am, his haid was just reachin' to the ground even with his tail, and his whole bein' was just naturally feedin' on sackcloth and ashes," added the kind-hearted groom.

But—his "repentance" was tardy. There's a saying in the poets:

* Gentle.

The offender's sorrow brings but small relief
To him who wears the strong offence's cross.

Was not dear Maud lying upstairs with her knee in splints, and Rob with his arm in a sling, to say nothing of untold bruises,—all because White Nose, forgetting age and position and grave responsibilities, had taken fright at a street-repairing engine, and, starting to run, had continued to run and run—the coward!—until collision with a lamp-post impeded further progress, and finally tossed his young lord and lady into the road?

"I see now it could not have been such a long run," said brave Robbie in describing the race; "because we started near the park and stopped at Rawlins' drug-store. But, O mamma, I tell you it seemed miles and miles! I just held tight to the reins with both hands, and begged sister not to jump; and between whiles I asked the Blessed Mother to help us. So we didn't get killed, mamma; and we'll be all mended before papa, way out at sea, even hears of our breakages. I wish White Nose knew we weren't mad with him."

Maud, meanwhile, took advantage of her mother's momentary absence 'to unscrew herself,' as she expressed it; and was weeping some bitter tears on the pillow's downy, if unresponsive, breast. For, ah! did it not seem cruel that the accident should have happened just then, and Aunt Ellen's *Mardi Gras* party only one week off? The lovely fairy-queen dress lying in the drawer, while she must lie perfectly still in bed for three long, lagging weeks, at least,—the doctor had said it: "*At least!*"

"And is your poor knee hurting like everything, dearie?"

Katie had entered on tiptoe and was bending over her beloved little mistress, with infinite compassion in her gentian-blue Irish eyes.

"It isn't so much the pain of that," answered Maud, drying her cheek; "but it's the other things that I—"

"Sure, I know, darlin'!" interposed Katie. "The party and the dress, and the pleasure we've been lookin' forward to, blown away like a wreath of smoke. But you'll try and bear it right, dearie; won't you?—though there's few young shoulders but bends double and cries aloud if the lightest cross be laid on them, when they might be makin' an offering of their trouble to the Blessed Mother. I mind me a legend my grandmother used to be tellin' us children about Our Lady and the flowers in Paradise. Maybe you'd like to hear it?"

"Yes: tell it to me, please, Katie. I love legends," replied Maud.

"Well, I'll be writin' it all down for you in my grandmother's own words of tellin'," said Katie; "and then, maybe, the fine scholard that you are, you'd take my copy and make right all the words that I'd be spellin' wrong. That might keep you busy while you're shut up here, and be all the help in the world to me."

Blushing, she ran from the room to answer the door-bell, constantly rung by anxious friends and neighbors.

"I wonder it never occurred to me to help Katie with her lessons!" thought Maud. "Mamma often told me how hard she studied nights last winter. Why, of course, I'll ask her to bring all her books and exercises to me every morning. There! that's dear Father Fulton!" as a kind, strong voice floated up from the hall. "How very good and kind everybody is! It was naughty to feel so lonesome and miserable as I did just now."

And while she was busy balancing

blessings and disappointments there was another ring of the door-bell, more conversation in the hall, then speeding feet on the stairs, and Madame Celeste, as the distinguished-looking French dressmaker was known to her patrons, appeared in the open door.

"O Mees Maud, *chère enfant!*" she cried, clasping the child's hand in her thin cold ones. "The dear mamma has given the permission to come up and say the prayer of thankfulness over you." And, sinking on her knees, the overstrained woman hid her dark face as if weeping.

"O don't, Madame Celeste!" cried Maud. "We were not dreadfully hurt. I'll be well in three weeks. Only mamma was so frightened."

"Yes, yes, she tell me. But, dearie, it was an escape only so wide,"—she measured an inch on her slender finger. "And when I hear of it, I drop my sewing and fly here. Now I fly back: that manteau it is promised to be done to-night. And not everyone I work for is like your sweet mamma, with kind looks and soft words, that are so good to hear,—ah, my child! so good to the stranger in a strange land, like myself. Adieu! I return to-morrow to hear how you are. And you will not sorrow about the party, is it not?" she added. "The fairy dress it was very beautiful; but next year you wear it. I make it longer with the ruffle, to keep time with your growing. You will go yet to many a grand ball; but, ah, dearie! there are some who will never see one, like my poor dear little Annette; though she dance like a flower in the wind, and her *grand-père* was—"

With the sentence unfinished, she softly glided away.

"Mamma," said Maud, "did you ever see Madame Celeste's Annette?"

"Yes: every time I have been to her

room the child has received me with the grace of a little duchess."

"Is she as tall as I?"

"Well, very nearly, although she is two years younger."

"Did they ever tell you who her grandfather was, mamma? Madame Celeste began to say something, then stopped."

"No, dear," responded Mrs. Maynard. "Madame Celeste is not prone to speak of her family affairs. I know intuitively there is some sad story folded around her; sometime she may confide it to me. She does not need to say she was born and reared a lady. That is something life's cruel changes can not take from one,—what your father calls the 'hall-mark' of aristocracy. It is never found on the 'plated ware.' My heart often aches at the thought of her there in that miserable room, and the gentle little grandchild for whom she lives—"

"So does mine, mamma," interrupted Maud, with shining eyes; and, drawing her mother closer, she whispered in her ear for a moment.

"Why, to be sure you shall do it, dear," answered mamma. "I'm so glad you discovered the best way to turn your own loss into another's gain. Dictate the note and I'll send it at once. When we are going to make anybody happy, we should *run* about it; grieving news can go on crutches."

An hour later Madame Celeste laid aside her needle to read this missive:

DEAR MADAME:—It would give me such pleasure if you would allow Annette to go in my place to Aunt Ellen's party. And, as it is only a week off, let her wear the dress you made for me. Mamma is sure it will just fit her. Please bring her to-morrow to try it on in my room. I want to know she is to have the lovely time I can't have.

Very sincerely,

MAUD MAYNARD.

II.

Next morning, when Father Fulton made good his promise to spend a while with Maud and Robbie, devising plans to make their "repairing time" pass swifter, he found the table by her bed covered with books, flowers, and other offerings of sympathy.

"These are signs you are not quite friendless and alone in your trouble," said he, gaily. "And how are you my child? And you, sir,—up and as well as ever, apparently?"

"Oh, mine wasn't a lie-down hurt like Maud's, Father!" answered Rob, cheerfully. "Just a wrenched shoulder and some cuts on my face, that'll keep me from school, though. It'll seem like an age before I'm let out again. I'm afraid I shan't know how to kill time, because I can't move my arm."

"That's lucky for poor Mr. Tempes," smiled the priest. "But seriously, Robert my boy, you must never again use that murderous expression—'Kill time.' He is our dearest comrade. We may engage in a friendly bout, and throw him if we will; but kill him, never. Now if the court (and the prisoners) know themselves, we can put the next fortnight on wheels by a course of pleasant reading. Monday, biography; Tuesday, history; Wednesday, poetry, and so on. And as Saturday is always a holiday, we'll leave it for fiction: Walter Scott and all the good old pen-masters, not forgetting some new ones. Then, Sunday we'll rest on suitable books of devotion. Besides this regular routine, we might try a 'literary collection-box.' It was a great success at the children's hospital. You take a small wooden box with a lid, so you can have a padlock on it, and fasten it up in your vestibule; asking your neighbors and friends when they see anything interesting in papers or magazines to cut it out, seal in an envelope and drop in your box. They

can contribute original matter, translate from the French, or describe some event. Of course the more you can draw into the good work the better. The fun consists in finding some bit of mail every time the box is opened."

"Oh, that's a grand scheme, Father!" exclaimed Rob. "I have the box with a slot in it, and mamma will lend me the daintiest little padlock she brought from Antwerp. I'm sure we'll have our post-office in working order before the sun goes down."

They did, and of course Rob was appointed "mail-carrier." And of course the "box" hadn't been one whole afternoon in position before he had unlocked it and peeped in, just for practice. But, to his surprise, there was a flattened roll of manuscript, ribbon-tied, with a pencilled address.

"Hurrah, sister! here's something for you already!" he cried, waving it at Maud as he advanced. "Now, who can have sent it? I haven't had a chance to tell any outside body except Harry Graham, and it isn't his writing. 'Miss Maud Maynard,' all with small *m*'s."

"Then it's some inside body," said Maud, wisely. "Why, yes: it's Katie,—the Irish legend she promised to write down for me yesterday. She must have sat up half the night to do it. Now, Robbie, don't you make any remarks about small *m*'s, or there being too many or too few of any other letters. Get the tablet, please; and as I read the story aloud you write it down in ink, plain as ever you can. Then we'll give Katie her copy and yours, so she can see what words she spelled wrong. That's the way we're going to help her with her lessons every morning hereafter,—and, as mamma says, help ourselves at the same time."

Katharine's modest contribution was thus endorsed:

"It's inside, dear Miss Maud, that it

is—the legend I was promisin', in my grandmother's own words of tellin'. And Father Fulton's box so handy to slip it in when I'd finished. It's not every word in it, I'm prayin', that's badly spelt; for the hope of my heart is to be sendin' a letter home next Christmas to the dear Sisters at the school in Limerick, to show them their kind, patient teachin' wasn't lost on me or forgotten. Sure it's a dull girl that I am—and I know it—so now I will close with a lovin' respect.

"KATIE O'DONNELL."

(Conclusion next week.)

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVIII.—ROBBIE DISAPPEARS.

When Doña Dolores returned to the Villavencias she found her cousin Juan Mirado awaiting her.

"Why did you not come to our house at once?" he inquired, as he helped her from the sully.

She explained the reason and told him about Robbie, as they passed into the house.

"These Deglers, as you call them," he said, when, having divested herself of her wrap and hat, she was seated in the rocking-chair,—“do you think they will remain here in California?”

"I think it likely," she replied. "The health of the mother is not good. They are very, very nice, and cousin George is fond of them. It will be a good thing for Marie also. Their companionship will be a blessed thing for her."

"Hm! hm!" ejaculated Juan Mirado. "Not if the children are like many we see hereabouts. So bold, and walking about by themselves, and even lording it over their parents."

"They are not at all like that," said

Doña Dolores, decisively. "They are sweet and good, and obedient to their mother. And the boy is a splendid little fellow—a real De la Guerra."

"Well, I shall be glad to see him," responded Mirado. "You say he is at the wharf now?"

"Yes, for half an hour or so. He is crazy about ships. I think he has never seen one until to-day."

"Take care he does not give you the slip," said her cousin, with a laugh. "The De la Guerras are a venturesome and an impulsive race. What if he should take a fancy to go to sea?"

"This way—without warning,—do you mean to run away?"

Mirado nodded, still laughing. He liked to tease his cousin, and he could see that she had taken a great liking to the boy.

"Never!" said Dolores. "I should not wonder if one day he *would* go to sea, perhaps as a cadet; though he seems to long for life on a merchantman. But to take an unfair advantage—to run away,—he is too much of a gentleman to leave me in the lurch, and too fond of his family to desert them in such a manner. He has merely gone for a stroll on the wharves, and will return in time for twelve o'clock dinner."

"All right! I shall be glad to see him when he comes," said Mirado. "But I thought to fetch you both to dinner with us. It will be quiet there. There is no one at home but Diego and Tomas and Ascension and Pancha, with the *madre*. The boys can show the little fellow around while you rest and chat with the women this afternoon. And we insist that you must stay with us to-night, Dolores."

"That I meant to do," she replied. "But I can not leave here until after dinner; Marta is already preparing it. I can not hurt her feelings so. After, when I have had my nap, we will go

down and perhaps stay with you a day or two. I want Robbie to visit a warship and see Coronado, and also the old mission about which I told him as we came along."

"So be it then, Dolores," said Juan Mirado. "I will go home now and come for you again at three."

"Yes, that will do. But you need not come, Juan. We can find our way."

"Never mind; I shall come. I have little to do these days. The boys take nearly everything from my shoulders."

"Very well; if you will, then," replied the old lady.

And her cousin went his way.

When he reappeared at three o'clock, hoping to find Dolores and the boy ready to accompany him, she greeted him from the piazza where she was sitting, with old Marta on the step at her feet, with a cry of despair:

"O Juan! Juan! I have been longing for you. The boy has not come home. Surely, surely he has fallen into the water and has been drowned."

Juan stood for a moment in surprise; then he gave a long, low whistle.

"That is bad, sure enough,—the news you tell me," he said. "But of one thing I am certain: the boy has not been drowned. Unless he is a fool—and by what you say he is anything but that,—he could not fall into the water. And even so, he would have been seen by some one."

"Yes, perhaps; but maybe he could not be rescued. It is not everybody who will jump into the water after a drowning person. Oh, how shall I ever go home to his mother with the dreadful story!"

"Peace! peace!" said Mirado, a little impatiently. He did not like the complaints of women: they made him nervous. "He will be sought for and found. Has any one been to search for him?"

"Now, Juan, who could have gone

from this house where there are only two old people beside myself, both as crippled almost as I? We have been waiting for you."

"And I shall go this moment," said Mirado. "It is very likely that the boy was tempted to go on board the cruiser, and time has passed without his being conscious of it."

"No, no!" cried the old lady. "He would never do it,—Robbie would never do it. Either he has fallen into the bay or he has been kidnapped."

"Kidnapped!" exclaimed Juan Mirado. "There could be no object in doing that, Dolores; and it would not be possible in the broad daylight."

He began to roll a cigarette as he spoke, and Dolores cried imperiously:

"Go, go, Juan! You would smoke a cigarette over the grave of your mother. Oh, I can not bear this suspense!"

"Peace, peace!" reiterated Juan. "I go this moment. Indeed I am very sorry that the boy should have played you this trick. But I shall bring him back if he is to be found in the town."

The next moment he had disappeared from sight, and the old lady was left to her loneliness and sorrow, which were most bitter. When he reached the wharf it was almost deserted, save for the few idlers walking aimlessly about. Mirado approached one of these—an old man—and inquired if he had seen a curly-haired boy about fourteen years of age in the vicinity.

The old man reflected.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I did see a little feller like that this mornin'. We was standin' here together viewin' the cruiser, and he asked me some question about the officers that come ashore. Seemed like he thought they ought to be wearin' uniform all the time. Seemed to be kind of disappointed that they didn't. Yes, he was a curly-headed lad. Any kin of yours?"

"Well, yes," said Mirado. "He is a stranger in town; had never been on the water-front before, and the old lady in whose company he came fears that he may have fallen into the bay. That is ridiculous, of course."

"Yes," remarked the other, slowly. "'Tain't likely he could. He didn't seem reckless nor nothin'; he was a *nice* boy, seems to me. He *might* have gone aboard the cruiser some way after I'd gone home to dinner."

"They ain't admittin' no visitors aboard to-day; they've got a reception on," said another old man who had come up while the two were speaking.

Juan turned away. Along the whole length and breadth of the wharf not a soul was in sight except a couple of men fishing. He approached them.

"How long have you been here?" he inquired of one.

"Pretty near all day," was the reply. "The fish aren't biting well to-day at all. I'm getting totally discouraged. Think I'll go home."

Mirado interrogated them about the boy, but neither of them had observed him, being intent on their employment. The wharf had had many visitors in the morning, and one among a number would not have been specially noticed. In order to be certain, he went down to the lower landing where the boatmen were gathered; but all were unanimous in saying that he could not have gone aboard the cruiser, as visitors were tabooed that day.

Retracing his steps, he went toward the custom offices. There he learned that a boy answering Robbie's description had been met by one of the clerks about eleven o'clock going in the direction of the Australian ship, which had been anchored for several weeks at the end of the steamship wharf.

"He was a fine-looking little fellow," said the clerk. "He asked me if there

was any objection to his going down to look at her, because just as we met he saw the sign, 'No admittance to this end of the wharf except on business.' I told him that was practically a dead letter nowadays: nobody paid any attention to it. He seemed glad to hear it, and went on."

"The chances are that he went on board," said Mirado. "I've never seen the boy myself, but he is a distant connection of mine. He's a tenderfoot—never saw the ocean till to-day, I believe. He was to have been back at twelve, and it's half-past three now. It is likely I shall find him there."

"On the *Martha Washington*?" said the clerk dryly, taking his feet from the table and pointing out of the window. "There she goes—sailed about an hour ago. You can just see her rounding the point."

Mirado looked out.

"It can not be possible that he is on it," he said,— "it can not be possible. Would they take him?"

"I don't know," said the clerk. "I'm pretty sure Captain Wilde wouldn't; he's an exceptionally decent man. But the fellow might have stowed himself away somewhere. They often do it."

"By all I can learn, he would have had no reason to do it," said Mirado. "Yet one can never tell."

He walked slowly away, watching the ship till he could no longer see the tops of the masts, and all that remained to tell where she had been were two lines of smoke along the horizon. Then he went back to Dolores to tell her that Robbie could not be found. The poor old lady was nearly distracted. She accompanied him to his home and went to bed immediately. Father and sons spent that evening and all the next day in a fruitless quest. Detectives were employed, the affair was published

in the morning paper, but nothing new developed. Robbie had certainly disappeared as utterly as if the sea had swallowed him up.

Finally a Chinaman came forward. He was a cook in the house of a friend of the Mirado family. He had heard his employers discussing the affair and volunteered the following information:

"Me have fiend—one cook—on board *Marta Wash'ton*. No all ee time—fust time. Oder cook he sick. My fiend go in he place. Me go say good-bye to my fiend. Me see ickee boy—not velly ickee boy—plitty, wif curly hair, standin' in flont of flight-house, lookin' at ship. 'Likee to go on, likee to be sailor boy?' I say for flun.—'Yes,' he say; 'some oder day, maybe, when bigger boy.' Den he look at he watch—plitty ickee watch, likee lady's watch,—and he say: 'Time to go home now.' And he come along wif me half ee wharf. He tell me he never talk to Chinaman before. Velly, velly nice ickee boy."

"And then what?" inquired Dolores, devouring every word.

"Me walk fast—have to get my lunch. Go home. Me say good-bye."

"And you saw him no more?"

"Yes, lady,—yes. Me look back and see him far behind."

"Was he still coming your way?"

"Still comin' same way, plitty fast. No b'lieve he go on ship. Maybe fall in water—"

Dolores uttered a low moan and fainted away. She was convinced now that Robbie had been drowned. The Mirado family, thoroughly distressed and alarmed, telegraphed at once to Señor de la Guerra that his presence in town was urgently needed. Strangely enough, none of the family feared in the least for Robbie. They all had the same apprehension—that Doña Dolores was either dying or dead.

With Authors and Publishers.

—An English translation of the *opuscule* of Pope Gregory the Great, himself a Benedictine, on the founder of the Order, is about to be published under the title: "The Little Flowers of St. Benet." The translation was made in the seventeenth century. The volume will be a worthy companion of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," and, like it, will be illustrated by Mr. Paul Woodroffe.

—Sheridan had a convenient if somewhat ambiguous formula for acknowledging all the new publications sent to him:—"Dear sir, I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted after I have read it." Another celebrity, in returning thanks to authors for presentation copies, always added: "I shall lose no time in reading your book."

—The publication of a new edition of Gibbon's works recalls the estimate of him made by Mr. Bagehot: "The way to reverence Gibbon is not to read him at all; but to look at him from outside the bookcase and think how much there is within,—what a course of events, what a muster-roll of names, what a steady, solemn sound!" It is consoling to remember that a great many harmful books are little read even by those who pay much to acquire them.

—Father John McLaughlin, the author of that excellent book "Indifferentism; or, Is One Religion as Good as Another?" has prepared a new work, "The Divine Plan of the Church; Where Realized and Where Not." The author emphasizes the fundamental difference which must forever lie between an authoritative Church in which the nations are summoned to submit themselves unreservedly to the mind of Christ, and the various non-Catholic systems in which, inversely, Christianity is taken piecemeal and adapted to suit the wishes and the wants of nations or of individuals.

—Perhaps the best life of St. Francis of Assisi for general reading is the one by Father Chérancé, O. S. F. C. We welcome the third edition in English, translated by Mr. R. F. O'Connor, and carefully collated with the latest edition in French. The illustrations are fairly good, and there are some really interesting and valuable notes by the translator. A few slips in spelling on his part and some errors by the printers remain to be corrected. We hope there may be many more editions of this excellent biography. In referring to it as the best life of St. Francis in English, we are not forgetting the Abbé Lemonnier's great work; but for the

Catholic general reader that charming volume is too bulky and too expensive. We must not omit to mention that the Capuchin Fathers of Dublin are the proprietors of Mr. O'Connor's translation,

—Max Pemberton's very imaginative romance, "Pro Patria," which has already been published in an American magazine, has now appeared in book-form. Mr. Pemberton, as we have already noted, is one of the large body of English authors who are converts to our holy faith.

—The Macmillan Co. have just published a work on "Chivalry," by the Rev. Dr. Cornish, vice provost of Eton. The author's aim has been rather to sketch a state of society than to chronicle a period; and has illustrated from contemporary writings the unity and universality of chivalry and its claim to be regarded as an institution which sufficed for its own time, and bore fruit in influence upon later days.

—We rejoice to notice that "Days of First Love," by the late W. Chatterton Dix, is now in the third edition. This exquisite poem on the Mother of God has found many admirers among Christians of all denominations. The author was a true poet and he was never more happily inspired than when he essayed to praise the Mother of fair love and of holy hope. The poem contains many passages of remarkable beauty, full of lofty thought and tender feeling. The product of a reverent mind and loving heart, it will be sure to kindle devotion to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother in the hearts of all who read it. The booklet has been published in the spirit in which it was written—not for profit, but for love. Poet and publisher had the same thought—to honor her whom He that is Mighty hath honored above all creatures.

—An important duty, in the performance of which parents are apt to be imprudently lax, is the supervision of the reading-matter placed in the hands of the young. This is pre-eminently the age of cheap literature of every variety,—books, papers, and magazines; and in innumerable cases, unfortunately, the literature is as bad as it is cheap. Catholic pastors would do well, in advising their flocks about this matter, to follow St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and doctrine." The father who never troubles himself to examine the papers or magazines over whose too-suggestive illustrations or unhealthily sensational stories his youthful son or daughter

pores so intently, needs to be awakened to a sense of his criminal negligence. A bad book is in some respects far worse than a bad companion, yet parents who are scrupulous as to the children with whom they will permit their boys and girls to associate, frequently allow these same boys and girls to range at will over the whole poisonous field of yellow journalism and still worse cheap-library volumes. What wonder that the bloom of youthful innocence so quickly vanishes in so vile an atmosphere, or that premature knowledge saps the very foundations of youthful virtue!

—Father Lambert, the dean of Marist missionaries in New Caledonia, has just published in Paris an interesting ethnographical study of the customs and superstitions prevalent in that Southern Pacific colony. The venerable author's acquaintance with the island dates from the beginning of 1856, when he arrived among the Belep tribe, the first white man whom they had ever seen. Thorough familiarity with the natives' religious beliefs, their worship of ancestors, their language, customs, and different industries, has enabled Father Lambert to make a genuinely valuable addition to the ethnography of Oceania.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.
Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé,*
O. S. F. C. \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of
Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical
Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg,* O. S. F. C.
\$3.50, net.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields.
Ingram Cockett. \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert,*
S. S. \$2, net.

Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's
Knight. *La Motte Fouquet.* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C.*
Donnelly. \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Wor-
ship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne*
Bossuet. \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue.
Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston. \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E.*
Cox. \$1.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876.
Henry F. Brownson. \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Scott, V. G. of St. John's, N. F.; the Rev. Patrick Tandy, Archdiocese of New York; the Rev. M. P. Sullivan, Baltimore; the Rev. J. J. Kennedy, Cincinnati; the Rev. Francis Quinn, Philadelphia; the Rev. John Issler, Columbus; the Rev. P. J. McCaffrey, Natchez; the Rev. Henry Hug, O. S. B.; and the Rev. John Saftig, C. S. S. R.

Mr. Edmund C. Johnson, of Indianapolis, Ind.; S. S. Price, Esq., Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mr. John Henn, Sharpsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Esther Mackey, Moranburg, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Kessler and Mr. James McAnespie, Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. Martin O'Neill, Ottawa, Canada; Miss Catherine White, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Joseph Cuneo and Mr. James Clair, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Bernard J. Delany, Co. Galway, and Mr. Thaddeus Seanlan, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. Sabina Ganter, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Matilda Monaghan, Wilmington, D.-I.; also Mr. Anthony Muer and Mrs. M. Halford, Detroit, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:
A bi-hop, \$50; Rev. J. H. Gaughan, \$10; Rev. Joseph O'Rilly, 50 books.

For the famine sufferers in India:

Friend, in honor of our Blessed Mother, \$10;
S. Keys, \$5; Friend, \$1.

For the Chinese missions:

Me., \$5; A. M. D. G., \$3; Margaret King, \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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■ The Coming of May.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

O MAY Month! gladly do we welcome thee,
Thou Queen of Spring; for with thine advent
sweet

Our Lady comes, blossoms about her feet,
All the green woods alive with melody.

After the silence of the winter days,
Bright month of beauty! every hymn of praise
Our hearts send heavenward on zephyrs fleet,
Thy breath doth bear her outstretched hands to meet.

Our Lady of the May! smile with thine eyes
That once knew tears; then we who vigils keep
Shall soon cease sorrowing; for Love denies
Never its solace to sad eyes that weep.
Queen! Lady! Mistress! wheresoe'er we be,
Let us bring all our earthly cares to thee!

The Oldest Church of Our Lady in the World.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

CHRISTIAN tradition has ever, with unvarying voice, proclaimed the glory and extolled the privileges of the Blessed Mother of God; and in Rome, guardian and depository of that tradition, Catholic teaching about her unrivalled dignity and Catholic devotion to her sacred person have ever found their clearest expression. This is so to-day; for Rome is, above everything, the city of the Madonna, as fair Italy is the land of the Madonna. Churches, shrines, images, the very names

of streets and squares, attest the fact. On the walls of houses, in every shop, in each room of every Christian house, may be seen the image or picture of the beloved Madonna, with its glimmering lamp of olive oil burning in token of undying love. Numerous confraternities and sodalities, with their continual public devotions to the Mother of God, foster and keep alive and fervent those deeply-rooted sentiments of affection for her and of confidence in her intercession for which Rome is remarkable.

And as it is now so it has been from the beginning. The practices and teaching of our own times are but the development of what has existed from the beginning. The much-venerated pictures of to-day—whether, like the celebrated image of Our Lady of Pompeii, they are of recent date; or whether, like the famous image of Our Lady of the Portico or the Madonnas of St. Peter's, St. Mary Major's, and numberless others, they descend from a remote antiquity,—are but the descendants of still more ancient paintings of the days of the Catacombs which bear witness to the Christian practice of the very first ages of the Church. The pictures and images of later times find their prototypes in such antique frescoes as the painting of "The Adoration of the Magi" in the Catacomb of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, which dates from the fourth century; or the exceedingly beautiful Madonna and Child of the Cemetery of St. Emerentiana, also, of the fourth century;

and, most ancient of all, the "Regina Prophetarum" of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla,—a painting which the best authorities declare to belong to a period not later than the beginning of the second century of our era.

It has been reserved to our own days to witness the rediscovery, after nearly eleven hundred years of oblivion, of the oldest church known to have been formally dedicated to the Virgin Mother. Hitherto this honor has been claimed by an ancient church at Ephesus, St. Mary Major in Rome claiming the second place. The question is now settled in favor of the Roman Church of S. Maria Antiqua, or Old St. Mary's, which recent excavations in the Roman Forum have just brought to light.

To understand the position of this most interesting relic of Christian antiquity, the reader who has visited Rome must imagine himself standing at the western end of the Roman Forum, on the modern street that runs between the high structure of the Capitol on the one hand, and the Arch of Septimius Severus and the beautiful Temple of Saturn on the other. Having his back turned to the Capitol and looking between the two latter monuments, he will enjoy a full-length view of the excavations which have, during many long years of patient labor, revealed to us the remains of what was first the centre of Roman municipal life and afterward the converging point of a world-wide empire. On the right, easily recognizable, are the remains of the vast Julian Basilica—nothing now but a large, raised, oblong platform, with the bases only of its numerous columns left standing. Farther on is a point, marked by the graceful columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, where the huge substructures of Caligula's addition to the imperial buildings of the Palatine Hill descend to the Forum.

At this point, built within the royal palace itself, and probably, like all the first Christian churches, only an adaptation of some great hall already in existence, was constructed the Oratory of S. Maria Antiqua. Over this spot, till last year, stood the modern Church of S. Maria Liberatrice, on the site of an earlier church known as S. Maria de Inferno. Both these titles are derived from the invocation, *Libera nos a pœnis inferni*,—"Deliver us from the pains of hell."* It was decided that this church must be demolished for the furtherance of excavations on this side of the Forum. This decision of the Italian government caused some dismay at the time; but we may surely agree that the treasure which has been unearthed makes up for the destruction of one, and not a very beautiful one, of the multitude of modern churches in Rome.

The process of demolition and the subsequent excavations were watched with absorbing interest by Christian archeologists; for now at last the long-contested question of the position of the famous Church of S. Maria Antiqua was likely to be set at rest. Mgr. Duchesne, on the one side, contended that S. Maria Antiqua stood on the site now occupied by the Church of S. Francesca Romana, on the opposite or north side of the Forum, where had stood in pagan days the Temple of Venus and Rome. Father Grisar, S. J., on the other hand, contended for the site which the event has proved to be the correct one. The excavations have brought to light a large and important church, with an imposing portico and three naves, separated by columns of grey granite. The building terminates with the customary apse. There are also two chapels, one on each side of

* For historical details I am indebted to a recent article by Father Grisar, S. J.; and to notices by Professors Marucchi and Borsari.

the church. Inscriptions and paintings place beyond doubt the identity of this building with the famous S. Maria Antiqua mentioned so often in the "Liber Pontificalis," a record of the reigns of early Popes.

The original foundation of the church dates back to the fourth century,—the century which saw the foundation by Constantine of St. Peter's, St. Paul's and the Lateran Basilica; and, after Constantine's death, the founding of the Basilica of St. Mary Major by Pope Liberius. This date has been established by Father Grisar from the fact that when, in the century following its first foundation, Pope Sixtus III. rebuilt the Liberian Basilica, which thenceforward came to be known as St. Mary Major, the church now brought to light was already distinguished by the honorable title of Old St. Mary's. When Sixtus rebuilt the Basilica on the Esquiline as a triumphal monument of the victory of the Church over heresy at the Council of Ephesus, and as a standing witness to the sublime title of Mother of God there secured forever to Mary, the new church became known as St. Mary Major (Greater St. Mary's), to distinguish it from the older but smaller building of the Palatine.

Of the inscriptions that are still legible, the most interesting is the dedicatory inscription, which is a grand testimony to the Catholic faith on the perpetual virginity of Christ's Mother. It begins on the left foot of the arch which spans the apse, being continued on the corresponding base of the arch on the right. This inscription has been restored by Father Grisar as follows:

SANCTÆ DEI GENITRICI SEMPER (QUE)
VIRGINI MARIE.*

The paintings within the church are of the greatest beauty, and for the

* To the Holy Mother of God and Ever-Virgin Mary.

most part in pure Byzantine style, belonging to the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. Our Lord on the cross, surrounded by adoring angels; the figure of the Saviour; symbols of the four Evangelists; scenes from the life of the patriarch St. Joseph in Egypt, typical of the Christian dispensation, are among the subjects represented in the frescoes. The most interesting, perhaps, of all is a portrait in one of the side chapels representing Theodotus, who restored the chapel under Pope Zachary (A. D. 741-752). He is pictured bearing in his hand the model of a church, thought to be the very chapel in which the portrait is found. This Theodotus, who, besides being a fervent Christian, was a man of the highest military rank, held the office of steward, or *œconomus*, of the "diacony" of S. Maria Antiqua.

Readers of this paper will remember what an important part the "diacony," or deaconry, played in the life of the early Christians. The whole city was divided into regions, or districts, at the head of each being placed a deacon. The object of this arrangement was to systematize the abundant almsgiving which characterized the Christian community. To the church of the diacony came at fixed times all the poor of the district, to be relieved at the expense of the charitable rich folk of the congregation. It was through the diacony that so many rich martyrs distributed their goods to the poor when the call came to lay down their lives for the faith.

The office of the deacon was, besides assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, to superintend the distribution of these alms and to take under his care the poor of the district. He thus became a personage of some importance; and St. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, tells us that there was a tendency to rate the position of deacon higher than that of priest—a tendency of which the Saint

strongly disapproves. Such a diacony was early established at S. Maria Antiqua; and in the eighth century, as we have seen, the office of steward, or *œconomus*—presumably an assistant of the deacon,—was held by Theodotus, restorer of the chapel containing his portrait, and which probably represents the original oratory of Our Lady, round which grew up the larger basilica of which we now see the remains.

But S. Maria Antiqua came in time to be more than the church of a diacony; for Pope John VII., who reigned from A. D. 705 to 707, founded there an episcopal residence. From that time till the reign of Pope Leo IV. (845-855) this was the Papal residence. From this spot, therefore, for more than a hundred years the Catholic Church was ruled and taught by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Under Leo IV. came the change which in later days has caused so much discussion. Owing, probably, to the fall of some of the old royal buildings on the Palatine Hill which overhung the church, the latter was destroyed and buried so effectually that nothing has been seen of it since till now. The destruction of the old church of the diacony necessitated its transference to another church. A newly-erected church on the opposite side of the Forum was selected. This is now known as S. Francesca Romana, and stands close to the famous Arch of Titus. The new diacony was at first called after its predecessor, S. Maria Antiqua; but, naturally enough, the popular voice soon rechristened it, and from the middle of the ninth century it was known as S. Maria Nova. (New St. Mary's).

This change of name has been the cause of all the uncertainty which has perplexed modern archeologists. But the question is now set at rest; and in S. Maria Antiqua, built, no doubt, originally as a protest against the

lingering superstition of the worship of Vesta, Mother of the Romans, whose temple stood hard by, we possess still another eloquent though silent witness to the life of a remote period of Christian Rome; another record of the devoted piety of our forefathers in the faith at a time when the Church of God was following up her victories within the Empire, and was stretching her bounds far beyond the limits of civilized society to embrace in her bosom, under the patronage of Mary Immaculate, the barbaric peoples of the earth.

Mr. Henry Moran.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.—MR. MORAN HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH JENKINS.

IT was through Jenkins that Henry Moran first learned of the projected sale of the Raymonds' effects.

"Cheap firm in the Bowery—Boomer, Smallby and Chestenham. Sell them right out, I hear. Doing it on the quiet; but my wife tells me it's for debt. Can't pay instalments on furniture."

Henry Moran's senses were on the alert; but Jenkins, who had met the millionaire strolling about on that Sunday afternoon, chopping with his cane at the heads of tall weeds in his path, could not have guessed the deep concern with which he listened.

"Pity!" went on Jenkins. "Fine girls! Will have to go out to work. I guess they'll have to give up the cottage."

Jenkins' field was, indeed, the local and the personal, and he presently returned thither.

* SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS FROM I. TO XXII.—Henry Moran, multi-millionaire, called the King of the Stock Exchange, lives in a suburban town near New York. Vine Cottage, next door to him, is occupied by the Raymond family, reduced in circumstances but of great gentility. Unaware of

The necessity had occurred to Henry Moran, but he was determined that it should be removed. So he only replied:

"Oh, I guess there's no danger things will go as far as that! Those people have friends, haven't they?"

"Yes: there's old Mortimer, to be sure. He may come forward; but he'd better not lose time. The sale's on Tuesday and this is Sunday."

"They'll telegraph him all right," Henry Moran said, turning the subject; for he much resented Jenkins' gossip about the Raymonds' affairs. "Bad news from the West,—crops poor."

"Oh! aye!" said Jenkins. "That so? I hadn't heard."

He was mentally "sizing up" Henry Moran as "a heartless brute."

"A man can't go through Wall Street," he thought, "and have much human feeling left."

However, he threw into his manner an extra amount of cordiality as he said aloud, facetiously:

"Bad crops mean a crop of bad things; so you wiseacres tell us."

"It doesn't need much of a wiseacre to tell that," Henry Moran answered,

their neighbor's identity, they suppose him to be an old man. Henry Moran overhears a conversation, and is attracted to Kate Raymond, the beauty of the family, whom he sees through the hedge. His housekeeper becomes suspicious. The stockbroker is annoyed by the curiosity of a gossip-monger, Jenkins, whom he daily meets on the train. He has an exciting day on Change, and meets, going home, Jack Holloway, who is engaged to Mary Raymond. Henry Moran, who is a nominal Catholic, is led by the words and example of his neighbors to think seriously of religion. Gregg, the town butcher, through Martha Finney's malice, refuses to supply the cottage with meat on the eve of an impending visit from Mr. Mortimer, banker and friend of the family. Henry Moran, overhearing the difficulty discussed, comes to the rescue with a hamper of game from "the old gentleman next door"; and visits Farmer Hobson, whom he sends to the cottage selling meat. Mr. Mortimer remains some days, during which are enjoyed drives, music, and pleasant conversation. The latter amuses and edifies Henry Moran, who hears himself discussed;

rather curtly. He found Jenkins specially irritating that afternoon, and was eager to be rid of him.

"I hear you've got rid of Martha Finney?" he ventured, eying Moran's side face keenly. Had a mask been drawn over the stockbroker's countenance it could not have been more unreadable.

"Yes," Henry Moran said. "Is that a matter of local interest?"

"I just chanced to hear it through my wife," Jenkins said, apologetically. "She heard it from Mrs. Gregg."

"Mrs. Gregg?" queried Henry Moran.

"The butcher's wife," said Jenkins.

"Ah, indeed! Well, I hope Mrs. Gregg approves."

"These people are so clannish," said Jenkins, confidentially. "But the fact is old servants are often a nuisance: they pry into one's affairs."

"That would be a bad fault indeed, to my way of thinking," said Moran.

There was meaning in his tone, and Jenkins was silenced for a moment.

"They get ideas into their heads."

"Do they?" inquired Moran.

"They suspect and they talk and they conjecture," Jenkins cried.

while Kate becomes interested in the personality of the great financier, though still unaware that he is their neighbor. Henry Moran has a visit in Wall Street from Holloway, and fears that he is engaged to Kate. Kate writes, in jest, a letter, accompanied by a sketch. She drops it. Farmer Hobson finds and brings it to the big house. It is detained by Martha Finney, but finally reaches its destination. The housekeeper is dismissed. Henry Moran dines with Mrs. Thurston, a social leader, and meets Mr. Mortimer. Henry Moran is charmed with Kate's letter. He answers by a sketch of an old man kneeling and holding up a cheque. Kate writes an explanation. Henry Moran sends a second letter—an old man still kneeling, without a cheque. He discovers that Jack Holloway is engaged to Mary Raymond, and resolves to win Kate, with whom he is in love. Martha Finney, furious at her dismissal by Henry Moran, bitterly denounces him to the Greggs, urging them to press for payment of the Raymonds' debt. She also visits a relative—Freeman, drummer for a Bowery furniture house,—and induces him to seize the unpaid furniture.

"Indeed!" said Henry Moran. "I am in luck, then, to have had only one old servant, and she is gone."

Jenkins could have ground his teeth.

"Well, you have had an unfortunate experience, I fear, Mr. Jenkins," Henry Moran resumed.

"Oh, I wasn't speaking of myself!" he explained hastily.

"No?" inquired the broker.

Clearly, the subject of Martha Finney must be dropped; but Jenkins' curiosity being on the rack, he attacked from another direction.

"That Gregg woman is an infernal gossip," he declared vehemently.

"Suffered from her too, perhaps?" Henry Moran inquired.

"I have not suffered."

"Some other resident?"

Henry Moran's carelessness and his assumed interest were contemptuous and galled Mr. Jenkins. He would like to have blurted out that it was he, Henry Moran, who had suffered from the evil tongues of Martha Finney and the Greggs; but he dared not. Henry Moran walked, his hands behind his back, his cane lightly thrust through them. And as they went on in silence Jenkins watched him furtively, seeking for a clue in his face. He felt the power of this silent man as a reproach, and he had an uncomfortable conviction that the broker wanted to be rid of him. Still, it was not every day that he had an opportunity of being seen in the streets of the town with so great a magnate, and he did not feel equal to abridging the privilege. Besides, he still hoped for some information, even the smallest item.

"It is astonishing," he remarked at last, "the mischief that these women do with their tongues."

"So far as the women are concerned, I have the immunities of a bachelor."

Jenkins reddened. He felt that there

was an innuendo in this speech; but he tried to carry it off lightly.

"They have so much time on their hands, and they go about to see one another, and one says this and the other says that."

"But why trouble your head about them?" Henry Moran said, indifferently.

"Are you interested in mines?"

"No, no! I can't say that I am," Jenkins replied. "My interests are very small, very limited."

Henry Moran smothered a laugh. He knew that this was true, as well in the sense in which Jenkins meant it as in another and more general sense. The gossip of women, the petty talk of the village, the ill-natured slanders of the venomous, were Jenkins' mental food.

"We're not all so lucky as you," Jenkins continued.

"Luck is a comparative term."

"Look here!" said the irrepressible newsmonger, suddenly taking a plunge into deep water. "Why don't you make some girl happy, Mr. Moran? Why don't you get married?"

For a moment there was silence. Poor Jenkins was terrified at his own audacity. Henry Moran's face, more mask-like than ever, wore a smile of grim sarcasm.

"Is that, too, a matter of local interest? Would the town wish me to assume matrimonial responsibilities?"

The sarcasm confounded Jenkins. He did not know exactly how to meet it.

"No, no!" he said. "It is merely my own idea. A man like you owes it—yes, owes it to the community."

"I generally pay my debts, once I acknowledge them," said Henry Moran, with some mockery in his tone.

"I repeat, sir," cried Jenkins, warming to the subject, "that such a man, so highly placed, so rarely endowed by nature and fortune, owes it to the community."

"Yet you have just warned me of the mischief of women's tongues," said Henry Moran; "and 'my Lady Tongue' is a dish I like not."

Jenkins was silent, casting about for a suitable reply.

"Perhaps the town will go further and make choice of a suitable partner for me?" went on Henry Moran, still smiling. "But it and you must allow me time to think the matter over. Just now I will say good-day, with thanks for kind interest."

Jenkins saw a knot of townsfolk approaching and grew desperate. He must detain Henry Moran till they had been seen together.

"I must say one word more!" he cried, as the broker, with a stiff nod, was turning away into a bypath of exquisite loveliness. The latter stood still, with an expression on his face which said very plainly: "Be brief with your last word."

"I guess you never supposed that it was Martha Finney who brought down Boomer, Smallby and Chestenham on your neighbors."

Jenkins had stirred Henry Moran now with a vengeance. Lightning flashed from his eye, his face paled, and it was evident that a furious anger was awakened by that simple sentence. Jenkins was alarmed, as one who, summoning a spirit, suddenly beholds him.

"What do you mean?" cried Henry Moran in a voice which admitted of no trifling. "What had my late servant to do either with the furniture firm or with my neighbors?"

"She has a cousin with Boomer & Company," faltered Jenkins.

"And what else?"

Henry Moran's manner and voice were compelling. Jenkins lost his head.

"Mrs. Gregg said Martha was furious because she thought you were going to marry one of—"

"Stop!" cried Henry Moran. "Not a word more of this vile gossip! If it were satisfied with striking a man, little matter; but it attacks women too."

"I thought you ought to know," pleaded Jenkins.

"Confound your thoughts!" retorted Henry Moran. "Keep them to yourself for the future. And if I ever hear of a lady's name being brought into question—"

He breathed hard, struggling for that mastery over himself which he had believed to be so perfect. Failing to attain it, he left the sentence unfinished, and, turning on his heel, walked away.

In the bypath he had chosen summer reigned supreme. Humming insects buzzed in the long grasses, birds sang in the treetops, flowers clustered in unheeded profusion, and the sunlight gilded even the commonest weeds into things of beauty. But neither this luxuriance of Nature nor its tranquillity had at first any effect upon the irritated feelings of Henry Moran. Martha Finney and her share in these outrageous proceedings and in circulating gossip filled him with rage and astonishment. But as his customary clear perception and cool judgment returned, he felt that he was powerless against Martha Finney, and might therefore dismiss her from his thoughts as he had done from his service. The really important thing was to stop this sale, and to do it in a manner which should prevent his intervention from becoming known to the ladies.

A bright idea suddenly occurred to him. Mr. Mortimer had sent him, but a day or two previous, a cheque for one thousand dollars, which he desired to invest. This was made out to Henry Moran by Mr. Mortimer. The difficulty might be settled in that way. He would call on the firm in the Bowery, as if from Mr. Mortimer, and hand in the

cheque. It might easily be presumed that Mr. Mortimer, when making it out, had left a margin for possible contingencies. In this way gossip might be forestalled; and he himself would strive to prevent the Raymonds from hearing of the affair either through the banker or otherwise. Let the consequences be what they might, he could not and would not allow the furniture to be sold, especially since he had learned that Martha Finney had been instrumental in causing the seizure to be made.

Should Mr. Mortimer be informed of what had taken place, and offer to reimburse him, he could accept the sum and declare that he had simply acted as he believed the old friend of the Raymonds would have wished him to act. And, should the ladies hear of the transaction, he might describe it as being an affair between Mr. Mortimer and himself. He felt brighter and better after this decision had been reached; and his mind reverted to the gossip which Jenkins had repeated, wondering how such an idea could ever have come into Martha's head, since she could not possibly have read his thoughts, and fervently hoping that no hint of it would reach the ladies at the cottage.

On his homeward way he stopped at the door of the Catholic church. He had never been there, had never thought of it at all; nor was it very wise of him to be seen there just then in view, of the gossip which he had heard. Yet he could not resist the temptation. Removing his hat, he stepped into the church just for a moment. Benediction was going on; the *Tantum Ergo* was being sung. The Raymonds were all there. Kate had her head bent so low that he could not see her face; but the mother's profile, careworn and sharpened more than ever, was clearly visible. The atmosphere of the church affected him peculiarly. Perhaps it was the old Catholic blood

of his ancestors stirring within him which gave him that feeling of reverence, that consciousness of the divine, new altogether in his life. The incense, the hymn, the silence, the devotion of the worshipers, were all most impressive. He bent his head involuntarily when the priest raised the Blessed Sacrament, and then stole away hastily; and, once outside and walking homeward, he tried to laugh away the singular feeling which had overcome him.

"Love plays strange freaks with a man," he said to himself. "Almost thou persuadest me to do as my fathers have done and be a practical Catholic."

But, laugh as he might, he felt that the impression made upon his mind was stronger and greater and of a different order from any influence which had ever been exerted by a woman. It was connected with Kate in his mind, but was yet wholly distinct from her; and he felt almost convinced that he would have experienced the same sensations on entering the church if he had never known the girl. The feeling made him uncomfortable, and he began to look back on his past life and to wish that it had been different. He knew that he had been baptized a Catholic, and that in his early life he had practised that religion; but he was also aware that the ethics of the Gospel are not always the ethics of finance, and that the unworldliness and contempt of Mammon which the Catholic Church inculcates are not the prevailing spirit on the Stock Exchange.

"Hang it all!" he cried impatiently to himself. "Suppose I am in love with this girl, and mean to marry her if she will have me, why can't I go my way and she hers? I will never interfere with her. She can be free as air, and I'd rather she was religious than the other thing. But a man can't be like a woman, and the Catholic religion might

be deuced inconvenient, with far too many restrictions for a busy man."

Something told him, however, that this reasoning would never satisfy Kate.

"But, after all, *I* am a Catholic," he said. "I never called myself anything else or joined any other church."

Again he asked himself: "Would this reasoning satisfy Kate?" And again he was obliged to answer in the negative. The horror, too, which his mother used to have of Romanists, and her regrets for having married one in her youth, occurred to him.

"Well, I will be precious glad if this 'Romanist' will marry me; and then who knows? I guess she can make me whatever she likes."

(To be continued.)

Our Devotion to Mary.*

CHRISTIANITY has implanted in the heart of regenerated man two new affections: the one is the love of our brethren and is called charity; the other is the love of a mother, the love of Mary; and this other love has no name. It would be impossible to find in any language the word to express the sentiments which the Christian soul cherishes toward the Mother of Jesus Christ. It was during the last hour of redemption, when the most adorable Victim was consummating His sacrifice, that the mutual bonds which forever bind the members of the Church to the Mother of the Man-God were formed. These bonds constitute the worship of Mary,—a worship inseparable from the worship of Jesus; because the disciples, having become the members and brothers of the Lord, are by these same titles children of His Mother; and if they are children with Jesus Christ, they share in the sentiments of Jesus Christ: they

love what Jesus Christ loved; consequently, they love Mary.

Now, love can not keep silence: it must speak, it must sing; it must pour itself out,—it must give vent to its emotions, its ardors, and its gratitude. The more closely we are united to Jesus Christ, the more do we feel the invincible need of honoring and blessing His Mother. Most assuredly those do not possess the spirit of Jesus Christ and do not belong to His family who feel nothing for Mary. In their eyes Christ is divided; He appears but as an abstract divinity, without affinity, without any intimate connection with the children of men grafted on His sacred humanity. It is the maternity of Mary that gives us a complete knowledge of Jesus Christ: she is the living link that connects Him with us. By her God became the child of man, by her man becomes the child of God. Hence the veneration of Mary, when it is deep and intelligent, is the sign of the true faith, the condition of spiritual progress, the channel of prayer and of graces, and the secret of the sweetest and most fruitful consolations.

Nevertheless, the cultus of Mary and the worship of Jesus Christ, though they spring from one and the same principle and are indissolubly interwoven in the roots of Christian piety, are distinct and fundamentally different; for the worship of Jesus Christ is an adoration which can be rendered to God alone; whereas Mary is simply a creature, an Immaculate Virgin, the Woman blessed amongst all women, the Mother blessed amongst all mothers. Her worship is at bottom but the homage which all the children of men render to their mothers.

It would be childish to think that we rob Jesus Christ of the honors we render to Mary. We have already said it: these honors differ both in

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA from the writings of Father Théodore Raïssbonne.

character and in meaning; and it would be strangely calumniating the human heart to think you maintain the dignity of the son by disdaining the titles of his mother. The sentiments of nature, conscience, reason and experience, in accord with Holy Scripture and all tradition, rise up against those who reject Mary under pretext of offering their adorations to God alone.

How is it, O my God! that so many Christians, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, refuse to pay their devotions to the Virgin whose heart furnished that adorable blood? How can it be that these men, so attached in appearance to the letter of Holy Scripture, exclude Mary alone from the divine precept which commands all the children of men to honor their mother? Why do they act thus? They maintain, with a zeal which is not according to knowledge, that the Gospel nowhere prescribes devotion toward Mary; as if a man needed a command to induce him to love his mother! They fear to wound Jesus Christ by honoring Mary. But, I repeat it once more, is this fear Christian, is it natural? Is a son ever jealous of the glory of his mother? Would Jesus Christ have borne it had His disciples manifested indifference and coldness toward one whom He cherished Himself with most filial tenderness and most divine predilection? Will you deny our Divine Master, considering merely His humanity, the first of all sentiments—filial love, which He Himself deposited in the heart of every human being?

Moreover, it can not be asserted that the Gospel does not authorize the worship of the Holy Virgin. We read, on the contrary, in the sacred books of both the Old and the New Testament the magnificent testimonies rendered to her by angels as well as by men, under most striking figures. The Old Testament shows her to us in the deference, replete

with respect and love, manifested by Solomon toward his mother Bethsabee. The humble Esther, another figure of Mary, is called to share the throne and diadem of the most powerful of kings. Judith, victorious over the enemies of her people, does not give umbrage to the high-priest of Israel when she receives the blessings of grateful piety: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem! Thou art the joy of Israel! Thou art an honor to thy people!" These exceptional women were the types and living prophecies of her whom Genesis announces, at the very beginning of ages, as destined to crush the serpent's head; of her whom the patriarchs long for as the aurora of salvation; whom the prophet Isaias designates to the world in these words: "A Virgin shall conceive and shall bear a Son who shall be called Emmanuel, God with us."

Nothing is more significant than the numerous symbols under which the Spirit of God prefigures the promised Virgin. She is, according to the interpretation of the Fathers, the precious scion of the root of Jesse, of whom is born, like a divine flower, the Saviour of men; she is the holy land on which the dew of heaven descends in order that it may bear the fruit of life; she is the inconsumable bush in which God reveals Himself in the midst of the flames; she is the fleece of Gideon, which is covered with a mysterious dew while all things around it are parched with drought; she is the sacred ark containing God's covenant with the sons of Adam; she is the golden vase in which is preserved among the children of Jacob the manna of heaven; she is the cloud which pours over the thirsty earth a fruitful rain; she is the altar of sacred incense which draws down blessings from on high; she is the eastern gate of the Temple of which Ezekiel extols the magnificence; in fine, she is the

heavenly spouse, seated at the right hand of God, resplendent with gold and with light, the Mother of the Holy of Holies and of the King of kings, celebrated by the prophets, sung in the psalms, saluted by the angels and the Seraphim.

The New Testament is more explicit still. How, indeed, could the Evangelists have separated the name of Mary from the name of Jesus? Need we call to mind all the texts which record the participation of the Holy Virgin in all the acts of the redemption? The last look of the expiring Victim, like His first smile on entering the world, was for Mary. The gift of His Mother which the Heart of Jesus makes to the heart of man is the crowning of all His works of love. How deeply to be pitied are those who do not appreciate and will not understand these consoling truths! Strike out the name of Mary from the Gospel, and you deprive Christianity of its most tender and moving notes.

According to the more moderate Protestants, Mary is but an ordinary woman "who could not have been the confidante of Christ; a woman about whom silence must be kept, as was done by the sacred writers, in order to prevent all superstition; a woman, in short, whose example could be of use to no one."*

What! the sacred writers are silent! On the contrary, the Gospel is full of Mary. If you are afraid lest the worship of Mary give umbrage to the Son of God and lead you astray in the ways of superstition, do not read the Archangel's salutation: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women!" Do not listen to Elizabeth when she cries out in ecstasy at the sight of Mary: "Blessed art thou amongst women!...

* Words from an article by M. Coquerel, a Protestant minister.

Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" Strike out also from the sacred books the texts which narrate the joys of Bethlehem. The Divine Child was still wrapped in swaddling clothes when the Eastern Kings and the shepherds of Ephrata brought Him their mystic offerings. Now, to whom were their burning words addressed if not to Mary? The Gospel expressly adds that these first adorers of the Incarnate God found the Child with Mary His Mother. Is it not in the Gospel also that we find the sublime sentence which sums up the first thirty years of our Saviour's life? He dwelt with Mary and Joseph. He was obedient to them. At that period of time, and long before the Gospel was written, the Virgin of Nazareth was herself the living book in which were inscribed the words and acts of her Divine Son. "She kept all those things in her heart."

Subsequently, at the marriage feast of Cana, Jesus changed water into wine; and the Evangelist who describes that great scene is careful to tell us that "Mary was there," and that it was she who by her intercession called forth this first of all the miracles. Let Protestants tear out that page also of the Gospel which records that memorable exclamation of the woman of Israel who in order to honor the Divine Messiah exalts His Mother: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck!" Let them, in a word, strike out of the New Testament the canticle in which, in a divine ecstasy, the Virgin herself foretells her destiny and announces that she is to be the object of the blessings of all ages. "Behold, from henceforth," she says in her canticle of love, "all generations shall call me blessed!"

This extraordinary prophecy, so clearly expressed, so manifestly fulfilled, is of itself alone the fullest justification of the

cultus which the Catholic Church renders to Mary. It also contains the implicit demonstration of all other truths of the Gospel. For if the lowly daughter of David had not been illuminated by the splendor of the Spirit of God, how could she have predicted so confidently her imperishable glory? How, in the humble sphere in which she lived, shut up in the mountains of Judea, and long before the birth of Jesus Christ, could she have been able to announce to the world that all generations should proclaim her greatness?

There is nothing more striking in history than the fulfilment of this prediction; and there is no prophecy more widely known, more celebrated, more luminous; none is more clearly and universally realized. Wheresoever the sun of the Gospel has diffused its heat and its light, from pole to pole and throughout all ages, the sweet name of Mary shines forth beside the name of Jesus; and there is no name that excites more enthusiasm, more sympathy, more love. Innumerable monuments serve as her crown; and solemnities, panegyrics, and religious pomps proclaim her glories. The arts have exhausted their magnificence in striving to express the love and admiration of the children of Holy Church for the Deipara, the God-bearing Mother. Behold all generations *do* call her blessed!

A Priest's Blessing.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A BREATH of rose was on the air;
 I heard no voice, I heard no prayer;
 But o'er my head
 I saw anointed hands outspread
 Like wings of the celestial Dove;
 And through my heart, so sad and weak
 That silent tears bedewed my cheek,
 From God's eternal throne,
 Where angels Glorias entone,
 Flowed tranquil streams of heavenly peace and love.

The Passing of a Great Figure.

IN a forest where all the trees are luxuriant in foliage, graceful in shape, grateful by their shade to the soul of man, attracting yet softening the light, some will still surpass the others,—standing out in bolder outline, giving a more abundant shade, through which the light radiates and whence darkness is banished. This same phenomenon is observable in religious communities, where all abound in evangelical virtues, in benefits to their fellowmen and in devotedness to God.

On the 10th of March last, in the city of Montreal, Canada, departed from this world one of those rare souls, who even in the luxuriant grace of community life stand apart, a beacon to all wayfarers, a strength to all weakness, a light to all darkness. Mother St. Providence, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, passed away quietly on a calm Sunday afternoon, after years of failing health, after weeks of acute suffering, borne with that patience which is the secret of God's saints. To those who knew her, to her many pupils, to the innumerable admirers of this singularly gifted and brilliant religious, it is inevitable that much should be written concerning her; for around her name cluster so many memories. She has been associated with the City of Mary as educator, as superior, as provincial, for the best part of the century just closed, being at the time of her decease seventy-seven years of age, over fifty of which were spent in the cloister.

When Miss Marie Louise Donnelly entered religion she was assigned to duty at one of the city missions; but being speedily transferred to the celebrated Convent of Villa Maria, she spent thirty years there as teacher and as superior, being a vital part of the institution. She, however, subsequently held

the responsible position of Mother Provincial for Canada and the United States, representing the Mother General; and was in charge of the Canadian Exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Mother St. Providence has been the instructress of more than one generation of Canadian and American women; so that around her coffin in the community chapel of the Mother-House of the Congregation that sad day were gathered the pupils who had been formed by her for the high social position they now occupy; or, again, by those who, in lowlier stations, had learned from her to rise superior to circumstances. Some were still in the springtime of girlhood, and by her death had been left, as it were, newly orphaned; others had experienced fiery trials or known brilliant destinies; some were old, some young; but in all was apparent the same heartfelt grief, showing itself at times in visible signs of emotion.

The chapel was very still and peaceful. The bright light of the March day, intensified by the dazzling whiteness of the new-fallen snow, came in at the windows, falling on the immaculately clean floor, chastened by the purple of the altar,—all suggestive of the high and noble life just closed, of the peace that followed suffering, and of the crown that had come to the long and steadfast perseverance. Rows upon rows of black-veiled nuns were there, many of whom had been her pupils, many more her co-workers. In their ranks, as in that of the seculars, was evidence of the same deep sorrow and the sense of the irreparable loss which had come to the community.

Mother St. Providence was in the highest sense an educator, broad-minded, just, discriminating; never influenced by personal motives nor by narrow distinctions of any sort. She invariably won the love of her pupils, while their respect for her was of an unusual character. It

was based upon their recognition of a certain lofty integrity about her, a strict regard for honorable dealing even in trifles, a generosity of disposition, and high intellectual attainments. Her demeanor, at first acquaintance, seemed cold, her bearing stately. Never was warmth of heart more genuine; none ever had more kindly consideration for the feelings of others, were it only the smallest child or the youngest novice. Her manner was polished to a degree, her voice finely modulated; her English faultlessly correct, though she spoke French fluently; and her features were finely moulded. She was altogether a person of rare distinction. Intellectually, her mind soared far above the ordinary feminine range. Hers was a mind of broad grasp, of scientific exactness, of keen logic; and this, no doubt, had much to do with her strict sense of justice, which was early noted by her pupils.

Whatever may have been her gifts in the high offices she filled, as a teacher she was pre-eminent. And it is a splendid tribute to her that her former pupils with one voice proclaim her such, and that she has left no rankling bitterness among them. Carping criticism is silent when it speaks of this truly great religious. She had the faculty of drawing out what was best in those about her, of elevating them; of making the rude ashamed of their rudeness, the mean of their meanness, the unworthy of their unworthiness. She was patient with the dull, inspiring to the clever, interesting to all; and it was her pleasure to make class-work as attractive as possible, and to provide comforts or devise outdoor amusements for those under her charge. Incidentally it may be said that she believed thoroughly in outdoor exercise, and often led her class in long walks through the invigorating air of the Canadian day, or bundled them into sleighs for a drive over the ice.

Her services to the Congregation of Notre Dame have been incalculable. It is the old historic Order of Canada, which had its birth with the inception of the colony, and is as inseparably connected with it as the trees upon Mount Royale. And to the generations of mothers, wives and daughters who have come under her influence, her teachings have been of immense value, broadening their ideals, enlarging their minds; and, while leading them along the path of the sanest common-sense, uplifting them from the pettinesses and the meannesses of life.

The end came suddenly at last to Mother St. Providence. One of her last inquiries was as to the comfort of some of her co-workers who had arrived to say farewell. How characteristic was this simple circumstance let all who have known her testify. Her last audible utterance was, however, "God alone!" As one remarked who had known her intimately, that was the sum and substance of her life and all its teachings; that was what she strove to impress upon the youthful minds about her; everything else having its place and purpose, but that one idea dominating the whole. God alone! That might be her epitaph, as it was the motive power of her life. Her brilliant endowments, her mental acquirements, were all subordinate to that one fixed purpose—to labor for God alone.

A rarely gifted woman, a true and loyal friend, a noble-hearted religious, a holy servant of God—in these few words may be summed up the life and character of Mother St. Providence, of the Congregation of Notre Dame. For, after all, a very few words epitomize the greatest results, because the relative influence of such a personality and such a career can not be set down in cold print. The deeds stamped with sterling gold, the effects left upon those who

have been brought into contact with such characters of unusual elevation and unusual strength, are intangible here below, and must have their full value in eternity.

Mother St. Providence is *nō* more. Hers was a grand nature, hers was a noble heart, hers was a wonderful mind. May perpetual light shine upon her for the light which she diffused about her, and may eternal rest be hers after long labor!

"Only One Day More."

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

A WOMAN stood upon the porch of her bamboo hut, two little children playing on the floor beside her. She was young and comely, but sparsely clad, after the fashion of her people; for the scene lay in one of the Filipino villages in the island of Luzon. But her large pathetic eyes were so pure in their expression, the curve of her soft lips so sweet and innocent, that, as one looked at her, it was impossible not to think of her beautifully oval face with its clear, dark complexion as a type of the Eastern Madonna so often seen in old pictures.

She was shading her eyes with her hand, quietly standing there in an attitude of listening.

"Only one day more!" she murmured, glancing down at her little ones, and then she smiled. "Only one day more and he will return safe—thank God!—from the murderous invaders."

(Think of it, dear reader,—the poor, simple Filipino woman characterized our devoted soldiers as "invaders," not realizing that through rains of fire and rivers of blood they were carrying the blessings of liberty to a misguided people!)

"But what means that sound, that

music?" she said, bending forward in astonishment. "I know not those airs: they are not familiar. Ah, it is, it must be the music of *los Americanos*!"

Her little hut was at the extreme outskirts of the village, but from where she stood she could see women hurrying to and fro, wringing their hands and crying. Snatching her little ones to her heart, she prepared to fly she knew not where. But suddenly guns began to fire, stray shots flew hither and thither, and in the very act of clasping her children to her bosom the woman fell, pierced by a bullet, to rise no more! For a little while the children cried, until they, too, exhausted, sank on the ground beside the mother, who for the first time in their short lives failed to respond to their pleadings. There they fell asleep, and darkness descended upon them like a pitying veil.

It was very hot in the jungle where Amadeo and his comrades had been hiding since early dawn. But to-morrow they would be at home again. All felt that the alarm had been unnecessary: the Americans were not coming—this time at least. Amadeo was corporal of the company—a fine young fellow, with a sweet wife, Manuela, and a little boy and girl left behind in his native village.

"But we shall soon be at home now," he thought. "Only one day more, and then peace for a time," he prayed.

All this while he crouched in the jungle, a needless and foolish proceeding, it seemed to Amadeo. But, ah! what was that? A rush, a whirl, the shout of the triumphant foe, the groans of his comrades falling all about him,—and then—and then he saw and heard no more. O hapless babies! what shall be your portion now?

A young man lay upon the deck of a transport ship, his face turned toward the shore he could not see. But he

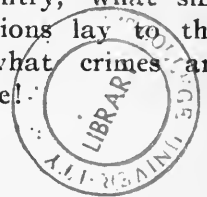
never wearied picturing to himself its shining sands, the cottage on the cliff, the girl beside the gate with the baby in her arms. Sometimes, in his ravings, he had babbled of a rest beneath shady palms; motioning his comrades to march on and leave him there, for he could go no farther. And sometimes he had made aimless passes in the air with an imaginary rifle—because he had seen dark faces after dark faces grinning at him from behind low clumps of bushes and the trunks of fallen trees. But for days now he had been rational; and as he lay there, with his thin white face turned toward the shore, his heart beat high with hope and joy; for it was "only one day more."

But the angel came that night and breathed above the sleeping soldier; and when they steamed into port next morning his name had already been placed on the death list of that reeking, festering transport ship as "No. 35."

A young woman lay beside an open window, her face worn and pallid, her eyes half closed. She had been very ill; but to-morrow the ship was due, and her soldier with it. How she had hungered and thirsted for him! How surprised he would be to find the boy so strong and well! How much he would have to tell her! How foolish and even sinful all her worrying and grieving seemed, now that he was all but home! "Only one day more!"

To the sweet refrain she fell asleep; and while she slept the pitying angel came to her also with fluttering wing and waved it over her; and all was still—still in that desolate house, save for the crowing and laughing baby boy, an orphan in a stranger's arms.

O America, our country, what sins shall the God of nations lay to thy charge! O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!



Tree Lore.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

OF all inanimate players upon the world's stage trees have been chief. About them cluster so many memories, sad or glad or stirring, that when one would set them forth he knows not how to choose. In history's dawn they were thought to have souls. Like man, they began feebly, grew, lived and died. It is not strange that the children we call the ancients, groping for a truth of which they knew not, looked upon the forest kings as lesser and dumb brothers. There is a survival of this belief in Germany, where the peasants say to an oak tree when the head of the family passes away: "Dear oak, the master is dead." Some nations went so far in their infancy as to maintain that humanity descended from a tree, and in reality tree-worship was akin to the Oriental worship of ancestors.

Modern customs, many of which have no known origin, have a tree for their central figure. At Whitsuntide the Russian girl fares forth to the forest to bring in the birch, and at the Epiphany season the pious Devonshire farmer and his companions repair to the orchard and throw cups of cider at the apple trees.

Many trees were supposed to embody the lightning, and therefore to be a protection against it. Chief among these was the mountain ash, whose berries, for some unknown reason, gave it this distinction. The hazel shared the honor; and you can yet hear it told in Bavaria that the Holy Family, being overtaken by a thunder-storm during the flight into Egypt, sought the safe and friendly shelter of a hazel tree.

The white thorn was supposed to have sprung from the lightning; Christian tradition, later, associated it with the

Crown of Thorns. In several countries the thorn tree is held forever sacred, and no leaf or branch is gathered, no matter what the occasion or necessity. "Hew trees in the common wood if you will," said a law of the Ostrogoths; "but touch not the oaks and hazels. They must be left in peace." A row of what were called "gospel oaks" used often to define the boundaries of English parishes. "Only where the Wandering Jew finds two oaks growing in the form of a cross can his foot rest," reads an old and interesting tradition of which we have record.

There is in some localities a belief that a person is safe under an elder tree in a storm, for the reason that the cross was made of elder wood. The material of the cross has, however, always been a disputed question; various legends have assigned the honor to different trees—the cedar, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the pine, the oak, the aspen, and the elder among others.

I have said that the white thorn was associated with the Crown of Thorns. The box-thorn, bramble and barberry may also be named in this connection, while the Germans call holly the Christ-thorn. Others maintain that a species of buckthorn is the only tree with any well-grounded arguments as to its claim to the sad honor. A Swedish belief is that the dwarf birch supplied the rod with which our Blessed Lord was beaten during His passion, hence its diminutive size; and the willow is mentioned by other authorities.

According to Sir John Mandeville, it was an elder tree upon which Judas hanged himself,—“the tree of elder that Judas henge himself upon, for despeyr.” Shakspeare refers to this belief, as does an old Anglo-Saxon poem:

Judas, he japed
With Jewen silver,
And, sithen on an eller,
Hanged himselfe.

This dubious notoriety has also been given to the fig-tree and to the aspen, the trembling of the latter being attributed to remorse.

Trees seem to have their own distinctive character. There is the willow with its sorrow, the oak with its strength, the aloe with its bitterness, the arbor vitæ with its hope; the sycamore which typifies curiosity, as it was a sycamore that Zacchæus climbed when Our Lord passed by; the cypress which mourns, the laurel which crowns the victor, the palm which proclaims the martyr, the olive which tells of peace, the aspen which whispers of fear. Philosophers taught under the spreading branches of the plane tree and made it the symbol of genius.

There is the "poet's tree," beloved of Mohammedans, whose leaves bestowed a sweet voice upon him who chewed them; and the bo tree, held sacred by Buddhists; and, in Sicily, the poplar, anciently held as brother to the sun. Of this we have a survival in the cutting of the tallest poplar on midsummer, or St. John's Day, when the sun makes its greatest ascension.

The Germans have their own legend concerning the trembling of the aspen leaves. It was, they say, the only forest tree which refused to do homage to the Holy Family during their flight. A verse tells the rest:

Only the aspen stood erect and free,
Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure;
But see! He casts one look upon the tree,
Struck to the heart she trembles evermore.

The pine had no such need to tremble; for she, as the story runs, protected Our Lady from the swords of Herod's soldiers; while the juniper hastened to give her shelter with its branches.

The tree of heraldry and of modern history can have no mention at this time, but allow me a word in behalf of the forests which are undergoing a ruthless slaughter instigated by greed.

Legislation seems powerless to prevent this; and the wood-chopper goes on, knowing no pity, seeing no beauty, cherishing no sentiment. Even the holy season of the Nativity of Our Lord is used as an excuse for this traffic, and Christmas-trees are taken to market like so many hogs or geese. The devout impulse is beautiful which makes the Christian fell the evergreen that he may crown it with light and load it with gifts in memory of those the Magi brought, but making merchandise of it is a different thing.

One tree is Our Lady's own—the English hawthorn, the "May" of poetry and song. All over the land that was once and may be again Our Lady's Dowry the pretty pink blossoms of the hedge-rows usher in her month.

"He who plants a tree plants a hope." Slay not these gifts of God. They are dumb and insensate, but they are true; and perhaps it is more than a grotesque fancy that makes one say:

The hearts of our summer friends forget,
But the little green leaves remember.

The Bridge of God.

THOUGH several natural bridges are well known in this country, there is but one that is famous the world over; and that is the one spanning Clear Creek, Virginia, the remnant of a cave-roof, all the rest of the cavern having collapsed. It is two hundred and fifteen feet above the water, and is a mass of rock, forty feet thick, one hundred feet wide, and ninety feet in span. Thomas Jefferson owned it; George Washington, as is many times stated, scaled its side and carved his name on the rock a foot higher than any one else. Here, too, came the youth who wanted to cut his name above Washington's, and who found, to his horror, when half way up, that he must keep on; for

he left no resting-places for his feet at safe and reachable distances; who, therefore, climbed on and on, cutting handhold and foothold in the limestone until he reached the top, in a fainting state, his knife-blade worn to a stump.

Here, too, in another tunnel of the cavern, flows Lost River, that all must return to, at some time, if they drink of it. Here, beneath the arch, is the dark stain, so like a flying eagle that the French officer who saw it during the Revolution augured from it a success for the united arms of the nations that used the eagle as their symbol.

The Mohegans knew this wonder of natural masonry; for to this point they were pursued by a hostile tribe, and on reaching the gulf found themselves on the edge of a precipice that was too steep at that point to descend. Behind them was the foe, before them the chasm. At the suggestion of one of their medicine-men they joined in prayer to the Great Spirit for deliverance; and when again they looked about them, there stood the bridge. Their women were hurried over; then, like so many Horatii, they formed across this dizzy highway and gave battle. Encouraged by the knowledge that they had a safe retreat in case of being overmastered, they fought with so much heart that the enemy was defeated, and the grateful Indians named the place the Bridge of God.

ASSIST me, O Mother of God, Mother of Mercy, throughout the whole course of my life against the attacks of my enemies; at the moment of death preserve my poor soul, and drive far from it the dread aspect of evil spirits. In the awful judgment preserve me from eternal damnation, and give me entrance into the glory of thy Son and the inheritance of the children of God.

—*St. Epiphanius.*

Apropos of May.

IT must ever be a grief to devout clients of the Blessed Virgin that our devotion to her is misunderstood, misrepresented, condemned, and not infrequently vilified by so many thousands of non-Catholics who in ordinary everyday life are wont to be fair-minded, just, and upright men and women. It is not at all an easy matter for the born Catholic to understand the mental attitude of the tolerably educated Protestant who in this twentieth century can still believe us guilty of Mariolatry, of giving to Mary the supreme worship due to God alone. Yet in the average city, town, or village throughout the Republic, for every score of Catholics gathered each evening during the present month around Our Lady's altar to take part in the May devotions, there are a hundred fellow-townpeople who believe them guilty of practical idolatry.

True, in very recent years, much non-Catholic ignorance on this subject has been dispelled. One of the most gratifying of the excellent results following the missions to those outside the Church has been the acceptance, by many a mistaught Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, of saner views regarding the sphere of Our Lady in the economy of the Redemption, and the unquestionable propriety of our Marian cult. The work of such missions, however, is but begun. Ninety-nine hundredths of the sixty million non-Catholics in the land have so far been unaffected by the authoritative presentation of Catholic truth for which the missions furnish occasion. The good work will doubtless grow apace; the missionaries will be multiplied; and, during the next decade or two the true inwardness of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin will be revealed to whole hosts whose eyes are now sealed by

the scales of ignorance and natural, because early-imbibed, prejudice.

In the meanwhile, however, may not every child of Mary prove himself, upon occasion, a missionary to the non-Catholics of his acquaintance? Without at all posing as an aggressive controversialist, the Catholic who lives in a mixed community can certainly find opportunities of rectifying the erroneous impressions entertained by Protestant acquaintances as to the position which Our Lady occupies in Catholic devotional life. Our magazines and papers will all have Marian articles during the present month; and the least able of such articles, if shown to the average non-Catholic, would probably do much toward dispelling error, or, at the very least, inspiring a salutary doubt as to the accuracy of his views upon the subject treated.

Dr. Milner, nearly a hundred years ago, began a controversial work thus: "The shortest way to end disputes about religion is to reduce them all to this one question—viz.: 'Whether the Church which Christ has established on earth be infallible in deciding matters of faith.'" Perhaps the shortest way to show a non-Catholic that we do not give to the Blessed Virgin divine honor, that we do not attribute to her almighty power; that we do not give her precedence of the Eternal Father or her own Divine Son, is to quote the "Hail Mary," or the Litany of Loretto. Both formulas are authoritative expressions of the Church's idea of Our Lady's dignity and prerogatives. Both are far and away the commonest of all prayers addressed to Mary. Yet in each the fact of Mary's inferiority to God and her utter dependence upon Him for all she is and does, is made unmistakably prominent. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," etc. "Mirror of Justice, etc., pray for us!"

If we regarded the ever-blessed Virgin as omnipotent—equal to or greater than God—why should we ask her to play the rôle of a suppliant? That we honor, venerate, reverence, and love her as incomparably the worthiest, most perfect, and most powerful of all created beings, is quite true; but we never forget that she is a creature; never, even in our most enthusiastic outbursts of grateful love, place her on the same plane with the Eternal Father, the Holy Spirit, or even her own Son, the Uncreated Word. And, as occasion offers, every Catholic should impress this fact upon his non-Catholic neighbor.

Notes and Remarks.

We trust our readers will not be unduly startled when we inform them that the last of the Twelve Apostles, founders of the Catholic Apostolic Church, passed away in England last month after a harmless and eminently respectable life. His name was Mr. Woodhouse, and he was one of a dozen men who in 1835 formulated the religious teachings of Edward Irving, a minister of the Church of Scotland who had settled in London, into a creed whose adherents called themselves the Catholic Apostolic Church. They are popularly known as Irvingites, however; and they flourish chiefly in England, though they are to be found in this country also.

The Supreme Court of the United States made one of the most important and far-reaching decisions in all its history when it affirmed recently that a typical "Dakota divorce" is not valid in other states. According to the decision, the plaintiff in a divorce case must be a *bona fide* resident of the state in which the divorce is granted, and the defendant must honestly contest the

litigation. "If he ignores the service of the papers, the defendant can make null and void a decision granted after temporary residence in a foreign state for the mere purpose of getting a divorce." The daily press has renewed its cry for a uniform marriage and divorce law, and—tell it not in Gath!—the official organ of Mormonism reminds our legislators that the question will never be rightly solved "till there is a return to first principles. Marriage was, from the beginning, a divine institution. Most of the trouble arises from the fact that the divine element has been eliminated from it." The Dakota divorce mill has been one of the most disastrous eccentricities of American legislation; and now that the Supreme Court has rendered a decision which illegitimizes so many innocent children and creates chaos in so many property titles, those who were divorced in haste may repent at leisure.

It would be a fitting inauguration of the reign of Edward VII. if the first parliament of the twentieth century were to establish a Catholic university in Ireland. The ancient policy of discriminating against people because of their faith—of keeping fat sheep in one pen and lean goats in another—ought to lapse with the past century; and the one Irish grievance which is recognized as just by the leaders of England ought to be promptly and fully removed. The question, we are glad to see, is kept steadily before the people by the most influential reviews; and the sentiment in favor of a Catholic university for Ireland has been so universal that one is at a loss to know whence comes the opposition to the movement. This theme was dealt with in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, but the only explanation attempted is this: "It has been alleged that the cabinet has been divided

in mind on this subject; and that it is sufficient to say in reply to the Irish Catholic claim that it must for the present keep the question 'open.' But it was this kind of trifling that nearly caused a revolution in Ireland in 1829, and it is not the way to deal with a most important question. It is difficult, too, to believe that in this matter a large majority of the ministers [cabinet] are not on the side of justice, and could not induce a minority to agree with their views. I shall only add, would a question be left open should Protestant England make a demand generally admitted to be right and well-founded, as unequivocally as Catholic Ireland has made it?"

Father Baudry, a veteran Oblate missionary in the Transvaal, was recently asked his opinion as to the results of the South African war. Answering from the viewpoint of one interested almost exclusively in the salvation of souls, he replied that whether English or Boers eventually triumphed, Catholicism would gain much from the struggle. "The English know us," he said; "and the Boers have at last begun to know us, too. Their insensate prejudices against us have been definitively banished from their minds: they now find us sympathetic." The conduct of our Sisters, French and Irish, during the war has been largely instrumental in overcoming many an inherited prejudice against all things Catholic.

The condition of Puerto Rico as described in the press is pitiable in the extreme. The administration papers admit that misery is widespread in the island; the *Boletín Mercantil*, the authoritative commercial journal of Puerto Rico, reports that the country is "bleeding to death," that commerce and agriculture are languishing, and

that keen misery and its consequent emigration have set strongly in. The Independent press thinks we have made an unfortunate beginning with our colonies, and the Democratic organs display a full measure of righteous indignation against the wicked Republican party. By even the most favorable accounts it is clear that Puerto Rico is now in a deplorable condition. But there are two persons who seem entirely satisfied with the state of things: one is Governor Allen, who is satisfied because he is governor; and the other is the Rev. A. F. Beard, who is pleased because 40,000 little Puerto Rican brands have been snatched from the burning and are now safely housed in the public schools. "The hope of that fair land," says His Whiskers, "is in the children. By their ready assimilation of American ideas they constitute the groundwork of a new civil and moral order." The people of Puerto Rico are hungry and naked, but they have public schools from which religion is banished, and this man of God is gleeful.

A writer in a current monthly discusses, in a tone that suggests knowledge acquired at first hand, the modern stage and those who are demoralized thereby. It is actors and actresses, he claims, and not the public, who are the victims of the demoralization that commonly enough takes place. The paper is by no means a reassuring one to those who are inclined to optimistic views concerning the theatre as an effective and an elevating educational force. It will surprise no one to learn that the comic opera is "perhaps the most demoralizing of all" sides of stage life. As illustrative of the spirit that pervades this phase of theatrical existence, the writer quotes the reply credited to a manager long identified with this

class of performances. "Is it possible," he was asked, "for a young woman to succeed on the comic opera stage and remain virtuous?"—"Y-e-e-s," he returned, "it is possible, but it isn't necessary." The utter cynicism of the reply throws an X-ray light on the career that so many silly girls imagine to be thoroughly desirable. A stage life, at its best, is perilous to virtue; some aspects of it are decidedly antagonistic to even elementary modesty.

There was an ominous silence in Parliament when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, solemnly announced that the war in South Africa has proved to be one of the most expensive ever waged by England. "This small struggle," he said, "has cost \$755,000,000—double the cost of the Crimean War." This amount, however, is only a small part of the actual loss to England; for a protracted war injuriously affects commercial and industrial interests. Already there are loud and bitter complaints from many of the English towns and cities, and the Boers are not vanquished yet. It is even asserted by competent judges that at no time since the inception of the war has the outlook for the Boer cause been more promising.

An interesting detail in connection with the awarding of prizes at the Paris Exposition has recently been made public by a former cabinet leader, M. Bourgeois. This political personage was chairman of the committee of judges charged with distributing the premiums for teaching. Among the competitors for such premiums were the Christian Brothers, who secured, so far as colonial France was concerned, the highest award—*le grand prix*. In the section styled Continental France, the Brothers

received only a gold medal, and M. Bourgeois has taken the public into his confidence to the extent of explaining why. And *such* an explanation! The Brothers, he says, merited the *grand prix* in this section also; but the committee found in their exhibit "grave indications of a spirit that it was not becoming to approve." In other words, the committee ignored their character of judges of the exhibits—the only one in which they were qualified to act—to exercise the function of arbiters of opinions. Their action was a libel on judicial impartiality, and their chairman's avowal thereof is a piece of effrontery inconceivable as being displayed elsewhere.

While it is doubtless an excellent thing in a clergyman to follow the example of St. Paul in becoming all things to all men, it is possible to overwork the principle. We question, for instance, whether the great Apostle thought it necessary, for the maintenance of his influence with the soldiers and sailors of his time, to indulge in the imprecations and oburgations with which their ordinary conversation was probably flavored. So also we doubt whether the rector of St. George's (Episcopalian) Church, New York, maintained the dignity of his cloth when, at a recent dinner, he evoked the applause of his lay audience by using an expression which is commonly considered to be profanity. For all purposes of emphasis, "condemned putrescence" is quite as effective as "d—d rot"; and, for the sake of the less vulgar connotation, we suggest to the Rev. Dr. Rainsford that hereafter he adopt the former expression.

Chicago's claim to be abreast of the times is again vindicated. When Frederic Harrison visited that city, he performed, for the first time within its broad and breezy limits, the ceremony of "Present-

ing to Humanity" a two year-old-child. Huxley, it will be remembered, declared he would never be a Positivist, because he could as easily worship "a wilderness of apes" as offer religious worship to Humanity. The ceremony performed by Mr. Harrison is called by Positivists the First Sacrament and is a sort of analogue of baptism. A hymn was read, a brief prayer was addressed to Humanity, and a discourse on the presentation of infants was pronounced by Mr. Harrison. "Both prayer and discourse among Positivists," says the *Outlook*, "always take the form of high resolve, strengthened by effort after communion with the noblest spirits among the dead, as in George Eliot's 'O may I join the choir invisible!'" It is more than likely, considering the fate of other attenuated philosophies in the past, that by the time the Chicago youngster has grown up the Positivist choir will be inaudible as well as invisible.

A life of admirable devotedness was that of the venerable Mother Ascension, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed to her reward at Notre Dame on the 1st inst. She was the last of the little band of Sisters associated with the late Father Sorin when he began his fruitful labors for the cause of religion and education in the United States. She was a native of France, and had been a religious for upward of half a century. Having been mistress of novices in her community for many years, imparting to numerous others her spirit of piety and devotedness, the good that she did lives after her. The success which has attended the labors of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in our country is in great measure due to Mother Ascension, and she deserves to rank among the truest benefactors of the University of Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*



Each Heart a Home.

O MOTHER MARY, would that I
Might deck this heart of mine
With lovely, fragrant flowers of spring,
To be for thee a shrine!

Then would I ever think of thee
And of thy tender care;
And thou wouldst see my every thought,
And life would seem a prayer.

Dear Mother, did I hear thy voice,
What were those words of thine?
"My child, each grace-decked heart
Is Jesus' home and mine."

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIX.—A SAD DISCOVERY.



HEN Mr. de la Guerra arrived at the house of the Mirados he asked for Doña Dolores.

"She is ill—prostrated in her bed. I doubt if she will ever recover from the blow," replied Juan Mirado,—
"unless, indeed, the boy is found."

"What boy?" inquired De la Guerra.
"You do not mean Robbie?"

"Unfortunately, yes," responded the other. "It is he who is lost. That is why we sent for you."

"Lost!" exclaimed De la Guerra.
"But how, in a city like this? How is it possible? Tell me, Juan, what you mean," he continued, taking the chair which Mirado presented.

"I can tell you nothing that will enlighten you, George," said Mirado. "On the first day of their arrival in town—or no: I believe it was the second—she, Dolores, and the boy, whom I had not seen, went out to the

commission houses to see about the business of the honey. That settled, she proposed to come home—this is her story,—but the boy said he would like to go down to the wharf and look at the ships. Therefore she permitted it, he promising to return by twelve, when dinner would be ready. They stayed the first night at the Villavencias; you know the old hostelry?"

"Yes, but tell me what followed."

"As you know, it was very easy to see the house, with its big grove of peppers and eucalyptus, from any of the wharves. I wish they had come to us at once; for in that case this accident would scarcely have happened. My boys would have shown him about."

"Yes, that is true,—but go on."

"Well, when Dolores arrived at the Villavencias I was there awaiting her. But she persuaded me not to insist on her coming home with me then, as Marta had prepared dinner and would be hurt should she go at that time. You know how considerate Dolores is always of the feelings of others?"

De la Guerra nodded impatiently. The narration seemed rather long-winded; he was anxious to get at the end; but he knew that nothing could hurry Juan when he began a story.

"When I returned, about three," he resumed, "the boy was not there. He had not come back and he has not come back yet. We have searched everywhere for him—the wharves, the lower parts of town, through the house-boats and launches all around, as far as National City. All has been of no avail. It has been in the papers; everyone is talking of it, and you also have been named in connection with it."

"I! How?" exclaimed De la Guerra, in astonishment.

"I mean as a relative. Of course that has increased public interest, as your name is so well known. Ours also, for that matter."

"Have you employed detectives?" inquired De la Guerra.

"Yes; but they are of no account. I did it to please Dolores."

"Take me to her," said De la Guerra, whose face was pale and anxious.

Doña Dolores greeted her cousin with loud cries of anguish and despair. The Spanish nature asserted itself now; all her dignity had vanished: she was only a bereaved and sorrowing woman.

"George! George!" she said at length, when, holding her hands in his, he sat down beside the bed and implored her to be calm. "How can I be calm—how can I be comforted! What words of comfort shall I have to offer to his poor, desolate mother? How can I ever again appear before her to hear her cries and accusations? She will say: 'Where is the bright-faced, curly-haired boy, so light-hearted and loving, whom I sent with you but a while ago—of whom you were going to take such care, who looked forward with such pleasure to his little holiday? Where is he, I say? Return him to me; bring back my boy!' That is how she will receive me."

"No, no!" said her cousin. "Be calm, Dolores, I entreat you. Not thus will she greet you. Not one word of blame will she have for you,—I am sure of it. Let us hope rather that we shall take him home with us to-morrow or next day. Let us believe that we shall find him again."

"Alas, George, that will never be!" said the poor woman. "He has fallen into the water—he has been drowned. Otherwise he would have returned. Let me tell you how it all happened."

Though De la Guerra wished to spare

her the pain of the recital, and assured her that he had had the main points of the story from Juan Mirado, she insisted upon repeating it.

"And do you know what they say?" she concluded. "They say here that he may have run away to sea,—even one of them has dared to whisper in my ear that perhaps he went off because I had loaned him my little watch. What do you think of that, George?"

"Ah, they did not know him!" replied De la Guerra, simply. "People hazard foolish remarks at such a time. You must remember that they did not know him, Dolores."

"Therefore they should not have accused him," said the sick woman. "I wish to go home as soon as possible, George. Here I am of no use, only a trouble. And I wish to go home right away, that I may die in my own house, after having broken the heart of a fond and trusting mother."

"Tut, tut, Dolores!" said her cousin, rising to take his departure. "The Mirados are as kind as can be. They are much concerned about you. They think only of your comfort. I will send a physician at once. He will give you something to compose you and make you sleep. We will go home together in due time."

Releasing his hand, she turned her head to the wall, uttering low groans of anguish. Beckoning to one of Juan Mirado's daughters, who stood in the doorway, to take his place, De la Guerra left the room. In company with his host he renewed the search, but without learning anything new. He had an interview with the Chinaman who had previously given them the information our readers already possess; his story was the same in every particular.

When they left him De la Guerra said: "It is a very mysterious affair, Juan. I confess I can see no way of explaining

it, save that the poor boy slipped and accidentally fell into the water."

"He could hardly have done that without being seen," said Juan Mirado. "He was on the most exposed portion of the wharf when the Chinaman left him, walking along the car track. Between it and the edge of the wharf there is but little room. Should he have stood there, pausing for a moment to look into the water, it is not impossible, though very unlikely, that he should have stumbled and fallen in. But he would have been seen. With sloops, yawls, sail-boats, launches everywhere, and men fishing from the ends of the wharves all around, some one would have noticed him. People would have seen him from the warship, or even from the Australian ship, which he had but just left."

"Do you think it at all possible that he might have gone back to it again—gone on board and been restrained of his liberty?"

"What a question, George!—what a supposition from you! When there are shoals of ragamuffins eager to ship every day, would it be likely that any captain of repute would coerce a well-dressed boy like that into remaining on board? It would be monstrous, nothing less. Of what use would he be in such a place? And think of the *finale* of such a proceeding. If the boy even wished to take passage, or rather service, I am convinced that the captain would not have permitted it."

"Come with me to the newspaper office," said De la Guerra. "I shall insert an advertisement and offer a reward. I can think of nothing else to do."

They turned into Fourth Street and after a few moments were in the office of the morning paper.

When the clerk learned their errand he remarked:

"A man has just been here with some

information concerning that boy. He brought this handkerchief, which he found wedged in between two loose rails on the side of the wharf overlooking National City. I'll call him; he can not have gone far."

He ran to the door and returned in a moment with the man, a sailor, whom he had found entering the saloon two doors below. While he was absent, Mr. de la Guerra examined the handkerchief. It looked as though it belonged to a boy, and bore the initials "R. F. D."

"It is Robbie's," said his cousin. "I have seen him with several like it."

"Will you kindly tell me all you know about this?" he inquired of the sailor, who wore the uniform of the U. S. N.

The man touched his cap respectfully.

"I was on leave and just takin' a walk, measurin' the length of the wharf. I saw somethin' white lyin' between a loose rail and the guard. That's about a foot high, you know, sir. I poked at it with a stick and then picked it up. Recalling what I'd seen in the paper, I thought this might have some bearin' upon it. So I fetched it right up here."

"Will you take me to the spot?" inquired De la Guerra.

"Certainly, sir," was the reply.

Accompanied by Mirado, they went back in haste to the wharf. When they stood at last at the place where the handkerchief had been found, Mr. de la Guerra saw that it was some distance from the end of the wharf, where the Australian ship had been anchored and on the opposite side. He stood gazing into the water, so calm, so blue, and so beautiful, hiding so many dreadful secrets beneath its treacherous surface.

"My poor Robbie!" he exclaimed at length,— "my poor Robbie! I think I can see it all now—I think I know how it happened. He crossed the track to examine the bay on this side of the wharf, and some sudden lurch or misstep

threw him in. It must have been just here—just here.”

“It seems queer that it could have happened so,” said the sailor; “and yet it looks as though it must have. He may have got dizzy, poor little chap! They sometimes do, not bein’ used to the water, and all. Poor little chap!”

“I shall have to have the bay dragged without delay,” said De la Guerra, as they turned away.

“It won’t be the least bit of use, sir,” rejoined the sailor. “There’s been the strongest kind of a tide the past three days. That body will never be found this side of Lower California, sir.”

De la Guerra shuddered. Was it indeed true that all that remained of brave Robbie was a lifeless body, rising and falling at the sport of the waves, already far out upon the relentless ocean?

(To be continued.)

Fractures and Friends.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.—THE LEGEND.

It was a happy life we led when we were children, there in the old country; but of course there’d be specks of cloud sometimes blowing across the blue sky, in the shape of little trials and disappointments; and then it was my grandmother—God rest her soul!—would be telling us this story: how the first thing every child-soul did on entering the gate of heaven was to stop and gather a handful of the flowers growing on all sides to carry and offer to the Blessed Mother. Now, of all the blossoms on the earth the lily had been named by our dear Lord in His sermon; and because of that honoring, and because, too, it was so pure and near to her in beauty, the lily had always been Our Lady’s favorite

flower; though, to be sure, she would smile her blessing on a blade of grass if it was offered with the love of one of her humblest subjects.

So it happened one day a little boy came running to her with just a single Passion-flower in his hand; and that not even a perfect one, for two leaves had been torn off in the bringing. But the boy had not seen that, looking only up into Our Lady’s face and saying: “O dear Mother, how I have longed to behold you! The earth-life was so lonely. Everyone frowned on me save the good priest, who taught me to pray, who told me about you, the dear, dear Mother, that loved *all* children, and so me among them. And I love you,—love you, though I have brought you nothing but this flower. It grew on the vine that wreathes the gate by which the Angel of Death brought me in; and I did not wait to gather more, but ran after my heart, straight to find you.”

Then Our Lady took the broken flower, and, while the smile did not leave her lips, tears filled her eyes as she looked upon it. “Your offering is very sweet,” she said, softly. “Of all the blossoms the children gather for me, you are the first who ever chose this. It is the bright ones they bring me; but you, little *tried* soul, you have unconsciously recognized the color of sorrow and pain. Purple, your life’s color; and see, too, its chalice holds a cross. Would that every flower of Paradise bore in its heart the same precious sign of my Son’s passion!”

Whereupon some angels, overhearing these words, said: “From this hour forward, whenever children bear with patience and meekness the trials of life, let us go down and, bringing their crosses up here, lay them in the hearts of all the flowers.”

“Ah!” sighed one, “there are so many flowers in heaven and so few children

on earth who bear their trials with meekness and patience, it's long it will be before our task is finished."

"Not if all the children knew," said another,—“not if they knew; and we must find some way to tell them."

So, my grandmother said, the angels whispered their plan to some pious boy while he lay sleeping one day long ago; and when he grew up to be a holy monk, doing good with every hour of his time, why, he wrote it down into a legend for those that came after him, like my grandmother, to read.

With loving respect,

KATIE O'DONNELL.

IV.

So, after all, the beautiful dress would go to the party, with Annette's heart beating within its spangled folds. Maud and her mother watched the “trying on,” and the little French girl's sudden transformation from a brown sparrow to a bird of Paradise.

“She looks like a real fairy queen, doesn't she, Madame Celeste?” cried Maud in delight.

“Ah! but no: it is you who are the real fairy queen, Mademoiselle, at the touch of whose wand of love this poor little mortal is made so happy,” replied Annette's *grand'mère*, dashing away a tear. Its mate fell on Maud's cheek, as, in taking leave, she embraced her.

“Oh, I am going to be so happy!” said Annette; quickly adding, with the proverbial politeness of her nation: “But I will not forget, Miss Maud, to be sorry for the cause that keeps you also from being there.”

“But I don't mind one bit *now!*” exclaimed Maud, pressing her hand affectionately. (Childhood's friendships are sown blossoms, and sometimes fade in an hour.) “We've told Aunt Ellen all about you. And you'll come the first thing next morning to tell me how lovely everything was, won't you?”

And when Annette came to acquit herself of this pleasant duty—to relate with sparkling eyes the breathless story of that glorious “first party”—the music, the lights, the supper—why, she brought a letter which, as *grand'mère* bade, she dropped in “Father Fulton's box.”

During his three weeks' career as “mail-carrier” Robert had “delivered” to Maud's room many envelopes, sent by kind friends; but his mother declared that, read by the light of future events, that pathetic letter in broken English from Madame Celeste was the most interesting. Judge for yourself:

WASHINGTON, *Mardi Soir*.

DEAREST MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE MAYNARD:—Only this moment I return from taking my Annette to her first party; in two hour more I go to bring her home. They have ask me with all graciousness to stay, but I answer “No”; for of this time I have need to snatch, to write you what my pride keep me from speaking. O dear friend, you know not how every door of my broken heart it has unlocked to see my poor Annette to-night so happy; her childhood has held not one child-joy, because I could not give of them to her.

Nor yet can I express my gratitude for the sympathy which, since the gray November day you come to answer my advertisement for work, I see and hear and feel in your eyes, your voice, and the touch of that kind hand you always give to me at meeting and at parting. Never like the others have you make me remember how between us rise the thorn-hedge which keep apart the rich and the impoverished, the employer and employed. And, ah! I carry the scar of so many wounds from those same thorns. For, Madame, I think you already divine it: I was not born that what you see me—a poor seamstress. It is only since a few long years I fall to where I lie. In Provence there is an

old chateau, flowers all around, a blue, blue sky above,—my home. There lives my husband, the Chevalier de Lassette. Often in the nights I remember his voice, not sharp with unjust anger as last I hear it raised, but singing, singing, as only he can sing, till one's heart stand still to listen. But I wander from the highroad of my story.

Of three children only one was left us to grow up—a daughter, beautiful as heaven and good as beautiful. One day we call her and she answer not. Ah! the unblessed marriage of our children it is more hard to hear of than their death. My Angèle had left life's fairest promises to wither on its threshold, and become her dancing-master's wife. Her father say with flashes in his eyes: "'Tis well, 'tis well. She goes her way: we have no daughter more." For he was ever proud and strong; until then I knew not he could also be cruel. We had been happy all the years before, but from that day the shadows fell and winter came between us. He was no more the same in anything, and everywhere but home he seek and find his pleasure. So when my Angèle call me to her from this strange new land, crying, "Come! I am here left with my Annette alone to die," I make my choice between the two I love. Ah, Madame! the memory of that day of tears,—it was the Feast of St. Joseph. Perhaps not all his fault it was, the bitter quarrel; myself I have answered when he say that if I went to her I must not more return to home or him. He prouder not than I, and so we parted, to meet not ever in this life again.

I have no need to tell you more. The first year that I come my Angèle leave me with her Annette alone to live. I have not often wish her back to share the living, because it is so hard. Of all the cities that homeless I wander through trying to change to bread my

few poor talents, this has been the kindest; since here, Madame, I have find you and yours. Only the good God knows all the blessings that I daily pray of Him for you.

CELESTE DE LASSETTE.

P. S. :—Permit it still to be between us as if this letter I had never written.

When Mrs. Maynard finished reading the letter aloud to the children, her eyes and Maud's were tear-filled, while Rob's flashed.

V.

"Ah, no! it's utterly hopeless: I could be of no use whatever to the Sisters limping this way."

Maud, leaning on her mother's arm, had been trying to walk.

"Well, darling, never mind," said Mrs. Maynard, soothingly. "I know how you anticipated it; but you'll have to put on longer range glasses now, and look forward another year. Twelve months are not so many—four threes or three fours. Meanwhile there's one pleasure you can have. To-morrow Katie will spread the sewing-room table for a feast; we'll invite Annette and any other friends you wish. And when I come home from the Sisters I shall expect to hear that my young people have had as lovely a time as the old ones."

There was no more frequent or welcome visitor at the Little Sisters' Home than Mrs. Maynard. Several ran to receive her at the door and free her arms from the burden of parcels, mysteriously tied and marked with the names of fortunate recipients.

"Bless your generous heart!" replied Sister Xavier to inquiries for "everybody's health." "It's well and happy we all are to-day. Every face is wearing a smile except one"—she lowered her voice,—“a stranger; and he told Sister Louise (she's the only creature that can understand him, for he speaks French) that he couldn't be coming downstairs

to share our feast: that St. Joseph's Day was a day of fasting and penitence and prayer for him, and never a morsel could he eat. And he's a tall, elegant gentleman, with a bow for every word; such a grand, sad face, and hair as white as any here, though he can't be so old as he looks."

"Has he told you his name?" asked Mrs. Maynard, eagerly.

"Not a letter of it," answered the nun. "He told us to call him just 'Brother.' It will be two weeks to-morrow since he came. You remember the snowstorm we had and the ground slippery as glass? Well, the poor gentleman was stepping up on the sidewalk opposite our gate when he fell. And after they helped him to his feet he couldn't stand: his ankle was wrenched; and so they brought him in to us, as Mother wished. But the strange part was, he had been on the way to our door when he slipped. He'd come way over from France trying to find a relative, he said. And because she was a good Catholic and maybe left poor and alone, he thought she'd take shelter with the Little Sisters of the Poor, if she wasn't dead. So he'd been to New York, the city where he'd last heard of her; and he's going next to Baltimore. And every Saturday there's been a foreign gold piece dropped in our box; and—"

But Mrs. Maynard interrupted her, excitedly.

"Call Sister Louise to tell me all he said," she cried; "and the name of the relative he is seeking. O Sister, Sister! I believe two broken hearts are about to be mended and God has chosen us to be the instruments!"

If Mrs. Maynard could have had her will the little third-floor apartment where she first met Madame Celeste would soon have been exchanged for a more comfortable one. But if the French

lady was exceeding small in stature, she rode through life on the shoulders of a giant, Pride.

"I am strong and able: I must earn all I take," she declared, firmly. Yet the shelf of choice growing plants, "Annette's canaries," filling the window with sweet song and graceful motion, also the rugs, cushions, sofa, chairs, proved that friends had availed themselves of the privileges of friendship; and, delicately selecting those articles which could be accepted in the same loving spirit in which they were offered, showered gifts with a lavish hand. Her head bent above her sewing, Madame Celeste did not hear the soft step of her visitor. Pausing an instant at the open door, Mrs. Maynard crossed the room, her face radiant.

"Oh, but it was good of you to come to-day!" exclaimed Madame Celeste, rising to return her embrace. "Yes, I am weeping,"—casting down the telltale eyes, red-rimmed and swollen behind their steel-bowed glasses. "I find it lonely without Annette; and, though I work, work, work, I think, think, think of cruel things. This day is always a hard one to live through."

"Therefore, dear, I come to steal you from your thoughts and from your work," replied Mrs. Maynard tenderly. "A drive will do you good. This is gala day at the Little Sisters of the Poor. I have just come from there; I want to take you back with me to see them. On the return we'll stop for Annette, and then I'll bring you all home together."

Madame Celeste glanced wistfully at the table of work unfinished.

"Now, let all that wait a new day's dawning," said Mrs. Maynard. "Come with me." Then, suddenly reconsidering the plan of action first decided on, she added: "Celeste," catching the weary hands in both of hers,— "Celeste, if you should hear some day that he, your husband, had become a pilgrim, had

followed you, was vainly seeking you, would you—tell me, dear!—grant him the pardon that he asked?"

A light irradiated the other's face.

"Pardon him! Ah, yes, my Anatole!" she answered. "He did not understand a mother's heart. I would forgive—I have. But such news, no, I shall hear it never! He come not to seek me. You know him not, Madame,—you know him not as I know."

"I know him not," answered Mrs. Maynard; "but I do know life is full of change—changes of fortune and of heart. At the Little Sisters there is one who has come all the way from France, seeking a relative. Something tells me 'tis the chevalier."

"My husband at the Home! It can not be,—oh, no, it can not be!" cried the devoted wife as one distraught. "My God! my God! What, then, has happened? We were wealthy, wealthy. Has sickness, ruin, fallen on him? Ah, Madame, Madame, quick!—let me fly to him, if it is he, and bring him here! Myself I am strong and well. I work for both. But, ah! I can not think—I can not hope that it is he!"

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As Mrs. Maynard, with Madame Celeste clinging to her arm, re-entered the Home door, they were met by the sound of music, an accompaniment, very softly played; for the old parlor-piano's time-fingered notes were none of the sweetest. But it was only the voice that really deserved mention,—a splendid barytone, tremulous at intervals, like a torch flared by the wind, but full of pathos and appeal, as the melody it intoned exhumed from some old master's Mass of the Dead.

O mes amis, ayez pitié de moi:
Car la main du Seigneur m'a touché.

"'Tis he!—he!"

Uttering those words, Madame Celeste, guided by the music, rushed toward the

open door whence it emanated. There was a clash of chords, meeting cries: "Anatole!"—"Celeste!" And the group of old people gathered there melted from the room like mist.

"Ah! the joy takes away my breath, Mrs. Maynard!" said Sister Xavier. "The poor gentleman came down after all the others had gone, to help out our feast-day by playing for us; he'd promised to before he left, and he'll be going to-morrow. And it's just as though his song had been a prayer that God answered before it was finished."

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"It's better than any book-story," remarked Rob. "I'm glad that the old French chevalier came to himself at last and *behaved*."

"And, going back to the beginning, it was the runaway that brought such a happy end to the story," commented Katie. "For if Miss Maud had gone to the party instead of Miss Annette, the dear foreign lady's heart would still be in splinters: not a line of her trouble breathed aloud, and so none knowing the way to help her. Now everything's mended *without even showing a crack*, and we can all be singing like larks on a May morning."

"Yes, indeed," said Maud. "But"—with a sigh—"I shall miss Annette so much. She told me yesterday that next Easter she will be gathering lilies for the altar from their own home-garden in beloved Provence."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was one of the most modest of men. "I do not know," he said a short time before his death, "what I may seem to the world; but to myself I appear to have been only as a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting himself now and then by finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than the others, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered beyond us."

With Authors and Publishers.

—It was a happy thought of the Scribners to bring out in separate form Mr. Brander Matthews' essay, "The Philosophy of the Short Story." Fourth of the papers published under the title "Pen and Ink," it is by far the best of the eight, and embodies in brief the salient points of the short story, which has come to be regarded as a specific form of literary art.

—The "Didaskalia," belonging to the latter half of the third century, is, after "Didache," the oldest account of Church law and discipline extant. Up to this, only persons capable of reading it in Syriac—the Greek original is lost—could read it at all; but a French translation now makes it accessible to all scholars. The translation is appearing in *Le Canoniste*, a French ecclesiastical review.

—An acceptable substitute for the newspaper has been invented in Budapesth. It consists in a system of supplying news by telephone at stated intervals. The news is edited as in all well-ordered newspaper offices, and at certain hours readers with stentorian voices speak it into the telephone. The Budapesth *Telefon-Hirmondo*, as the new venture is called, has already 6200 subscribers.

—A new edition, slightly revised, of Mr. Desmond's "Mooted Questions of History" has issued from the press of Marlier & Co. The questions, we may again state, are chiefly those in litigation between Catholic and Protestant writers; and Mr. Desmond, as is the ancient and honored custom of lawyers, calls in witnesses. It does not weaken the Catholic case that most of the testimony is drawn from unfriendly persons, and that there is an impressive unanimity in favor of the Catholic claims. The book could be improved by the citation of more numerous and more modern historians, but even as it stands it is a comfortable armory for defence.

—As showing how painstakingly Mr. Marion Crawford works out the details of his historical romances, we may mention that among the material collected by the novelist for his forthcoming story—the scene of which is laid in Florence—there are whole volumes of closely written notes giving the history and genealogy of the principal families of the city; copies of old maps showing roads and locating the chief buildings; extracts from musty, unpublished records; besides photographs of historical paintings. Mr. Crawford has carefully examined as many as sixty volumes, some of them rare, dealing with his

period; "and I have not done yet," he says. Few men work so hard as Mr. Crawford, who permits nothing to interfere with his regular hours of labor. It is persistently rumored that he is to write the life of Leo XIII.

—The Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, through R. and T. Washbourne, has published an explanation of the Precepts of the Church, under the title "The Six Golden Cords of a Mother's Heart." The pages teach the spirit as well as the letter of the law. The booklet is attractively published.

—Under the title "Corpus Domini," an admirer of Father Faber has compiled a series of his beautiful thoughts on the Blessed Sacrament. The little book breathes the spirit of love, adoration and holy triumph, and must be helpful in spreading devotion to our Eucharistic God. R. & T. Washbourne and Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—There is to be a revival of interest in the works of an English novelist who, deservedly or otherwise, has thus far been classed by most readers among the *dii minores* of the literary craft. Anthony Trollope has attained the distinction of a Royal Edition from a Philadelphia publishing house, and Prof. Harry Thurston Peck supplies the edition with an elaborate and eulogistic introduction. While any one who remembers reading "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," and others of Trollope's works, will readily agree with Hawthorn that "these books are just as English as a beefsteak," it is not so clear that the public will ever accept Prof. Peck's opinion that Anthony Trollope is "first upon the roll of England's realistic novelists."

—A priest of the Diocese of Buffalo has prepared brief answers to "Questions asked by Protestants," the Protestants being hard-headed Bible-reading folk not versed in subtleties, and capable of accepting a very direct answer. At times one feels that the literary form of both questions and answers could be improved without impairment of their orthodoxy, but we really believe that a certain class of earnest people would profit very greatly by this pamphlet. Published by the author.—Another quasi-controversial brochure deals with the text which the Vulgate translates as "Speak not much," but which Protestant writers, over-eager to make a point against the Rosary, render thus: "Avoid vain repetitions." It is highly diverting to notice what a huge mountain certain very distinguished heretical writers have attempted

to make out of this poor little biblical molehill; but the present brochure disposes of the question with elaborate finality. It is from the pen of the Rev. Joseph F. Sheahan, and is published by the Cathedral Library Association.

—The Chicago *Record* that was, has laid down the following five rules for enlarging one's vocabulary:

1. Read—There is no better way to gather new words and grow familiar with their use. Read aloud as much as possible. In this way you will become accustomed to the musical rhythm of words.
2. Talk—Listen closely to the conversation of good talkers and never talk yourself below your very best.
3. Study—Look up new words. Use your dictionary freely. Never allow yourself to hear a new word spoken without jotting it down for reference; and when you know it, use it yourself.
4. Write—Take every possible opportunity to express your thought in writing. Many of the best writers of to-day learned to write through their social correspondence.
5. Memorize—Wherever you find a beautiful thought in words preserve it by committing it to memory. The thought and the language will each be seed in your own garden.

Ambitious persons who have not been regularly educated will find these suggestions helpful. Another rule might be added: Avoid the loose manner of the *Record* man who talks of "possible opportunities" and warns you not to "talk yourself below your very best." Never "talk yourself" under any circumstances if you can help it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.
Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé,*
O. S. F. C. \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of
Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical
Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg,* O. S. F. C.
\$3.50, net.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields.
Ingram Crockett. \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father Wendel, O. S. B., of Chicago, Ill.
Sister Annunciation, of the Sisters of Charity;
Sister Teresa Joseph, Sisters of St. Joseph; and
Sister Catherine, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. George W. Drake, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Kath-
arine T. Tobin, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Edward
Smith, Circleville, Ohio; Miss Annie Pappler,
Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Dwyer, Bradford,
Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth O'Connor, Mr. Patrick
Conlon, and Mr. Bernard Durkin, Chicago, Ill.; Mr.
Thomas McKiernan, Altoona, Pa.; Miss Harriet
Whittier, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mary R.
Trudden, New York city; Mr. Adam Hart, Erie,
Pa.; Mrs. Maria O'Connell, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs.
John Munroe, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Slavin,
Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. P. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. Mary
Joyce, and Mr. Thomas McInerey, Columbus, Ohio;
Mr. Anthony Kessler, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary
Hanagan and Mrs. Catherine Callaghan, Newark,
Ohio; also Mr. Joseph Sanger, Kasota, Wis.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful
departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

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NO. 20

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Michael Angelo's Vision.*

BY THOMAS WALSH.

HIS death approaching, Michael Angelo
With one last effort had his pallet borne
Where he might watch the setting sun adorn
Th' unfinished temple, ere his time to go.
Soon on its shafts expectant there would glow—
To put the heights of Hercules to scorn—
The dome long dreamt of in a glorious morn
His mortal eyes were destined ne'er to know.

The work, his masterpiece of riper years,
Greater than even his Moses now appears,—
Yea, than the Sibyls breathing from his hand;
Thought glorious consoles and lifts him high
As his slow finger outlines where shall stand
Th' eternal dome against the Roman sky.

Thoughts for Ascension Thursday.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

† THOU hast ascended on high; thou
hast led captivity captive."† It
was with these prophetic words
that the Royal Psalmist, a thou-
sand years before the event occurred,
described as if it were already past the
joyful mystery which is commemorated
year after year on Ascension Thursday.
This is the manner in which the earthly
career of our Divine Redeemer came to
an end amid the pomp and magnificence
of the Ascension.

It began very differently. He who
now ascended had first to descend.
The Most High became the most lowly.

From the depths of His unbeginning
eternity, seeing the ruin of His human
creatures who were to be, the Son
of God said to His Eternal Father:
"Behold, I come!" And in the fulness
of time He came; but He came in secret,
and only His Mother knew. When,
however, the hour was come for the
Good Shepherd to lay down His life
for His flock, when it was expedient
for us that He who was the Way
should go and that He who was the
Life should die, His death of shame, or
what was meant to be the shame of
His death, took place not in secret but
on the summit of Calvary, at noonday,
in the sight of all.

Some such contrast as that which
thus distinguished the beginning and
the ending of the mortal life of our
Saviour prevails also between the
beginning and the ending of His
immortal life, so far as it was still
confined to this earth. The three days
during which His sacred body was to
remain under the empire of Death—
which He had conquered forever by
yielding to it for a little time—were
shortened to the very utmost that was
consistent with prophecy and the divine
decrees; and very early in the morning
of the third day, in the solitude and
silence and secrecy of the Easter dawn,
the new birth takes place which is
never to lead on to death, and in
which our Redeemer raises Himself
glorious and immortal from the dead.
"Jesus, rising again from the dead,

* From the French of Pierre de Nolhac. † Ps., lxxvii, 19:

dieth now no more; death shall not any more have dominion over Him.”*

Yet He does not quit at once this valley of death. He seems reluctant to leave this earth, though it had given Him nothing better than a manger for His cradle and nothing better than a gibbet for His death-bed. He lingers on for another forty days in the desert; forty days of glorified life on earth after the forty hours' sleep in the grave; forty days and forty hours, in order, says one of the ancient Fathers of the Church, that we may comprehend how much more lavish God is of His consolations than of His afflictions, since the pains were measured by hours and the joys by days. Very inadequate indeed is this quaint old conceit, and very unjust to the infinite prodigality of God's bounty as a Rewarder. Not as hours are to days, but as one hour, one moment, is to eternity. “For our present tribulation, which is momentary and light, worketh for us,” says St. Paul, “above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.”† The compensation for Calvary was not the forty days before the Ascension, but the glorious eternity after it. Our labor is momentary, our reward is everlasting.

During those forty days the Arisen Saviour showed Himself from time to time to those who were appointed to bear witness to the reality of His resurrection; He gave His last instructions to the Apostles and tried to wean them gradually from the too human tenderness of their attachment to His corporal presence. For now at last it was indeed ‘expedient for them that He should go,’ as He had said in His farewell discourse at the Last Supper; for if He tarried longer earth would be changed into something quite different from what it was meant to be. This world was meant to serve as a place

of penance, purification, faith and hope, prayer and patience. There would be no longer room for the exercise of these virtues if God were to abide visibly among us in all the omnipotence of His goodness and His glory. He must leave us, He must hide Himself, He must withdraw. It is expedient for us that He go.

His departure takes place, as we have said, not in secret, like the Resurrection, but in the sight of almost all who then believed in Him. He bids them meet Him on Mount Olivet; and there, at the appointed hour, He shows Himself in the midst of them, more glorious than He had been in the mystery of the Transfiguration on that same Mount of Olives. But the generous, impulsive heart of St. Peter does not now break out into the cry of rapture, “Lord, it is good for us to be here!” He has learned much since then. Perhaps he is weeping as he has wept so often since Jesus looked at him after his denial; for now those eyes are looking at him for the last time. We may dare to imagine that Jesus goes from group to group with tender farewell words such as He had spoken by anticipation at the Last Supper; His heart, if not His lips, offering up that most loving prayer for us to His Heavenly Father which St. John was—thank God!—inspired to preserve for us in full in the seventeenth chapter of his Gospel.

And so, blessing His beloved ones for the last time on earth, His arms stretched out in benediction as they had been stretched out on the hard wood of the cross, His hands still bearing the marks of the nails, not as unsightly scars but radiant and beautiful, pathetic memorials of all that He had suffered for our love,—He ascends, not in a fiery chariot like the prophet Elias of old, nor carried by an angel like the prophet Habacuc, nor as

* Rom., vi, 9.

† II Cor., iv, 17.

His Blessed Mother will in a few years "come up out of the desert leaning on her Beloved," borne upward by her Son's almighty arms,—not thus, but by His own divine power Jesus raises Himself up from this sinful earth which He has redeemed from its sins, and ascends to the bosom of the Father.

"Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive." The fallen earth which had lain captive to sin and hell He has ransomed with His blood; and those who were in prison He has released; and now He bears them, willing and joyful captives, in His train as He returns in triumph to heaven. Higher and higher the glorious pageant mounts above the olive-trees, till a bright cloud hides it from the sight of those who are gazing from below, while the angelic hosts that come to meet their King burst forth into the canticle of exultant welcome: "Lift up your gates, ye princes; and, O ye eternal gates, be ye lifted up, and the King of glory will enter in!"* And then, choir answering to choir, they ask: "Who is the King of glory?" And they themselves make answer: "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle,"—in that supreme combat, namely, in which He has been just engaged for the souls of His human race and in which He has prevailed; and now He ascends on high, leading captivity captive.

This glorious mystery of the Ascension has this peculiarity, that it is the first solemn inauguration of the present order of things; it is the beginning of things as they are. When we try to meditate on the Passion, we must suppose the past to return again; for all that is in reality over and gone,—“Jesus, rising again from the dead, dieth now no more.” In such meditations there is a certain degree of unreality, and there is need of a larger exercise of the dramatic

power of faith which makes the dead past to live again. But it ought to be easier for us to enter into the joy of the Ascension; for this is what the Heart of Jesus now feels and will feel forever; the glory and rapture which then began for Him go on now and will go on forever. And surely, since this is so, He may well address to us that loving reproach: “If you loved Me, you would indeed be glad.”*

The devout Christian who with a vivid faith enters into the spirit of the Church in her yearly cycle of festivals might well feel on this day—when Ascension Thursday ends the series of the personal feasts of our Blessed Lord,—like that pious pilgrim of whom St. Francis de Sales writes in his own winning way, with many simple and picturesque details, in his famous treatise on the Love of God. Abandoning his home and his worldly interests, this Christian knight, at great cost and with grievous hardships and perils, made his pilgrimage to the holy places. He visited all the scenes of Our Lord's life—Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the places where Jesus had preached and wrought His miracles; and he tried to recall with love and gratitude all that Jesus had felt and done in those holy spots. Then he went lovingly through the stages of the Passion—the tomb where Christ's body lay and whence He rose again; the spot where He appeared to Mary Magdalen, and all the rest,—till at last he reached Mount Olivet. There he knelt down and kissed the prints of Our Lord's feet on the rock from which He ascended, and then he prayed: “Lord, I have followed Thee thus far; do not keep me back: let me follow Thee still.” And Jesus took pity on the simplicity of his faith and the intensity of his fervor, and called him to Himself. The pilgrim swooned away in a happy death of love

* Psalms, xxiii, 7.

* St. John, xiv, 28.

on the Mount of the Ascension, and followed his Divine Master on to heaven.

We can not follow Our Lord thus: we can follow Him only in spirit and desire into that heaven where He has gone to prepare a place for us. To-day's feast is the beginning of heaven, according to our conception of heaven; for our last glimpse of our ascending Lord is our first glimpse of His heaven,—heaven as it is for Him and for us. Our heaven is not the heaven of God's unbeginning eternity, the heaven of God's infinitely happy, all-sufficing solitude before the first angelic hymn broke the stillness round the throne, when God, the Three in One, alone was; nor is it even the heaven of God and His angels. But our heaven is the heaven in which God shares His blessedness not only with His angels but with His poor human creatures owning bodies and hearts like ours; and this heaven began on the first Feast of the Ascension, when (as the priest, during the octave of the feast, says at Mass just before the Consecration) "the only-begotten Son of God placed the frailty of our substance, united to Himself, at the right hand of the glory of the Father."

Now at length man can enter the presence of God. In His sacred humanity Jesus ascended to heaven to be the first-born of many brethren. We must be of them. Where He is, we also must be. To reach where Christ has gone, we too must ascend. To ascend requires an effort. The most hackneyed of all classical quotations tells us that it is easy to descend the downward slope, but that to mount upward to higher and purer air is a work of toil. We must ascend, however much the gravitation of our corrupt nature may tend to drag us down. We must, according to the consecrated phrase of the Royal Psalmist, "dispose ascensions in our hearts." Our hearts must ascend: we

must aspire. We must never faint or lag, but must face courageously the steep ascent.

How high we know not, but the way we know,
And how, by mounting ever, we attain—
And so climb on!

As the angels clothed in white said to the men of Galilee who were still gazing wistfully upward from Mount Olivet, Jesus who ascended to-day will come again to judge us. He will have judged us long before; and even as we have contrasted Incarnation and Crucifixion, and again Resurrection and Ascension, so might we contrast the beginning and the ending of that intermediate period of our existence after death—the secrecy and solitude of the particular judgment and the world-wide publicity of that general judgment which St. Paul calls "the day of the manifestation of the just judgment of God."

On that final Feast of the Ascension, when He who to-day ascended into heaven shall descend again to judge those whom He redeemed, and almost on the spot where He redeemed them, and when, having fulfilled His office of Judge as well as of Saviour, He shall ascend again to heaven, and the eternal gates shall open once more to let the King of Glory enter and shall then close behind Him forever, may we all be with Him there, *within* the gates, among His blessed captives, the trophies of His sacred Passion, when for the last time He shall fulfil the prophecy of the Royal Psalmist: "Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive."

THE prophet saw that fane
Of heavenly beauty fair,
Where Deity itself would deign
To find a dwelling there.

One portal stood alone,
Of peerless pearl its frame;
There would the Lord ascend His throne—
And Mary was its name.

—Matthew Bridges.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIII.—MR. HENRY MORAN HAS MORE THAN ONE INTERVIEW.

EARLY on Monday morning Mr. Henry Moran entered the furniture establishment in the Bowery and asked for Mr. Freeman. That commercial gentleman presently entered the very same office where he had before received Martha Finney. Henry Moran, who was looking out of the window with his back toward the door, turned sharply round as Freeman entered.

"I've come," he said, "about a seizure on the furniture of Mrs. Raymond."

"I've got the mem. right here, sir," Freeman answered, promptly. "Tell you all about it in half a second."

"What's the amount of the debt?" Henry Moran asked curtly.

"Eight hundred, with expenses."

"Here's a cheque more than covering the amount. Mortimer of Philadelphia."

Mr. Freeman, having deferentially taken the cheque, discovered that it was made out by the banker in the name of Mr. Henry Moran. The drummer felt with sudden awe that he was in presence of the great financier himself. Mr. Freeman had a good deal of what he himself called "American spunk," and was not easily daunted by any man. But there was something in Mr. Moran's bearing no less than in his reputation which impressed Freeman profoundly. As a soldier might gaze at Napoleon, a midshipmite at Nelson, a poet at Shakespeare, so did this man of affairs gaze on the individual who had scaled the shining heights of commerce.

All went well until Freeman began to stammer out some apologies for the proceedings that had been taken. The firm had been notified by a friend that

other seizures were impending. This reference to Martha Finney opened the floodgates of the broker's wrath; he changed color and indulged in some rather unparliamentary language.

"Oh, come now, sir!" cried Freeman, trying to rally his scattered forces. "I guess you're too hard on us. We sell on the square every time."

To this Henry Moran made no reply. He already regretted that he had departed from his ordinary business methods of saying little; so that after that one burst of indignation he was silent, receiving the receipt and the balance from the cheque without a word of comment. Freeman watched the broker thoughtfully as he passed out of the door and mingled with the motley throng on the Bowery. He was not the least offended by what had been said.

"Guess we put our foot in it badly that time," he muttered; "and it's all old Martha's doings. I'll bid her mind her own business for the future."

Freeman comforted himself with the certainty that even should one of those girls out there "catch" the millionaire, she wouldn't be a customer of Boomer & Company in any event. However, he took steps as speedily as possible to stop the call and relieve the minds of the Raymonds.

Henry Moran was very restless and impatient during the remainder of the day. He was anxious for evening to come that he might take the homeward train and assure himself that all was right. He, in fact, took an earlier train than usual, and laughed as he reflected that he thus avoided Jenkins. He avoided nearly everyone. Very few were in the car, but amongst these few was the apple-cheeked Miss Wilkins of burglar-alarm fame. She sat just opposite, and favored the Wall Street man with many a glance, which he noted from behind his paper but gave no

sign. So the young lady had to content herself with buying an orange at one stage on the journey and a package of chocolates at another. Finally, she made a bold move and addressed the reader of the newspaper:

"Would you be so kind as to let me see the morning paper, if you have quite finished with it?"

"With pleasure," Henry Moran said, standing up and taking off his hat as he offered the girl his copy of the *Sun*.

"I am anxious to see," she went on, "if the sale is advertised."

Henry Moran winced. He felt sure that she was alluding to the Raymond affair, and it had never occurred to him that it might get into the paper.

"You know, I suppose," she added, "that there is to be a sale? I guess there won't be much worth buying, but I'd like to go just for curiosity."

She spoke flippantly: the words fairly tripped each other, so glibly did they issue from her mouth.

"I suppose you'll go, it's so near you?" she continued, with her sharp, glittering eyes fixed on the broker.

"Oh, dear, no! I never go to sales," cried Henry Moran. "And I fancy you must be mistaken. If there was a sale anywhere near my house I should know of it."

"Well, three different people told me there was going to be a sale," persisted Miss Wilkins: "old Miss Finney that used to be your housekeeper, Mrs. Gregg, and Mr. Jenkins."

"And still you are looking for it in the newspaper?" Henry Moran asked. "I should have thought that further publication would be unnecessary. But where do your trio of informants propose to hold this sale?"

"They are not holding a sale!" Miss Wilkins cried. "It is some Bowery firm who are selling out those Raymonds next door to you. They are poor as

Job's turkey but proud as peacocks. It ain't much use being proud if you haven't got the cash."

"And does the possession of that commodity justify one in being proud?" Henry Moran asked, merely to gain time and if possible to change the subject.

"Rich people can afford to be proud," she replied, begging the question; "and they nearly always are."

"Well, I am sorry to hear that," Henry Moran declared, in his quizzical way. "Something should be done to reform them."

"They're very pretty girls, those Miss Raymonds, I must say," observed honest Miss Wilkins, with an abrupt change of subject; "and they belong to an old family,—Dutch, you know."

"Dutch?" inquired Henry Moran. "How very interesting!"

"They can trace back their ancestors to some Dutch earl or other."

"A Dutch earl!" said Henry Moran.

"Yes, some say they're descended from royalty."

"Well, hardly," Henry Moran replied, with a laugh; adding: "Royalties don't let their descendants go roaming round the world."

The girl reddened.

"I don't care, anyhow," she said. "I think an American woman's as good as any royalty."

"She *is* royalty and reigns over many subjects," Henry Moran cried quickly.

The apple-cheeks dimpled, but Miss Wilkins still enlarged upon her views.

"I hate kings and queens and all those people, and I'd rather live in New York city than any place in the world," she declared, with emphasis.

"You don't like the country, then?"

"I detest it. This town's the pokiest old place. No one in it but a few stupid people like Mrs. Knickerbocker Jones, and she thinks nobody's good enough to clean her shoes."

Henry Moran was amused.

"I thought Mrs. Knickerbocker Jones was a particularly inoffensive little old lady," he remarked.

"She may be to you; but she's just as horrid as she can be to most of us, and so are all her set."

"Oh, she has a set, has she?" Henry Moran asked. "That is ambitious for this town."

"Great Cæsar's ghost! there's half a dozen sets in town," said Miss Wilkins, aghast at his ignorance.

"Why, that *is* exciting," said Moran. "Who would ever think on alighting at this tranquil station that such conflicts were in progress in its vicinity?"

"Look here!" exclaimed Miss Wilkins. "You needn't think that you're going to keep a straight face on and laugh at me all the same. I'm not so green as you think."

"Green is very far being the proper descriptive term for—your coloring," answered Henry Moran. "Forgive the personal allusion."

Miss Wilkins dimpled once more. Her coloring was her strong point.

"You're a first-class humbug, you are!" she cried, coquettishly.

"No," said Henry Moran, lazily amused at the girl; "that's not at all in my line. I'm always on the square."

"That's just what the papers say about you," responded Miss Wilkins. "They're forever repeating that your honesty's your strong point."

"So you read about me in the papers?" Henry Moran said, looking at her with raised eyebrows.

The pink bloom in the rustic cheeks deepened as she answered:

"We've got to read it whether we like or no: it stares us in the face."

"Very rude of it."

Miss Wilkins giggled.

"You are comical!" she exclaimed.

"Still another qualification. I hope

they didn't put that in the papers about me."

"Say," began Miss Wilkins, with apparently impulsive frankness, "is it true what folks are talking about?"

"True what folks are talking about?" slowly repeated Henry Moran. "Well, *that* is a question!"

"Oh, you know what I mean!"

"But I really don't."

He had his fears, however, and was trying to gain time.

"If I take your question to pieces, I should say it depended on what kind of folks were talking and what was the subject of their discourse."

"*You* are!" observed the red-cheeked one, pertly.

"Oh, I'm used to that!"

"They're saying something different this time."

"Different from what, and who are 'they'?" queried Moran.

"They? Why, everybody. And they are not talking about your doings in Wall Street."

"That's the only place I have any doings."

Miss Wilkins shook her head.

"You're quite too smart for me; but I know what I mean."

"I'm glad you do,—sincerely glad; and if I hadn't to see a friend in the smoking-car, I should ask you to make me as wise as yourself."

He arose as he spoke; and the girl, seeing that it was hopeless to try to detain him, responded to his friendly nod by a smile which for the last time displayed the dimples and a flash of her dark eyes. Henry Moran raised his hat and passed on and out of the car; while Miss Wilkins, looking after him, said to herself:

"He's real nice,—an elegant fellow, and mighty smart too."

Henry Moran was suddenly seized in the smoking-car by Jack Holloway, who

sprang up from his seat to meet him.

"I say, Moran, is it true?"

"Is what true?" asked Henry Moran. "There seems to be a perfect mania for the discovery of truth to-day."

"Is this splendid news that I have heard true?"

"Will you kindly sit down, my dear fellow, and let me sit beside you, and tell me what news you have heard, and why it is splendid?"

"I was afraid at first it was Mary!" cried Jack Holloway.

"Afraid at first it was Mary?" said Henry Moran, quizzically.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" cried Jack Holloway, with his boyish laugh; while Henry Moran, smiling grimly, thought within himself: "And I was afraid at first it *wasn't* Mary." Aloud he said, however:

"Your meaning is not very plain. News which is splendid and which, after all, does not concern Mary—"

"Oh, hang it all, Moran!" cried Jack. "I think I know you well enough to ask: Is there anything between you and any of the Raymond girls?"

"Jack," said Henry Moran, gravely, "there are certain subjects which can not be discussed; but I assure you on my honor that I have never spoken to any of the ladies you mention."

Jack's face fell.

"I beg your pardon, old man!" he exclaimed; and then he muttered, after a pause: "It was that confounded gossip Jenkins!"

"Jenkins has considerable inventive power," answered Henry Moran; "but Jenkins will have to be restrained."

There was an angry light in his eyes as he spoke. Jack was quite depressed. It was a bitter disappointment that he could not look upon his influential friend in the light of a future brother-in-law; and Kate would have made such a charming wife for him.

"I fancied it was Kate," he muttered, almost unconsciously.

"I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Henry Moran asked.

"No—that is—well, I wasn't saying anything in particular," Jack explained.

"You are decidedly enigmatical," said his friend, after which both men relapsed into silence.

Henry Moran was speculating as to whether or no he should leave matters as they were or throw out a vague hint to Jack Holloway of what was in his mind. Suddenly he said:

"If it should be Kate, what then? Would she have me?"

Jack Holloway stared at him.

"Not many girls would refuse you."

"The question is: Would Miss Kate Raymond refuse me?"

"I thought you said, Moran, that you had never spoken to them?"

"Nor have I, dear boy. I am merely putting a case. Since Jenkins gives me Kate—that bonny Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,—since you seem willing to give me Kate, and since I—though my feelings are of no account to Jenkins—might be glad to have Kate, would she let herself be given away, do you think? What are the even chances for or against me?"

"You are never serious, Moran, except on Change," said Jack, testily.

"And I have been taking a very great liberty you would say, Jack, in taking in vain the Christian name of a young lady to whom I have never spoken. You are perfectly right and I am full of apologies."

"All right, old fellow!" responded Jack.

He was just then getting off, and no more was said on that subject. But the young man pondered deeply over what had occurred; as he walked to his aunt's from the train.

"For just a moment I fancied Moran was serious," he muttered to himself,

"when he inquired about Kate. But it was his nonsense. I wish Jenkins—confound him!—had been right. It would have been a fine thing for Kate, for us all. I suppose, though, Moran will never marry. Too many other irons in the fire."

Henry Moran walked home from the station, likewise pondering, only in a different vein, on the same subject, and laughing at the reckless mood which had induced him to put that daring inquiry to Jack. If it were repeated, what then? He shrugged his shoulders, and as he entered his own gate he paused a moment in the shrubbery which overlooked the cottage. He chanced to catch sight of Kate, and perceived even at that distance that she was very pale and that her eyes were red as with weeping. This sent him pacing up and down in futile impatience that he had not sooner discovered this difficulty of theirs and tried to save them from the persecution of Boomer & Company. It angered him to think how powerless he was to act, notwithstanding the fact that Jenkins with the whole town—as the Wilkins girl had intimated, as Jack Holloway had expressly told him,—was speculating upon a supposed engagement between him and this girl, with whom he was in love but to whom he had never spoken. Was ever man placed in so trying a position?

Yet, daring speculator as he was, experience had taught him the value of patience. He might lose all by striving to win too hastily. And, moreover, his incognito, to which he was himself attached, might have a charm otherwise lacking. Destiny had, however, decided that the rôle of an old man was to come to an end; and that, for good or for evil, he had to sustain, in the closing chapters of his little drama, the rôle of a young man.

(To be continued.)

A Sorrow of Mary's.

BY OLIVE KATHARINE PARR.

MOTHER of God, I long to learn the story
Of that sad day when thy dear Son left home
To enter on His public life of sorrow
And meet the woe to come.

O bitter day! the last day of that home-life
So long, so sweet, so free from grief and pain,—
That dear home-life which earth or even heaven
Can ne'er bring back again.

The last meal ended and the last word spoken,
Crossed the last time the threshold of the door,
The last sound of His feet along the roadway,—
His home knew Him no more.

No touch, no sound: hands, lips and ears had lost
Him;

Thine eyes alone their sad task had not done.
'Didst thou not strain to catch, O tender Mother!
The last glimpse of thy Son?

I wonder was the heartless sunlight flooding
That path which led the way to pain and death,
And were the careless olive branches dancing,
Stirred by the west wind's breath?

Or, haply, were the pitying heavens weeping?
Did silv'ry mist veil from that path all light?
Were not the gray-green olives hushed and trembling
As He passed out of sight?

And then didst thou seek out the silent chamber
To look with tears upon the empty bed,
Knowing the Son of Man would have henceforward
No place to lay His head?

Mother of God, I long to learn the story
Of that sad day when thy dear Son left home;
Pray that at last from thine own lips to hear it,
The time for me may come!

"ALL eyes," says the great St. Bernard, "are fixed on Mary—those who are in heaven, those in purgatory, those who have gone before us, those who are now living and who will come after us. All look up to Mary. O Holy Virgin, through thee the angels find joy, the just peace, and sinners forgiveness; and justly are the eyes of all turned to thee."

A Pope Ninety-Seven Years Old.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.

AT one time, we read, the humble St. Francis of Assisi, shortly after the founding of his Order, was intending to go into France and had proceeded as far as Florence. There was then in that city a legate (and some say nephew) of the reigning Pope, Innocent III., whose name was Cardinal Hugolin. According to Döllinger, he was the ablest of all the Pope's legates. He dissuaded Francis, on the ground that his Order was yet too young; so the holy man returned to Rome. Now, this Cardinal Hugolin became Pope, as we shall soon see, and took the name of Gregory IX. He was eighty-three years of age at the time of his election; he reigned fourteen years on the throne of Peter, and died at the age of ninety-seven.

While Cardinal Hugolin was yet legate he came to Rome; and being greatly attracted by the poor Saint of Assisi, he got him to preach before the Pope and all his court. St. Francis wrote out a sermon and committed it to memory; but when he came to preach he could not remember a word of it. He stood embarrassed, explained his position, and then, delivering himself up, as the old chroniclers tell us, "to the Holy Spirit, his usual guide, he spoke with such unction and persuasiveness that all were moved to tears."

At the end of the sermon the Holy Father embraced him and proffered to give him anything he might desire. "One thing, Holy Father, I would ask," said the Saint. "Your hours are precious and belong to the universal Church; but would your Holiness deign to give us, under your authority, the good Cardinal Hugolin here for

protector?" The Pope at once assented, and thus began a period of intimate relations between Cardinal Hugolin and the Franciscan Order; and thus began also, as historians tell us, the principle of Cardinal Protectors at the Holy See.

In 1226, on the 4th of October, St. Francis died. In 1227, on the 19th of March—that is, about five months after,—Cardinal Hugolin was elected Pope; and in the following year he set the name of the Poor Man of Assisi in the catalogue of the saints. Most men have lost strength both of body and mind at eighty-three, and few men are fitted at that time of life to take their place and act their part in turbulent and stormy scenes. But, strange to tell, up to his ninety-seventh year, Gregory IX. preserved mental and bodily activity in a singular manner; and he needed both.

Immediately on his election he found himself face to face with the German Emperor. At that time of the Church there were two things that brought the Pontiffs into controversy with the European sovereigns. One was the holy war in the East and the other was the appointment to bishoprics. When a bishop died in those times the sovereign took over to his own use all the revenues arising from the vacant see. And as kings stood greatly in need of money by reason of the long and fierce wars, they were not particularly scrupulous as to the source whence they obtained it. When Gregory was elected Pope, he found that the German Emperor had as many as five bishoprics vacant, drawing all the time the revenues of the vacant sees. Gregory may well have been a nephew of Pope Innocent III.; for he possessed all his dominating intellect and all his religious fire and zeal. And Gregory knew the Emperor well.

When this Emperor Frederic was but

a mere child his interests had been defended and preserved by Pope Innocent III. When Frederic grew up he professed himself grateful; but from the testimony of all writers we are forced to believe that in mind he was a knave and in morals a dissolute man. It is hard to say these things, but they are forced on us by history.

In 1215 Pope Innocent III. gathered a great council at Rome. "The chief subject of deliberation was the undertaking of a new crusade; for which purpose a 'God's Peace' for four years was commanded to all princes and people."* It was at this council that Frederic's right to the German Empire was established.

Pope Innocent died in the year 1216, and the "mild" Honorius III. succeeded. "His first cares were directed to the crusade";† and Frederic asked the Pope to oblige all who had taken the cross to go at once on the crusade. But Frederic himself did not go. In 1219, in an assembly at Haguenau, he repeated his former declarations; but did not go. In 1220 he was crowned at Rome by the mild Honorius—who was indeed very mild,—received the cross anew from Cardinal Hugolin, and said he would fulfil his promise the following year.

In 1223, at a meeting between Pope Honorius and the Emperor, it was agreed that it should be postponed for two years; and Frederic bound himself under excommunication to go. All this time complaints upon complaints came from the East. Bishops arrived, knights arrived, pilgrims arrived,—all with the one tale to tell, that the few remaining Christians in Palestine were exposed to insult and danger. Last of all came John of Brienne, the weak King of Jerusalem. He had one daughter, Iolanthe, his sole heiress; and a marriage was agreed upon, and took

place, between Frederic and Iolanthe, by which Frederic became heir to the kingdom of Jerusalem. It was supposed that this would urge him on.

But in 1225 Pope Honorius had to yield to a postponement for two years further; and Frederic called down upon himself the excommunication and curse of Church and people should he not keep his promise. Before the two years were up, instead of a holy war Frederic had taken up a war against Rome itself and several of the Italian cities. A peace was, however, concluded; and in 1227, the period determined on, Pope Honorius died, and Frederic did not go to Palestine.

Then came Gregory IX. in March, 1227. He knew Frederic well. "Gregory," says Döllinger, "was a man of spotless fame, of pure morals, distinguished by his piety; and by his learning and eloquence shone as a brilliant star among his contemporaries." He called upon the Emperor to fulfil his promise; and from motives of religion, and possibly to show Frederic that he could no longer dally, Pope Gregory "reprehended the excuses of the Emperor and the unbridled license of his court."

Seeing that a stronger mind than the mild Honorius was now engaged in pushing on the crusade, great numbers of knights came from all countries to the south of Italy to range themselves under Frederic. From England alone there were sixty thousand men; and among the German knights came the husband of "the dear St. Elizabeth of Hungary." Frederic felt he should make some move. "But the Emperor delayed his departure from week to week, and at the commencement of the hot season of the year there appeared among the troops diseases which carried them off in multitudes."*

At last Frederic embarked, but he

* Döllinger.

† Idem.

* Döllinger.

suddenly took sick and turned into Otranto. Every historian suspects this "sickness" and insinuates that it was nothing more than a pretence. It was no pretence, however, for poor St. Elizabeth's husband or for her own life after. Her husband, the holy Landgrave Lewis, and the bishops of Augsburg and Angers died there. "The consequence was that the whole expedition, which had been prepared with such labor and at so many sacrifices, was abandoned."*

This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the right or wrong of the crusades. It must, however, be well borne in mind that at the time we speak of everyone thought them right and even holy, and no one ever suggested that they were wrong.

When Frederic recovered, it was to be hoped that he would go on to the Holy Land; but no: his one great desire was to subdue Italy. So on the 27th of September, 1227, Pope Gregory, in the first year of his pontificate, found himself compelled to excommunicate him, according to the agreement entered into two years before at St. Germane by Frederic himself.

Surrounded by his cardinals and an immense number of bishops, the Pope not only pronounced sentence of excommunication, but had it repeated on several occasions; adding thereto an interdict for every city and place where Frederic would come to, and which was to last for the time he remained in that city or place. The Holy Father threatened, moreover, that if Frederic did not submit he would absolve the Emperor's subjects from their allegiance to him. Frederic retaliated. He bought out possessions in and about the Eternal City from the Frangipani; put these people back in possession after paying them the purchase money, thereby making them his dependants and friends,

and so obtaining a foothold from which to annoy the Pope. The Holy Father had to fly from Rome at Easter in the year following (1228), when he had been scarcely a year on the throne and when he was eighty-four years of age, to avoid being assassinated by the Frangipani.

In the summer of that same year the Emperor set out for the Holy Land, although forbidden to do so by the Pope because of his excommunication. But Frederic was defiant. He went across the sea and reached the shores of Palestine on the 7th of September, 1228. The Pope sent two members of the Friars Minor after him to publish in the Holy Land the sentence of excommunication against the Emperor.

We turn aside from these scenes for a while and follow the remains of the holy Landgrave of Thuringia, Lewis, the husband of the dear St. Elizabeth, as they are sorrowfully carried across the Hungarian mountains to their resting-place in his own land. Sad news always travels fast, and the news of his death reached Thuringia long before his good knights were able to arrive with his bones. His widow, the dear St. Elizabeth, and her three children were thereupon pitilessly driven from their home by the dead lord's brother. And so much a tyrant did that brother show himself, and such fear did he instil into the retainers of the Landgrave, that he forbade any one to receive the friendless widow and her orphans; and no one ventured to do so except one poor innkeeper, who, moved by her state, turned his pigs at midnight out of their sty, as Montalembert relates, and bade her lie there with her little son and two daughters. During the night the bell of the Franciscan monastery rang for Matins, and she arose and begged the friars to chant a *Te Deum* for God's mercies to her.

* Idem.

When the knights returned with her husband's remains, they were indignant on seeing how their lord's young and beloved spouse was treated, and the unnatural brother was forced to behave toward her with the respect due to her rank. But she cared little for worldly respect or rank. Content that her little girls and her son Conrad were taken care of, she was satisfied to dwell in a very humble home; "finding," say the old chroniclers, "all her delights in humiliations." She survived her husband but two or three short years, when Heaven hastened to take her to itself. Pope Gregory had the happiness of canonizing her in less than four years afterward, in the year 1235; ordering at the same time that her feast be kept on the 19th of November, the day of her death. She was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

The old connection between Cardinal Hugolin and St. Francis made the Pope perform another most useful work for the Order by canonizing another of its saints. There was at Lisbon a young man named Augustin. He was in priest's orders, of distinguished talents, and had already held a position of great dignity. The remains of four Franciscan martyrs came from Morocco, and Augustin made up his mind to become a Friar Minor. He called himself Anthony, after St. Anthony of the desert, because he wished to live hidden. He went to Africa, but it was not God's will that he should remain there. He returned across the Mediterranean and came to Italy. St. Francis was dead and Brother Elias was minister general.

Brother Elias did not follow in the steps of St. Francis. Anthony saw it and wanted to get the Pope to interfere; but Elias kept watch on him. Anthony escaped and reached Rome. The Pope deposed Elias and put Anthony in his place. But as soon as Anthony got

things arranged he besought a general chapter of his brethren to relieve him of the burden, and after earnest persuasion they agreed to it. He went to Padua and did wonders there in the way of preaching and making conversions. It was from this that he got the name of "Anthony of Padua." He died in June, 1231, and before the end of that year was canonized by Pope Gregory IX.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Wrong Portmanteau.

BY E. BECK.

"WHAT a fearful evening!" Jack Calvert cried as he peered from the window of the railway carriage, against which the rain beat fiercely, and tried to distinguish the landmarks of the country through which the train was rushing. "And the worst of it is I've a drive of twelve miles before me when I reach Roxham."

"I shall be in almost the same plight," said the other occupant of the carriage, Jim Carruthers by name. "Northland Priory is eight or ten miles from a railway station."

The two young men had met on the crowded platform of the London station some two hours before, and each had been agreeably surprised to find that their respective destinations permitted their travelling together.

"Isn't Hugh North in rather a bad way?" inquired Jack. "Property went down in value, or something or other."

Carruthers smiled rather grimly.

"He hasn't much property that I know of but the Priory and the park lands. These were entailed, or his uncle most probably would have bequeathed them to the man he made his heir."

"Cuthbert Wycombe?"

"Yes. He was a distant cousin of old Squire North's. The Squire quarrelled

with Hugh about something,—I believe he wanted Hugh to become a clergyman. He left all that he could leave to Wycombe in a fit of anger at Hugh. Had he been long ill—he died suddenly, you know,—I daresay Hugh would have been all right."

"He will be able, at any rate, to let the Priory for a decent annual sum. If I remember, there's plenty of fishing and some shooting to be had, and the house is picturesque enough."

"It is half in ruins, I've heard Hugh say. You see, it hasn't been the residence proper of the family for a couple of generations," Jim said. "And there has been some difficulty about the letting of it. It is said to be haunted. Of course that is all rot; but, at any rate, the ill name of the mansion frightens off the people who come to look at it."

"By the bye, wasn't there something between Miss Trevor and him?"

"I know no more than the rest of the world," Jim said, and perhaps not quite truthfully. He had reason to suspect that his friend was sincerely attached to Hilda Trevor, and that his want of fortune kept him from seeking to win her favor.

"Miss Trevor is at present on a visit to the Yorkes. It is to them I am going," Jack said.

"Oh!"

"Yes. Young Yorke comes of age one of these days, and there are to be all manner of festivities. He's a bit stage-struck, and the programme includes a performance of 'Romeo and Juliet.' I'm to be Friar Laurence."

"I did not know you were theatrically inclined."

Jack yawned, and soon fell asleep. When he woke it was to hear the porters yelling "Roxham!"

"Take care of yourself, Jim, among the spooks!" he said as he sprang to the platform.

His friend laughed as he saw him making frantic efforts to secure his luggage. Jim had still twenty or thirty miles farther to travel, and by the time the station nearest to Northland Priory was reached the wintry afternoon had closed into night. He had neglected to send Hugh North a wire announcing the train by which he intended to travel; and he regretted his carelessness as he clambered into the one rickety fly the village possessed, and noticed the pace at which the wretched animal between the shafts started forward.

"Hugh would have managed to secure a better piece of horseflesh than this, though his stables are empty," Jim said to himself as he buttoned his overcoat more closely. "Poor old fellow! he will probably never again gather a party round him in the Priory."

Jim had learned as a profound secret that his friend was determined to try his luck in one or other of the colonies; and when Hugh had asked him to form one of a party to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in Northland Priory he had consented. As a consequence of its evil name, the Priory had remained unlet through the summer and autumn; and Hugh had resolved to entertain a few friends in his ancestral home.

It was certainly a ghostly-looking building that Jim leaned forward to survey as the horse crept leisurely up the laurel and cypress bordered drive. Antiquarians said the greater part of the house belonged to the Tudor period, and no doubt it was the more ancient part of it that stood dark and dismal. Jim sprang from the vehicle ere it stopped and bounded up to the hall door.

"Yes, it is Jim!" Hugh North's voice said as he entered. "Why on earth didn't you write or wire? What a time you must have had coming from the station! We are at dinner, so come in. Abel will see to your luggage at once."

I'm not going to apologize to you, old fellow, for the various discomforts and inconveniences you'll meet with," Hugh North added when the driver had been settled with, and Jim relieved of his overcoat. "Come inside,"—he moved to a door on the right of the hall. "Grey and Pierson are here already."

The four men who drew their chairs round the blazing fire of logs in the dining-room some time later had been schoolfellows in their youth. Grey was an army doctor home from India on leave; while Pierson, like Jim Carruthers, had betaken himself to journalism. The three had been very willing to spend a few days with Hugh North when they heard of his intention to emigrate at the end of the year.

They discoursed of many things as the wind whistled round the corners of the old house and rattled the windows in their casements. Reminiscences of their schooldays gave rise to jest and merry laughter, so that midnight approached before they were aware. It was the host who discovered the lateness of the hour.

"Ten minutes to twelve!" he cried, glancing at his watch. "It is inhuman to keep you fellows out of bed."

The Doctor yawned and admitted that he was tired.

"By the bye, you have all heard that the Priory is haunted?" Hugh said, in a tone of inquiry.

"It ought to be," Grey allowed, looking round the large wainscoted apartment, in whose unfurnished corners shadows seemed to lurk.

"But I'm serious," Hugh said. "It has always been told that one of the monks to whom the place belonged in the reign of religion-making Henry haunts it still; but it is only recently that he has begun to make himself unpleasant."

Hugh escorted his guests to their several rooms, which were on the second

floor. They passed along a wide gallery and through several passages before they came to the corridor where the more habitable bedrooms were situated. The host lingered a moment or two with Carruthers, whose room was at some distance from those of the others.

"You've made up your mind to leave England, Hugh?" Jim asked; and Hugh bent his head.

"I can do nothing else, Jim."

There were no words of comfort to be said; and after a pause Hugh again said "Good-night!" and Jim Carruthers sank, with a sigh, into the big chair that was drawn up before the wood fire. After some minutes he glanced round the apartment allotted to him. The room was large and panelled in oak that had grown dark with age. In one corner was a large funereal bed covered with a rich brocade-draped tester. The glow of the candles on the mantelpiece did not penetrate beyond the middle of the room. The windows were shaded by faded hangings, and the mirror on the dressing-table was of antique make. Altogether, it was a room calculated to make a timid person nervous; but Jim did not know what timidity meant. When he rose from his chair he unlocked his portmanteau, and gave vent to an annoyed expletive as he drew a garment from it.

"I've got the wrong portmanteau!" he exclaimed aloud, as he went over the article in question and examined it. It was precisely similar to his own, and it was marked with his initials. Suddenly he gave a laugh. "'Tis Jack Calvert's. He must have gone off with mine. And this"—he held up the robe,—“why, this is Friar Laurence's garb!”

He unfolded the garment and surveyed it, while a mischievous look crept into his eyes. In a few minutes he had Jack's entire theatrical costume spread before him, and he proceeded to array himself

in the monk's robes. When gowned and hooded, he took one of the candles from the mantelpiece and viewed himself in the old-fashioned mirror.

"My pallor and leanness are suitable to the costume," he said. "I'm sure I look much more like a friar than Jack will. Now, why shouldn't I visit Grey and test the quality of his nerves? I'll wait till he's comfortably established in bed," he resolved, as he replaced the candle on the mantelpiece. "And I may as well blow out the lights."

He did so, and seated himself in the big arm-chair, chuckling over the fright he would give the man of medicine.

The seat was comfortable, and Jim had not slept much the night before. In a very few minutes he was asleep. He was roused by a sound near him, and he opened his eyes in puzzled bewilderment. From the panelled wall opposite a cowed figure was advancing in the dim glow of the firelight.

"Here's a go!" Jim said inwardly. He had no ghostly fears. Some of the others were, no doubt, playing the joke on him that it had entered his mind to play on Dr. Grey.

When the figure was within reach of his hand he rose to his feet and drew himself slowly to his full height, and held up a thin forefinger with a dramatic, threatening gesture. For a second his double stood regarding him, and then turned and made toward the spot from whence he came. There was a momentary delay, a rasping sound, and the figure vanished; but not before Jim had leaped through the wooden panel. He found himself in a narrow passage, and heard the quick patter of unshod, hurrying feet. Without a second's delay he started in pursuit.

That his pursuit would have been fruitless is probable—for the passage was in complete darkness, and Jim had to proceed with some caution,—but the

figure in front evidently tripped and fell. Before he could rise, Jim's hand was on his flowing robe.

"Is it Pierson or Grey? Whichever of you it is, is fairly caught."

The captive muttered something like an oath, and tried to rush forward.

"You had better keep quiet." Jim knew the voice belonged to a stranger, and he thought for a moment that some of the servants had been commissioned to enact the rôle of ghosts. "You have got to come with me." And he tightened his grasp. "Right about face now!"

"It was only a joke," a rough but trembling voice said. "Let me go, sir, and don't tell the master. I thought you were the ghost in earnest."

"You have to come back with me," Jim insisted; "and I'd advise you not to make me use force. If so, it will be the worse for you."

Jim's coolness prevailed, and, without any show of resistance, the second friar began to retrace his steps. Afterward Jim knew that but for the shock his captive had received his own life would have been in no little danger.

"Open the panel!" Jim commanded; and he was obeyed.

There was still sufficient light in the room to enable them to distinguish the outlines of each other's form, and the articles of furniture in the apartment.

"What do you want me to do now?" Jim was asked, when the panel closed behind them.

"You must tell Mr. North the reason of your masquerading in this fashion."

Jim had recollected that Hugh had suffered no small pecuniary loss from the ghostly tales concerning the Priory. Perhaps the person before him could explain them away.

He looked round the room. As he expected, there was no bell, and he urged his companion toward the door.

"I'll have to make an outcry so as to

rouse them," Jim muttered to himself; and he laughed as he imagined the astonishment two cowed figures would create in Hugh North and his guests.

His summons brought the three, in various stages of undress, from their apartments. Dr. Grey carried a stout stick in his hand, but Pierson and Hugh were unarmed. Their bewilderment at the sight their eyes met in the corridor was extreme. It grew no less when Jim spoke.

"Jim!" Hugh North cried. "What on earth are you about?"

"Capturing the family ghost," Jim replied promptly. "It is real, very real, flesh and blood."

"Who is it?" Dr. Grey asked.

Hugh North had drawn nearer to Jim and his prisoner.

"It is Clarke!" he ejaculated,—“Clarke the caretaker!"

"Come into my room," Jim counselled. "The fire is alight still, and we'll have an explanation."

The explanation was given with more readiness than had been expected. It seemed as if Clarke was eager to exculpate himself from the part he had taken in having the Priory tenantless by unmasking a greater villain.

"It was Mr. Wycombe put the idea in my head," he said,—“the idea of the ghost I mean."

"But what did you gain by frightening away my tenants?" Hugh inquired. Clarke hesitated.

"You'll not inform on us?" he asked.

"That's as may be," Hugh answered. "You will lose nothing by speaking."

"You may lose by my silence, though," the man said, grimly. "Well, me and my mates—there are three or four of us—are coiners, and we carried on our work here. It suited us, of course, to have the place unlet."

"Did Mr. Wycombe know?" Hugh asked, sternly.

"Yes: he found out."

"And did he allow you to carry on your nefarious trade?" Hugh went on, in surprise.

"If you and your friends promise to allow me and my friends to leave the country unharmed, you can hear why Mr. Wycombe acted in such a way," Clarke went on. "It will be to your interest to make the promise and you will harm no one by doing so."

"Promise, Hugh!" Jim urged. "I always distrusted Wycombe."

After some further persuasion Hugh gave the required pledge.

"Then, sir, if you'll permit me, I'll show you where Squire North's last will is," the caretaker said.

"His last will?" Hugh exclaimed.

"Yes. The will by which Mr. Wycombe inherited his property was not his last will. He made one here, an hour before he died. My daughter wrote it out, and she and one of the outdoor servants witnessed it. It left everything to you. Mr. Wycombe discovered one of the secret passages leading to the underground rooms where we worked, and then he was in a position to make me hold my tongue."

In a few minutes the sheet of paper on which Squire North's last will was written was in Dr. Grey's hands.

Wycombe relinquished the possessions he had so unjustly claimed and made haste to leave England. Hugh let him escape scot-free. Indeed, Jim Carruthers suspects that Hugh allowed him to retain no inconsiderable sum out of his uncle's savings.

"He's a soft-hearted fellow, is Hugh North," Jim often says; "but very lucky, all the same. He has one of the finest properties in England, and one of the handsomest wives. Oh, yes! he married Hilda Trevor; and his luck all came about through Jack Calvert taking the wrong portmanteau."

The Land of Suicide.

BY H. TWITCHELL.

CHINA leads all nations of the earth in the matter of suicide. It is practised at all times and places, in all ranks of society, by old and young, masters and servants alike. The Chinese seem to attach no great value to life, and they are willing to bid it adieu for the merest trifle. Gloomily egotistical, destitute of the notion of duty to kindred, feeble in character, scarcely knowing the joys of existence, they find little in this world to make it attractive. The two principal causes operating among Europeans to prevent suicide—fear of the unknown and of the pangs of death—do not exist for the sons of the Celestial Empire. Provided they are sure of proper burial, the rest matters little.

This indifference to life is shown in a marked degree in the ease with which a man can find a substitute in case he has to be put to death. He has only to loosen his purse-strings and he can find any number of unhappy creatures willing to die for him and thus secure a handsome burial. The decapitation of mandarins after a massacre of Christians is often only a pretence intended to deceive European governments. These functionaries hire substitutes who are willing to have their heads cut off for money enough to secure everlasting bliss.

Dr. Matignan, a former attaché of the French legation at Peking, who has made a study of suicide in China, gives much information on a subject which has been so enigmatical to the ordinary traveller. Profiting by a position which brought him into direct contact with the sick and unfortunate, he has been able to throw much light upon a phenomenon of absorbing interest to humanitarians everywhere. According

to this author, the principal motives of suicide among the Chinese are, first of all, vengeance and spite; then jealousy, financial ruin, conjugal infidelity, filial piety, poverty, insanity, religious mania; and, last but not most common, what may be called mortification, or shamefacedness, for want of a better term.

The Chinaman is a vindictive creature *par excellence*. The pleasure of wreaking vengeance on a fellowman will often urge him to give up his life. When a man has been ruined financially by another, he often hangs himself on his oppressor's doorway. In business rivalry the dealer who is worsted is liable to kill himself in his opponent's shop. A lawyer who loses a worthy case may kill himself before the house of his successful rival.

The party wishing to avenge himself takes every precaution to have his death bear the desired fruits. Not only does he choose the most effective method of suicide, but he carefully conceals in his clothing a species of requisition in which he explains the reasons which forced him to his desperate decision, and denounces to justice the person who has been the cause of his death. This document falls into the hands of the officials who alone have the right of examining the person of dead bodies. In this connection the suicide often exhibits the refinement of subtlety in his plans of vengeance. Fearing lest the requisition be stolen and his posthumous satisfaction fail him, he writes it on his skin; a Chinese superstition claiming that it is impossible to cause the disappearance of characters traced on the epidermis of a corpse.

The Chinese tremble before these suicides through vengeance, which are nearly always a source of material ruin for those against whom they are directed. Chinese legal proceedings are very slow-moving and costly, and

prisoners are subjected to ill treatment for months while awaiting trial. To escape all this, the one for whom the first party killed himself very often commits suicide in his turn.

This suiciding through vengeance is perfectly natural to the Chinaman. Often the only regret accompanying it is that there is only one life to give. A case is cited of a man who at the very last deplored the circumstances which prevented him from killing himself before the doors of two enemies instead of having to choose between them.

Jealousy is the most common cause of self-destruction among women. The defective organization of the Chinese family especially contributes toward this. The daughters alone quit the father's house. The sons remain and bring their wives into the home, where they live under the tutelage and despotism of the mother-in-law. Polygamy, under the form of concubinage, adds to the misfortune of the women, who see in marriage only an evil, look at it as they may. According to authorities, in some localities young girls fear marriage to such a degree that they cast themselves into ponds in numbers at a time. Besides the common domination of the mother-in-law, the wives of the older sons take precedence over those of the others, which is a fruitful source of heart-burnings and jealousies. Many of the unfortunate women jump into wells or swallow large doses of opium.

The reign of the mother-in-law begins early. Children are betrothed at a tender age; and the fiancée, scarcely four or five years old, goes to live in the house of her future mother-in-law, who controls her as if the marriage had already taken place, often carrying her persecutions so far as to cause the victim's death. Various methods are employed in inflicting discipline—flogging, burning with hot irons, and often scalding outright

with boiling water. Dr. Matignan tells of a case that came under his care at the French hospital at Hai-K'ong. A little girl nine years old, who had been betrothed several years, had lived with her future mother-in-law, who treated her most cruelly. When she was brought to the hospital her body was covered with wounds, the result of floggings. She remained several months, and when she was cured she earnestly besought the good Sisters to make her one of their number so that she might escape the fate in store for her.

Mortification, or shamefacedness, is a fruitful source of suicide in China. This is brought about by circumstances so wholly dissimilar that it is difficult to name its real cause. It embraces every degree of humiliation. Much or little, a "yes" or a "no," causes chagrin to the susceptible Chinese. A candidate failing in examination, a domestic caught in the act of pilfering, a person made the butt of ridicule,—all experience it alike. It is the capital consideration for all Chinamen, from emperor and mandarin down to coolie. What we term points of honor are also included in the causes of this mortification, bringing members of the upper classes to suicide.

The suicide of widows was very common in the early part of the last century. Although less so to-day, it is frequent enough, as the widow's lot is far from being an agreeable one. She is absolutely at the mercy of her mother-in-law and brothers-in-law. The former tyrannizes over her, and the latter often sell her for base purposes. If she marries a second time she is thought to dishonor the memory of her dead husband. Formerly special arches and commemorative tablets were the reward of widows who committed suicide. As these were erected by the order of the emperor, the high distinction conferred appealed to the vanity of the widow, and also to the

interest of her family who would profit by her death. Alarmed at the increase of suicide among widows, in 1829 Emperor Young-Tchen announced that neither arches nor tablets would be erected in their memory. Since that time the zeal of widows in the matter of self-destruction has considerably abated.

The vanity of the Chinese is so great, however, that often the mere thought of the enthusiasm and notoriety caused by the event is sufficient to decide the widow to take her life. A writer on Chinese customs thus describes the ceremony of self-destruction:

"On the morning of the day fixed upon, the widow went to burn incense in the temple dedicated to virtuous women. Then, dressed in her best raiment, carrying a bouquet, she was paraded about the principal streets in a palanquin. In the afternoon, at a stated hour, she mounted a platform erected for the purpose in front of her house. Here, seated on an easy-chair, she received the farewells of her family; then, stepping up on a tabouret, she adjusted a suspended noose around her neck, and, kicking the stool away, swung into eternity."

Formerly mandarins came to witness the suicide of widows and to prostrate themselves before the heroines. But since the time when one of the widows had the bad taste to renounce death after receiving the august homage, these dignitaries have refused to be present at the ceremony.

Filial piety is a frequent cause of suicide. Vanity enters largely into this, along with the desire for sacrifice. Self-mutilations that are liable to end in death are largely practised through filial piety. A son whose father or mother is very ill goes to pray in the temple of the god of medicine; and, with other things, often offers a piece of his own flesh, or organ of his body, sometimes

to be cooked for the sick parent. If the organ is a vital one, death, of course, follows this singular practice.

Persons of high degree prefer death to any sort of disgrace. When the emperor orders a suicide, it is considered a signal favor. When any of the high dignitaries of the empire have laid themselves liable to capital punishment, to spare them the humiliation of decapitation on the public square, and to allow them to join their ancestors with their persons intact, the sovereign sends them one of three *precious* gifts: a gold leaf, a package of poison, or a rope of yellow silk. The person who is the recipient of this delicate attention never deceives himself as to its significance. At the ceremony of suicide which follows, a mandarin solemnly pulls a table from beneath the victim after the noose is adjusted, and public disgrace is forever avoided.

Hanging is so common in China that there is a goddess who is supposed to have charge of it. The gold leaf, when used for suicidal purposes, is placed in the hollow of the hand and inhaled forcibly, when it completely covers the glottis, causing asphyxiation.

Drowning in wells or cisterns, the knife, razor, fire, starvation, are all made to serve their purposes in this land of wholesale suicide, where, according to the calculations of a missionary, there is one suicide for every two thousand inhabitants. When one thinks of the love of life exhibited by all races in all degrees of civilization, one can but feel compassion for this great Chinese populace, whose repulsion to existence proves clearly that it is to them a burden too heavy to be borne.

THE sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night
The rays of hidden sun to rise to-morrow,
So unseen God still lets His promised light
Through Holy Mary shine upon our sorrow.

—John Boyle O'Reilly. J

Notes and Remarks.

The neat appearance and refined manners of an old lady who dragged herself before a judge in Philadelphia last month to request a commitment to the poorhouse caused him to ask more searching questions than is usual in such cases. Learning that she had a large number of children living in the city, the judge told the old lady to rest a while in his private office, and then sent special officers to search for the undutiful children. In due time four creatures of the male sex stood before the indignant official, who made them this neat little speech: "It is ordered that each of you shall contribute \$1.50 a week toward your mother's support, and your brothers and sisters must contribute enough to make the total amount \$10 a week. I will hold each of you in \$500 bail to guarantee the payment of the entire \$10 a week; and if there is any default, I will send the whole lot of you to jail for 90 days." After some delay bondsmen were found, and the old lady left the court with her first week's allowance in her pocket. It is to be regretted that the judge did not express his opinion of schools for the young from which religion is excluded.

According to the *Washington Times*, the following remarkable statement was made in an address to the members of the Colored Baptist Lyceum of the District of Columbia by Prof. Jesse Lawson, Vice-President of the Afro-American Council, and formerly United States Commissioner to the Atlanta Exposition:

As one of the leaders in a local Baptist church and as speaking to an audience of Baptists, I say now that only the great and powerful Catholic Church can help us. [Great applause.] We may not all desire to join the Catholic Church at once, but we shall see the way in time. I think it must be God's will that we effect our salvation through

the agency of the Catholic Church. The leaders have offered us protection and political rights within the folds of the Catholic Church. We are assured our rights as citizens and as human beings, and I see no other way in which we may save ourselves and save our future. We are being ground to powder by the white man in this country, and only the Catholic Church can save us. Let us take matters into our own hands now and let us act.

Twelve hundred members of the Lyceum were present on the occasion, and the address was debated after Prof. Lawson had closed. It is said that each speaker greeted the idea of allying with the Church as the only way out of the problem and the only hope for the Negro in America. We congratulate the Negroes of the District of Columbia on their recognition of the fact that the most genuine of all democracies is the grand old Church that has never in all the mighty centuries of her existence drawn a color-line—black, brown, red or yellow.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons recently presided at the annual reunion of the diocesan committee of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, of which excellent organization, it will be remembered, Lyons was the cradle. His Eminence congratulated the committee on the fact that, notwithstanding the heavy drain on his people necessitated by local needs and trials, the contributions in his diocese alone during 1900 amounted to \$90,400. It is not surprising that Leo XIII. hopes better things for France because of her people's notable generosity.

The love of legitimate fame is defensible even in a clergyman; but the insatiable thirst for newspaper notoriety that apparently actuates a good many of our reverend separated brethren is an unmitigated evil, pure and simple. In order to behold their names figuring in the glaring headlines of the daily paper, some of them do not scruple to degrade

their pulpits by the utterance of the most extravagant theories of faith and morals, the most reprehensible appeals to sensationalism. Let the Rev. Dr. So-and-So tickle the ears of his congregation with some unheard-of paradox, and his fame spreads over the land. His name and paradox are found in all the papers from Bangor to Oakland; and he complacently strokes his chin, congratulating himself on the stir he has made and the improved chances of his getting a call to a better-paying pulpit. Such a sensation-monger was recently impelled to advocate seriously, in an Eastern Methodist church, the exclusion of clergymen from the sick-room. We are not familiar with the latest re-revised edition of the New Testament; but surely it does not make St. James' advice: Is any man sick among you, let him *drive away* the priests of the Church. This preacher is, we respectfully submit, a thoroughly proper subject for Methodist discipline; and, as the brethren say, he should be made to groan in spirit.

The creation of twelve new cardinals—the addition of nearly one-fifth to the members of the Sacred College—is indeed a notable event. Two of the new members had been reserved *in petto* since the consistory of 1899. There are now sixty-seven cardinals, only forty of whom are Italians. The Cardinal Archbishop of Prague, who was among those proclaimed last month, is only thirty-seven years of age. It is a long time since so young a prelate has been added to the College of Cardinals.

The elevation of Mgr. Martinelli has given great joy to the hierarchy, clergy, and laity of the United States. We doubt if congratulations were ever more heartfelt than those which have been offered to him on all sides. The high office which he has exercised so wisely

and so meekly commanded the respect of the faithful, but his personality won their confidence and affection. If the new cardinals are all men of the same spirit, the act of the latest consistory may well be regarded as one of the most auspicious events in the pontificate of Leo XIII. Regret is ever near to rejoicing, however; and as Cardinal Martinelli's presence is required in Rome, American Catholics will be called upon, all too soon, to part with the beloved delegate. Our consolation is in the hope that he may have influence in the appointment of one to fill his place. It may be permissible to say that the circumstances demand very special qualifications, and these are best known to Cardinal Martinelli. Let us pray that—for the peace and prosperity of the Church in this country—his successor may be a man after his own heart.

The village church at Otterbourne, England, the home of the late Charlotte M. Yonge, dates from the first decade of the Oxford Movement. The decorative Scripture texts across the glass in the windows are in Latin, according to the wish of the Rev. Mr. Keble that ancient usage should be followed. To the objection that they would not be understood, he answered that "a little difficulty in discovering the sense made the more impression." Possibly the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar would be more impressive than it is to many who attend it if the meaning of the word *Mass* were known to them.

The current number of the *Living Church* affords proof that Episcopalians are not so lacking in the sense of humor as is commonly supposed. A collection of amusing stories about Bishop Wilmer is contributed by the Rev. Dr. Winchester. Here are three of the best in the batch:

The Bishop was fond of tobacco. It is said, as a vague rumor from the closed doors of the House

of Bishops, that the Bishop of Fond du Lac introduced an anti-tobacco motion, which Bishop Wilmer, on account of deafness, failed to catch. Perceiving an interest coming over the House, he asked: "What is the motion?" and was told: "Anti-tobacco."—"Who made it?" he asked.—"The Bishop of Fond du Lac," was the answer. "*Fond of milk!*" replied the Bishop; and went on with his own reflections.

The parishioner who suffered from depression because of over-indulgence in creature comforts, and was told by her rector (Mr. Wilmer), "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," did not stop with this advice (as it now comes back to me through the Bishop's nephew, the Rev. C. B. Wilmer of Georgia). The old lady said: "But, Mr. Wilmer, I have such sinking spells."—"An over-loaded vessel is apt to have sinking spells," replied the young rector.

"Twas Bishop Wilmer who, when going into a cemetery in Virginia where he had lifetime memories, saw a stone erected by a husband to his wife, having a sentiment that was expressive of his experience: "The light of my life is gone." The Bishop seemed very sad, and was asked by a friend present what he thought of this monument to the wife. Knowing the husband had married again, he said: "I think he has struck another match."

A remarkable woman was the late Baroness von Hügel. Born to a noble station and possessed of everything that seems most desirable to worldlings, she devoted her life and goods to the poor and expended her energies on works of religion. Her great musical talents were consecrated to the Church and her gifted pen to the apostolate of the press. She was a devoted daughter and sister, tenderly beloved by her family; and a generous, self-sacrificing friend of the poor and afflicted, by whom she was regarded as a saint. Her virtues were indeed saintlike, and everyone that was privileged to know her has now some incident to relate illustrating her eminent holiness. Even after her health had begun to fail she continued to carry on all her good works, omitting nothing that was calculated to promote the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls. In a sermon preached at her funeral the Rev. Father Delany, S. J., said to the mourners: "Many of

you remember how again and again in the depths of a severe winter she trudged on foot from Moorfield to Pokesdown to instruct some poor convert, to teach the children their catechism, to gather young girls around her at the club and help to brighten their lives by some innocent amusement."

In her last illness Baroness von Hügel gave an example of patience and resignation that can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. For her Death had no terrors, and her only regret seemed to be in the thought of the grief that would fall on those to whom she was so dear. This holy woman is buried in the little village churchyard of Downside, among the poor whom she loved and of whom she was so true a friend. Her fitting monument is elsewhere—at Boscombe, where the beautiful Church of Corpus Christi, erected entirely at her expense, will ever be associated with her memory.

When President Kruger, at the inception of the Boer war, predicted that if England conquered in the struggle, it would be at a price that would "stagger humanity," probably very few even of his sympathizers gave much credence to his prophecy. Since Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's recent speech in the House of Commons, however, it would seem that there was, after all, more truth than poetry in the vigorous statement of Oom Paul. Had any one predicted two years ago that, as the direct outcome of the South African imbroglio, England would inaugurate the twentieth century by abandoning her traditional consecrated commercial policy of free trade, the assertion would have been laughed at the world over; and yet the prediction would have been perfectly accurate. At the very least, the English portion of humanity has been staggered by Mr. Chamberlain's "little war."

Notable New Books.

Come, Holy Ghost! By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D. B. Herder.

It has impressed many keen minds that devotion to the Holy Ghost is destined to attain remarkable diffusion in our day; and the Holy Father himself has pointed out in a famous Encyclical that it has a very special office to perform in the unsettled condition of religious thought at the present time. Certainly it appears that the Third Person of the Holy Trinity has hitherto held a lesser place than is reasonable in the thoughts and affections even of devout Christians. That this condition is giving place to a better one is clear from the fact that an amazing proportion of the selections incorporated in Father Lambing's volume are from contemporary writers. These selections number one hundred and four, and have been chosen with an eye to the instruction as well as the edification of the reader. Father Lambing's plan was the ideal one for a work of this kind, and in all its most important features it has been admirably executed. We noted a few slips, however, which should be corrected in the next edition. Father Humphrey's name is misspelled in the "contents," and Father Hamon's in many places. Father Bellord is now Bishop Bellord, and neither Father Wilhelm nor Father Scannell is a Jesuit. "Monsig." and not "Mgr." (Preston) is the correct abbreviation for an honorary prelate. Few persons appreciate the labor involved in collating a work of this kind, and in hardly any case is perfection attained in a first edition. But we may cordially congratulate Dr. Lambing on the very successful issue of his efforts in a field which stood in urgent need of cultivation.

The Philippine Archipelago. By Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

We have more than once expressed our admiration for this monumental work, which furnishes all available information regarding the Philippines and their people, and which reflects so much credit on the great religious Order that has made these exhaustive studies. The complete work is in three volumes, of which the first and largest is devoted to the geography, ethnology, botany, and zoölogy of the islands. This volume, as will be seen, is one which no first-rate institutional or reference library can afford to dispense with. The second is of equal importance to students of climatology, seismology, and terrestrial magnetism. The third is an elaborate atlas of the archipelago,

containing thirty maps, confessedly imperfect in a few details because of the lack of accurate surveys of some of the islands, but still far in advance of its nearest competitor, and a convincing testimony to the indefatigable zeal and the scientific methods of the compilers. A more detailed statement of the contents of these precious volumes is impossible here, but we may note some of the interesting *data* regarding the people of the islands.

Three of the five great families of men have combined to produce the Filipino. First came the Nigrito from Africa; then the Malay and then the Mongolian from China mingled their blood with his, so that it is not to be marvelled at if this blending of black, brown and yellow has resulted in a peculiar complexion of mind as well as of body. Whole tribes of these natives are still in semi-barbarism, yet the progress they have made wherever Christianity has been established forbids one to despair of their future; and in certain very important aspects of morality the Filipino strikes a higher average than his American civilizer. In the higher reaches of intelligence the Filipinos are inferior, but in works requiring deftness and imitativeness they surpass us. They have no mind for abstract knowledge, and in the fine arts they lack inspiration and power of conception; but in penmanship, wood-carving, engraving, and the like, they display remarkable ability. All the maps of the atlas were drawn and engraved by these natives; and their work can hardly be equalled in this country, where we thought the perfection of map-making had been reached.

The edition of this great work is necessarily small; for it is written and printed in Spanish, and hence its contents are not available for all students. Only a few hundred sets are to be disposed of in this country, and persons desiring to procure this work should not run the risk of delay. *Interius exteriusque*, the volumes, printed by government, are a delight to the eye.

Some Notable Conversions. By the Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C. Burns & Oates.

The author of this extremely interesting and instructive little volume, formerly an Anglican curate, was happily inspired when he took up his pen to relate the remarkable circumstances of his own conversion and that of two noted families of Wexford Co., Ireland. It would be a pity indeed had the memory of events so intensely interesting and edifying been allowed to perish. Every reader will regret that the narration is not more

complete,—that the venerable writer had not quoted more fully from the letters and other documents in his possession. But all will be grateful for the edification or encouragement afforded them by "Some Notable Conversions."

Arrows of the Almighty. By Owen Johnson. The Macmillan Co.

Judged merely as a story, one of the scores of new novels that appear from month to month, "Arrows of the Almighty" possesses no qualities that entitle it to pre-eminence over the ordinary run of well-written, interesting fictions. Looked at, however, as the first book of an author who only last year was a student, it is likely to impress the reviewer as an exceptionally good piece of work; and the average novel-reader will in all probability consider it fully equal to many of the productions of more experienced and accredited writers. It is an American story, its incidents occurring between the first and third quarters of the last century; and it discusses aspects of the civil war that have hitherto been more or less neglected by the novelists. The title is perhaps more poetic than illustrative; and the publishers have given the story a very handsome dress.

The Princess of Poverty. St. Clare of Assisi and the Order of Poor Ladies. By Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.

It was Pope Alexander IV. who, in the bull of canonization which raised the humble virgin of Assisi to the ranks of the recognized Blessed, gave to this servant of God the title "Princess of Poverty." That she merited it, the records of her life testify. St. Clare's special characteristics mark her as a saint to be held up to our own times as an example; they were humility, poverty and austerity,—all three opposed to the current of thoughts and feelings of to-day.

The second part of this volume is devoted to the foundations of the Poor Clares in the United States; and to read of their struggles, their absolute trust in Providence, and their patience in hours of trial, is to be deeply touched and edified. The book is sold for the benefit of the Monastery of Poor Clares, Evansville, Indiana.

Ver Sacrum. Translated by Edith Renouf. Longmans, Green & Co.

We hope every reader of this volume may derive as much pleasure from it as we have done. As the title implies, it consists of religious poems, most of which are translations from the German. They are well selected and excellently rendered into fluent English. The collection is all the more

welcome because so few Catholic pens have as yet been employed in translating those sweet old hymns and songs so dear and familiar to the faithful of the Fatherland. The pieces are conveniently arranged under the poetic headings of "Christmas Roses," "Lent Lilies," "Sunflowers," "Marigolds," and "Meadow-Sweet." We can not help wishing that Miss Renouf had adopted the plan of Catherine Winkworth's "Christian Singers of Germany," a work which must be known to her. It gives an account of all the authors whose works are translated, with an indication of the period in which they lived. To most English readers names like Wernher von Niederhein, H. v. Laufenberg, or even Spee are altogether unfamiliar. Among the praises of the Blessed Virgin under the heading of "Marigolds" is a graceful adaptation of a popular Neapolitan song, some stanzas of which we must quote. Frederick George Lee and Miss Alexander in her "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," edited by Ruskin, have given us many another translation of similar sweetness and quaintness:

Sunset is fading fast now in the west,
Lambs to the fold repair, birds to their nest:

We seek our Mother's shrine!

Cum prole pia,

Hear us, O Queen benign,

Sancta Maria!

Yet have we sinned since morn! shall we, then, dare
To seek the Immaculate Mother in prayer?

Far less her heavenly Child!

Cum prole pia,

Spurn'st thou the sin-defiled,

Sancta Maria?

True, none hath hated sin like Christ thy Child,

Yet He the sinners' friend ever is styled,

And thou their refuge dear!

Cum prole pia,

Deign, then, our cry to hear,

Sancta Maria!

Plead with thy Son our cause!—plead by the breast
To which His infant lips sometime were pressed!

Can He resist that plea?

Cum prole pia,

Pity our misery,

Sancta Maria!

Plead by the Cross from which, bending in death,
He gave us to thy charge with falling breath!

We are thy children weak!

Cum prole pia,

Do, then, our pardon seek,

Sancta Maria!

Then will we bless thy name, Mother most mild,

And daily strive to serve Jesus thy Child!

Guard us throughout the night!

Cum prole pia,

Watch o'er us, Lady bright,

Sancta Maria!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

"'Tis Only Noble to be Good."



OME little people think that to be a prince or a princess means to do as one likes and to have every wish gratified. But that is a mistaken idea. The late Queen of England was very particular about the training of her children, and she took a personal share in their bringing up. The children were kept away from the court, and it is said that many of the Queen's ladies scarcely knew the royal little ones save by sight and by catching brief glimpses of them in the garden.

The Queen was very kind, but she was firm with them. They had to do as they were told, and were taught to be affable and respectful to everyone. Of course, like all children, the princesses were mischievous. It is related of two of them that when very young they happened to go into a room where a servant was polishing the grate. They at once insisted on helping her; and when they obtained possession of the brushes, instead of polishing the grate they polished the woman's face. The servant on leaving the room met Prince Albert, who made inquiries and learned the truth. The Queen was told, and she immediately led the two princesses to the servants' quarters, sent for the woman, and her Majesty there and then made her daughters ask the servant's pardon.

Many anecdotes are on record to prove the firm discipline exercised over the royal children. Here is one of many versions of a story which concerns the mother of the German Emperor.

The children were in the schoolroom one day, intent upon their work, when

the silence was broken by the Princess Royal, who threw her slate on the floor, exclaiming, "I can't do that sum, Hicks!" The tutor was both astonished and indignant; and the governess reported the case to the Queen, who sent for her daughter at once. The little lady was told that an apology was in order at the opening of the class hour the following day; and the Queen added: "Should such a thing occur again, you shall be sent to bed without your supper." The next day the tutor had his speech of acceptance ready when the Princess would offer her apology; and no doubt he had taken great pains to compose an answer appropriate to so important an occasion. But the little lady stood up, courtesied in mock gravity and said, "Good-morning, Hicks!" and then, before any one could voice astonishment, she courtesied again with "And good-night, Hicks! I'm going to bed now, Hicks,"—which she proceeded to do. History doesn't tell the sequel of this act, but it would not be hard to guess what happened to the Princess Royal.

Mr. Charles Morris, in his "Life of Queen Victoria," relates that a sailor once carried one of the Queen's daughters on board the royal yacht; and as he put her down on the deck he said: "There you are, my little lady!" The child, who had not liked being carried, shook herself and said: "I am not a little lady: I am a princess." Her mother, who overheard the speech, said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day."

From the same source we cull the following story: "One day, at a military

review, the Princess Royal, who was then aged thirteen, and who sat in the front seat of the carriage, seemed disposed to be rather coquettish with some young officers of the escort. The Queen looked at her daughter reprovingly several times without avail. Finally in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage she dropped it, not accidentally. In a trice several young heroes sprang from their saddles to regain it. "Stop, gentlemen!" said the Queen. "Leave it just where it is. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief." A footman let down the steps and the Princess did as she was bid. She blushed a little, it is true, and tossed her head; but she had received a wholesome lesson.

Few children are more anxiously and carefully reared and educated than were the children of Queen Victoria. At Osborne the boys of the royal family built a fort themselves, even making the bricks used in its construction. Each of the children had a piece of ground to cultivate, and garden tools were assigned to each. In a cottage at Osborne the princesses practised all household and domestic duties, carving and serving food, sometimes for the Queen herself, and sometimes giving it to the poor. In fine, they were taught to believe, with Tennyson, that

'Tis only noble to be good.

The Symbol of the Sun.

Dandelion is a corruption of the French *dent-de-lion*,—"lion's tooth";—and in many languages bears a similar name. The reason for this becomes clear when we learn that the lion was formerly the symbol of the sun. The dandelion, with its rays, is a miniature representation of the sun. So, through association, its rays are identical with the lion's teeth.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XX.—MORE ABOUT ROBBIE'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

When Robbie came to the railroad tracks he saw the notice alluded to by the clerk, as stated in a previous chapter. Having been assured that he might go on, he proceeded along until he reached the freight-house, at the end of the wharf where the huge Australian ship was anchored. As he approached nearer and stood looking up at her huge bulk he realized what a pigmy he was beside her. Everything about her appealed to his interest and curiosity and everything was novel: the immense bulkhead, the great chain, the masts and spars, the tarry smell, the soothing lap of the waves against her green mossy sides.

Sailors in all manner of nondescript attire were running to and fro, men in authority were giving orders, and a few stevedores were rapidly trundling on board some of the delayed cargo. As he looked up in wonder at the vessel, he became aware of a peculiar intonation of voices—one he had never heard before. It seemed a strange language, and he turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Two Chinamen, in blue blouses, were on the upper deck engaged in conversation, gesticulating as they spoke with great rapidity. Until this moment Robbie had only seen Chinese at a distance, and had never heard them speak. As he watched them, the two men began to observe him intently for a few minutes. He smiled as they looked at him; they returned the friendly but silent greeting with broad, good-natured grins.

As the men were about to separate they both made a few steps forward

and spoke to Robbie. Then the one who remained on board remarked:

"You likee come on board, ickee boy? You likee see big ship?"

Robbie looked at his watch, as the Chinaman had told the story at the Mirados, and said he would like to do so, but feared it would be too late.

"Never been on big ship?" inquired the Chinaman, who was the new cook of the *Martha Washington*. "Me tinkee no; you seem likee stlanger. No live in dis town?"

"I haven't been here long," said the boy. "I never did see *any* ship before to-day. Perhaps I might come back after dinner. Could I go aboard then?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"P'laps," he said. "Don' know. We go out plitty soon. Plitty busy till we go. Better come on now."

Robbie hesitated, but concluded he would hurry home, have his dinner, and ask Doña Dolores to let him return. So it happened that he and the other Chinaman retraced their steps together, till the man, fearing he would not reach home in time to prepare lunch at the regular hour, began to walk faster, leaving the boy behind. When he was left alone he looked back at the ship, glanced at his watch once more, and began to calculate the time until noon. It began to be impressed upon him that if he waited until after dinner there would be very little prospect of visiting the ship, as it was not likely the captain would permit strangers to go aboard at so late an hour. The temptation to return possessed him: he could not resist it,—he did not make any strenuous effort to do so. He began to run fast, and was soon standing in front of the big ship once more. The Chinaman was still at his former post. He seemed surprised. Smiling and gesticulating, he came half-way down the gangway to meet the boy.

"You come back?" he said. "You come back and see big vessel,—velly big vessel? You come on now? Me likee show you lound."

"Yes," replied Robbie. "I was afraid that visitors might not be allowed on board after lunch. If they are going to sail soon, maybe they won't let strangers on."

"T'ink so," said the Chinaman. "In a few minutes vill show you. Me likee you—ickee boy. Likee noder ickee boy me know in Monterey,—Jimmie Blown. You know Jimmie Blown? Me live wit he fader seven years. Nice boy, velly nice boy, Jimmie Blown."

"I don't know Jimmie Brown," said Robbie. "But I'm glad to be like him if he was a nice boy, John. Isn't your name John?"

"No," laughed the Chinaman. "No name John. Call all Chinees boys John. Name Fat-ou-Lung."

"Fat-ou-Lung!" exclaimed Robbie. "That's a funny name, sure enough. I never heard it before."

They were now on deck, and Robbie became too much interested in what he saw about him to take further heed of the nomenclature of the Chinaman. Everything appeared more dark and dingy than he had imagined; but his guide repeatedly assured him that it was a remarkably clean and well-appointed vessel; and Robbie could see that the man believed what he said. Now and then, as they proceeded on their tour of inspection, they were greeted in a very friendly manner by the sailors, all busy, all cheerful.

"A plitty nice clew," said Fat-ou-Lung,—*"plitty nice clew. Captain velly nice man. Here him cabin. Nice and big. Come see."*

Throwing open the door, he showed Robbie a tasteful little *"cupboard,"* the boy styled it in his own mind. But it contained a table, a sofa—built into the

wall on one side,—a couple of chairs fastened to the floor; and on the other side two berths, concealed by damask curtains. Opening another door, Fat disclosed a still smaller cupboard.

"Ickee girl sleep in dere," he said. "Ickee boy sleep in here wit fader."

"Oh, a boy on board and a girl too!" exclaimed Robbie. "Do they travel about with their father all the time? It must be jolly to do that."

"Oh, no! not all de time," said the Chinaman. "Just dis one time. Captain Wilde he got no wife; hees chillen live in oder place till now. Now come to see fader and go wit heem to Sydney. Nice ickee girl and boy. Live in Sydney now wit aunt—I t'ink."

"Captain Wilde, did you say?" the boy inquired. "Have you sailed long on this ship, Fat?"

"First time for me. Oder cook sick," replied Fat. "Come now, me show you my place. Velly clean, velly nice. Me likee place velly much."

When they reached the cook's gallery Robbie found it all the Chinaman had described it. The lad would never have dreamed that so many pots and pans could be so neatly and compactly crowded into such a small space. A stew was simmering in an immense pot, which the cook informed him contained the dinner of the crew. In a smaller kettle soup was boiling; this was meant for the captain's table.

"Where is the captain now?" asked Robbie, deeply interested.

"Gone to Coronado wit de two chillen," said Fat. "No come back yet till one; clew have dinner half-past twelve. Must hully up plitty soon. Velly late now."

"Oh!" said Robbie, taking this as an intimation that his visit must come to an end. "I am very much obliged to you for having taken me over the ship. I can find my way up alone: you

need not come with me, as you are in a hurry."

"Velly well," said Fat. "Velly nice boy. Wait ickee while—me get some Chineese t'ing for you for plesent. Me have some nice t'ing."

He was not gone more than two minutes, but when he returned, with a green jade bracelet in his hand, no boy was to be seen. He looked about him everywhere, then ran swiftly up the steps, but could find no traces of him. He would have continued his search but the mate suddenly called him to his duties, and he hurriedly returned to his post in the gallery. But while he went on with his preparations for dinner he could not help speculating on the sudden disappearance of the boy by whom he had been so attracted.

"Velly stlange," he ejaculated,—"velly stlange. Why he go so quick? T'ink maybe he hear whistle for twelve and lun to he dinner. Solly no can give he ickee plesent."

About four o'clock that afternoon, when the *Martha Washington* was speedily making her way along the broad Pacific, the first mate came through the cook's gallery. He had a quick eye, and one corner of the wall seemed to him not to be in its normal condition.

"What makes the wall sink in just yonder?" he asked, going forward to examine it. "Ah, that old door again!" he added. "What necessity was there for opening it, Fat? Don't you know there's a big hole down under there? It wouldn't be much of a joke if you fell into it."

The cook turned round from the stove, where he was preparing supper.

"Me no see any door," he said. "No open it. What you mean, Mr. Dove?"

The mate pushed it wider. It opened on a black, yawning space about six feet square.

"See that?" said the mate. "Don't

know what it was meant for in the first place, but I think it likely it was once a cupboard of some kind. When the floor rotted away, as it must have done, it was never replaced, and there's nothing but a big black hole below. This is a pretty old ship, Fat. I'll send the carpenter at once to fasten up the door, so that it can't fly open. It's a danger trap as it is now."

"Velly well," said Fat, going back to his work with the serenity that usually characterizes the Chinaman everywhere. Having seen and noted the dangerous place, he felt certain that he would never put himself in proximity to it; and as for others, he felt no concern. But presently the carpenter came along with his tools, removed the fastening and secured the old door effectually, as he thought, with a couple of nails. Twenty-four hours later Fat-ou-Lung thought he would drive some large hooks on that portion of the wall, where they would be very useful. While he was doing this the door flew inward again, to his great fright; for he almost fell into the opening. Picking himself up, he said angrily:

"Dat fool carpenter! He no makee good job of dat. Me call him light now to nail dat up again."

He went at once to call the carpenter, who on this occasion brought a strip of wood with him in order to nail it on the inner jamb of the door, and thus make it perfectly safe. As he was about to do this, he paused with the hammer in his hand.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure there's somebody down there."

"Who down dere?" gasped the cook, hastening to his side.

"Don't know," replied the carpenter. "But there is some one—or something sure. Don't you hear?"

The two men leaned over the chasm, through the middle of which a great

heavy beam extended from the bottom of the ship to the floor above. At first there was silence, save for the swish of the waves and the groaning of the timbers as the vessel labored on her course. All was pitch-darkness below; they listened attentively. Then once, twice, thrice, at intervals of several seconds, came an unmistakable moan, as of a human creature in great pain.

(To be continued.)

Old English Churches.

There are in England churches so old and quaint that what are called ancient buildings elsewhere seem modern by comparison. Yorkshire is especially rich in these buildings. There we find the church founded by St. Ceadda, which has a hole in the aisle down which one descends to find himself in another church acting as foundation for the edifice above. At Kirkdale is one connected with the history of a famous priest, which was actually restored before the time of William the Conqueror. On the walls of the church at Pickering there are frescoes wrought by the hands of Saxon artists before the Normans came over. Among other churches in England which surely come under the head of quaint and curious are one built of logs, two with thatched roofs, and one of alternate black and white timbers.

These buildings were the work of pious Catholics when England was called Our Lady's Dowry. Every ruined church and abbey at which tourists gaze would be in the hands of Catholics if they should have their own again.

Always Abed.

"JOHNNY-jump-up, you lazy-flower!"
The morning-glory said.

"Dame Nature won't let me," Johnny cried:
"I have to stay in my bed!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—Priests and seminarians will welcome a new edition of "The Month of Mary," by Père Renaudet, S. S. Being intended for the use of ecclesiastics, it deals with the spirit and requirements of sacerdotal life. Devotion to the Queen of the Clergy is sure to be promoted by the use of this excellent little book. W. H. Young & Co., publishers.

—Two books of considerable interest to Catholics will soon issue from secular publishing houses in England. One is "The Catholic Church from Within" (Longmans), being "letters from converts to the Roman obedience." The name on the title-page will be Lady Lovat's, and the converts include Sir Henry Bellingham, Dr. Berdoe, Lady Herbert, and Mr. Kegan Paul. The other is a new book by Mr. W. S. Lilly, and deals with the Renaissance as represented in the leading men of that wonderful time. (Fisher Unwin.)

—Most men of literary tastes know from experience that excellent bargains may frequently be secured in second-hand book-stores; but not often does a fifteen-cent purchase develop into a \$1000 rarity. For the latter amount there was recently sold in Boston a copy of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," which copy was bought some time ago in a second-hand store for fifteen cents. At the same sale another work of Poe's brought \$1300, a sum several fold greater, most probably, than poor Poe ever realized from it during his lifetime.

—Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. George Moore have completed a play in the Irish language. Its title is "Dermott and Grania," the action being set in the first century. Mr. Yeats gives this reason for writing the play in Irish: "The language has the abundance of Elizabethan English. It is full of picturesque phrases, and pathetic and humorous idioms; and it has the vividness of a language still unworn, for all unworn languages are half poetry. In old languages like English one has to reject many words before one finds the right one, but in a young language the word which emotion brings first is the proper one. The play, therefore, has an air of ease and power in its speech which no one could get in modern English." The writing of this play is another service of the many rendered by Mr. Yeats toward the resurrection of the Gaelic—a cause not half so hopeless as many men of Irish blood suppose. We notice, for instance, that the Bishops of Ireland thought it worth while to issue an Irish as well as an English version of their joint

pastoral published after the national synod at Maynooth. For the advantage of students of the Gaelic, we may note that both versions may be had for a few pence.

—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, has added to its list of excellent and timely publications a reprint of the Rev. Dr. Barry's most satisfying account of Cardinal Newman's services to religion and literature. The pamphlet is very neatly published.

—The name "Thomas à Kempis" appended to the title of a little book, "Meditations on the Passion and Resurrection," is all that is needed to assure one that it is a wellspring of pious thoughts rich in the power of awakening the soul's affections. The work is edited by G. H. Simpson and is published by R. & T. Washbourne and Benziger Brothers.

—The blunders made by the serious writers of the daily press are often more ludicrous than the best efforts of the humorists. In a description of the shrine of St. Genevieve appearing in one of the most dignified of our journals we read of a Mass being said "late in the afternoon." And a certain great daily sees no reason why Episcopalian bishops should not wear "mitres or chimeras"!

—Love-letters are likely to become a drug in the literary market. The demand just at present is undoubtedly large, but it is nothing to the output. The latest production is "The Love-Letters of Bismarck," covering a period of forty-three years. The first of these letters is not particularly interesting, remarks the reviewer of the *Sun*. "Although it begins 'Angela Mia,' it expresses regret at the miscarriage of certain sausages." And the angel's name was Johanna. The Iron Chancellor had previously assured her father that, whereas he was formerly a sceptic, he had become a sincere believer in Christianity and in the efficacy of prayer.

—The introduction of metal type into China within recent years has led to the making of many books in the language of that country. What may be expected from Chinese authors when they get well started is clear from this declaration of a bookseller in Peking: "There are [in Chinese] some works such as the Yung Lo Encyclopedia which contain half as many books as there are minutes in a month; and the Emperor Ch'ien Lung wrote as many separate pieces as there are days in a

hundred years, but whether there are any who wrote more than he did I can not say." It is only fair to add, however, that according to Dr. Giles, Professor of Chinese in Cambridge, 2169 writers contributed to the Yung Lo Encyclopedia. The work was in 11,100 volumes, each half an inch in thickness, the pages being one foot and eight inches in length and a foot in breadth. Large sales are also known in China. A serious work in two volumes by a distinguished viceroy, proposing certain reforms in the government of the Empire, enjoyed a circulation of more than a million copies in two years.

—On page 468, the *May Critic* reviews Alfred Ayres' treatise on "Some Ill-Used Words"; and on page 470 it wishes "the Romish Church" would restrain Mr. Mallock and Mr. W. S. Lilly from writing books. All which disturbs the good temper of people who have any. *Romish* is an epithet of insult; did the *Critic* mean it so? If not, we respectfully suggest that it procure some copies of Mr. Ayres' work for distribution among its contributors. It is not altogether clear how the Catholic Church could restrain Mr. Mallock from anything, since he does not recognize her jurisdiction. And, anyhow, does the *Critic* approve of that sort of restraint?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., net.

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, net.

Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.

The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.

The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.

Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chéranéc, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, net.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net.

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, net.

Hans Memling. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqué.* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, net.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, net.

The Sermon on the Mount. *Jacques Bénigne Bossuet.* \$1.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. *Stopford A. Brooke—T. W. Rolleston.* \$1.75.

The Saints. Saint Nicholas I. *Jules Roy.* \$1.

The Pillar and Ground of the Truth. *Rev. T. E. Cox.* \$1.

Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life: 1856-1876. *Henry F. Brownson.* \$3.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Edward Schmitt, of the Diocese of Vincennes; the Rev. Michael Walsh, Archdiocese of Baltimore; and the Rev. Herman Blumensaatt, S. J.

Sister M. Hedwige and Sister M. Priscilla, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Mother M. Ascension, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Tweed, of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. John Pape, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Patrick Scanlan, Butte, Mont.; Anastasia Hayden, Janesville, Wis.; Mrs. Annie Cope, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. James Lynch, New York city; Master Othmar Schehl, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Frank Riordan, Chicago Ill.; Mr. Daniel Denneen, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Jackson Harris, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. Jacob Hahn, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Dennis Rush and Mr. Patrick McMahon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Louis Rousseau, Detroit, Mich.; and Mrs. Felix Geniac, Monroe, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Coming of the Holy Ghost.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

CONVENED in prayer the first Whitsunday found

The apostolic twelve, awaiting still

The Comforter Christ promised them would fill
Their souls with peace and hidden truths expound.
Then suddenly from Heaven came a sound

As of a mighty wind. Their pulses thrill,

And, crowned with tongue of flame, each yields
his will

By love's sweet chains to Truth forever bound.

Still comes the Holy Spirit as of old,

Though not with Pentecostal wind and flame:

Ah, misery! that oft our hearts are cold,

Our souls distraught with vanity's acclaim;

That peace and light we seek not even where

The holy twelve both sought and found—in prayer!

Our Failures in Religious Education.

BY A CATHOLIC BISHOP.

II.

THE world is a big place: no one can have personal experience of more than a few spots on its surface; and it is a perilous thing to rush at general conclusions from one's own very limited induction. It may be rash of me to state broadly that young Catholics throughout the world fall away easily and in large numbers from the Faith. I may be doubly rash in charging this result to defective religious education, and in stating that the defects are principally defects of method. It is

quite certain that there are many other factors in the case, and it may be that different ones in different places are more potent in their effects than the one that I am dwelling upon.

There are, no doubt, parishes, dioceses, countries, where the views I have expressed in this magazine would be justly repudiated as devoid of foundation within their limits. Necessarily I must speak with diffidence and under correction. Still, from my own experiences in teaching, from investigations and inquiries in several countries, from what I have read and from what has been written apropos of these articles, I venture to think that my views have a certain amount of justification as to many localities, that I have touched some important points at least, and that I have expressed the sentiments of many persons who are qualified to hold an opinion on the subject. In such a matter as the present the authority of one person, however well he may be informed, is much less convincing than the testimonies of a multitude of witnesses. I shall not apologize, then, for offering here a compilation rather than an original article, and bringing to light many weighty sentences that are, perhaps, forgotten. I have already mentioned the preface to Bishop Knecht's "Practical Commentary on Scripture," contributed by the Rev. M. F. Glancey, religious inspector of schools in the diocese of Birmingham, England. Part of this I shall now give in summary.

He suggests a very heavy indictment against the current methods of religious instruction. He begins by pointing out that catechetics is a science and an art, forming an important subject that has been fully investigated in Germany, while we have not yet grasped the truth that such a branch of knowledge exists. There is no lack of earnestness, or of experienced and successful catechists amongst us; we are alive to the importance of the subject and are building up a literature about it; but all this only "brings out in greater prominence the fact that we are still without the science." He suggests grave doubts as to the material and the form of our catechisms and our methods of imparting religious knowledge; and he warns us of the harm we may be doing by our well-meant efforts,—“naturalizing mistakes by forming them into a regular system.” Hitherto there has been no answer to these misgivings; and indeed it can hardly be said that the question has been put squarely. He refers to a printed correspondence of the year 1892, and “hopes that when the nebulous matter condenses, it may prove to be the beginning of a solid catechetical system.” His hope has probably matured with lapse of time into that kind which “maketh the heart sick.”

I turn now to *Pastoralia*—“a journal for priests,”—in which appeared the correspondence referred to by Father Glancey. The Rev. Edm. Carroll opens the ball; his thesis is that the lamentable irreligion of so many is due to their ignorance alone and not to their surroundings; and that this ignorance prevails amongst those who have “gone through the mill,” and who “have passed the regulation examination” and have enjoyed all the advantages that Catholic education in England can provide them with. He gives the example of schools which have again and again

earned the mark “Excellent” in religious examinations and yet less than forty per cent of the children go to Mass. As for the young people who “have swallowed the *synopsis* a few years previously,” they have no notion of what the Blessed Sacrament is or of the need of confession, and they think churching a much more essential rite than the Sacrament of Baptism. “Every day confirms me in the belief that the ignorance of our people—a full half of whom, at least, have been instructed according to the diocesan synopsis—is the root of the evil we deplore, more than sin or more than any home or other influence.”

The fault, he says, lies in the method of teaching, and its chief defects are these: (1) The fear of the inspector is the beginning of wisdom,—religion is made a school task, and is taught solely with a view to examinations; (2) The child’s nature is not understood. It possesses reason, which ought to be developed as well as memory; it has also a conscience, heart, imagination; but religious instruction seems to be addressed only to the memory, as a rule. “To cram it [the memory] full with all sorts of hard words and hard ideas is just about the best way to render it useless for the purpose it should subserve.... Where so much time is taken up in the memory exercises, the instruction not only leaves the different points of character and the heart and soul of the child untouched, but tends actually to dry up and warp their powers and affections.” Instead of using hard words and hard ideas, and explaining them by other words and ideas almost as hard, we should use words which have a real significance to the child, and which convey clear and definite ideas. Indeed, the chief anxiety should be to make the invisible world, the supernatural, and the person of Our Lord living facts to the children.

One of the great authorities in England on religious education was the Very Rev. Provost Wenham, inspector for the diocese of Southwark. He wrote an article in the next number of *Pastoralia*, expressing almost complete agreement with Father Carroll,—making allowance, however, for happy exceptions to the prevailing state of things. He thinks that a less amount of instruction would be sufficient and effective if it were not made a school task and a matter for examination in the same way as the secular subjects. He foresaw from the first the danger that religion might come to be taught in that way, and not “as at a mother’s knee, or by the paternal instructions of a spiritual father training souls.” He says it is becoming more rare and difficult to get religion so taught, and many priests make the same statement. He relates the blunt remark of a teacher at a certain school which he was examining, that “there would be a great deal more religion among the children if there were no religious inspection,”—a sentiment with which he himself fully concurred. “A conscientious teacher, a priest,” he adds, “who wants to prepare the children for the sacraments, or fit them for taking practical care of their souls when they go forth into the world, gets more hindrance than help” from the rigid school methods of our religious instruction.

Another most competent observer, the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, writing in the same magazine about the immense number of young people who collapse when their school-life is over, attributes it to the “very widespread neglect and mismanagement of their education between the ages of seven and fourteen years.” He has been “impressed with the absence in so many of them of solid religious *grasp*: their religion seems to be only sitting loose on them,—

to be more an affair of the head than of the heart.” The children are by no means incapable of taking in and profiting by the “gift of God”: on the contrary, nothing is more striking than the avidity with which they assimilate religious truth when properly presented to them, the rapid growth of their souls in robustness and spiritual beauty, and their perseverance in spite of difficulties and even falls.

The same magazine quotes from the report of the religious inspector of Southwark, and states that the remarks are good for all the catechetical instruction in the elementary schools of England and Ireland:

“How, then, is the education given in our schools defective? It is defective because there is no religious education: only instruction.... Religion is made an additional ‘lesson.’ It is simply a question of drill, of learning so much: of so much drill in the shape of mechanically-said prayers,—said in a way no sane human being has said or ever will say them.... The children are turned out into the world without any *individual* training. Corporately they have been drilled enough, but they have not to meet the temptations of the world collectively but individually.... When the individual leaves the Catholic atmosphere and goes to America or England, we all of us have seen the futility of trusting to mere drill.”

Then he describes a class at such “drill,” and continues: “The more monotonous, the more mechanical, the more soulless the repetition, the more the bosom of the teacher swells with pride, and the more she fondly hopes she is impressing the inspector. Her class does impress him—but not in the way she hopes.”

I venture now to transcribe a few expressions of opinion that have been called forth by these articles. A bishop

writes: "That article on Memory is excellent....His criticism of our catechisms and catechetical methods I find not even strong enough." A lady engaged in teaching says: "I can not forbear thanking you for [the article]. After a lifetime spent in the daily classroom, and every Sunday in what seems to be a vain effort to inculcate Christian doctrine by the ponderous, well-nigh unintelligible words of the catechism, one feels so utterly discouraged that one can not but be thankful for such an article from a theologian. Oh, such little results from such hard, constant labor!"

A Sister of Mercy writes a hurried line or two on a post-card: "The article in THE AVE MARIA read with the greatest interest. I can indeed feel the truth of the remarks about the various things objected to. Eighteen years of *drudgery*, trying, and often in vain, to cram a specified amount into a child's mind, has taught it to me. A catechism in one hand of the child, and a paper with meanings of words in the other—or else good-bye to good results on the day of exams!"

A dean uses the following forcible language: "I can not forego expressing to you the pleasure I had in reading the article on 'Memory and Religious Education.' If it were possible for it to be forwarded to every priest in these United States, to every Sister and Brother, to every teacher charged with teaching catechism to children, and to ask every one of them to put in practice the lessons learned from it, the soul-killing business of the everlasting memorizing of the dead letter of the catechism would cease; and I venture to say that in less than ten years we should see the most wonderful effects in our schools and churches. Experience for the last twenty years has taught me the lesson that the constant memo-

rizing of the letter of the catechism without a thorough explanation of the same is killing religion in the souls of our young rising generation."

I have before me a letter from another priest. He speaks of the organization of a system of Sunday-schools with permanent and efficient staffs of volunteer teachers; he speaks of places where there are no parochial schools, and bemoans the *laissez faire* and negligence of Catholics in regard to catechetical instruction. My message does not include these aspects of the question. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I must leave these points to those possessing full qualifications, which I do not. I extract some sentences from the letter which bear on my special point:

"We simply have no catechism that comes up to the requirements. It is a hopeful sign that many new ones are appearing, which shows at least our discontent; but they are still either too difficult for all except those who have studied philosophy and theology in *Latin*, or they are too simple, and there is no natural progression from the simpler truths for the little tots to the more enlarged mental view of adults.... What is needed is: A catechism that at least approaches perfection; a higher catechism that will give the dogmas to the children's *intellect*, not merely to their *memory*; a greater stress laid upon the *virtues* of life, and not so much hairsplitting; ... more prominence given to the *beauty* of Catholic worship."

I may be allowed now to set forth something of my own experiences in the teaching of catechism, and the steps by which I arrived at the views which I have expressed. For more than twenty-five years I was obliged to do all the religious instruction of the children of my flock personally and, for the most part, alone. They attended secular schools, and my time for catechism was

limited to one hour during the week, and the Sunday afternoons. Children of all ages and all stages of ignorance were constantly coming to me and going. On an average they remained a couple of years under my care, and within three years the whole body of the school was changed. I was obliged generally to rely upon a child of twelve or thirteen years, and rather ignorant, to instruct the infant class. For long years I labored under the superstition that the letter of the catechism was all important as the necessary basis of all religion. It was impracticable to make the children learn the catechism at home, so I spent most of the valuable hour in repeating a few questions and answers over and over and over again, and making them repeat with me. When at length both teacher and taught were thoroughly weary, I endeavored to explain the hard words and then put the ideas into less cumbersome and intricate sentences. On these preliminaries of religious education so much time and labor were wasted that none remained for the weightier things of the law.

When the children had to be prepared for the sacraments I was, perforce, obliged to omit all the verbal memory work and teach them the substance of the doctrines and the way of acting. This they quite easily understood and remembered, and they were none the worse for being unable to put it into the cut-and-dry technical phraseology of the books. Then I began to understand that there was the widest difference between teaching catechism and teaching religion—between impressing sounds and tongue-motions on the physical cells of the brain and conveying ideas and emotions to the soul itself. I changed my plan and began to address myself to the mind, imagination, affections; I endeavored to cultivate faith, devotion, admiration, sympathy, and contempt,

according to the subject-matter. I explained the mysteries and duties of Christianity in simple words that the children could readily understand, asked questions which they answered in their own words, and exemplified everything from Holy Scripture, the lives of the saints, and nature.

At once *ennui* gave way to intense interest and even enthusiasm. They were eager to ask questions about knotty points of dogma and conduct, and to corroborate my teaching from their own small experiences; then they would go home and repeat to their mothers everything they had heard. Strange to say, by neglecting to insist on catechism I secured their learning it: they understood it was the right thing to do and they worked away at it out of sheer devotion to their religion. Many of these poor children, even those brought up in total neglect of religion, became most fervent and regular at Holy Mass and the sacraments under circumstances of considerable difficulty. By means of this method I found that my rare and short lessons in religion were amply sufficient for instructing them in all the essentials of religious belief and practice, and counteracting the influences of bad home-life and non-Catholic companions in secular schools. From this latter companionship I think they reaped much advantage: they learned betimes to defend their religion, to estimate at their true value the current calumnies against the Church, to regard all heresies with a very wholesome contempt, and to be zealous for the enlightenment and conversion of their Protestant acquaintances.

At that time I drew up a course of twenty lessons for the younger children on the elementary truths and practices of the Catholic Church. The questions were simple, and such as the children

could answer easily,—answer at once or after having heard them once or twice. There were very few long formulas to be learned by heart, and these were mostly texts of Scripture, pithy, easy, intelligible, and adapted to be guides of conduct or proofs of doctrine. These were afterward developed for the benefit of grown children, and made to include the full course of Catholic instruction. In every lesson there is a personal application of the subject-matter, a reference to some danger or difficulty of the present day, and the inculcation of some important duty or devotional practice.

These lessons have been tried by experienced teachers, principally religious of both sexes, and have been pronounced to be more simple, interesting, complete and effective than the ordinary system of catechism. It is hoped that in a very short time this new method of religious instruction will issue from the press. Actual trial of it under various circumstances will show whether it has any real value for its purpose, or whether it shall take its place with most other panaceas and pass into a deserved oblivion. Its motto will be, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."* This great truth spoken by the Apostle of Holy-Scripture needs to be recognized as applying with equal force to all religious instruction, and especially to that which is bestowed on the young.

* II Cor., iii, 6.

OUR great God has a most rich treasury in which He has laid up all that He has of beauty, of splendor, of rarity and of preciousness, even to His own Son; and this immense treasury is none other than Mary, whom the saints have named the Treasure of the Lord, out of whose plenitude all men are made rich.—*Blessed Grignon de Montfort.*

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIV.—MR. HENRY MORAN INDULGES IN A VARIETY OF REFLECTIONS.

THE arrangement by which the sale had been prevented was, at first, imperfectly understood by the inmates of Vine Cottage; so that Henry Moran, from his vantage-ground under the trees, had overheard more than one conversation touching on this subject, as well as the repeated expressions of deepest thankfulness from each separate member of the family, and from Kate in particular. He had been quick to catch the note of discontent in Mrs. Raymond's voice; naturally, she, in common with the others, had ascribed the timely intervention in their behalf to Mr. Mortimer. The same feeling which had been aroused in her by the receipt of the hamper now sprang 'up again in a greater degree than ever. Favors of any sort from Mr. Mortimer were unwelcome because of that old-time sentiment—the subtle resentment against him, which survived in spite of the regard she had for her husband's old friend and her gratitude for much kindness. By close questioning of the obsequious and deferential Freeman, the girls had discovered that it was indeed Mr. Mortimer who had come to their rescue. Kate alone overheard and was much puzzled by a chance remark of the loquacious agent:

"I guess the gent that come with the cheque was Mr. Henry Moran; and Mr. Mortimer's cheque, you see, was made out to him."

Kate's cheek crimsoned. What had Henry Moran to do with their affairs? How had Mr. Mortimer come to confide in this recent acquaintance? With her mortification was mingled a certain,

almost pleasurable wonder that the visionary Henry Moran of her dreams should thus be brought into touch with her life. A conviction flashed upon her that she would one day know that magnate of commerce and be enabled to judge herself of his extraordinary personality.

The next moment her common-sense reasserted itself, and she reflected that Mr. Henry Moran merely knew of them as friends of Mr. Mortimer, whom the latter desired to help; that the great financier would be less likely than ever to seek their acquaintance, now that he knew of their abject poverty and of the humiliating position from which they had been rescued by their friend, the banker. Kate, by some unexplainable reason, refrained from mentioning to the others the introduction of the broker's name into the affair. And the mother still continued to deplore, in occasional lapses from her attitude of thankfulness, the hard necessity of having to accept aid from Mr. Mortimer. This prejudice, the girls, and especially practical Mary, set themselves resolutely to combat; while Kate, by way of solace, on one occasion threw out the suggestion:

"We will pay him, of course, whenever we are able and by degrees. I will write and tell him so to-morrow."

Hearing this, Henry Moran, in the seclusion of the trees, gave a comical shrug of despair. Then he philosophically remarked, flicking away the ashes from his cigar:

"If they must know, they must. Perhaps it will bring events to a crisis; and with all this talk going on in the town, things can not remain much longer as they are."

Kate then began to recount, by way of consoling her mother, all the misery of those days when they thought they should have to leave the cottage, while their effects would be exposed in a

forced sale to the prying eyes of the public and their affairs become common talk. The mother freely acknowledged how intense had been the relief from that dreadful prospect, and appeared to take a more cheerful view of the situation; agreeing that it would be well to write to Mr. Mortimer accepting the amount he had advanced as a loan. Inwardly, however, the good lady still felt the cup she drank to be a bitter one. After a pause in the conversation, Elinor suddenly said:

"If I were Kate I would marry a rich old man."

"Oh," cried Pauline, with a laugh, "I don't think Kate will marry any one less than Mr. Henry Moran himself!"

The smoker on the lawn, with a great throb of the heart, took the cigar from his mouth and listened breathlessly. He could not see the deep flush which overspread Kate's face, for there was no friendly moon. The darkness, indeed, made all objects alike indistinguishable, save the shadowy outlines of trees and the shrubbery close at hand. It was one of those vital moments which come in most lives. They are usually sudden, and they often pass away before there is any realization that a crisis has come and gone. The listener, bending forward with intense eagerness, wondered at Kate's silence.

Presently the mischievous Pauline broke out again:

"I think Kate's in love with the 'King of the Stock Exchange,' as somebody called him. She has his picture, cut out of a newspaper, in her room upstairs, and any amount of interesting paragraphs about him and his triumphs pasted in a book."

"Pauline!" cried Kate. "How dare you say such things, and how dare you pry into my affairs!"

The little group was thunderstruck. There was real anger in Kate's tone;

whereas, except for occasional bursts of petulance, she was sweet-tempered. Besides, Pauline was her favorite sister.

Tears sprang into Pauline's eyes, while Mrs. Raymond said gravely:

"My dear, that was a very harmless if rather silly jest, considering that you have never seen and probably never will see this Plutus of Wall Street. I am surprised at your conduct."

"Pauline's talk was so absurd!" said Kate, already ashamed of her anger.

"And therefore should not have vexed you," observed the mother.

"It was horrid of you, Kate, to be so sharp with poor Polly," said Mary, somewhat severely. "Why, if it had been a real man and there was any truth in the charge, you could not have more easily taken fire."

"I admit freely," said Kate, throwing back her head but speaking slowly, "that I do admire this man, his pluck, his energy and his success. I admire him immensely, but that is why I do not want any silly jesting or foolish suggestions on the subject."

The mother looked with some anxiety at the girl. In the darkness her face was inscrutable. Henry Moran bit the end of a fresh cigar and began to smoke violently, as he always did when excited.

"Can it be true that she keeps my picture," he thought, "and reads all that stuff about me in the papers? I am lucky, indeed, if that sort of thing takes her fancy."

He smoked away vigorously till the wreaths curled around and enveloped him, as though he had been some ancient necromancer engaged in mystic rites.

"It may pave the way," he muttered. "A girl's fancy is a strange thing. It is something to have won the imagination; however, I may have a hard fight to win the rest."

He felt convinced that the crisis was

approaching and that events were crowding upon him. The answer from Mr. Mortimer to Kate's letter might bring about the end of his incognito; and it seemed that it must inevitably end very soon, in any event. He had lately been sending occasional gifts of flowers, confectionery and books from "the old gentleman next door" to the ladies. Besides the politely-worded note of thanks he always received, he was often repaid by hearing such comments as the following from Kate:

"The old dear! How I should like to see him! He's the kindest old soul! He must have had a score of girls in love with him when he was young."

Altogether, Henry Moran felt, as he reviewed the situation that night, that he had really made some progress. He had favorably impressed this girl under his assumed name and title; and if what her sister said was true and Kate did not try to contradict or deny it, he made some impression upon her mind as Mr. Henry Moran.

Feeling conscious of unusual excitement, as in the hour of some impending struggle in the money market, the broker went out and walked half the night in the clear starshine, delighting in the coolness, the solitude and silence, which was disturbed only by the sighing of the wind in the trees on the mountain. He smoked and thought deeply as he went, but could not yet see his way to any line of action which might not by precipitancy cause disaster. He wished sincerely that, as his neighbors must inevitably guess at his own share in the late transaction, the discovery might be made soon, so that something would happen which might give a new color to the whole affair.

Once, as he stood leaning on a fence and idly watching the slope of the mountain, dark and solemn, illumined only by the pale gleam of the stars, the

distant whistle of a train on the Jersey Central seemed to bring him back to the realities of life; and he asked himself suddenly, with a laugh, if there was "much ado about nothing" in every man's love affairs; if the tender passion took him by the throat, as it were, and upset all his calculations and altered all his habits?

"I wonder if Jack Holloway, for instance, was hit so hard, and how he had approached Miss Mary, and how the matter was settled between them?"

He could come to no satisfactory conclusion on this head, but decided that it would be somewhat hard to imagine Jack Holloway very sentimental.

"Yet, who can tell!" was the next thought. "What would the men on Change say if they could see Henry Moran playing Romeo and spooning about for weeks without having courage to put everything to the test, or drop the whole affair and go abroad to the Riviera for a month or two?"

It half amused, half annoyed him to imagine the comments of his everyday associates. They would have thought it all right if he had chosen to marry in a dull, prosaic way, making out of that speculation a pile, as he did out of any other. But that Henry Moran should fall in love, should set his heart on one particular girl, and she a poor one, and suffer her to absorb far more of his thoughts than the most important "deal," would be something incredible and a fit subject for incessant chaff. He thanked his stars fervently that they could not know and might never learn the true circumstances of the case. Nevertheless, the mere idea of these men and their talk awakened his common-sense and sent him homeward to rest and prepare for the ordeal of his everyday existence in that unromantic office of his in Wall Street.

He was somewhat afraid that Jenkins

might play the part of the traditionary little bird and let out something of the secret; for Jenkins knew a few men of Henry Moran's world, in a more or less casual way, and was quite certain to bring the magnate's name into every conversation. But, after all, Jenkins could not know much, and never would know more than that which might become public property any time, if Henry Moran was successful in his latest venture. Still, the broker said to the night wind, as he leaned out to close his bedroom shutter:

"Hang Jenkins and all the tribe of gossips!"—a remark which, by the way, might have been more appropriately addressed to the great tree which, with wide-spreading branches, stood solemn and sentry-like outside the house.

(To be continued.)

May and June.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

BY the sweet May days, when the meadow ways
Are with buttercups aglow,
When the hawthorn foam round the blackbird's home
Is as white as the winter snow;
When the woodland bowers in the morning hours
Re-echo to many a tune
From songsters' throats in varied notes,
We come to the month of June.

To the month of June, when the rivers croon
As they flow by hill and vale,
When the red, red rose in its splendor blows
By the side of its sister pale;
From the fresh Maytime to the year's glad prime
When the nights lie far apart,
By Mary's May we go alway
To the Month of the Sacred Heart.

And by the aid of that spotless Maid,
The Mother of God's Son,
Are gifts not few, and are blessings true,
And graces and favors won.
As her aid was given when the God of Heaven
Came a man and saviour here,
That same God heeds when Mary pleads
For the souls to Him so dear.

A Pope Ninety-Seven Years Old.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.—(Conclusion.)

AT the time with which we are now concerned there sat on the throne of France the great St. Louis. In Poland the world saw the extraordinary piety of St. Hedwige, aunt of the dear St. Elizabeth. St. Hedwige was sister to the mother of St. Elizabeth. When some children were born to them, so that there could be no fear of the succession, Hedwige persuaded her husband to allow her to live apart. In token of his assent he retired into a monastery, and let his beard grow long as a lay-brother, from which he is called Henry the Bearded. Hedwige built a convent for Benedictine nuns, and lived in retirement near to it; but she never took the vows, wishing to be free to devote herself to the poor. She, however, gave her daughter up to the care of the nuns; and this daughter afterward became mother abbess and is known to all devout souls as St. Gertrude, the great lover of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

At this time lived also the Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, the dear friend and imitator of St. Clare. When she was being forced against her will to marry the Emperor Frederic, after the death of Queen Iolanthe, she obtained from Gregory IX. a letter defending her and forbidding the marriage. She founded a monastery, of which she became abbess, and died at the age of seventy-six.

Adolphe, the holy Count of Alsace, became a Friar Minor, and died fourteen years after his entrance into religion.

In the Peninsula the two kings—Frederic III. of Leon and Castile, and James of Arragon—lived most holy lives, and performed wonders in their wars with the Moors for the Church and

their country. It was under James of Arragon that the two orders for the redemption of poor captives—that of the Holy Trinity and Our Lady of Mercy—sprang up, through the instrumentality of St. Felix of Valois, St. Raymond, and St. Peter Nolasco.

These were blessed comforts to Pope Gregory in the midst of the anxieties consequent upon the crusades. Two things above all were necessary for the holy wars, and without these they could not be carried on—namely, men and money; and of the two, the latter was more scarce than the former. It may be said without hesitation that of all the sovereigns of Christendom, during the very long period that the crusades lasted none so freely gave of their own personal income as the Popes. And when all their own income was expended in sending legates to all the European courts, not excluding Denmark and Norway and Sweden; in sending rich presents to the sovereigns of these countries, in purchasing arms for the pilgrims, in obtaining provisions, in hiring from the naval cities of Italy and other maritime powers vessels to carry the pilgrims over the sea, they had to fall back on the clergy of the different nations—on the bishops, the abbots, the cathedral clergy and the holders of benefices.

Moreover, at this very time most of these dignities, because of their temporal station and of the lands attached to them, and which were held from the crown, had to pay large tithes to the royal exchequer; and from the frequency of the domestic and international wars of those days, the royal exchequer was often at a low ebb and sought to be replenished by mulcting these benefices heavily and more heavily at each time. The clergy were thus, to use a forcible expression, ground between the upper and nether millstone; and this grievance

of theirs was unquestionably one of the greatest factors, if not the greatest, that led to the religious revolution of succeeding days. Let us hear Lingard as to England:

"The Popes, in imitation of the temporal princes, often required a tallage of the clergy, amounting generally to a twentieth, sometimes to a tenth, and on one or two occasions to a larger share of their annual income. . . . When the contest commenced between Gregory IX. and the Emperor Frederic, that Pope demanded an aid of the clergy; and as his affairs grew desperate, his demands were repeated. . . . In many nations these demands were answered with complaints; in England, they met with decided opposition."*

We look with exceeding pity on an old man of eighty-four who, with the anxiety and responsibility required for the internal guidance of the Church, had to impose upon his aged body and mind the physical and exhaustive labor of waking up to a true sense of their weal a whole hemisphere, heedless of its own welfare, and attentive only to its local, petty, or personal interests; and finding only discouragement where he had expected sympathy, opposition where he had hoped for help, and contempt and disdain where his age and dignity might have procured him reverence if not loyalty.

Frederic went to Palestine in 1228; and, says an unfriendly writer, though he was "excommunicated by the Pope, and proceeded against his wishes, no one succeeded in achieving so much." Let us, however, hear Dr. Döllinger:

"While Frederic sent to Europe an exalted account of his success, the sultan justified to his fellow-Mohammedans the reasons of his concession by the remark that he had surrendered only empty houses, bare walls, and ruined

churches. According to Arabian authors, Frederic had asked for the surrender of Jerusalem 'only that he might be able, on his return into Europe, to hold up his head among its kings,' and with the previous stipulation that he would renounce any advantage that possession of the city might give him."

He was, however, an excommunicated man, and the sentence of interdict was still in force against every town or city that he came to and for the time he remained there; so Jerusalem and the holy places were, by orders of the patriarch, shut against him. But he opened them and laid the crown of Jerusalem on the high altar. No bishop being found to place it on his head, he took it with his own hand and crowned himself. He pretended not to be disturbed, but at heart he was bitterly annoyed, and returned to Italy in 1229, vowing dire vengeance on all whom he considered his enemies.

He landed at Brindisi, and that whole year was spent in carrying on a war, which had begun while Frederic was in Palestine, between the Emperor's party and that of the Pope. In 1230 peace was effected, and the Emperor promised to give, as guarantee of good faith, several of his castles to be held by the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta and the Bishop of Reggio.

This peace of 1230 lasted, wonderful to tell, for some years. In 1233 Henry, Frederic's son, revolted and waged war against his father. An unfriendly historian says that "the son had in this war the support of the Pope." "But," observes Döllinger, "Gregory espoused, in a most decided manner, the part of Frederic. He declared all confederacies against the Emperor to be invalid, and commanded that, unless Henry yielded at once to his father, excommunication would be pronounced against him." The young prince was taken, sent to

* Henry III., chap. vi.

prison, and died in confinement in 1242.

The history of the Catholic Church never becomes so interesting and its support is never demonstrated so divine as when an old and feeble man, its ruler, seems to be the sport of winds and waves, and a powerful, victorious and skilful conqueror is its opponent. Frederic coveted nothing less than that all Italy and Sicily be added onto Jerusalem and Germany. The old man at St. Peter's was, by the weaving of Italian confederacies and the powers of spiritual armor, the greatest obstacle in his way. "No other since the days of Charlemagne possessed such power as Frederic; and Gregory, now an old man of ninety years, would willingly have preserved peace with him if his duty and station would permit it."*

Before pouring his army down upon Italy Frederic took politic measures to secure the affection of his German subjects. Desiring above all things to wean the bishops from the side of the Pope, he bestowed large favors on the Archbishop of Salzburg, the Bishops of Passau, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Freyburg, Eichstadt, and Walzburg; as well as on the great abbeys and on all influential ecclesiastics. He then rushed down upon Lombardy. The Lombards had been, by the advice and entreaties of the Pope, banded together to meet this expected attack. The two armies met in August, 1237, and the Lombards were signally overthrown. They offered to submit on certain conditions; "but the tyrant, who possessed all the vices of his father and grandfather, drunk with victory, required unconditional surrender."†

They, however, had before their eyes many a sad example of Frederic's mercy, and declined these terms. A revolution in Germany, where he thought everything was secure, came most opportunely to

their aid. While seeing to the subjugation of his German subjects, Frederic spared neither artifice nor money in urging all the Italian States into a revolt against the aged Pope.

It would be sickening in the last degree to draw a picture of the state of society in Italy, and of the lawlessness of morals then prevailing because of these wars and of the natural badness of the human heart. Frederic's two illegitimate sons—one Henry, married to the Princess of Sardinia, and the other Enzo, who was King of Sicily—made war on the Church from different quarters. So far was outrage carried that a convert Mohammedan prince, coming to Rome to be baptized, was seized by Henry of Sardinia. Under Enzo every church with Italian monks in it was sacked and sacrilegiously plundered by the Saracen retainers he had in his pay. Everything belonging to a Sicilian who stayed at Rome or who favored the Pope was seized, and as many as twenty bishops in Sicily and Southern Italy were driven from their sees; every person carrying letters of the Pope, without Frederic's permission, was put to the torture; and for publishing them was put to death, as was a Franciscan friar, with great cruelty.

The Pope was at length forced to take his last measure, and on Palm Sunday, 1239, excommunicated Frederic, after the usual citations and ceremonies. The formula read: "By the authority of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and of our own, we excommunicate and anathematize Frederic, the so-called Emperor; and we declare absolved from their oath all those who swore fidelity to him; and we strictly forbid them to observe any of their former engagements to him while he continues excommunicated."

It was usual in those times for all Christendom to look upon the man

* Döllinger.

† Idem.

as deposed from authority whom the Church had condemned. The Pope wrote to St. Louis, and got for reply an offer to interfere and make terms of peace. The German bishops gave no material aid; and even the Archbishop of Aquila, in Italy, is said to have permitted the Emperor to assist at Holy Mass.

All this time in Palestine and Constantinople affairs were going from bad to worse; but the Pope could not help them in any way either by men or money, and hardly by advice. Even the sacred crown of Thorns of Our Lord had to be given in pledge to the Venetians. However, it was redeemed by St. Louis, who had it brought with solemn procession and deposited in the metropolitan church of Sens.

In the midst of all his troubles the Pope had to issue a formal prohibition against the cruelties exercised at this time in all countries against the Jews, from which even the crusaders were not free. "It is not by excesses of this kind," said he, "that men armed for the cause of Heaven draw down upon themselves benediction; but rather by respect for the law of God, by purity of heart, and charity toward their fellowmen."

Devoid of men and resources, and pressed at every point by his active persecutor, the Pope called a general council of the bishops of Christendom to meet at Rome. In the capital of Western Europe was an old man of ninety-six; outside the walls was a strong man, as yet in his prime. Gregory was a prisoner in the Eternal City, Frederic was his jailer. The Emperor's armies held every place of strength by land, his navy swept the sea. This was in 1240. The Pope was approaching the grave.

How, under these circumstances, was a council to meet? Yet, to their eternal honor be it told, "a multitude of French, English and Spanish bishops hastened to the Holy Father," says Döllinger,

notwithstanding that the Emperor had published in a circular that the coasts, harbors, and roads were guarded; that the bishops should feel the heaviest weight of his indignation; and to excite the guards to greater vigilance, they were to retain all the plunder they might take from the captive prelates.* They were escorted by the Genoese fleet. The united vessels of Germany and Pisa attacked them. The battle took place on the 3d of May, 1241. The Genoese were beaten; the prelates fell into the hands of the Emperor, "who put them in chains and confined them in prison, where many died of ill-treatment." It broke Gregory's heart. The aged Pontiff died three months after, on the 21st of August, 1241.

Bercastel says of him: "He was a man with a great zeal for good, a protector of virtue; of exemplary life, of a rare order of intelligence, a vast memory, and particularly well skilled in canon law. He was about eighty-three when raised to the Chair of St. Peter, and he occupied it for fourteen years, five months and two days, thus living the greater part of a century."†

* This circular was drawn up at the end of 1240 by the Emperor's chancellor, Pietro della Vigne, "his most confidential counsellor and right arm"; and the following year, 1241, Frederic put out that Peter's eyes.

† Frederic was just as faithless to Gregory's successor, Pope Innocent IV., as he was to the old man of ninety-seven. The Pope had to escape with his life by night and fly to France. A general council met at Lyons on the Feast of St. John, 1245, in which Frederic was again excommunicated and deposed. After the judgment pronounced upon him at Lyons, blow after blow came rapidly upon him. Frederic himself suffered a signal defeat, and his [natural] son Enzo was overcome and taken prisoner by the Bolognese. His acts of implacable revenge and cruelty rendered him everyday more odious. He caused the captive Bishop of Arezzo to be disgracefully executed; he revenged a conspiracy in Sicily "upon the women and children. Loaded with the heavy weight of his crimes, and with the sentence of the Church still upon him, he died in 1250 at Fiortina, in Italy." (Döllinger.)

Black Sheep and Their Shepherd.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

OUTSIDE a great English industrial centre is a long road which is a veritable *Via Dolorosa*, inasmuch as it is lined with buildings associated with many kinds of sin and suffering. Here is the fever hospital, there the lunatic asylum; here the workhouse, close by it the infirmary; and yet again this grim fortress of gray stone, with its machicolated towers, is a fold of the black sheep, a prison. This is the jail of which the late Charles Reade wrote in "Never too Late to Mend." Indeed the humane warder is still living in a ripe old age, honored and respected by all who know him. He is one of the characters, not to say heroes, of the suburb in which stands this prison house, wherein he has befriended many a piece of human driftwood cast up amidst the flotsam and jetsam of the sea of crime.

Various managers have from time to time come forward with golden offers to induce the venerable ex-warder to appear as Reade's immortal official on the stage of *their* theatres. "You have only to walk on the stage, Mr. B—, say a few words and walk off again. Surely you don't mind that," said one of these gentlemen. But the old man *did* mind it. He had no mind to be made what he called a "peep show" of even for the golden plums. So he lives in retirement in his cottage, quite contented with that and his mutton. Truly he can say with the parson poet:

I thank Thee for a little cot wherein I lie,

Both warm and dry;

I thank Thee that my hen doth lay

An egg each day.

For our humane chief warder is wedded to sweet Content.

At the time of writing a most active

and beneficent friend of the black sheep, the Catholic chaplain—Father Morrison as we will call him,—carries on the compassionate work which Warder B— began in early Victorian days. If you wish to know what his work and his influence are pay a visit to the jail corner. You will note that when the thin, worn priest, in his shabby black, comes out of the prison he is greeted by many, both Catholics and non-Catholics. The struggling denizens of Omnium Street call him "Father," and consult him in dire perplexities. Our Tim is in a bit of trouble: how shall he escape from same? Or our Amy is in grief,—feels that she can never hold up her head again: will the Father say a word to her? And the Father says a word which the Vicar of Wakefield might have said, and the bowed down head of Amy is lifted up. Or yet again a mother broken with grief, hot with shame, comes to him. Her boy—her only one—has repeated the drama of Cain.

"Shure the dhrink did it; but now it's out of him and he's in *there* [by 'there' is meant the grim stone fortress]. He'll listen to ye, Father; and maybe ye can tell my Lord Judge that he's the only son of his mother and she a lone widder. And it's himself that'll listen to yer Riverince and save the bell from tollin' for him. Spake for him at the 'sizes, Father."

Then it falls to the lot of this shepherd of the black sheep to undeceive poor widowed Biddy: to tell her that the Rhadamanthus of the law will be swayed by evidence and not by compassion; that the Judge who will bend to listen is the last great Judge of all. And then he goes into the condemned cell and, with the loving-kindness of a parent, talks to the one cast for death; and the heart of stone becomes a heart of flesh. Then, in the early morning, there is heard the slow, solemn tolling of the

prison bell. There falls a deep, dead silence over all the jail corner; the women refrain from going for their early beer (their firstlies); even the children go to and fro on tiptoe, knowing well that some soul is passing away.

When the poor foolish black sheep *has* passed, the shepherd seeks Rachel in her darkened room and tells her that *he* said to him: "I'm sorry I've brought such grief to poor mother." And the penitent words, gently repeated, are as a balm to the wounded soul.

Sometimes you will meet him in brass and iron foundries seeking a job for one of the discharged prisoners; and if you had attended service when he had his small iron church on the bridge, you would have seen divers men, some with a seedy or rough appearance, and all with closely-cropped heads, of the round basin shape, which is the sign manual of those who have been in her Majesty's keeping.

These members of the congregation were discharged prisoners,—wandering sheep to whom the prison gates had unclosed when they had done their time; and who, actuated by love of the man who had helped them both in and out of jail, had followed him up,—had come to hear him preach in the temple of his Lord; and to hear Holy Mass.

Once, strange to say, Father Morrison was a matchmaker in this wise. All England was astir with a sensational murder case, in which Polly of the pavement, Harry of the music halls, and a certain *roué* well known both on pavements and in music halls, were the actors. There was a disreputable brawl in a disreputable house, and a fourth *roué* lost his life. Polly and Harry figured at the assizes, but "their honor rooted in dishonor stood." Neither turned Queen's evidence; the chain of circumstantial evidence was minus a ink. The verdict was "Not guilty."

The two partners in sin were free to go out once more into that world in which they had played so sorry a part. And the chaplain resolved that they should face it as man and wife, if prayer and persuasion could compass it. What he said only God and his penitents knew, but the sequel was a wedding in the little iron church near the iron bridge, in which the bride's wedding gown and the plain gold ring were both bought by the good priest. Of a verity "charity is kind."

When they settle down in his town this kind shepherd still looks after his poor black sheep. You may meet him, looking pale, worn, ascetic, in some slum, talking kindly and genially to some grimy artisan or a woman—

Whose fingers thin
Push from her feebly
Want and sin.

Those who know him and who love him can guess why his clerical overcoat is so exceeding thin, why he himself is what they term a "shadder," quite the reverse of Falstaffian. It is all very simple. Tired Tim or lonely Lizzie will need a little purse, when the big nail-studded gates unclosed and they find themselves in the streets. Coal and beef are both alike dear. Father Morrison is not a man of means: all he can do is humbly to imitate "sweet St. Francis" and deny himself for the sake of Christ's lost sheep.

Mental travail, rigorous self-denial,—both of these leave marks upon him who endures the one and practises the other. And they have left their sign manual on the chaplain. These, *not* Time, have streaked his hair with gray, have quenched his dark eyes' fire, have lined both cheek and brow. Yet must he be counted happy; for the things which are afar off have drawn nigh to him. When he walks through the long, gray, noisy, squalid streets, he,

in fancy, sees the shining street of the *Civitas Dei* ("the City of God"), wherein many a black sheep who has passed out of the grim, gray fortress into the safe fold as he prayed and watched beside it, now lovingly waits and watches for him.

Therefore is he a "cheery man," as was the Apostle of Molokai,—this apostle of the social lepers, this saver of human driftwood, this shepherd of the sheep that have wandered away from home,—who on his bosom wears an unseen Victoria Cross bestowed by the great Captain of souls Himself.

A Layman's Experience.

A SURGEON-GENERAL of the English army contributes to the *Northwest Review* an account of a "sudden and unprovided death" which seems to have made a deep impression on his mind, though he has evidently had many varied experiences. Awfully sudden deaths are so common that, as the writer remarks, it is all the more necessary to dwell upon such "as are most striking, as a warning that can never be given too often nor be thought upon too seriously." For this reason, as also to express our gratification on reading such an exhortation from the pen of a layman, we reprint the article, omitting two or three unimportant paragraphs.

Several years ago, when still a young man, I was the surgeon in a regiment serving in Bombay. Among my brother officers was a Captain C—, who had lately married in Ireland and brought out a charming bride. It was not without a sense of satisfaction that I found that the beautiful Mrs. C— was my countrywoman, and I inquired of a friend of her husband's with great interest whether she was not a Catholic.

"To tell the plain truth, I believe she is, or was," was the disappointing reply; "but it's just there that people say the hitch comes in between them. I was told he promised before the marriage that she should do as she liked;—but it turns out now that he meant that he was sure she would only want to do what he liked, and he has a very devil of a temper. There is a Catholic church not far off, as you know, but nobody ever saw Mrs. C— go there. I've heard women say she frets about it sometimes. These differences of religion make a confounded lot of trouble."

Not long after this conversation I met Mrs. C— at a ball. She was fond of dancing, and that night everybody said she was the belle of the evening. Her husband introduced her to me, and she let me put my name down on her card for a dance.

When I had led her back to her seat I took a chair by her side to improve the acquaintance. We talked of Ireland and music and various local matters, and by and by I contrived to inquire whether she was a Catholic. Mrs. C— blushed deeply as she almost whispered: "That is a sad subject, Mr. O'L—. Pray don't bring it up before Harry; he won't hear of my going to our church. I have tried to coax him to let me go to confession, but without any result except to make him angry for days. Indeed, he was really furious the last time the subject was alluded to; so much so that I should be frightened to speak of it again."

Mrs. C— was a very popular little woman, so that I seldom found her alone when I called. Thus weeks and months passed, until one day, leaving the mess, Captain C— joined me, and said that his wife was ill and that he should feel extremely obliged if I would call and see her.

I went at once to the house; and after a long conversation about her

health, and relating all the news that I thought could amuse her in any way, I ventured: "You must forgive me, my dear Mrs. C—, if I trespass beyond the limit of my professional advice. But you are my countrywoman and a Catholic; what about seeing a priest? As a medical adviser—I don't mind any personal unpleasantness,—don't you think I could speak to Captain C— on the forbidden topic? I could easily tell him that, as a doctor, I require your mind to be at ease in every respect."

"Oh, no!—on no account just now, though I thank you very much," was the disheartening reply. "Harry has been so very kind to me lately—since I gave up letting him see that not going to Mass vexed me, and put away a little crucifix which he used constantly to say he could not bear the sight of—that I would not annoy him for the world."

"I have in my thoughts not this world but the next, my dear lady; but of course it must be as you please. I do not wish to make you nervous, but I must do my duty. You are ill and you may be worse, and life is always uncertain in spite of the utmost care."

"O Mr. O'L—, I never expected that you would have alarmed me! Harry is always saying that I shall very soon be well again; and he bought me a most perfect lady's horse last week, because he said he wanted me to have something pleasant to think about."

Disappointed, but still hoping for the best, I took leave, assuring the patient that I would gladly ride over at any moment of the day or night that she might fancy she should like to see me.

At length a day came when I was summoned. In a quarter of an hour I was by the sick-bed, and did my best to keep up a cheerful conversation until the Captain appeared, who insisted that I remain to dine. I shall never forget that perfectly quiet evening. Warm and

sultry] as is common in Bombay, even the sound of insects seemed hushed.

As soon as we had finished dessert, the Captain suggested that we should enjoy our cigars better walking up and down in what is there called the compound; so I agreed. But before going outside, I stepped for a moment into Mrs. C—'s room, arranged her pillows comfortably, saw that both her attendants were there and that she needed nothing; and, explaining that we were within a stone's-throw, joined her husband.

We had been slowly pacing up and down some time, discussing various regimental matters, and the last news from England, when all at once an agonizing cry of pain struck my ear. With one bound I cleared the steps of the veranda, and before the last echo of that sound, that seemed to remain in my hearing for weeks after, could have died away completely in the distance, I was by Mrs. C—'s side. Her malady had taken a very unusual turn,—I knew in a moment what; and so awfully sudden was it in its result that when Captain C— entered the room a few seconds after I had done so, I could only gasp out huskily, "It's all over!"

Surely no lips save those divinely chosen to teach men could add any weight to the lesson of such an end as this. A layman can not do so, and I will not try; but shall be only too thankful if this case of my personal experience may be found useful as illustrating the words we have all of us heard so often from the chair of truth: "Be ye therefore ready; for at an hour when ye think not the Son of man will come."

"ALL true opinions," says Ruskin, "are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment, therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree, not of a cloud."

Notes and Remarks.

Certain critics in Chicago found fault with Mr. Henry Austin Adams for something he said or didn't say or said unsuitably—we forget which—in a lecture on "Catholicity and Brains" delivered some time ago in that city. Allowances have to be made even for lecturers like Dr. Adams, and it is obviously unjust to demand that a public speaker always say things just as he would write them. But whether or not the criticism in this case was well taken, it has evoked a reply from the lecturer which is so good that we are rather glad he was attacked. There is a ring about Dr. Adams' words that is much to our liking, and we may add that we are sorry not to hear it oftener than we do. Assertiveness is what American Catholics are most lacking in. We can not quote Dr. Adams' letter in full, but we must make room for some part of it. We take the liberty of transposing one paragraph. The letter is addressed to the editor of the *New World*:

I merely defended our Catholic rights by attacking the spirit of too many of our sophisticated educationalists who sneer at all religious views as incompatible with broad culture and advanced scientific knowledge. I showed that in every field of investigation and in every degree of attainment the names of illustrious Catholics and other devout men were notoriously prominent, thereby proving the shallowness and bigotry of such "liberals" as Andrew D. White and the other great Moguls who assume a monopoly of light and leading. There are State universities, libraries, institutes, maintained by general taxation, which harbor this sneering contempt for faith; and, as a good American, I am doing what I can to denounce the outrage.... Certainly none of the principles which I then laid down or statements of facts which I made, do I now wish to withdraw or modify. I am a Catholic without a codicil.

Now, as to my alleged ungentlemanliness. I think myself that I sometimes forget how sharp my words are. The fact is, a man is liable to forget himself when defending the honor of his mother against the scandalous lies of her detractors. Cardinal Newman's majestic definition of a gentleman begins with the statement that "he is one who never inflicts pain." This is

sublimely true; but the gentle Cardinal assuredly did not mean that one must refrain from speaking and living the truth, at whatever cost of pain to others. Probably no man ever lived who inflicted "pain" upon so many good and loving men as did John Henry Newman. His conversion to the Church and subsequent glorious defence of Truth fairly broke the hearts of those dearest to him, and dealt, as has been said, a blow to Protestantism from which it staggers still. I thank my critics for cautioning me against all needless vehemence, but I dare not hope to escape the charge of giving pain while I remain a man of conscience and conviction.

By way of benediction on this controversy, let me invoke the spirit of Newman once more, by making the following words of the Cardinal my own: "What can I desire and pray for but this?—that what I have said well may be blest to those who have heard it; and that what I might have said better may be blest to me by increasing my dissatisfaction with myself; that I may cheerfully resign myself to such trouble or anxiety as necessarily befalls any one who has spoken boldly on an unpopular subject in a difficult time, with the confidence that no trouble or anxiety but will bring some real good with it in this event to those who have acted in sincerity and by no unworthy methods and with no selfish aim."

The following extract from an address on Marquette delivered before the Chicago Historical Society by Franklin MacVeagh, Esq., is of interest as showing the current of thought among educated laymen of the different sects:

Marquette and his compeers travelled on snowshoes when they did not go barefoot; they lived on moss when they could not luxuriously feast upon pounded maize; they lived in bark huts when fortunate enough to sleep indoors; and they died of labor and exposure when they were not murdered by the Indians. Their missions, therefore, existed without great revenues, and the most they asked of their friends at home was prayers for the souls they had come to save.

Nor let us fail to conceive the phenomenal nobleness of these Frenchmen because they were heroes and martyrs in the name of a Church that may not be ours and which expresses itself in ways that we may not prefer. Whosoever Church it is and whosoever it is not, it is at least a great Church beyond compare; and it has in its history splendid epochs, when it commanded greater self-sacrifice and higher endeavor than Christianity has otherwise known since its first lofty days. One such epoch, raised distinctly above the level of the centuries, was the epoch of the French Jesuits in North America. They were the elect of a society which had a first

claim upon the most fervent souls. The records of humanity will be sought in vain for the story of purer lives, of more steadfast apostleship, or of sterner martyrdoms. Jogues, Bressani, Daniel, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Marquette, living and dying, illustrated the loftiest virtue in the world. No praise is too extravagant, no language is too sacred to apply to them. They were a "glorious company of apostles," they were a "noble army of martyrs."

The most zealous defenders of American missionaries in China and other countries are not referring to them just now in terms like these.

Our South American exchanges only recently brought us accounts of the remarkable celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the Argentine Republic. The present Archbishop of Buenos Aires, until lately Bishop of La Plata, had addressed a special pastoral to the people of Irish blood within his jurisdiction, inviting them to celebrate the feast of the Apostle of Ireland by making a solemn public pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lujan, the national shrine of the Republic. The response must have surprised Mgr. Espinosa; for ten thousand exiles of Erin foregathered at Lujan on the 17th of March,—the largest and most devotional pilgrimage, it is said, in the annals of the shrine. The warm-hearted people of the Republic, through their prelates and the press, evinced the greatest sympathy for an historic people that have clung to the Faith so tenaciously in desperate circumstances, and that still practise it with such edifying fervor.

All who are interested in the movement for federation would do well to give serious consideration to the letter which the Bishop of Trenton has addressed to the Catholic Knights of America. It is no unfeasible plan that Bishop McFaul is willing to stand sponsor for. He does not aim at the unification of all existing societies, nor favor an organization

tending to the formation of a Catholic party. "Federation must not interfere with political affiliations," he repeats. The idea is to have the different societies create a central body forming as it were a hub, in which the associations, by taking membership, will become spokes, each retaining its distinctiveness and moving with the hub when a general movement is in order. The object is simply to form an organization of laymen who will, among other things, aim to defend and to protect the religious rights included in American citizenship.

We have said that Bishop McFaul's letter merits careful consideration. Here is an especially good suggestion:

When we Catholics unite in a body we select a name which includes, as a rule, the word *Catholic*. Sometimes, of course, the nature of the work renders this necessary, but there are occasions when the use of this term misrepresents our position. No one hears of a Methodist or of an Episcopal debating society; but with us, whether the society be religious or merely composed of Catholics, the name *Catholic* is often put in the foreground, and not always to its advantage. It is partly due to this that the sects can advance their claims before legislative bodies and are not thought to act otherwise than as Americans exercising the prerogatives of citizenship; whereas when we advocate any measure, our citizenship is overshadowed in the minds of others by our Church, and we are looked upon not as Americans seeking our rights, but as Catholics asserting the claims of our Church. This is an unfortunate position, and an obstacle to the attainment of justice.

The late Matilda Goddard, of Boston town, left \$3000 to the Overseers of the Poor "for the benefit of American Protestant single women." There is a large population of single women in Boston, and the circumstances of many of them are probably straitened. But to have any share in Matilda's benefaction they must be natives of this country and adherents of Protestantism. It was good of her not to require that they be born in Boston and profess Unitarianism. Still, this bequest recalls an application for subscriptions made to

Ruskin by the secretary of the Protestant Blind Pension Society. It caused the great man to use italics. "All *my* work," he replied, "is to help those who *have* eyes and see not"; and in a postscript he adds: "To *my* mind, the prefix 'Protestant' to your society's name indicates far *stonier* blindness than any it will relieve." Let us hope that Matilda Goddard, late of Boston, has merited entrance to the Heavenly Jerusalem, where she will meet an unnumbered host of women who were not single nor Protestants nor natives of these United States.

In the disastrous fire which swept over the city of Jacksonville, Fla., on May 3, Catholics, it appears, were the chief sufferers. From a circular issued by Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, we learn that "practically everything the Catholics in Jacksonville owned was right in the path of the fire and was completely destroyed; so that to-day the Catholics of that city find themselves without a place to worship (except in two hospital tents furnished by the government), without a home for the priests, without a home for the Sisters, and without a home for the orphans or school for the children." Some of the burned buildings were but recently erected; and as the Catholics of Jacksonville are neither numerous nor wealthy, the work of the Church in that city is paralyzed unless the generosity of the faithful in more fortunate places comes to the rescue. We gladly call attention to Bishop Moore's appeal for help, and feel sure that it will not be disregarded.

The late Dr. Tanner, for the past fifteen years M. P. for Mid-Cork, was one of the most remarkable figures on the stage of contemporary politics. No other member proved so troublesome either to the chair or the benches of

the Commons; but he always left the House good-naturedly when required to do so, usually shouting back some complimentary tidbit as he went. By nature, as well as by vocation, he was a fighter; and when his services were not required by his friends he cheerfully took up the cudgels for an enemy in straitened circumstances. His ability was great, but it was his geniality and his transparent honesty that won the respect of opponents as well as friends, in spite of his marked eccentricities. About two years ago he became a Catholic; and his death was hastened, it is said, by his determination, against medical advice, to go a considerable distance to hear Mass on Easter Sunday when he was physically unequal to the strain. May he rest in peace!

The fiftieth anniversary of Sir William Hingston's admission to the medical profession has been joyously celebrated in Montreal, the home of this eminent physician. The various distinctions that from time to time have been conferred upon him are peculiarly gratifying to those of his own faith; for Sir William has long stood forth the ideal Catholic gentleman, a knight truly without fear or reproach, who has championed the cause of the Church on every occasion, has represented her in many assemblages with a grace, a dignity, a distinction which are unhappily too rare. He has been likewise a public-spirited citizen, interested in every civic or national movement of importance; a staunch supporter, besides, of Home Rule, and a lover of Ireland, the country of his fathers; the author of several valuable works; and a Senator who upon the floor of the Senate as elsewhere has shown himself the fearless exponent of the highest morality and a loyal son of the Church. As a surgeon, Sir William's fame is international. He was knighted

by her late Majesty Victoria for pre-eminence in his department of science; and the fact was then proclaimed that he had been the first to perform certain delicate and difficult operations.

On a recent public occasion, his Grace the Archbishop of Montreal paid a glowing tribute to the services which this eminent practitioner had rendered to the city, to his country, and to the Church, referring especially to his charity to the poor and his connection with the historic Hôtel-Dieu. On the fortieth anniversary of his entrance there he was presented with an address and a massive piece of silver from the medical staff of the hospital, and received many floral or other tokens of appreciation from his numerous friends and admirers. And they are legion. For in a city where the English-speaking population has been comparatively poor and comparatively insignificant, Sir William's social station, his example as citizen and Catholic, and the universal respect accorded to his character and attainments, have been of untold value to the Catholic cause. It will be an ill day for the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal when that distinguished name and impressive personality have become but memories.

The progress of Catholicity in Holland is more rapid than the general reader is accustomed to consider it. A Dutch review states that at the end of the eighteenth century there were in that country three hundred and fifty Catholic parishes with about four hundred priests. A hundred years later the parishes number one thousand and fourteen, and the secular priests two thousand three hundred and ten. Since the re-establishment in Holland of the Catholic hierarchy in 1853, five hundred new churches have been built, and one-third as many old ones have been restored or enlarged.

Notable New Books.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. By Father Raphael M. Moss, O. P. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

These eight conferences treat of Faith, Prayer, Confession, Communion, Holy Mass, Purgatory, Hell and Heaven, respectively as the gate, voice, cleansing work, nourishment, fountain, prison-house, failure and triumph of Grace. We may best give an idea of their quality by citing the leading ideas in the best of them, the conference on Hell.

Belief in hell has hitherto been as universal as belief in God; all nations have believed in a state of future punishments and rewards. It has been left to our self-indulgent age to be the first to question this belief. Good and evil run along essentially divergent paths and can never arrive at the same goal; whether we pattern our life after Nero or St. John, Jezabel or the Mother of God, can not be a matter of indifference. Final impenitence irreparably severs the sinner from God, and the eternal abandonment of the sinner is Hell. It is not God who damns the sinner: he himself places an insuperable barrier between God and himself. On earth the sinner may find distraction in the gifts of God—the joys of life, the pleasures of sense, intellectual delights, and the society of friends;—but after death these will be withdrawn, and the sinner will be left with “every faculty burning with the agony of desires that can never be gratified.” The Love as well as the Justice of God makes Hell a logical necessity. Then follows a brief discussion of objections.

We are glad to find Bishop Hedley quoted frequently in these conferences, which impress us as more appetizing, while quite as solid as the earlier series by Father Moss.

A Daughter of New France. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co.

The character of this thoroughly charming book is aptly described in the author's brief lines of dedication: it is a “story of adventure, love, and loyalty.” While inscribed to “all who love the romantic, chivalrous, and hallowed traditions of our country and its sister-land,” it will win the favor of a far wider circle of admirers than those merely who are enamored of either American or Canadian traditional lore. It is a brilliant, captivating story, rich in all the beauties that distinguish the best among the historical romances now in vogue, and conspicuously free from qualities that have marred more than one recent work of

this class. Readers of this magazine do not need to be told that Miss Crowley is an interesting story-teller; but they will like to hear that her latest book, inviting as it does comparison with some dozen of recent successful ventures into the field of historical fiction, has nothing to fear from the judgment of really competent critics. On a groundwork of accurate historical fact, the author has reared a fair and goodly structure, and has surrounded it with an atmosphere of such purity, grace, and tenderness that one's reason and one's sympathies flow in the same channel of delighted approval. The career of Cadillac, the Gascon chevalier who founded Detroit, and of Normand Guyon, his Quebec brother-in-law and devoted follower; the varying fortunes (and humors) of Barbe, who proves, after all, only an adopted daughter of New France; the picture of social life in the days of Frontenac, and of Récollet devotedness in the days of Father Constantin del Halle; the thrilling vicissitudes of frontier life when Indian friendship proved often fickle,—all these threads are woven into one of the most completely satisfactory novels that has appeared in a twelvemonth; and if the public does not endorse this opinion, it may be permitted to wish the public "all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste."

The Jesuits in England. By Ethelred L. Taunton. Methuen & Co.

It is said that while few bodies of men have met with such opposition and hatred as the Jesuits, few have suffered more from the adulation of friends. The author of this history of the Order in England from the year 1580 to 1773, when it was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV., declares that he has endeavored to steer clear of these extremes, keeping nothing back and explaining nothing away. He bestows generous praise upon Campion and his followers—heroes whose names are above reproach,—but Parsons and his associates are denounced as intriguers for whose misdeeds English Catholics have suffered ever since.

Catholics in this country will be less interested, perhaps, in Father Taunton's work than in what is said of it. Everyone expected that it would create a storm, and the storm began the moment it made its appearance. The production of such a book is declared to be a grave responsibility and the author is freely accused of incompetency and injustice. The *Tablet*, the *Weekly Register* and the *Month* have all devoted an unusual amount of space to the work, and it is likely to be discussed in their pages for a long time to come. The most

severe strictures on Father Taunton appear in the *Tablet*, but the editor generously allows him to defend himself as best he can. The cause that led him to undertake the work is thus stated:

The good name of the Catholic Church is not to be bound up in any way with the doings of Father Parsons and his fellow-intriguers, who must bear their own burden, and not cast it on our shoulders. For three hundred years we have suffered for their misdeeds. The Protestant Succession and the Accession Oath are items in the net result. Now that full light and knowledge are available, "a most serious responsibility," amounting even to a scandal, would attach to those who, for the sake of private interests, allowed Holy Church to remain for a single instant under a false imputation. As I have cleared the English Catholics from any implication in the political intrigues of Parsons and his fellow-plotters, I consider that an impartial judge will say I have rendered a distinct service to Holy Church, whose priest I am. Your reviewer says my book will put a weapon into the hands of our anti-Catholic adversaries. I rather think they will regret the book; for it is now perfectly clear that the Church is not compromised by the Spanish intrigues of a mere handful of English Jesuits.

The interests of truth demand that the facts in the case of Father Parsons be faced without flinching. There should be no dust-throwing, or wrangling over obvious slips of the pen by the author of this history, but a calm discussion of the documents which he quotes in support of his contentions. If the charges against Father Parsons and his followers are sustained, the virtues of Campion, Southwell, Thomas Garnet and other contemporary members of the Order in England will seem all the more beautiful by contrast.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. Edited by F. S. Ellis. J. M. Dent & Co.; the Macmillan Co.

It is difficult to conceive more attractive books than the Temple Classics. In printing, binding, etc., the series is perfect. Each volume has an etched or photogravure frontispiece, and not a few of these pictures are of special interest and value. The work is under the general editorship of Israel Gollancz, M. A., and has maintained a lofty standard of excellence. Especially painstaking and thorough is the editing of Mr. F. S. Ellis in the "Legenda Aurea," of which there are seven volumes. Nothing could be more quaint and fascinating than this work, of which Caxton says in the colophon: "For like as gold passeth in value all other metals, so this legend exceedeth all other books, wherein be contained all the high and great feasts of Our Lord, the feasts of our Blessed Lady, the lives, passions, and miracles of many other saints, and other histories and acts, as all along hereafore is made mention." Besides

short lives of numerous saints, the concluding volume contains the History of the Mass and the Twelve Articles of the Faith. There is also an index of saints, patriarchs, festivals, etc., and a general index of the whole work.

Charming beyond description is the "noble history of the exposition of the Mass." A short extract will give the reader some idea of the great sweetness and powerful simplicity of the "Golden Legend." Could this explanation of the Lord's Prayer be improved upon?

After, the priest saith: *Oremus. Præcepti salutaribus moniti, etc.*; and here he inciteth us to honour and prayer, after the ensample of our Lord that taught his apostles, and therefore he saith: *Præcepti*; that is to say: We incite or admonish the commandments of salute and in form of divine instruction, worship we and heartily pray we: saying: *Pater noster, etc.* And so ensueth the *Pater noster*, which was made and instituted by our Lord Jesu Christ; for that same he commanded his apostles to say, and therefore it is called *Oratio dominica*, that is to say: Orison of our Lord. Therefore veritably here oweth the creature to say devoutly this same orison: *Pater noster*; and howbeit that our Lord knoweth well what is best for us, and what we will have, notwithstanding he will that both with heart and mouth we pray him for many reasons.

First, for to incite us to devotion and for all even so as the blowing embraseth or fryeth the coal, right so the orison said with heart and mouth enflameth the devotion. Secondly, for to give good ensample to others; for our Lord saith: *Luceat lux vestra coram hominibus ut videant, etc.*; that is to say: Let your light be shining tofore men, so that they may perceive and see your good works, not by hypocrisy ne simulating, but by right jealousy of devotion. Thirdly, for this, that all even so as we by the tongue sin, right so the devout orison ought to be made and said with tongue, to the end that we may make satisfaction to the king of heaven; for the Scripture saith: *Sicut enim exhibuistis membra vestra servire immunditatis, et iniquitati ad iniquitatem, ita nunc exhibete membra vestra servire iustitiæ in sanctificationem*; that is to say: As ye have given your members to felony and wickedness, or corruption, ye must so obey both to justice and sanctification. Fourthly, that thing which is demanded with good heart is of light granted. Of this petition or asking here, speaketh our sweet Saviour Jesu Christ in the holy Evangile, that saith thus: *Petite et dabitur vobis, etc.*; that is to say: My friends, ask you and ye shall have. And for this veritably every creature ought well to pray devoutly with good heart saying this devout orison, *Pater noster*, for the great mystery it containeth.

The mystery of this devout orison, *Pater noster*, is that it containeth seven petitions or askings. The first is of the eternal goods, that we may have them; and therefore saith he: *Pater noster qui es in cælis, sanctificetur nomen tuum*; that is as much for to say: The Father that art reigning in heaven thy sweet name be blessed. The second petition is of the goods spiritual that we may receive them, and therefore saith he: *Adveniat regnum tuum*; that is to say: May thy realm come to us, whereas we may see thee. The third petition is: *Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cælo et in terra*; that is to say: Over all may be thy will fulfilled and done, so that into heaven my soul be led. The fourth petition is: *Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie*;

and this petition here is demanded of the name of fortune, which is a gift of the Holy Ghost. And the asking is this: Lord, give us this day food, so that of thine we may have cure; that is to say that our Lord God will give us our living, so that for lack of it we not leave the service of God, whereof also we may part and deal to the poor folk, members of God. The fifth petition is: *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris*; that is to say: Pardon to us our misdeeds and faults, as we forgive others the misdeeds by them done to us. The sixth petition is: *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*; that is to say: And lead us not into temptation. And here is to be known that we be tempted principally of three things. The first is God, for to approve our power; secondly, our flesh, for to have our appetite and lust; thirdly is the enemy for to deceive us.

Of the first saith our Lord: *Beatus vir qui suffert tentationem, etc.*—Blessed is he that suffereth temptation in the tribulation that God sendeth; for if he be approved, in heaven he shall be crowned. Of the second temptation speaketh S. James and saith: *Unusquisque vero tentatur a concupiscentia sua, etc.*—Every one is oft tempted for to pursue his desires. Of the third saith the Scripture: *Sathanas tentavit cor tuum, etc.*—Satan hath made thee to fall in villainy. The seventh petition is: *Sed libera nos a malo*; that is as much for to say: Deliver us from all evil that letteth us for to love thee. After followeth: *Amen, hoc est fiat*; that is to say: The petitions before demanded be confirmed and granted. And here saith the priest: *Amen*, alow, for this, that they that pray know not that they be heard and enhanced, whereby they leave not to pray to God. For creatures devout ought ever to persevere in their prayers and orisons, to the end that they may have their petitions and askings, which are contained in the *Pater noster* as before is said.

The Wizard's Knot. By William Barry. The Century Co.

So few Catholic clergymen have sought distinction in the field of English fiction that a new novel by a priest is apt to be regarded by the Catholic reviewer as a literary event of more than ordinary interest. Especially is this the case when the priest is one who has already given such hostages to fame as "*The New Antigone*," "*The Two Standards*," and "*Arden Massiter*." Dr. Barry's new book is an Irish story, and a distinctly commonplace one. There is nothing of the trite or the stereotyped about the types of character that he has chosen to portray; nor is there anything of the hackneyed in the teeming incidents and adventures. The "smile and the tear" that so swiftly follow each other in real Irish life are inevitably in evidence; but the period of the story tends to the predominance of the tragic element. Incidentally, "*The Wizard's Knot*" is a forceful condemnation of the old-time Irish gentlemen-landlords, and of the inefficiency of the governing classes. Though interesting, well-knit, and artistic, the story will scarcely add a cubit to the literary stature which its reverend author has already attained.



If.

IF moths got in their trunks,
What would the poor trees do?
And if their leaves got dog's-eared,
Oh, wouldn't they feel blue!
And if rheumatics touched their arms,
How could they ever sway?
And if their bark got very loud,
How could we stand it, pray?
And if their roots were Latin ones,
With endings numerous,
I think we'd cut the friendly trees
With no ado or fuss.

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VIII.—THE "SUNNY MOZART."

IN the short life of one of the greatest masters of music there was almost every sort of trial, and yet he is known as the "sunny Mozart." He was born in the old town of Salzburg, Austria, when his sister Nannerl, gifted like himself, was four years old. Their father was violinist in the royal band and seems to have been both fond and proud of his clever little youngsters.

Wolfgang learned the theory of music from hearing him teach Nannerl, and when he was four astonished him with compositions which would have done honor to a "grown-up." When he was six and his sister ten they were taken on a concert tour, which set the whole world to talking. While at the court of Vienna, Wolfgang tripped on the polished floor and a beautiful princess picked him up. He was not scared and remarked: "Thank you! When I grow up I will

marry you."—"My son!" exclaimed the father, thinking that some disgrace would follow his boldness; but the lovely princess said he was "just sweet" and kissed him. She became in time Queen of France, and you know her as the unfortunate Marie Antoinette whom the revolutionists beheaded.

Happy years followed, filled with other concert tours, gifts from royalty, praise from musicians already great. "I have gold snuff-boxes enough to set up a shop," said the father; "but not much money." Wolfgang became ill, and as they could not eat snuff-boxes they went home again. Now we hear of the lad, shut up for a week by an archbishop who could not believe the wonderful stories he heard, triumphantly writing an oratorio in those seven days, and then catching the small-pox in Vienna, and afterward being rudely hissed off the stage by jealous rivals. But there were beautiful memories of his travels stowed away in his heart; and we love to think how the priest of the church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg engraved upon the organ "Wonder of God," after the little boy from Salzburg played upon it.

At last Papa Mozart contrived to save a little money, and together they went to Italy. His son's reputation had gone before him, and great crowds flocked to hear him play. At Naples they declared that there was magic in a ring he wore; he had to take it off and play without it before they would think otherwise. At Rome he did a wonderful thing. No one was allowed to copy the score of Allegri's *Miserere*, which was always rendered in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week; but young Mozart heard it

sung and wrote it out from memory. The Pope made him, in spite of this liberty, one of the Order of the Golden Spur. "Fancy how I laugh," wrote the father, "to hear my boy called *Signor Cavaliere!*" Wolfgang, too, wrote to his mother. "I saluted the foot of St. Peter," he said; "but was so short I had to be lifted up." He was fourteen years old at that time.

When he was twenty-one he set out on another long trip; but this time it was his mother who went with him, as the father could not be spared from the royal band. As for Wolfgang, he had not much to lose, his salary in Salzburg having been but five dollars and a quarter a year! So he and his mother set out, to find that fortune had deserted them. A prince gave Mozart a gold watch, it is true; "but," he wrote, "I need a little money so much, and I have five watches."

In Paris his mother died, very likely from overwork and worry. They had been obliged to live in a cold, dark little room, upon the most meagre fare; for pupils were slow in coming, and did not pay well when they did come, and people seemed to tire of hearing the young Austrian play. They could not understand so great a genius. After a while he returned to Vienna, where he was in the suite of the Archbishop, treated like a servant, and sitting at the table with the cooks.

At this time he fell in love and married, and had nothing to look forward to but poverty. The first time he went to visit his father after his marriage he was arrested for a debt of fifteen dollars just as he was entering the carriage! His life after this has been compared to a torch burning out. Poverty, work, suffering,—these were what it was made of. In due time there were six children and a sick wife to provide for, and the money coming in tiny bits that could

not keep the wolf of Want away. Often, while working at his immortal compositions after midnight, the "sunny Mozart" would faint quite away. His publishers said: "Write something light, something that will be popular." But he would not, for he could not. "It appears that I must starve," he said. He was in such distress that more than once, the fuel being gone, he and his wife were found waltzing to keep warm.

Toward the last of his life a sombre-looking stranger called and asked him to write a Requiem, promising him fifty dollars for it. "I am writing it for myself," he told his wife. He worked at it as he lay in bed, and the day before he died sang the alto, some friends taking the other parts. When he was dying he was offered a position as organist at the cathedral, but it was too late.

As his friends were taking him to the churchyard there came up so violent a storm that they turned back, and the sexton was the only one who went with him to the grave. When his last resting-place was sought, the blundering fellow had forgotten where it was; so to this day no one knows just where the body of the "sunny Mozart" awaits the Resurrection morning.

Pagodas.

The quaint and often artistic buildings which we call pagodas fairly dot the surface of every part of China. They have two uses—namely, to commemorate the virtues of the departed, and to act as propitiatory offerings to "feng shut," the genius or spirit of good and evil. Pagodas are of all sizes, the smaller ones being little more than roadside shrines; while the celebrated porcelain pagoda of Nanking, destroyed in the Taiping rebellion, was 261 feet in height. This was built of masonry and covered with beautiful glazed tiles of many colors.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXI.—FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"Who?—what to do?" whispered the terrified Fat-ou-Lung, his eyes bulging from his head, his yellow countenance grown ashen.

"Tell the captain, of course; and then go down there quick and investigate," replied the carpenter.

"You, mebbe," responded the cook,—
"mebbe you,—no me. Me affraid to go down. Me no good climber."

The carpenter laughed.

"No, Fat," he said. "It will take a brisker and more agile fellow than you to get down there. As for me, my eyes are not so good as they once were, or I shouldn't mind it a bit."

"Take two," said the cook. "One no able pull up oder man ffrom dat hole. How get down dere, do you t'ink?"

"I don't know. You ought to be in a position to explain that better than anybody else. These are your quarters. Maybe it is some Chinaman, some friend of yours, that wanted to make the trip, thought he would hide in a closet till we were well under way, opened the door and so tumbled in."

He looked at the cook quizzically as he spoke. But the poor man, as is ordinarily the case with his countrymen, could not take a joke.

"No, no!" he exclaimed vehemently, spreading out his arms and slapping them together on his breast as he spoke. "No, no! Me no got such fliends like dat. Me lespectable man, all my fliends lespectable men. No come to take tlip like dat, Mr. Bundy. No Chinaman down dere, me t'ink. If Chinaman, no fliend of Fat-ou-Lung."

"Well, we'll soon see," said Mr. Bundy. "Now, I must tell the captain or the

mate about that poor creature there, and we'll have to see about getting him up."

He went away, the Chinaman standing at the door of the gallery. He returned in a few moments with the second mate and a couple of sailors. The groans, though weak, could now be plainly heard by all present.

"Sounds like a child's voice," said one of the sailors. "Don't you think so, Bob?" addressing his companion.

"Might be a dog," said the other.

"Shocks! It's a human voice. We'd best see how to get at the poor fellow as soon as we can."

"Bet it's a China boy," said the sailor, looking at Fat. "Bet it's a friend of yours trying to smuggle in. If it is, the captain'll give you partic'lar fits."

"No fliend to me!" said the cook in terror. "Gen'lemen, he no fliend to me. If China boy found dere, some fliend to oder cook mebbe, no to me."

He would have left the gallery but the carpenter detained him.

"Stay here, Fat," he said. "We may need you. Don't mind what we say: it is all a joke. No one believes that any friend of yours has fallen down there. Chinamen don't take ship in that way; at least, I've never seen it."

The men had brought a coil of thick rope along with them. Peering into the darkness beneath them, the younger of the two sailors said:

"'Tain't no use to try and get two of us down. There ain't no need neither. Fasten the rope about me, under my arms, and let me down. I can easily swing clear of the beams if you give me a bit of a candle. I can navigate with one hand, while I hold the candle in the other."

Accordingly they began to tie the rope about him; while the carpenter, a very cautious man, said:

"Have a care, Tom, what you do with

the candle. There may be some straw or other inflammable stuff below."

"Don't worry!" said Tom. "I shan't do any mischief."

Fat lit a candle and gave it to the sailor, who by this time was ready to descend. Sitting on the edges of the projecting beam, he swung his legs over the opening.

"Mebbe it's dangerous," said the other sailor. "Smells kind of musty."

"Somebody's been alive down there for twenty-four hours or so," replied Tom. "Guess I won't take any hurt."

They lowered the rope in silence. The sailor swung from side to side, steering clear of heavy beams with one hand, and making a small area of light with the candle, as he went farther and farther into the depths. Then the strain upon the rope grew less tense.

"Bottom!" he cried, and his voice sounded sepulchral.

"Good air?" queried the carpenter.

"Good enough," was the answer. "There's a couple of small openings just here. It's damp, though."

In a few moments, which seemed much longer to those above, there was complete silence save for the faint echoes which came up as the sailor groped about, seeking for the object he had gone down to discover. Then they heard an exclamation, and Tom called out:

"Let down some rope and I'll tie it round him. I can haul him up easy."

"Who is it?—what is it?" asked the carpenter, as he lowered a heavy rope. "You'll see soon enough."

They could see the faint glimmer of the candle, steady now, as though it had been placed on the ground. After some further delay he called out:

"I can take him easy on my arm."

"Must be a child," said the mate.

At these words Fat shrunk back from the group. A terrible possibility had occurred to him. He remembered the

sudden and absolute disappearance of the boy the day before, that it was but a short time after when the carpenter had discovered the open door, and he began to feel a certainty that the poor little fellow for whose departure he had failed to account was the one who had been moaning below. Fearful that some blame might attach to him for the occurrence, and filled with genuine regret that the unfortunate accident should have taken place, he leaned against the wall almost in a state of collapse.

"Haul up, haul up,—slow but steady!" came from below, where now all was darkness. Tom had extinguished the candle, and all must be done from the sense of feeling.

"Slow, slow!—steady, steady!—gently, gently!" And the voice grew nearer and nearer, while the strain upon the cable became greater. The top of Tom's crisp, curly pate now became visible, followed by his broad shoulders; then a limp, blood-stained head dangling from his arm. But in another instant his burden was taken from him and Tom stepped on the floor of the room. Before they untied the rope from under his arms the kind-hearted sailor, bending, laid his ear to the breast of the almost inanimate body. It was that of a boy, apparently dead. His neat gray clothes were covered with dust and blood, his eyes were closed, his arms outstretched where they had laid him.

"He's dead," observed the carpenter, shaking his head.

"No, he's living," rejoined Tom, lifting his head from the body. "His heart's beating—faint, but surely beating. Fat, run get a drop of brandy and water! Run as fast as you can!"

But Fat had already prepared the restorative at first sight of the pitiful burthen. His wits had returned to him; he was now ready for all emergencies. Placing his arm about the boy's

shoulders, he gently lifted his head while Tom placed a spoon containing a few drops of the cordial between the shut lips. This he did two or three times until there was an effort to swallow. Then the eyes opened, and the moans, by which his presence had been revealed to his fellow-creatures above, began to recur at almost regular intervals. At this instant a handsome man, with iron-gray hair, stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"A boy, sir,—a lad about twelve or thirteen years old," said the mate.

The captain approached.

"He is not dead?" he said, bending over the body.

"No, sir," replied the carpenter. "He's quite alive just now. When we first got him up we thought he *was* dead."

"Take him to Mr. Pindar's cabin," said the captain. (Mr. Pindar had been a passenger on the ship, and, somehow, the cabin he had occupied always went by his name.)

They lifted the boy and bore him to the cabin, a cosy place, next to the captain's quarters.

A boy and girl were standing near the door. They had heard some news of the accident and were curious to learn what had happened. They were Arthur and Louise, the captain's children, making their first voyage to Australia with their father. From the conversation of those about them they had gathered that some one, probably a tramp, had hidden in an unused closet from which the flooring had been removed; and falling into the aperture, had been discovered by his groans. As the sailors carried the almost lifeless body of the boy to the cabin which had been prepared for it, the children looked at each other in amazement.

"Why are they bringing him here—so close to our cabin?" asked Louise of her brother. "Isn't it strange they don't

take the man to the sailors' quarters?"

"Perhaps it is not a man at all,—maybe it is a woman," said Arthur.

"A woman! Oh, that would be much worse! Fancy a tramp woman put next to us like that!"

"Well, it must have been by father's orders that they are putting him—or her, whichever it is—in that cabin," said Arthur. "It's all right if he says so."

"Yes. But, Arthur, don't you think we have a *great* many adventures?"

"Adventures! Yes," said her brother. "But this is not *our* adventure, Louise: it's some other poor fellow's."

"Arthur!" said his sister in a loud and astonished whisper,— "Arthur, look there! Mr. Verden is carrying him, and it's a boy!"

Arthur edged nearer the advancing group, while Louise hung back, though she was full of curiosity.

The bearers went into the cabin. The first mate had considerable knowledge of medicine: he had once thought of being a doctor. He followed the group, carrying a couple of bottles and a small case of surgical instruments.

"It is a boy," said Arthur,— "such a nice boy, Louise: with dark brown curly hair and nice clothes. He has a pretty red necktie and a pink and white shirt. I can't think how he came to be there in that dreadful hole, Louise."

The captain appeared at the door of the cabin.

"Go away, children dear!" he said, somewhat brusquely. "I will come out to you as soon as I can and tell you all I know," he continued, as they obeyed him rather slowly.

They had been on deck about ten minutes, their minds full of conjectures, when their father appeared and took a seat between them.

"Well, our patient is quiet for the present," he said. "Mr. Verden thinks he will sleep naturally now. He has

given him something. His skull is not fractured, after all."

"O father!" cried the girl, nestling close up to him, "who is he and how did he come on board?"

"No one can tell," said the captain. "He is evidently the son of well-to-do people. His clothes are good and clean; he has a handsome and intelligent face; one can see from his hands that he has never worked. But here he is, and here he must stay till we get to the other side of the world,—unless he dies in the meantime, which well may happen."

"How dreadful!" said Louise. "And all the time his father and mother will not know what has become of him. Do you think they gave him leave to come on board and see the ship, father? If they did they might possibly guess that he is here."

"They never would," said Arthur. "A nice boy like that! They would know he would never stay on board."

"It is a great pity," said the captain; "a great pity. And he may never recover consciousness, as it is."

"Is he out of his mind?" asked Arthur.

"He is in a stupor from the blow on his head," said Captain Wilde.

"If we should meet a ship, we could put him on board and send him back, couldn't we?" asked Arthur.

"That is not likely to happen," said the captain. "We may not meet one during the whole voyage."

"That will be kind of lonesome," said Louise. "I thought we should meet lots of them."

"Not at this season of the year," rejoined her father. "They are all, or nearly all, going our way at this time."

The second mate now appeared, and said that just before they set out two or three of the sailors had seen a boy answering to the description of the one that had been rescued. "He was with Fat, they said," continued the man.

"With Fat!" exclaimed the captain. "Send him to me at once."

In a few moments Fat was standing before his inquisitorial captain.

"Do you know anything about the boy, Fat?" said Captain Wilde. "Don't be frightened. Tell what you know."

The man's lips were twitching, his hands nervously interlacing each other, as he answered:

"Yes, sir, me know somet'ing. Ickee boy come down to wharf and me ask him to see ship. Fust say no, too late; and den he went away. Den come back again, look at him watch and say he will come on board. Me takee him all lound. When it dinner-time me say 'good-bye!' But fust me go and get him ickee plesent. When me come back him gone. Den me forget all about him."

"Where did you leave him?" inquired the captain.

"In ickee kitchen in gallery."

"Ah! that explains it," rejoined the captain. "He leaned against the wall, not seeing the door; it yielded and he fell. Did you hear his name, Fat?"

"No, sir: no tell him name," said the Chinaman. "Never see dat ickee boy before dat morning—"

"Very well; I believe you. You may go," said the captain.

And Fat-ou-Lung, his mind relieved, went blithely to his own quarters.

The captain and his children sat for some time longer on deck, the sole topic of their conversation and theories and speculations being poor Robbie, who lay close to them on the other side of the wall, in the deep slumber produced by a soothing draught.

(To be continued.)

THE Pythagoreans had a peculiar way of learning to curb their appetites. They would prepare a great feast, gaze upon it, then go and dine upon the most coarse and common viands.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death of Dr. Stubbs, the Anglican bishop of Oxford, is announced. He was a tireless worker in historical research, and his writings were minutely accurate rather than picturesque. His most ambitious effort was his "Constitutional History of England," and to Catholics his most interesting work was his "Materials for the Life of St. Dunstan."

—"Before the Most Holy" is a series of reflections and devotional exercises arranged for use at the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and has all the earnestness which is characteristic of the writer, Mother Mary Loyola. Father Thurston, S. J., edited the little work, which is published in neat and handy form by Sands & Co., of whose publications B. Herder is the American agent.

—There is, we feel sure, a cordial welcome awaiting *The Catholic School Journal*, of Milwaukee, Wis., the earliest issues of which have just reached us. Our best teachers have long felt the need of a wide-awake journal devoted to their special vocation, in which methods, plans and purposes may be discussed, and from which Catholic teachers may learn what is going on in the educational world. The new journal is edited with considerable skill, and, because of the limited public to which it appeals, deserves all the more enthusiastic support from zealous and progressive teachers.

—Travellers in what is rather indefinitely known as the Great Northwest are under many obligations to Mr. Charles S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific Railway Co. His annual guide-books are things of beauty and a joy for the summer months. "Wonderland 1901," the publication for this year, is in no wise inferior to its predecessors, being filled with really valuable information and embellished with charming illustrations of various kinds. Most guide-books are as dull as dictionaries, but the publications issued under the supervision of the genial passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Co. are notable exceptions. "Wonderland 1901" is a production of which Mr. Fee may well feel proud.

—The Rev. Mr. de Gruchy, a Canadian author who has passed the threescore and ten limit assigned to man, has not yet lived long enough to learn Christian charity or to put in practice the Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not calumniate thy neighbor." He published a book recently, sent a copy for review to the Montreal *Star*, and, having waited in vain for a published notice,

forwarded an expostulatory note to the paper's literary critic, Mr. George Murray, the scholarly editor of the *Star's* "Notes and Queries." And now the venerable Mr. de Gruchy is sincerely wishing he hadn't. Mr. Murray reviews the book, declares the author's English to be beneath notice, and denounces the anti-Catholic venom that distinguishes it.

—The venerable Mr. Spofford, librarian emeritus of Congress, has published "A Book for all Readers," which we may describe as a very bookish book. Among the good things and true which Mr. Spofford expresses is the opinion that "the main business of a librarian is not the accumulation and circulation of books, but the acquisition of the best only of general literature, and of all of local literature." Another bit of wisdom is his warning that reading is not the chief end of man, and that it is better not to read at all than to read bad books. Every fool knows this but only the wise few realize it. A third admonition of the veteran librarian is that it is better to read a good old book thrice than to read three new books once, since "the really important books bear a small proportion to the mass; for most books are but repetitions, in a different form, of what has been already many times written and printed."

—The always readable William Archer reports for the *Critic* a conversation with Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), in which that very clever woman says:

Has it ever struck you that the Church of Rome, which alone among the churches of Western Europe enjoins and enforces continual examinations of conscience, is the real creator of modern analytical fiction? The Fathers of the Church are the fathers of psychology. St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard and Abelard [*sic*],—where will you find subtler soul-searching than in their writings?

At this stage Mr. Archer reminds Mrs. Craigie that she is speaking "not only to a heretic but to an ignoramus," who had not even read Newman, much less the Fathers of the Church. The conversation is continued in this way:

Mrs. Craigie. Why, surely it is manifest. Analytic fiction has always arisen and flourished in the neighborhood of the confessional. Look at Racine, that exquisite psychologist,—was he not a pupil of the Port Royal? And does not the modern analytic novel take its origin in France, among men who, though some of them rejected Catholicism, one and all sprang from Catholic surroundings and were familiar with the theory and practice of confession? Look at Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Bourget, Renan,—all products of Catholicism, even if some of them fell away from the fold. And remember that Russia, the country of Turgeneff, Dostoyevsky,

Tolstoy, is also a country of the confessional. Why, it stands to reason—no Protestant searches his conscience, or habitually weighs his actions and scrutinizes their motives, as every Catholic must. Believe me, the analytic fiction of Protestants has always taken its analytic bent under Catholic influence.

W. A. I think I could name one or two exceptions to the rule. I don't see what Catholic influence stimulated the genius of that sturdy Protestant Samuel Richardson, or, indeed, of Jane Austen. And, for that matter, what do you make of Shakespeare?

Mrs. Craigie. My strongest case in point! He may or may not have been a Catholic himself (I think there is a very strong probability that he was); but at all events it is beyond dispute that he perfectly understood Catholicism, and was familiar with its rites and practices. Look at "Romeo and Juliet," for instance,—the relation between Juliet and Friar Lawrence, and between Romeo and the Friar, is the relation between penitent and confessor, quite accurately portrayed. And see how Shakespeare has carefully eliminated the anti-Catholic bias of the man from whom he borrowed the theme—what was his name?

W. A. Arthur Brooke, I think.

Mrs. Craigie. — who declares that he tells the story as an awful warning against the practice of "conferring with superstitious friars." Believe me, Shakespeare knew all about the confessional.

Finally Mrs. Craigie declines Mr. Archer's invitation—he is one of the most authoritative critics of the English drama—to write a religious play, on the ground that "the managers would not look at it."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Elthe'ed L. Taunton.* \$5, net.

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in hands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Rosenberg, of the Diocese of Cleveland; and the Rev. Joseph Le Halle, S. J.

Sister Simeon, of the Sisters of Charity of Providence; Sister M. Scholastica, Sisters of St. Mary; and Sister M. De Chantal, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. John B. Scheid, of Fresno, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Metzger, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. M. F. Buckley, Sr., Mrs. Anne Wade, and Mrs. L. J. Jourden, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. M. Hagan, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. Donald McDonald, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. D. Fitzpatrick, Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. F. Wilson, Lehigh, Italy; Mr. Hugh Barrett and Mrs. E. Griffith, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. B. A. Cox, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Patrick Deaveny, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. William H. Wood, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Catherine McKeown, Paterson, N. J.; Mr. Thomas McGuinness and Miss Mary Flanigan, Newark, Ohio; Mr. C. M. Luby, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. Jane Mason, Whitaker, Mich.; Mr. J. F. Dougher, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mr. J. P. Kavanagh, Denver, Colo.; Mr. James Levins, Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Claffey, Bertrand, Mich.; Mr. Cornelius Delaney, S. Boston, Mass.; and Mr. F. H. Vandeboom, Marquette, Mich.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

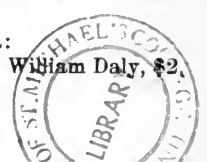
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VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

(COME, HOLY GHOST.)

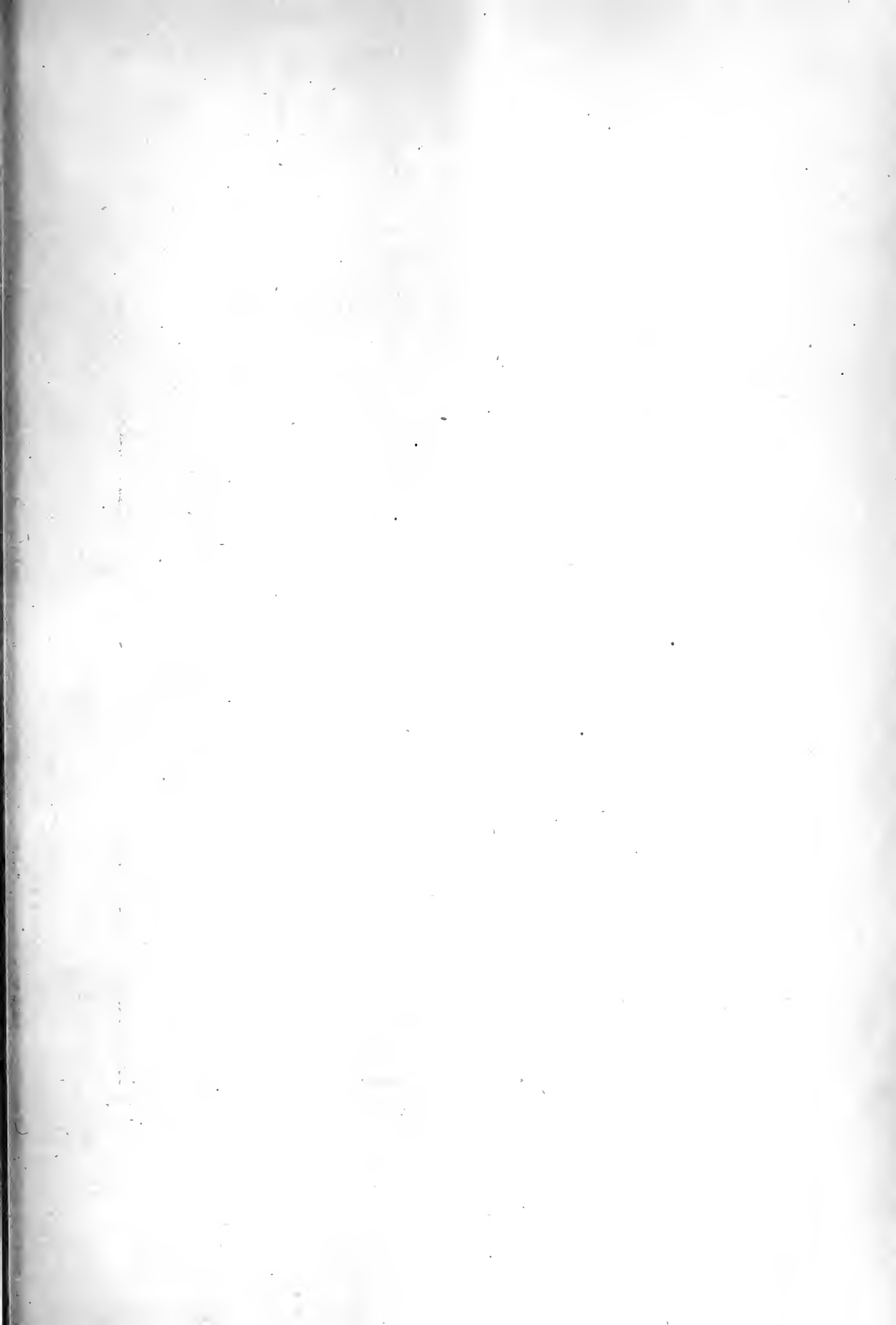
REV. H. G. GANSS.

Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta,
 De - o Pa - tri sit glo - ri - a Et Fi - li - o qui a mor - tu - is
 Come, Holy Ghost, cre-a-tor blest, And in our hearts take up Thy rest;
 Praise we the Fa-ther and the Son, And Ho-ly Spir-it with them One,

Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a, Quæ tu cre - as - ti pec - to - ra.
 Qui di - ce - ris Pa - ra - cli - tus, Al - tis - si - mi do - num De - i:
 Come with Thy gifts and heav'nly grace, To fill the souls which Thou hast made.
 And may the Son on us be stow The gifts that from the Spir-it flow.

Qui di - ce - ris Pa - ra - cli - tus, Al - tis - si - mi do - num De - i:
 O Comfort - er, to Thee we cry; Thou heav'nly Gift of God most High;

Fons vi - vus, ig - nis, cha - ri - tas, Et spi - ri - ta - lis unc - ti - o.
 Thou Fount of life and Fire of love, And sweet a - noint-ing from a - bove





A MYSTERY OF FAITH.
(Leonardo da Vinci.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

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At the Altar's Foot.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

IN the twilight, as I kneel,
Heavenly thoughts around me steal;
In the silence, all alone
Save for Jesus on His throne
And the worries of the day
All dissolve and fade away.

At the altar's foot I lay
Every burthen of the day,
With its failures and its fears,
With its trials and its tears,—
Deeds repented, deeds undone
From the rise to set of sun.

Enmity and bitter thought
Into kindly patience wrought;
Doubt, temptation, anguish, care,
Vacillation and despair,
To the altar's foot I bring,
To the mercy of the King.

Even sorrow may grow sweet,
Meekly borne at Jesus' feet;
Stings of tribulation cease
In the shadow of His peace;
So my burthen every day
At the altar's foot I lay.

EVE was the thorn, Mary came forth
as the rose. Eve was the thorn whose
pride brought death to all, but Mary
was the rose diffusing the sweet odor of
eternal salvation to all.—*St. Bernard.*

THERE is no one now living who does
not owe a clear and definite answer to
the question, Where do you wish and
expect to go when you die?—*Henry
Van Dyke.*

The Asperges.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



PURIFICATION by means of
water before the oblation of
sacrifice can not be said to be
the institution of the Catholic
Church. Far back, among the ritual
ordinances of the ancient people of God,
we read of the laver of brass placed
between the tabernacle and the altar.
Here the high-priest and his assistants
washed hands and feet before presuming
to offer incense on the altar of the
Most High God.*

Not unfrequently, in temple worship,
the typical blood of the sacrificial victim
was mingled with the water for asper-
sion, as were also the ashes remaining
from the sacrifice. The familiar verse
of the fifty-first psalm, "Thou shalt
sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be
cleansed," is an allusion to the well-
known practice of Jewish ritual.† The
wish to be free from defilement before
approaching the next solemn act of
worship has possessed the mind of the
pagan as well as that of the true
believer; hence the water for purifica-
tion placed in the courts of heathen
temples, and hence the *lustral* water of
ancient Rome.

* Exod., xxx, 18.

† Hyssop is a herb, a branch of which was
specially chosen for sprinkling with, on account
of its succulent nature.

It is not difficult to understand how the Christian Church at an early period would readily adopt the use of water, apart from baptism, in connection with her liturgical observances. For water being employed in the removal of exterior defilement is eminently symbolical of a spiritual purification. Its meaning when thus used would be both obvious and impressive even to the most uncultured mind.*

As is the case with many other ceremonial customs, it is not easy to determine when and by whom the use of holy water was introduced into Catholic ritual. That this must have taken place at a very early period may be gathered from the fact that some writers have unhesitatingly attributed its institution to the Apostles themselves. Be this as it may, we possess exceedingly ancient testimony for its use among Catholics, both in the East and in the West. It is not improbable that we have related by Eusebius the historian the beginning of a custom, which grew to be universal in later times, of sprinkling oneself with water before entering the church to assist at the holy mysteries. Eusebius, in describing the dedication of the Church of Tyre, A. D. 314, makes special mention of the fountains of water provided in the outer courts of that basilica for the ablution of the hands of the faithful who entered the sacred building.† St. Paulinus of Nola (393) gives in one of his epistles a description of a basin (*cantharus*) in the court of a church which had been built by himself. He says: "With its ministering streams it washes the hands of those who enter."‡ And the same writer tells of a similar basin provided in the atrium of the Basilica of St. Peter at

Rome.* St. John Chrysostom mentions it as a custom that fountains were placed in the courts of houses of prayer, that they who were going to pray to God might first wash their hands and so lift them up in prayer.†

The same century that witnessed the dedication of the Church of Tyre has, in all probability, left us in the famous book of "Apostolic Constitutions" the primitive form for the blessing of water destined to be used by the faithful. The bishop is directed to bless the water; and in his absence it is to be hallowed by a priest in presence of the deacon. The prayer used on the occasion is precise and clear; God is supplicated to sanctify the water, to give it virtue to bestow health, expel diseases, and put evil spirits to flight, through Christ our Lord.‡

It is not improbable that as churches were multiplied, and the providing of running fountains became impracticable, basins of water would be substituted for the fountains at the entrance of sacred buildings; and as the efficacy of water hallowed by the Church became more and more known, it is lawful to conjecture that a blessing would not unfrequently be imparted to the water provided for the symbolical sprinkling. This would seem to explain the origin of a custom which has been familiar to Catholics from almost primitive ages.

That God has answered the powerful prayers of the Church, and so wrought

* Ep. ad Pammach, xiii, 13 (ed. Migne). It is noteworthy that fountains of running water are still to be seen before the Basilica of St. Peter.

† Christian Antiq., Smith.

‡ Lib. viii, c. 29. On May 3 the Roman Breviary asserts that St. Alexander, P. M. (A. D. 119), decreed "that blessed water mingled with salt should be always kept in churches and dwelling-places, to drive away evil spirits." But the authorship of the decree is now disputed; it doubtless refers to a very ancient custom of the Roman Church. Tertullian, in his Treatise on Prayer, 2d chapter, alludes to washing before prayer.

* St. Paul says: "I will that men pray in every place, lifting up pure hands." (I Tim., ii, 8.)

† H. E. Lib. 10. c. 4.

‡ Ep. ad Severum, xxxii, 15 (ed. Migne).

wonders through the instrumentality of blessed water, is sufficiently corroborated in the pages of ecclesiastical history. Here it is a sick man who is restored to health, there an insane person gains the use of reason; on another occasion the evil spirit is driven from possessed persons or places,—all of which miracles prove the efficacy of blessings imparted to material objects. On behalf of those who may be inclined to carp at such marvels, it may be explained that God has acted in a similar way even under the ancient dispensation; Eliseus, for example, as it is recorded in the Fourth Book of Kings (chapter ii), cast salt into the waters of Jericho, and henceforth they were made sweet. And a second time (chapter iv), by the casting of meal into pottage of a poisonous herb, the food was rendered wholesome. Numbers of similar instances will occur to those familiar with Sacred Scripture.

We have seen already that the Apostolical Constitutions contemplate these supernatural effects in the very form laid down for the benediction, but it may not be inappropriate here to mention the reasons why the Church makes use of such blessings. At the fall of our first parents the whole material world came under the power of the devil; this power is destroyed by the blessing of the Church through the merits of Christ's passion and death. Blessed water, blessed salt, ashes, and other similar objects, do not of themselves produce supernatural effects; but these are brought about by the operation of God's goodness in answer to the prayers offered by the Church, and depend greatly upon the faith and confidence of those who make use of such pious objects.*

In speaking of holy water in partic-

ular, it must be borne in mind that there are several kinds of blessed water used in the Catholic Church. The water destined for the Sacrament of Baptism holds the first place. It receives a solemn benediction twice each year—namely, on the vigils of Easter and Pentecost, these being the two days set apart originally for the public administration of baptism. On both occasions the blessing takes place immediately after the lessons, responsories and prayers which constituted in former times the chief part of the vigil service. A procession is formed to the baptistery, at the head of which is borne aloft the Paschal Candle, typical of the pillar of fire which led the children of Israel by night on their journey through the desert to the banks of the Red Sea. On the way to the font the choir chants the tract, *Sicut cervus desiderat*, etc. ("As the stag panteth after the water springs.") These verses of the psalm are chosen as applicable to the Sacrament of Baptism. On arriving at the font, the water is blessed, the form being embodied in the ancient Eucharistic prayer usually called a *preface*. This prayer is redolent with the spirit of the primitive ages, and is interspersed with several symbolic rites, such as breathing on the water thrice, an effusion of water toward the four quarters of the earth, the dipping of the Paschal Candle into the water,—all being deeply significant and deserving of careful attention.

At the close of this solemn consecration and before the infusion of the holy oil, some of the water is taken from the font for use among the faithful; a portion of this is at once sprinkled over those present, to remind them of their own spiritual regeneration, and the remainder is often carried away by devout Catholics to be used in their private dwellings.

A second form for blessing water is

* These are usually termed *sacramentals* to distinguish them from *sacraments*, which have in themselves the power of giving grace.

prescribed to be used at the consecration of a church and an altar.* Wine, typical of the Divinity; salt, typical of the wisdom of the divine law; and ashes, typical of the sacred passion, are blessed and mingled with the water, which of itself is symbolical of the sacred humanity.†

Among the Orientals there takes place a solemn blessing of water on the Feast of the Epiphany, to commemorate the baptism of Christ celebrated on that day. The devout preserve this water in their houses during the entire year, and it is a practice which existed before the time of St. John Chrysostom.‡

But to return to the ordinary holy water. The value the Church sets on its effects may be gathered from the constant use she makes of it. Almost every blessing is accompanied with its aspersion; it is placed at the doors of churches, that all on entering may sprinkle themselves with it; the faithful are, moreover, encouraged to keep it in their dwellings;§ and, finally, the Sovereign Pontiff has granted an indulgence of one hundred days to all who make the Sign of the Cross with it on their persons, at the same time invoking the Most Holy Trinity.

It may be profitable to call attention to the form prescribed for blessing ordinary holy water. This form is to be found in the *Rituale Romanum* and

* To be found in the *Pontificale Romanum*. It is often called "Gregorian Water," after Pope Gregory IX., who ordained its use. An aspersion of water on a church to be dedicated is mentioned in a letter of Pope Vigilius to Profuturus of Braga (A. D. 538). Vid. *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, by Duchesne.

† According to the interpretation of Durandus.

‡ Christian Antiq., Smith.

§ Hincmar of Rheims (ninth century) says it is permitted to all to carry away the blessed water in their own clean vessels, and to sprinkle it over their dwellings and fields and vineyards; over their cattle also and their provender, and likewise over their own meat and drink. (*Christ. Antiq.*)

also in the Missal. In the exorcism* of the salt the priest declares that he exorcises it "by the Living God, the True God, the Holy God, by the God who commanded the Prophet Eliseus to cast salt into water for its purification"; that those who use it may enjoy health of soul and body; that all illusions and deceits of the evil spirit may depart from the places where it shall be sprinkled, through Him who is to come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. This manner of concluding an exorcism is almost invariable; for it is asserted, as a reason, that the devils fear nothing so much as the judgment of God. The prayer of blessing which follows the exorcism asks of God that the salt may be sanctified for the bestowing of health of mind and body, and that whatsoever is touched or sprinkled with it may be freed from all uncleanness and from the attacks of the spirit of wickedness.

After the blessing of the salt there follow the exorcism and blessing of the water. The water is exorcised in the name of the Trinity. In the subsequent blessing, the Church implores that its sprinkling may expel the demon, cure diseases, free dwellings from all that is harmful, and dispel plagues and noxious infections. Then is subjoined a triple mingling of the salt with the water, in the name of the Blessed Trinity. This mingling is full of symbolism; for as the property of water is to purify, the property of salt is to preserve,—this sacramental should therefore help to wash away sin and preserve those who use it from future falls. Salt, again, by its bitterness is expressive of penance, without which there is no remission of

* An exorcism differs from a blessing, inasmuch as the former is directed to the banishing of the evil spirit and destroying his influence, while the latter is intended to draw down grace from God upon those who use the object in the spirit of faith.

sin. After the mixing of the salt and water, a final prayer of benediction concludes the simple rite.

The Missal directs that an aspersion of the blessed water should be made before the principal Mass on Sundays. This aspersion is a ceremony which is surrounded with interest, and is one of the most solemn authorized to be made with holy water. It is, moreover, a rite which claims an antiquity of at least a thousand years. St. Leo IV., who governed the Church from the year 847 to 855, enjoined that water should be blessed every Sunday before Mass, in order that the people might be aspersed; and a special vessel was to be set apart for this purpose.*

The Sunday *Asperges*, as we have it now, is substantially the same as it was at the beginning of the ninth century; although in minor details considerable diversity existed before the rubrics of the Missal were finally fixed at the time of the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century. To understand what some of these variations were it may be of interest to follow the ceremonial connected with the blessing and the aspersion of holy water in Anglo-Saxon times. The rite is explained in the Sarum service-books which have come down to us.

Had we been present on a Sunday morning in one of our large parish churches, before the change of religion, we should have witnessed a rather elaborate rite. Previous to the chanting of underrn-song, or Tierce, the priest whose duty it was to sing Mass proceeded to bless the salt and water destined to be used in the aspersion and procession which was to follow. Accompanied by the deacon and sub-deacon, the latter bearing the Book of the Gospels, the celebrant placed himself

at the foot of the steps which divided the chancel from the sanctuary, and here he hallowed the water with the prayers and exorcisms still familiar to all our clergy. The thurifer was required to be present with his censer, the acolytes with their burning tapers, while the cross-bearer held aloft the crucifix. Each of these ministers was vested in amice and apparelled alb.* The priest himself wore a silken cope.

The blessing having been completed, the celebrant sprinkled the altar, the sacred ministers, and such of the clergy and laity as might happen to be in or near the chancel; concluding with the familiar *Ostende nobis* and the prayer *Exaudi nos*, still in use. A procession was then formed, and as the priest and his ministers wended their way, holy water was sprinkled as the rubrics directed. Sometimes this procession passed into the cemetery. In monasteries it made its way through the cloisters, on which occasions benedictions were pronounced in those portions known as *loca regularia*—viz., the chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, infirmary, kitchen, store-house, and hospice.† On solemn days, sacred relics in glittering shrines and costly banners added splendor and dignity to the procession. The chanting of responsories, antiphons and proses was kept up by the cantors and others whose powers rendered them capable of executing this duty.

Before the procession re-entered the chancel for the singing of Tierce and Solemn Mass, a halt, or "station," was made; this usually took place before a

* Apparels are rich ornaments of silk or embroidery sewn on the amice and on the sleeves and lower parts of the alb; being five in number, they typify the Five Wounds.

† This *lustratio* is still maintained on the first Sunday of Advent in many Benedictine monasteries. The procession, according to Le Brun, was in use in the sixth century. Vid. Rule of St. Cesarius of Arles.

* Martene, De Antiq. Eccl. Rit. c. ix. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," the works of Dom Martene.

sacred shrine, not unfrequently in the nave before the great Rood standing high over the screen which guarded the entrance to the chancel. At the "station" some appropriate antiphon was sung, or the "bidding prayer" recited; then the procession entered through the gates of the rood-screen, and the office of Tierce was begun; meanwhile the priest and his ministers went to the sacristy and vested for Mass.*

By means of these mystic rites our Catholic forefathers prepared themselves for assisting at the celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass. All understood full well that Sunday was the Church's weekly feast of Our Lord's Resurrection. The blessing of the water and the sprinkling that followed reminded them of that great sacrament of regeneration which has always held so intimate a connection with the Paschal feast. The procession which followed, and which was, in a sense, the continuation of the aspersion, brought to their minds the passing of Our Lord after His resurrection into Galilee, where He confirmed the faith of His wavering disciples and showed them the beauty of His glorified Body.

Nowadays the rubrics for the Sunday aspersion are quite simple. The priest who is about to celebrate Mass is directed to vest in amice, alb, girdle and stole, and proceed to bless the salt and water in the sacristy; but should a priest other than the one about to celebrate have to perform this ceremony, he is required to wear merely the stole over his surplice. The Missal enjoins this blessing to take place every Sunday, in order to ensure the perfect purity of the water in constant use.

* The prayer usually said at the end of the procession was *Via Sanctorum*, addressed to Christ, because from Him we come, to Him we go, and with Him we hope to remain forever. *Le Brun*, vol. i.

After the water has been duly blessed, the celebrant of the Mass, and no other, vested in a cope of the color of the day, and attended by his ministers and acolytes, proceeds to the foot of the steps leading to the altar. At the intonation of the antiphon *Asperges me*,* the priest sprinkles the altar (about to become the place of sacrifice), himself, his attendants, and lastly the congregation; this latter aspersion may be done from the chancel entrance or by passing down the aisles.† On returning to the altar steps, a few versicles and the prayer *Exaudi nos* conclude the ceremony.‡

The omission of the Sunday *Asperges* is not contemplated either in the Missal, the Ritual, or the Ceremonial of Bishops. Castaldus, and other rubricists, that the faithful might not be deprived of this solemn blessing, would have it performed before the public Mass on Sundays, even though it be not sung; in which case the antiphon and prayer would be simply recited. Some authors affirm that the aspersion can not be omitted without fault, basing their opinion on the principle that it pertains to the completeness of the liturgy, in the same way as do the blessing of candles, ashes and palms on their respective days.

In conclusion, reference may be made to some details connected with this rite not already touched upon. Firstly, a cope is not of absolute necessity; if one can not be had, then the priest would perform the asperges, as in analogous cases, merely vested in amice, alb, girdle, and stole. Secondly, the aspersion should always be made with the newly-blessed water, except on Easter Sunday and

* During Eastertide the *Vidi Aquam* is substituted; this antiphon from Ezechiel refers to the effects wrought in the soul through the waters of baptism.

† *Romsée*, Praxis iii, p. 263.

‡ In monasteries there is usually an aspersion of the community every day at the end of Compline.

Pentecost, when the water taken from the baptismal font on the previous day, before the infusion of the holy oils, is used instead. Thirdly, should it be necessary to bless salt and water apart from the rite of the *Asperges*, the priest vests in a surplice and purple stole; purple is prescribed on account of the penitential use of holy water in its symbolical association with purification from sin.* Lastly, in order to share in the benefits to be derived from the aspersion, it is not necessary that the holy water should reach each individual, as the congregation is considered to form one moral whole.

This expressive yet simple rite of the *Asperges* preparatory to the celebration of Mass can not fail to produce salutary effects on those of the faithful who are able to take part in it. It is the Church's own approved way of preparing her children for assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Besides reminding them week by week of that sacrament which washed them from sin and admitted them to membership with Christ and His Church, it draws down upon them a special grace to enable them to withstand the attacks of Satan, and to assist with greater devotion at the Adorable Sacrifice.

* Regarding the removal of blessed water from the church doors on the last days of Holy Week—a practice which the Sacred Congregation of Rites declares is to be retained,—the following explanation has been suggested by a prelate of some repute as a rubricist: As the origin of stoups at church doors was the custom of having a vessel for the washing of one's hands before taking part in the liturgy, probably the water was anciently renewed every morning. On Good Friday there was no liturgy (e. g., Mass), and consequently no need of purification. It may, therefore, have been that the stoups were left empty on that day, and that the tradition was kept up. Moreover, the practice of not washing was an ancient form of penance, and therefore, perhaps, general on Good Friday. The custom of its non-use at church doors does not exclude its use on certain other occasions—administering sacraments to the sick, blessing incense grains, etc.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXV.—HENRY MORAN HAS A NEARER GLIMPSE OF KATE.

THE letter from Mr. Mortimer came very promptly, explaining to the inmates of the cottage that, as he had known nothing whatever about their difficulties, he could not possibly have come to their rescue. It was a kind and cordial letter, rebuking them that, for the sake of old friendship, they had not called upon him for assistance in such an emergency, and begging of them in future to permit him that gratification. He further observed that he was most curious to know who had intervened in their behalf, especially as *his* name had been employed.

This letter threw the inmates of Vine Cottage into great consternation; and Kate and Elinor set out for New York to interview Mr. Freeman, and obtain, if possible, some information from that worthy. The prince of drummers was, as usual, rushing to catch a train. Moreover, he had a wholesome respect for Mr. Henry Moran, who had bidden him hold his tongue. By the closest cross-questioning the girls elicited from him but one brief statement, and it was unsatisfactory:

"Ask the gent next door to you. I reckon, ladies, he can tell more than anybody else."

The girls looked at each other, and, having shaken off the dust of the Bowery, turned on to Broadway, that ever-animated scene, where many of the passers-by admired the unusually pretty sisters. But they, on their part, were engrossed with that one thought.

"The old gentleman next door again!" cried Kate.

"But what are we to do?" questioned her sister.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Kate, who had been utterly confounded by this unexpected revelation. "Perhaps mother can suggest something."

"What a generous old man he must be!" said Elinor; "especially when we consider that he never saw any of us."

"Some old men are like that," Kate answered. "They seem to like to spend money on others."

"They say most rich old men are very selfish," dissented Elinor, her childish blue eyes opening very wide as she gave forth this bit of superior wisdom.

Kate said no more. She had a peculiar feeling about this new act of generosity on the part of their neighbor, and also a sense of mystification; for she remembered that on the day when the sale was to have taken place Freeman had undoubtedly mentioned the name of Henry Moran as being in some way connected with the affair. At the corner of Barclay Street the girls could see a great clock which told the hour of one.

"We can't afford to get any luncheon, Elinor," said Kate; "and I must say *I am hungry*."

"So, am I. Suppose we buy some cakes from that stand over there? I wonder if they are clean."

"Tolerably," said Kate. "I wouldn't buy them if there was any choice, but necessity knows no law. We can go into some porch and eat them."

"I know a place, just a few doors down from the corner in Barclay Street. There is a doorway with high stairs leading up to some offices. We can go inside the door and eat our cakes. If any one comes downstairs we can hide the cakes and appear as if we were about to go up."

"You are a born conspirator, with your baby-blue eyes and peach-blossom complexion," remarked Kate, following her sister to their improvised luncheon

room, where they devoured the cakes, laughing and choking. While they did so Kate merrily observed:

"If we had only met the old gentleman next door, he would certainly have taken us to luncheon. But I suppose he isn't able to walk, poor dear!"

Just as she spoke a slender man, quick, alert of movement, came down the stairs, evidently in a hurry. The girls hastily hid their cakes and strove to appear unconscious. The stranger, removing his hat, cast a keen glance at them both and especially at Kate. When he had passed out, Elinor said:

"I saw that man once, in a trap, at the big house next door to us."

"Some relative of the old gentleman, I suppose," said Kate. "I do hope he didn't hear what I said. But it really doesn't matter; for he couldn't possibly guess who we are or where we live."

"He looked so sharply at you, Kate dear!" said Elinor, who always noticed everything with her big blue eyes.

"I don't think I ever saw *him* before," Kate declared, slowly. "Yet there is something familiar about his face."

"I am almost sure he has seen *you* before," pronounced Elinor, positively.

Kate shook her head.

"Very unlikely!" she exclaimed.

The girls, having finished their slight repast, came forth again upon Barclay Street and looked about them at the tall warehouses of gray stone, each story of which was occupied, generally, by a separate business establishment. There were the publishers, who abound there; the importers of delf and china; the wholesale groceries, which give a spicy perfume, as of Araby, to the air; and the river away down at the foot of the street, with thoroughfares intervening; and the elevated cars rushing through the air, and the thunder of many wagons, and the noise of hurrying feet.

"This is the First Friday," said Kate,

"and there is sure to be Exposition. Let us go over to St. Peter's."

They crossed the street and entered that square and time-worn edifice, monumental as the first Catholic church in New York. They knelt devoutly for a time amongst the silent worshippers; and Kate prayed most earnestly, though she scarce knew why, for Mr. Henry Moran that he might be converted to the Church and so aid with his money and his influence the great cause which the enthusiastic nature of this girl had so much at heart. Both girls said a prayer, as they afterward confided to each other, for "the old gentleman next door," who had been their benefactor on more than one occasion.

It was on board the boat, however, sailing across the river toward the Jersey shore, that Elinor exclaimed with somewhat startling suddenness:

"He was very handsome!"

"Who?" asked Kate, abstractedly.

"That man who came down the stairs," replied Elinor.

"Oh, yes, I suppose he was!" assented Kate. "I was in such a hurry to hide the bag of cakes that I got only a glimpse of him. Yes, he had a striking and rather distinguished appearance."

The person under discussion—who was, in truth, Mr. Moran himself—had overheard Kate's remark concerning the old gentleman, and he had fervently echoed the wish that he might take her and her sister to luncheon. What a royal meal he would have spread out before them, and what a delight it would have been to spend an hour or two in their society! This continual denial of his own will chafed him sorely, for he had been accustomed all his life to have his own way. He had been very much startled by the sudden appearance of Kate in that dingy porch; for his thoughts had been full of her, and it cost him a great effort to pass her by

and give no sign. He glanced keenly around the train that night lest the girls should be there, in which case he would have retired to the smoking-car to keep himself out of observation. But his young neighbors had evidently returned by an earlier train; and, as Henry Moran was determined to avoid Jenkins, he had pulled Jack Holloway down into the vacant seat beside him.

He felt very kindly toward this young man, since he found out that he had chosen not Kate but Mary; though he secretly wondered, as a man in love is apt to do, how he could ever have given a thought to any other than the incomparable Kate. Jack, who was not in the best of humors, said irritably:

"Look here, Moran! What game are you playing?"

"I don't play any game that I know of, Jack, except—let me see—racket, occasionally."

"You know very well what I mean," went on Jack. "Why won't you let me come out to see my friends? I have been making every excuse in the world to Miss Raymond, especially as she knows I'm only a couple of stations off."

"She'll appreciate you the more when you do come," observed Henry Moran, lazily watching Jack.

"I tell you I won't stand it much longer. It's too hard on a fellow," cried the aggrieved Jack.

"It is hard," assented Henry Moran, in another tone; "and, by Jove, Jack, if I were in your shoes, I wouldn't have stood it this long."

Jack reddened.

"I gave my word that I wouldn't go," he said stiffly.

"Yes, and I've held you to it like a usurer," agreed Henry Moran. "But, Jack, as you love me, wait a couple of weeks more. I'll have you out at my house as often as you like and I'll give you a royal good time."

"I will wait, as I promised, till you let me off my word," responded Jack. "But I don't like it, and I can't see any reason for it."

"I'm not usually whimsical," urged Henry Moran, almost pleadingly. "So you must bear with me this time."

It struck Holloway, though he was not a very close observer, that there was something different about this man whom he had always known and admired,—something softer and more genial. There were traces of unrest, if not worry, about him, which caused Jack to ask suddenly:

"Are you feeling all right, old man?"

"Oh, yes!—never better," said Moran.

"And never happier," he might have added, despite the shadows of doubt and uncertainty that were gathering closer about him daily. He went on, however, to talk of the buoyant market, and the better tone of stocks, and mining shares, and the generally "bullish" feeling that had prevailed for some days; of the rates at which consols stood, and of a new railroad that was being floated, and a score of other things which keenly interested Jack Holloway. They also discussed the last sporting news and the great races, in which "Ariel" was to run against "Larkspur," and "Hidalgo" against "Araby Pasha." Of late Henry Moran seemed to lose much of his enthusiasm for the race-course, but Jack Holloway was fairly aglow with it.

"There were ten to one on 'Ariel' at the Vaudeville last night," cried Jack, alluding to a club of which he was a frequenter; "and if Long Jim Hollis rides, the thing is certain."

"Hidalgo will run him close," Henry Moran observed, dispassionately, with a dissenting shake of the head. "Don't put much money on him, my boy."

"I never do put much on any horse,"

replied Jack. "I keep within a very moderate limit."

"That's right! Glad to hear it, for Miss Mary's sake as well as your own."

"I am impatient for you to know Mary Raymond," said Holloway.

"So am I," agreed Henry Moran, so readily that his companion fancied he was quizzing.

"Don't chaff!" he said, deprecatingly.

"I look on you as my best friend, and I want you to know my future wife."

"We shall be better and nearer friends in the time to come, if I have any say in the matter," was the emphatic answer. "I shall have a very kindly feeling indeed toward your future wife."

"They are all charming girls, the Raymonds," said Jack, warmly. "You would enjoy their acquaintance, Moran, only you are so confoundedly indifferent to womankind."

"I may amend my ways, you know. It's never too late to improve."

The laugh with which he said this only confirmed Jack in his previous opinion. As the latter rose to leave the train, Henry Moran looked up with a feeling of satisfaction at the fresh, honest face, shaded by closely-cut curling hair, and at the six feet of height, the breadth of shoulders, and the general air of fine physical development. Jack was quite as noble a fellow as he looked; and, despite the fact that he had been "wiped out," the magnate of Wall Street was glad to think of their possible future relation. He could help Jack considerably; and he was delighted that so good a fellow as this friend of his should have any of those charming girls—except Kate—for a wife, and also that any one of those girls—except Kate—should secure so good a husband. He hurried home from the station, unconscious that a new crisis in his own affairs was at hand.

Adoro Te Devote Latens Deitas.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

DEVOUTLY I adore Thee, God, concealing
 Under these signs Thy glory past revealing;
 My reverent heart quite subject to Thee render,
 Lost in the vision of Thy heavenly splendor.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

Sight, taste and touch are here completely failing,
 Hearing alone Thy awful Godhead hailing;
 Whate'er the Son of God hath said, believing,
 I know the truth of truths hath no deceiving.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

Upon the cross the God alone was hidden,
 But here from view the manhood ev'n is bidden;
 Believing and confessing, my contrition,
 Like the repentant thief, lifts up petition.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

These wounds that Thomas saw, though not behold-
 ing,
 My God, acknowledged here, my heart's enfolding;
 Still more this truth believing and confessing
 Fill more my heart with hopes beyond expressing.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

O sweet memorial of Our Lord expiring,
 O living Bread with life man's bosom firing,
 Grant to my soul Thy life in its completeness!
 Make me know more and love its marvellous sweet-
 ness!
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

True Pelican! dear Jesus! Lord redeeming!
 My soul unclean now cleanse with life-blood streaming,
 Of which one drop alone might yield salvation
 To worlds on worlds beyond all words' relation.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

Jesus, here seen through veilings sacramental,
 What I so yearn for, grant, O God most gentle,—
 Grant me Thy presence, thus on earth prefigured,
 To see in heaven's own glorious light transfigured.
 Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor!
 Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

No man knows another, and every man
 is ever another to himself.—*Weir Mitchell.*

The Lavender Lady and the Rhododendrons.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER MCINTYRE.

I.

SOME half a mile or so from the high-
 road leading to an old cathedral
 town in middle England stood a grey
 stone Elizabethan mansion. Occasional
 tourists or antiquarians, visiting the
 neighborhood, made persistent efforts to
 explore it, but they invariably met with
 a courteous denial. The grim gargoyles,
 with their goblin ears, frowned or
 grinned down at them from odd corners
 of the stone masonry; and the huge,
 wide, latticed windows seemed to them
 to enclose a world of mystery in the
 way of labyrinthine passages, mouldy
 dungeons, and ancient banqueting halls.
 The long picture-gallery was said to
 contain three or four really valuable old
 pictures, a Vandyke among the number.

The uncertainty and remoteness of
 conjecture added its own charm—that
 of the unattainable—to the natural
 beauty of the building and gloomy
 grandeur of its surroundings. Stately
 beeches to the westward, with mossy
 winding walks among them, were not
 too dense to show the glow of a sunset
 between their branches; while to the
 eastward a thicket of rhododendron
 bushes sloped down to a winding stream,
 which emptied itself, five miles off, in a
 fair-sized river.

Here lived an old man and his lovely
 daughter, almost as though they were
 on a desert island, for all they saw of
 their neighbors. He was gentle and
 amiable, willing always to help those
 in distress; naturally a hermit, he was
 wont to exclaim with Prospero, "My
 library were dukedom large enough!"
 But Ethelberta, as was natural, cared
 for none of these things. Six months
 ago she had returned from a convent
 school in France.

The weeks slipped by, and Ethelberta sat solitary at her latticed window or wandered through the winding garden ways, dreaming of many things; but chiefly she mused on the history of an unfortunate lady of great beauty whose portrait hung in the picture-gallery. Old ghostly legends told her by her nurse, an old family servant, had first drawn the girl's attention to it. The painting was somewhat faded; Ethelberta's unpractised eye would hardly, of itself, have appreciated the unusual excellence of the workmanship, had not the weird interest surrounding it caused her to study it line by line, until it seemed to her girlish imagination something almost real.

The lady's face had a look of unusual sadness predominating over any other expression; but there was something else to be read in that face, of resolution and endurance in no common degree. The hazel eyes were soft, but her whole bearing was purposeful. Her long-trained gown was of lavender silk, made in the fashion of the seventeenth century, with the deep lace collar and cuffs so familiar in Vandyke's portraits.

One bleak November afternoon the girl strolled solitary up and down the picture-gallery, swinging her mandolin in her hand as she went. Finally she seated herself listlessly on the old oaken window-seat, and watched the dead leaves whirling by on the gravel-walk below. Then she counted all the tiny panes of glass in the big window, finding more than three hundred.

"Oh, this *triste* climate!" exclaimed Ethelberta, half aloud. "I wish I were back in the sunny convent garden in dear old Brittany! We called those high, high walls prison, but they were a golden cage. I feel like the Lady of Shalott, of whom I read to-day, more than 'half sick of shadows.'"

She picked out carelessly on her

mandolin, as she ruminated, the well-known ditty, *Au clair de la lune*.

The sun peeped out just before setting, with a faint, rosy flush of color, growing gradually in intensity. Ethelberta's spirits rose a little, for she loved light and color. The slanting rays of the sun fell on her "dear Lavender Lady," as the girl called the cavalier portrait.

"How I wish you would step down now and talk to your lonely little great - great - great - *great* - grandchild! How I should love you!"

She had spoken aloud. It seemed to her lonely imagination that the picture moved a little, and she was almost sure she heard a long-drawn sigh.

Half ashamed of a sudden feeling of fear, she took up her mandolin and fled, almost sliding along the polished black oak floor, until she came to a little turret chamber, used now for a sewing-room. Here she knew she would find her beloved Nana, who had nursed her and her mother before her. She was a genteel-looking old creature, in her old-fashioned black silk dress and white muslin apron. She had donned the former every afternoon ever since Ethelberta could remember. (Oh, where is the secret warp and woof that made those perennial silks of olden time?) She raised her silvery head and pushed back her spectacles, letting the fine damask tablecloth she had been darning fall into her lap as the girl came into the room.

Ethelberta forgot her recently acquired dignity of young ladyhood, and flung herself, as she used to do in the olden days, on the floor at Nana's feet, with her arm across the old woman's knees, and her curly chestnut head half buried in the snowy apron and tablecloth.

"Nana, really, really," she began, half playfully, "I have seen a ghost, and you could knock me down with a feather, as cook says."

She looked up, expecting the familiar, "Oh, fie now, Miss Ethelberta! It is them old furrin notions again!" But she met instead a sympathetic look of grave concern.

"Mercy on us, Miss Berta! Do tell me all about it."

Surprised and flattered that dear old Nana should condescend to recognize as not beneath contempt anything so unsubstantial, she related the episode, not without coloring; for, like many other young girls, Ethelberta was given to exaggeration, as she had confessed with tears to the parish priest before making her First Communion.

"But you never saw nothing?" asked Nana, as Ethelberta stopped, her eyes bright and her cheeks burning, more from the vividness of her imagination than anything else.

"No; but that was because I fled."

Nana crossed herself reverently:

"Thank the Lord!"

"Why, Nana," said the young girl, "you believe in ghosts! I wish I had known it before. Now, do tell me all about everything. I have been dying to hear so many things ever since I can remember. If I ask father, he laughs or makes one of his little sarcastic speeches, and I thought you would too. Do you really believe in ghosts?"

"'Tis well, dear child, that you saw nothing; for they do say as any one as sees the Lavender Lady will never smile no more. Your mother seen her two year before she died, and I never seen her smile no more; not even when you talked your pretty baby chatter to her. She made me promise, afore Father White come in with his holy oil, that she should not be buried in the family vault. 'If my pore Ernestine is not good enough to be buried there, no more will I. She shall be laid beside me; for I know she will come back one day.' Them was your pore mother's last words, Miss Ethel-

berta. If you ain't got a right to hear them, I don't know who have. Your father may think you'll always be a baby, but I know better. Men is pore foolish critturs, at the best," she concluded, ventilating her favorite theory even at the expense of her master.

"Where is Ernestine buried, then? I want so much to know about my sister; but every one I ever asked about her snubbed me. I asked father the first night I came home from school, when he actually left off reading the whole evening to talk to me. He looked quite stern and just said: 'You don't know what you are talking about, child. I have no daughter but you.'"

"She isn't buried anywhere—at least not as I know of. She was just your age the last time I saw her—fourteen years ago come Candlemas. But she looked much older than you do now, for she was very tall and her eyes and hair was darker; and she hadn't none of your kittenish ways with her. I loved Miss Ernestine, but I love you best."

"O Nana!" said Ethelberta, recurring to her nursery ways. "I'll never disobey you again as long as I live if only you will tell me all about Ernestine. Why did she go away? Why is father so mad with her? Where is she now?"

"I'd give a pretty to know where she is myself, Miss. Well, no one ever heard on her, as I knows of, from that day to this,—except your mother saw her once, a month after she left. Miss Ernestine was quiet like in her tastes, loved books better than anything in the world except her mother. She was as like master as ever she could be, but he never seemed so fond of her as he is of you. Well, them two things, her mother and the library—not to forget Holy Church, for she was very devout—seemed enough for her, until a furrin painter man from Germany come along to teach her painting. I says to your

mother the first time ever I set eyes on him: 'I don't like the look of that man. You mark my words he'll bring trouble on this house.' Your mother turned on me; I mind it well. Them was most the only unkind words she ever said to me. 'Nana,' she says, says she, 'you are getting insufferable with your continual advice and criticism. You must allow me to arrange my own affairs without interference.' Still, I could see from her speaking back so sharp that what I said worried her; for she always thought a deal of my opinion. Sure enough, he come oftener and oftener, and them two got thicker and thicker. Miss Ernestine was awful wilful, and had a haughty look that would make any one feel mean when they criticised her. Day after day them two would go off and bring home paintings,—your father had them all locked away the day after she left."

"I'd give anything to find them," said Ethelberta. "Let us have a hunt, Nana. But go on, please. I can hardly breathe till you finish."

"Well, there ain't much more. The wet weather come on after a bit, and they couldn't go out painting, but still he come. He and Miss Ernestine got a big canvas and began copying a picture in the gallery—your Lavender Lady. But Miss Ernestine didn't do none of the painting scarcely; she just stood and watched him paint. One day your father come along, blinking his eyes, out of his library where he stayed all day long. He saw the two of them there together. It seemed to come into his head all at once, and he come up behind them quietly. The man was painting on, and saying some old furrin poetry to Miss Ernestine while he painted, and neither of them heard your father come up. He stood a minute and listened to the poetry. I was sitting by them, in the window-seat, with my sewing, as Missus

had told me to do. Master's face got crimson and he was so mad he could hardly talk. I thought they'd never find out he was there; so I coughed fit to break my throat to make Ernestine look round, and finally she did. 'Sir,' said your father to Mr. Frondberg—for that was the artist's name,—'have the goodness to send in your account to me to-night. We shall require your services no longer at Branscombe Hall.' With that he turned on his heel and walked away very slow and dignified. The two young people stood facing each other. Miss Ernestine's cheeks was crimson and so was his. She turned to me, saying quietly (she always had any amount of self-control): 'Nana, please fetch me a handkerchief.' Well I knew what that meant, and there was nothing for me to do but to leave them uninterrupted; so I went off as quick as I could, but didn't trouble about the handkerchief."

"O Nana! what did they do?" asked her auditor, excitedly.

"Three days after that," she went on, "there was a dreadful snowstorm. Miss Ernestine had been very quiet and wouldn't speak a word to no one, but sat perfectly mum all through meal-times. Foster, who was waiting at the table, told me since that your father tried to talk very nice and gentlelike to Miss Ernestine; but she looked as haughty as could be, and took no more notice of his remarks than if he was a block of wood.

"Next day and the next the snow kept on falling, falling, deeper than I ever saw it afore or since. Your mother took sick the third day of the storm and went to bed. Miss Ernestine sat beside her all day long and held her hand, but I never heard either of them say a word. Just about twilight Miss Ernestine called me, saying: 'Stay with mother until my return, Nana.' And she

kissed me, to my great surprise; for I didn't remember her doing that since she was a baby. Next she went to her mother, who was dozing just then, and kissed her hand many times.

"I must have sat there two hours before your mother³ awoke. She seemed very troubled and said: 'O Nana, I have seen the Lavender Lady! Tell me it was a dream—surely it was a dream. Did you see her? She came here to the bottom of the bed and pointed out to the rhododendrons. Nana, what can it mean? I fear some great misfortune.'—'Oh, stop, my² dear mistress!' I cried. 'It is a bad dream.' Though I did not believe it, I feared as much as she. But I chafed her hands and bathed her head, and racked my brain for any funny story I had ever heard, to get her mind off the ghost."

"Was it really the ghost, then, Nana?"

"That I can't tell you, dearie; but that some calamity was upon us I felt in my bones, and so it was. The snow had ceased about four o'clock, and a clear frost succeeded it. Miss Ernestine did not come to inquire for her mother or to breakfast. I went to her bedroom and found it empty, the bed undisturbed. Then I remembered the ghost of your mother's dream, and my knees trembled so that I could hardly crawl to the library to tell your father. He pooh-poohed it, said Miss Ernestine was hiding to scare everyone. 'At any rate,' I said, 'she could not leave the house through all this snow without leaving her footprints in it.'

"He caught at this eagerly, showing that he had been more harried about it than you would think from his words. The both of us went together past every window and door; but not a footstep anywhere disturbed the smooth sheet of snow, near two feet deep, which lay around the hall. What time² had I seen her the night before, he asked. It

had been just about sunset when she left us, bidding me stay with her mother until she returned. I told your father of her words, but said nothing about your mother's dream; knowing how impatient he was of 'that woman's tomfoolery,' as he would have called it.

"Well, the longer we looked the more disturbed in his mind he became. We went round the house and in and out of her room a dozen times before we spoke of it to your mother. He opened Miss Ernestine's window to see if she could have let herself down by a rope, but the snow on the window-ledge was undisturbed and the window latched. I hunted about, hoping she might have left a note; but never a sign could I find. Your father was nearly frantic with grief; but he showed it only at first and to no one but me. He was too proud to let the servants see his feelings.

"The mystery only increased with searching; for nine days they talked of nothing else in the servants' hall. Foster, the cook, and in fact nearly all the servants, firmly believed that the Lavender Lady had spirited her away. I was foolish enough to tell them of Missus' dream, and that only served to make them the more certain of it. Not one of them would dare to go near the picture-gallery or rhododendron bushes after dark for anything."

"Why?" inquired Ethelberta. "What had the rhododendron bushes to do with it, Nana?"

"But that is another story," said the nurse. "Run and dress for dinner, or your father will have his soup cold waiting for you."

Regretfully Ethelberta left the little sewing-room, now quite dark, and directed her steps along the picture-gallery, toward her own bedroom at the farther end of it. She was half-ashamed of herself to find she had run past the portrait as fast as she could,

and tried to persuade herself it was all on account of the soup.

Ethelberta and her father sat down to dinner, as usual, alone. The long, lofty dining-hall seemed to accentuate the solitariness of the repast. The old, white-headed Foster stood behind his master's chair, as he had done any time the last thirty years.

Ethelberta's cheeks were unusually bright from excitement, and she looked a picture of youth and beauty in her simple white dress. Her father touched her arm caressingly before taking his seat, saying playfully:

"And where has my Miranda been dyeing her cheeks to-day? One would think she had been helping Ferdinand chop wood on the enchanted island."

Ethelberta blushed violently, with a half-guilty feeling, though she did not understand her father's words.

"I have been studying, father, the works of art in your picture-gallery."

"Ah!" said her father, glad to find her showing some appreciation of such things. "And what, may I ask, chained your wandering fancy the longest?"

"The portrait of a lady in lavender," she replied.

"There you show some discernment, my child. That portrait, though a trifle dingy now, is by Vandyke, and the most valuable in the collection."

"What was her name, father? And what made her look so sad?" asked the young girl.

Her eye now happened to rest on the usually immovable countenance of Foster. He was standing at the side-board, with a decanter of port wine in his hand, which trembled perceptibly. His eyes were fixed on his master's face, and he bent forward, in the intensity of his anxiety, to see how he would take this allusion to the forbidden theme.

"Her name," he said, "was Ernestine. Great mystery surrounds her fate; but

it was, presumably, a melancholy one."

"Tell me about her, father. What was her history? When did she live?"

"The portrait, I believe, bears the date 1637. It was about ten years later that her flight took place. Her husband was in France with Prince Charles, and she was left alone in the house with her infant son, having no one but the family chaplain and servants to protect her. Catholics at that time were in great danger from Cromwell's army. Terrible tales had reached her of their treatment of different papist families, and of their desecration of Worcester Cathedral,—riding rough-shod through the building, mutilating the priceless old carvings.

"One snowy night news came to her that the army was in sight, and fast approaching Branscombe Hall. From these soldiers her life would hardly have been in danger, but she did not know this, and was in mortal terror. She had a boat waiting at the river, in case of need, should the army surprise her. It is supposed that the lady, with her child and the *padre*, escaped by that means. She watched at the window for the soldiers, but they came in a different direction from the one from which she expected them. Consequently they were at the Hall before she knew it. Her first admonition of their presence was a sound of trampling in the chapel. When she looked toward it she saw the sacred images flung roughly out and shattered in pieces on the gravel-walk.

"Panic-stricken, she flew before them. When last seen by one of the servants, she was down in the rhododendron thicket, clasping her child in her arms. The servant followed her as soon as possible, but no trace of her could be found. Whether she sailed away toward France and was lost on the seas; or, as some have affirmed, was caught and killed by the soldiers, remains a mystery to this day. This latter fate, though,

would seem highly improbable. At any rate, in her flight she was somehow separated from the chaplain and her child. He subsequently rejoined the child's father in France, but that fair lady was never seen again. The impenetrable mystery surrounding her fate is, I suppose, accountable for any silly ghost stories you may have heard. Foolish persons have, from time to time, imagined they saw her form appearing, where she was last seen in life, in the rhododendron thicket."

"But, O father," exclaimed Ethelberta eagerly, "are you positive there are no such things as ghosts?"

"My dear child," he replied, smiling, "there are few things about which any but the very young people are positive."

(Conclusion next week.)

A Remarkable Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

ON the 23d of April this year there occurred at Lourdes one of those impressive manifestations of Catholic faith and fervor among the French people which come periodically to counteract the effect of infidel legislation and petty religious persecution in their country. On that day the men of France to the number of sixty thousand, heedless of the fatigue of the journey, the discomforts and privations which must result from the massing of such a multitude in the little town of the Apennines, and undaunted by the sneers of the anti-religious press, met at the famous shrine of Our Lady to profess anew their devotion to Holy Church and to pray for the regeneration of France.

All sorts and conditions of men were present: members of the old aristocracy and peasants from the remotest districts; the rich and the poor; members of the Chamber of Deputies, representatives of the learned professions, and skilled

artisans. But through all the motley throng ran the same high purpose, the same fervent enthusiasm, the same manly courage.

"You are surprised to see me at Lourdes," observed the Marquis de la Ferronnays. "But you will see many more of us; for I know that several of my colleagues in the Chamber intend to come—Piou, De Mun, De Gailhard-Baucel, Lasier, and others. When war is declared not only on certain religious orders but on religion itself, it is high time to show the world how strong and general Catholic feeling still is in France. There is no question of a political display: we shall make that at the next election. Our adversaries find encouragement in Masonic assemblages: why should we not seek strength in this blessed sanctuary?"

M. de Gailhard-Baucel spoke to the reporters in a similar strain: "It is the bounden duty of men openly to proclaim their faith and to repair so far as they can the evils they helped to cause on last election day. I come as a Catholic deputy to beseech the Blessed Virgin to avert from France the evils which threaten her, and to ask her blessing upon my family."

General Jacques said: "I come to get strength to combat with might and main the sectarians who would destroy religious liberty in my country, and deny to parents their natural right to educate their children in accordance with their religious convictions." In the same spirit spoke the Duc d'Alençon, the Comte d'Eu, the Duc de Vendôme, and Prince Pierre d'Alcantara.

Eleven archbishops and bishops led their flocks to the religious exercises of the pilgrimage, which began on Tuesday and closed on Friday night. The first day was devoted to adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and to thanksgiving; the second was given over to medita-

tions on the Commandments of God and of the Church and to exhortations on the duty of reparation; on Thursday an impressive spectacle was witnessed, when the sixty thousand renewed their baptismal vows; and on Friday the manhood of France was solemnly consecrated to the service of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Lourdes. Of course all the pilgrims approached the Holy Table; and if the holy enterprise yielded no other fruit, it would still be notable as the occasion on which so vast a multitude of men were fed with the Bread of Life.

The honor of carrying the canopy in the brilliant procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the first night was claimed by a Senator—Admiral de Couverville,—and three Deputies—General Jacques, M. de Gailhard-Baucel, and the Marquis de la Ferronnays. In this procession six men walked abreast, yet it required six hours to pass a given point. The famous banner of the Zouaves of Patay, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, was carried by the brave General de Charette.

On Wednesday occurred another episode which aroused the most intense emotion. A tattered tricolor flag, stained with blood and blackened with powder, was solemnly presented to Our Lady of Lourdes. It was the flag that had floated over the cathedral of Peking during the awful days when the missionaries and their flocks fought off the Boxers and bravely awaited death by starvation, which seemed inevitable. Bishop Favier had brought the flag with him when he visited the Holy Father after the siege; and, laying it at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, told of the faith and constancy of his Chinese children; of the unfaltering courage and endurance of the missionary heroes; of episodes seemingly miraculous; and especially of the story told by the pagans themselves of a beautiful Lady

in white who appeared repeatedly over the cathedral and seemed to protect the Christians. The Holy Father was profoundly moved by the recital, and ordered a most rigid examination into the alleged apparition. If Our Lady did indeed hover over the flag during the harrowing days of the siege, it was fitting that that venerable symbol of French chivalry should be laid devoutly at her feet on the spot of earth hallowed by her presence.

With the words of the eloquent Capuchin, Father Bruno, ringing in their ears, the pilgrims turned their faces homeward once again. They were words of good counsel to the men of France, and they may fitly close this account of a most remarkable pilgrimage:

"In the Middle Ages when a young man aspired to knighthood he passed a vigil in prayer before being dubbed knight and receiving the helmet, breast-plate, and sword. Ere he set out on his chivalrous course he invoked his mother, his sister, or his betrothed; oftener still he wore the colors of the Virgin Mary, with this motto: 'To the fairest, *Salve Regina!*' Go forth, then, with the Creed upon your lips and in your hearts, and devote yourselves to the fairest of all queens—*Salve Regina!*"

A STORM rages. Already the billows raising their dismal voices among the rocks seem to begin the funeral dirge; but suddenly a ray of light bursts through the storm. Mary, the Star of the Sea, the patroness of mariners, appears in the midst of a cloud. She holds her Child in her arms and calms the waves with a smile. Charming religion, which opposes to what is most terrific in nature, what is most lovely on earth and in heaven: to the tempests of ocean a little Infant and a tender Mother.—*Chateaubriand.*

A Subject for Reflection and Prayer.

WITHIN a brief space the season of college commencements will have arrived. Hundreds of young Catholic graduates will bid farewell to the institutions wherein they have been preparing for life's battlefield, and will find themselves confronted with one of the most momentous questions which they will ever be called upon to solve: What shall I be? What shall I do with my life? What profession, business, or calling shall I enter? While it is probable that the majority of these young men have already considered this subject with not a little anxious care and thought, some of them, undoubtedly, are as yet undecided,—are wavering between law and medicine, commerce and engineering, the secular priesthood or the religious state.

Deciding one's vocation, determining the special state in life to which one is called by God, is a matter whose importance can not well be exaggerated. It is unmistakably the cardinal point in the young man's career, since upon it hinge both temporal success and even, in no inconsiderable degree, eternal salvation. "Let every man," says St. Paul, "abide in the same calling in which he was called." To abide in it, however, he must have entered it; and hence, at life's outset, must know what it is. One truth that every graduate would do well to let sink into his inner heart is that the man who, to use Sydney Smith's illustration, has squeezed himself into the round hole while he is shaped for the square one—who has chosen any other calling than that for which God designed him—is not, has never been, and can not ever be, contented and happy. He is a fish out of water, a bone out of its socket, an eagle in a cage.

In the orchestra of life, the divine

Leader has given out the proper parts; and if we hear so much grating discord instead of full, sweet melody, it is because the players have mixed the music,—the bass violinist is playing tenor and the first cornetist is playing bass. Dragging out a miserable existence in our large towns and cities are hundreds of half-starved lawyers, doctors, and preachers whom God never designed for anything else than happy, intelligent farmers and country storekeepers; and there are just as many unhappy young men on the farm or behind the counter who should be in their places, themselves and the world being better for the change. There are brakemen on our railways whose intelligence would grace the Senate Chamber, and occasional nonentities in Congress without the natural capacity to make second-rate brakemen. They are discontented and unhappy. Why? Because they are playing life's music off somebody's else sheet. The result will ever be discord, not harmony.

Now comes the question: How is the young man to determine his proper calling? The answer is that he must take account of his talents, tastes, inclinations, interior impulses, and also of the evident trend of the events in his life hitherto that have been ordered by Divine Providence. In all cases of doubt and indecision, there is one infallible rule, in following which no mistake need be feared. That rule is: pray earnestly. Let the doubting youth ask God to make known to him His sacred will. Can anything be more natural than that such a prayer should be granted? God desires each of us to save his soul. He knows what particular state in life we should embrace. He is aware that, if we choose any other than that one, we expose our salvation to terrible risks. We ask Him fervently and earnestly to make known to us His will; then why should He not hear us? Has He not

told us: "Ask, and you shall receive; seek and you shall find"? Can it be possible, then, that in an affair of such moment we should ask and be refused, seek and fail of finding? No, no; God's promises are invariably fulfilled: they can not be broken. If the youth does his part in this matter, God will infallibly lead him aright, even should He be obliged directly to inspire the youth himself or his spiritual director.

It is pertinent to add that the vocation of young Catholics is a legitimate subject for prayer not only on their part but on that of their parents. The pious mother whose cherished ambition it is to see her son one day celebrating the Holy Sacrifice will do far better to ask that grace in fervent prayer than to urge importunately to the priesthood a son whose ordination might possibly be a calamity. The unspiritual father who denounces his favorite daughter's desire to take the veil as the extravagant notion of an immature mind will better address his remonstrances to the Throne of Heaven than deliberately assume the responsibility of marring his child's career. The only safe plan for children and parents is to use all diligence in discovering the will of God; and when once that is ascertained beyond reasonable doubt, to accept it with resignation and accomplish it with fidelity. Peace and joy attend no other mode of action.

THE young soul, ardent, generous and aspiring, dreams of the great tasks and the noble opportunities at the ends of the earth or on some splendid stage; and finds, years after, that the task was close at hand, and garbed so meanly that it seemed but another of the weary commonplaces of daily life; and that the opportunity was, at the moment it presented itself, only a homely and familiar chance to work.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Notes and Remarks.

Referring to the work to be done in England by the laity, the Bishop of Southwark, in an address at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, said that there were thousands of non-Catholics who never came in contact with a priest, but few who did not in the course of their lives meet with some Catholic layman. Nothing could be more important, therefore, than that the Catholic laity should be able to give an intelligent answer to any questions that might be addressed to them. Extraordinary misapprehensions existed, even among educated Protestants, about the Catholic faith; and it was a sad thing, indeed, when Catholics were not sufficiently instructed to remove such misapprehensions. With the publications of the Society to be had at low prices, no excuse existed for want of knowledge on the part of Catholics on any point of teaching or practice.

It need not be said that the Bishop's words are quite as applicable to the laity in this country.

It is certain that no Catholic man of business will lend his support to the advertising columns of a newspaper going out of its way to attack the fair fame of an eminent Catholic clergyman.

We heartily wish that all Catholic men of business had as much spirit as a secular paper published at the capital thus gives them credit for. Many Catholics lend their support to all sorts of publications that misrepresent the doctrines and sneer at the ceremonies of Holy Church. Most of us are seemingly indifferent to the fact that we have it in our power to reform the manners if not the morals of the secular press. When the Jews of New York protested against the slurs cast upon their religion by a certain great daily, the managing

editor—we happen to know—ordered his associates to “let up on the Jews at once.” He had been persuaded by the withdrawal of what is called “fat advertising” that a contrary course was unprofitable. In these days of aggressive competition it doesn’t pay a publisher to insult the religion of any class of citizens that have spirit enough to resent such action and sense enough to know how this can very effectually be done.

Emperor William, who lately paid a visit to the Benedictine Abbey of Maria Laach to inspect the restoration of its church, said to the abbot: “Rest assured that in the future also my imperial favor will be extended over your Order; and that wherever men band themselves together to further the cause of religion and to carry it to the nations, they may be sure of my protection.” It will be remembered that the high altar of this interesting church was the gift of his Majesty, “in remembrance,” as he said, “of the great merits which the Benedictines have at all times earned in the cause of science and art.” We hear it reported periodically that Emperor William is crazy. He often speaks and acts like a true Christian. Perhaps that is why he is thought to be queer.

It would amuse outsiders if they could know of the conflict that is always going on among Protestant Episcopalians in regard to the name of their denomination. Although thoroughly discussed at every general convention, the question is as far from settlement as ever. The term *Protestant* is held in detestation, and the Methodists have appropriated the word *Episcopal*. The devout laity are down-hearted, and the clergy don’t know what to do. Feeling that something ought to be done, and that the

longer action is deferred the greater will be the embarrassment, a correspondent of the *Living Church* “comes out bowld” and thus delivers himself: “Let us rather be straightforward and outspoken, and declare ourselves to be Catholic, and members of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, outside of which there is no church whatsoever.”

Correct! The only thing for Protestant Episcopalians to do is to drop the “unfortunate title” *Protestant*, leave *Episcopal* to the Methodists, who already use the word and can not be dissuaded, and then join the only Church that has any claim to the titles One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. A shoot that is not grafted onto that mighty tree is sure to wither and die. Don’t mind the caterpillars that disfigure the branches, or the woodpeckers that hammer at the bark. The trunk is where the roots are, and the roots are where the sap comes from.

Gracious indeed was the address to King Edward VII. by the deputation of English Catholics which, headed by Cardinal Vaughan, was received by his Majesty last month. The King’s reply was also felicitous. Commenting on this incident, the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarked: “Yet at the time of his mother’s accession a Catholic procession could not have passed through the streets without being stoned by a Protestant mob; and much later than that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill aroused a fury almost Cromwellian. We have moved toward tolerance since then.” Yes, thank Heaven! And in connection with this incident it might have been noted that Bishop Talbot, whose body was recently laid to rest in the cemetery of St. Edmund’s College, was the last priest against whom the informer Payne sought to obtain the reward of £100 offered to any one who could prove that a Popish priest had

said Mass in the boundaries of Britain. Bishop Talbot died not so many years before the accession of Queen Victoria, and his remains have been reposing until now in a Protestant graveyard at Hammersmith. The mother of Dr. Lingard, as Mr. Lecky states in his "History of England," had a perfect recollection of going to Mass disguised as a peasant; while the priest who was to celebrate, and was liable to imprisonment for life for that "crime," was disguised in a smock-coat as the driver of a carrier's van. What wondrous changes have taken place in the world within a century! And it is astonishing that people do not see that they are all favorable to the Church. If it were not for sin and bad cooking, a Catholic pessimist would be as rare as a white raven.

* *

The sight of a cardinal genuflecting before a king, even so great a one as the King of England, strikes an American Catholic as something strange; however, a prince of the blood would have done the same. We venture the prediction that the ceremonial laws of the English court will undergo a change even before any one is called upon to genuflect to the successor of Edward VII.

In denying the inevitable newspaper canard that "Pope Leo has made a will nominating his successor," many of our Catholic contemporaries have made a very dogmatic pronouncement to the effect that the Holy Father has no such power. As a matter of useful information, it should be explained that the nomination of his successor by a Pope is by no means so impossible a notion as many persons seem to think it. The Supreme Pontiff holds directly from Christ the power, as Sabatier has recently put it, "of making laws binding on all. On this point his power is

absolute; he is not limited by any constitution of the Church." Cardinal Petra states the case in this way:

Descending to this arena, the doctors, forming three armies, vehemently fight among themselves. For some, absolutely speaking, teach that the Pope can select his own successor. Others absolutely deny this power to the Sovereign Pontiff. And lastly some, holding the middle course, affirm that only in some urgent necessity or for the great utility of the Church, but not as an ordinary matter, can the Pope select his own successor.

And Father Baart ("Roman Court," p. 60) cites the well-known case of Boniface II., as follows: "As a matter of fact, some Popes have pointed out those whom they deemed best fitted to succeed them; but church history has no record of any Supreme Pontiff choosing his own successor, if we except Pope Boniface II. in the year 529. This Pope, in order to prevent a recurrence of the scandalous contentions which took place at the time of his election, when the Ostrogoth King set up an antipope, adopted the extraordinary measure of issuing a decree by which he appointed the deacon Virgilius his successor in the Papacy." It is true, however, that while all agree that the right of determining how his successor is to be chosen pertains to the Pope, there are many who hold that the Holy Father can not lawfully do more than indicate his own preference.

The Lætare Medal, conferred by the University of Notre Dame this year on the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, was formally presented by Archbishop Corrigan on May 14. In his admirable reply to the address of presentation, Mr. Cockran made this happy reference to the vague thing called Liberalism:

In one sense, I hope that every one of us is liberal. Indeed, if we be good Catholics we must be liberal in the broadest significance that we can attach to that word. He who is liberal with what belongs to him is generous; he who undertakes to be liberal with what does not belong to him is dishonest. The faith of Catholics is not founded on any act or agreement of men, but on the

revelation of God. No human agency can change or modify the truth. If error can be admitted in the Scriptures, the whole ceases to be a divine revelation; and if it be not revelation it is imposture. Neither Church nor Pope can be liberal with the faith of which they are the custodians. Their sole duty is to guard and protect it as a precious deposit for the salvation of men. But while Catholics can not be liberal in matters of faith, they can be liberal in their attitude to those who differ with them. The Church can not compromise with error nor tolerate it; but for those who reject the truth as she expounds it she has nothing but charity and prayers.

Once the Catholics of France realize, thoroughly and practically, that their troubles are merely the legitimate outcome of their own past indifference and inaction, there will be some hope of better things in that at present misruled land. And it must be admitted that in many quarters a strong effort is being made to arouse them from their politico-religious lethargy. Prelates and publicists are everywhere sounding the call to arms for a new crusade. Millions are wanted to march, not to the Holy Land, as an over-enthusiastic priest suggested at the Men's Pilgrimage to Lourdes, but to the ballot-box, where a united effort on the part of the Frenchmen who call themselves Catholic would bury all anti-Catholic deputies forever out of sight.

A priest whose memory will ever be dear to the Catholics of Michigan was the late Monsig. Joos, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Detroit, who passed to the reward of sterling virtues and arduous labors on the 18th ult. At a time when there was most urgent need of priests in Michigan he abandoned home and relatives, choosing as his portion hardships and privations, instead of comforts and promotions in the land of his birth. First as an assistant priest, afterward as a diocesan superior, later on as the ruling spirit of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, he

rendered inestimable services to the cause of religion and education in the State of Michigan. The clergy by whom Monsig. Joos was revered, the laity by whom he was beloved, and the religious who regarded him as the best of fathers and most generous of friends, have the sympathy of all to whom his work and worth are known. May he rest in peace!

The *London Tablet* says that George Grote would assuredly turn in his grave if he could read the latest printed minutes of the London University, containing the report of the examiners on Father Maher's "Psychology," and the decision by which the doctorate of that institution has been conferred upon the writer of the volume. Grote was the chief of the secularist founders of the University, and once resigned his seat in its council because a dissenting minister was appointed professor of philosophy; again, sixteen years later, he succeeded in getting Dr. Martineau rejected on the ground that no minister of religion is capable of professing philosophy.

A movement is afoot for a general assemblage of the Knights of Columbus at the capital of the United States October 12, 1902, the four hundred and tenth anniversary of the discovery of America. Except the general welfare of the organization itself and the promotion of good-fellowship among its members, no program has yet been suggested for the proposed convention; though we can not doubt that a society having so many exemplary Catholic members will not be satisfied with a mere "camp-fire." The federation of Catholic societies, the religious press, our educational needs, and a dozen other subjects might be profitably agitated by this assemblage if it becomes an actuality.


FOR YOUNG FOLK

Baby's Photograph.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

YES, that's the baby. Now, isn't he cute
Perched there on mamma's lap?
Just look at him well, and you'll hardly dispute
The term of his auntie who says he's a "beaut"—
Which term is not slang but a fond substitute
For beauty unequalled and highest repute,—
Such a bright little chap
When he wakes from a nap
You never saw kick at a quilt or a wrap,—
Half his virtues and charms it were vain to compute.
Note the half-puzzled glance of his pretty blue eyes,
And confess that you never did see
Such a wee, tiny boy look so wondrously wise.
He's watching the artist with funny surprise,
And his brow is half-puckered in solemn surmise.
Could he talk, he would ask, I should say from his
guise:
"Wot's 'oo doin' to me?
I is 'ittle A. B."
He's a prince on his throne, and his throne's
mamma's knee,
And everyone envies his mamma her prize.

Athletes of the Air.



I AM very sure
you have often
watched the
swallows, the
chimney swifts,
circling overhead.
They are regular
athletes, and dart
and curve in a
wonderful way.
Ruskin, who told you about the robins
lately, has an interesting chapter on
swallows; and he explains all about
the way their wings are formed and
how they propel themselves through the

air. Any one who has sailed in a yacht
will understand the explanation easily.

Just as soon as the warm days come,
myriads of flies and insects fill the air;
they swarm in the sunshine, they hang
in buzzing clouds over swamps and
along the river's edge; they skim over
the surface of the water; and as soon
as they make their appearance, up from
the South come the swallows. And if
you were to watch them eat you would
think they were rightly named!

Sometimes the swallows build their
clay nests under the eaves of houses or
among the rafters of barns. I heard of a
pair of swifts who set up housekeeping
in a veranda, building their nest around
a wire bell-rope. The bell was seldom
used; but when it was, it pulled the nest
down. This happened twice, and those
wise swallows actually built the nest so
as to leave a hole through which the
wire moved without damaging the home.
The American Mr. Swallow is more
thoughtful than his French brother;
for he takes his turn keeping the eggs
warm while Mrs. Swallow has time for
exercise or to do a little shopping. But
here are the best parts of Ruskin's talk
on these interesting citizens of birddom.

..

We are to-day to take note of the
form of a creature which gives us a
singular example of the unity of what
artists call beauty, with the fineness
of mechanical structure, often mistaken
for it. It is the swallow, a bird of
kindly and homely qualities; but its
principal virtue, for us, is its being an
incarnate voracity, and that it moves
as a consuming and cleansing power.
You sometimes hear it said of a humane
person that he would not kill a fly;

from seven hundred to a thousand flies a day are a moderate allowance for a baby swallow. Perhaps as I say this it may occur to you to think, for the first time, of the reason of the bird's name. For it is very interesting, as a piece of language study, to consider the different power on our minds—nay, the different sweetness to the ear,—which, from association, these same two syllables receive when we read them as a noun or as a verb. Also, the word is a curious instance of the traps which are continually open for rash etymologists. At first, nothing would appear more natural than that the name should have been given to the bird from its reckless function of devouring. But if you look to your Johnson, you will find, to your better satisfaction, that the name means “bird of porticos,” or porches, from the Gothic *swale*; *subdivale*,—so that it goes back in thought as far as Virgil's *Et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum, stagna sonat*.

It belongs, as most of you know, to a family of birds called Fissi-rostres, or literally split-beaks. Split-heads would be a better term; for it is the enormous width of mouth and power of gaping which the epithet is meant to express. A dull sermon, for instance, makes half the congregation *fissi-rostres*. The bird, however, is most vigilant when its mouth is widest; for it opens as a net to catch whatever comes in its way,—hence the French, giving the whole family the more literal name “gobble-fly”—*gobemouche*,—extend the term to the open-mouthed and too acceptant appearance of a simpleton.

Partly in order to provide for this width of mouth, but more for the advantage in flight, the head of the swallow is rounded into a bullet shape, and sunk down on the shoulders, with no neck whatever between, so as to nearly give the aspect of a conical rifle

bullet to the entire front of the body; and, indeed, the bird moves more like a bullet than an arrow, dependent on a certain impetus of weight rather than on sharp penetration of the air. I say dependent on, but I have not yet been able to trace distinct relation between the shapes of birds and their powers of flight. I suppose the form of the body is first determined by the general habits and food, and that nature can make any form she chooses volatile; only one point I think is always notable: that a complete master of the art of flight must be short-necked; so that he turns altogether, if he turns at all. You don't expect a swallow to look round a corner before he goes round it: he must take his chance. The main point is that he may be able to stop himself and turn in a moment.

Of the mode in which his flight is accomplished you will as yet find no undisputed account in any book on natural history; and scarcely, as far as I know, definite notice even of the rate of flight. What do you suppose it is? We are apt to think of the migration of a swallow as we should ourselves of a serious journey. How long do you think it would take him, if he flew uninterruptedly, to get from here to Africa? Taking Michelet's estimate—eighty French leagues (roughly two hundred and fifty miles) an hour—we have a thousand miles in four hours. That is to say, leaving Devonshire after an early breakfast, he could be in Africa to lunch. He could, I say, if his flight were constant; but, though there is much inconsistency in the accounts, the sum of testimony seems definite that the swallow is among the most fatigable of birds. When the weather is hazy (I quote Yarrell) he will alight on a fishing boat a league or two from land, so tired that when any one tries to catch him he can scarcely fly away.

Few other birds approach the swallow in the beauty of wing or apparent power. And yet, after all this care taken about it, he gets tired; and instead of flying, as we should do in his place, all over the world, and tasting the flavor of the midges in every marsh—which the infinitude of human folly has left to breed gnats instead of growing corn,—he is of all birds, characteristically—except when he absolutely can't help it,—the stayer at home; and contentedly lodges himself and his family in an old chimney when he might be flying all over the world.

At least you would think if he built in an English chimney this year he would build in a French one next. But no. Michelet prettily says of him, "He is the bird of return." If you will only treat him kindly, year after year he comes back to the same niche and to the same hearth for his nest,—to the same niche, and builds himself an opaque walled house within that. Think of this a little, as if you heard of it for the first time. Suppose you had never seen a swallow, but that its general habit of life had been described to you, and you had been asked how you thought such a bird would build its nest. A creature, observe, whose life is to be passed in the air, whose beak and throat are shaped with the fineness of a net for the catching of gnats; and whose feet, in the most perfect of the species, are so feeble that it is called the Footless Swallow and can not stand for a moment on the ground with comfort. Of all land birds, the one that has least to do with the earth; of all, the least disposed and the least able to stop to pick anything up. What will it build with? Gossamer, we should say; thistledown—anything it can catch floating, like flies. But it builds with stiff clay.

And, then, observe its chosen place for building. You would think by its play

in the air that not only of all birds but of all creatures it most delighted in space and freedom. You would fancy its notion of the place for a nest would be the openest field it could find; that anything like confinement would be an agony to it; that it would almost expire of horror at the sight of a black hole. And its favorite home is down a chimney. Not for your hearth's sake nor for your company's. Do not think it. The bird will love you if you treat it kindly; is as frank and friendly as bird can be; but it does not, more than others, seek your society. It comes to your house because in no wild wood nor rough rock can it find a cavity close enough to please it. It comes for the blessedness of imprisonment, and the solemnity of an unbroken and constant shadow, in the tower or under the eaves.

To-day, then, I believe for the first time, I have been able to put before you some means of guidance to understand the beauty of the bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men at least, these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth and the threshold; companion endeared only by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence the cowardice or the wrath of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom. And yet so little have we regarded her that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told

of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life, nothing of her journeying; I can not learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return.

Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we, in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion and shade of the bird's plume; and, after all, it is well for us if when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, "with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name,"—well for us if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise of "the swallow twittering from her straw-built shed."

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXII.—ROBBIE HIMSELF AGAIN.

Sailors, as a rule, are very kindly men. By the captain's orders, they took turns watching with the sick boy, whom all our readers have long recognized as Robbie; and there were times when it was feared by the mate, Mr. Verden, that the boy would never regain consciousness. He sank from one slumber to another; and during the brief intervals when he was not asleep there was no recognition of those about him. On the seventh day, when his inability to take nourishment rendered it probable that he would ultimately die from inanition and weakness, Mr. Verden said:

"I still have hope. He can not possibly

live in this condition much longer, and it often happens that persons recover consciousness very suddenly. The stupor in which he seems to be has certainly not changed his appearance for the worse. Indeed, he actually seems to be growing fat."

The children had taken the deepest interest in the boy ever since he was found. At first their whole time had been occupied in conjecturing as to who he was, what distress of mind his friends would be in, not knowing what had become of him, and whether he would ever recover his senses.

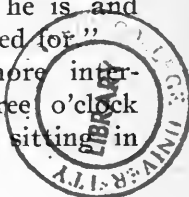
"He may be an idiot for the rest of his life, you know," said Louise one morning, as she sat with her brother on the deck just outside the cabin where Robbie lay.

That spot seemed to have a particular fascination for the two children. They preferred it to any other part of the ship. When free to spend some moments with them, their father was always sure to find them there, conversing in soft tones, while they cast occasional furtive glances at the door of the little cabin which opened on the deck.

"You *do* think of such gruesome things, Louise. Let's imagine, instead, that he'll be all right pretty soon, and that we'll have a real jolly trip all the rest of the way together."

"Yes, I think that is better," put in the voice of Captain Wilde, who had overheard the talk. "And that seems probable now; for the boy has spoken to Mr. Verden intelligently. He asked for a drink, then turned over and went to sleep again. But it looks like a healthy sleep now, and we hope that in a few hours he will be all right,—that is, right enough to tell who he is and recognize that he is being cared for."

The children were now more interested than ever. About three o'clock that afternoon Arthur was sitting in



their own cabin, reading. The door leading into the next one was ajar; from where he sat he could see the berth in which Robbie lay. Captain Wilde had forbidden the children to go into the other cabin, and they never thought of disobeying him. But suddenly Arthur heard an exclamation from the sick boy; then he saw him sit up in the berth and look wildly about him. He feared that he might roll over and fall on the floor, and perhaps injure himself. With this thought uppermost in his mind, he left his seat and went into the next cabin. Robbie's head had fallen back on the pillow. As Arthur approached he turned toward him, smiling faintly.

"It's awfully queer this," said the sick boy. "What's the matter with me? This is a ship, isn't it?"

Arthur nodded.

"This is the *Martha Washington*," he said. "It is my father's ship. I don't think you'd better talk. You had a bad fall, you know."

"Had I?" inquired Robbie, dreamily. "I'm awfully—hungry!"

There was a noise in the captain's cabin. Arthur hurried to the door. It was Louise.

"Go quickly and tell father and Mr. Verden that he's awake, and he is in his right senses, and he's very hungry."

Louise lost no time on her errand. The captain and mate soon made their appearance; the latter carrying a bowl of beef-tea, into which some crackers were presently to be broken by Arthur.

Louise had heard the words "awfully hungry," and her kind little heart had instantly responded. "Be sure and bring him something to eat, Mr. Verden?" she had begged.

Fat had conscientiously kept a supply of beef-tea on the back part of the stove ever since the discovery of the accident. Robbie drank the beef-tea with relish, but went to sleep again almost imme-

diately. This was entirely satisfactory to his nurses, who feared the sudden revelation of the distance now lying between him and his home might again prostrate him. When he awoke once more his eyes were so bright, his whole expression so intelligent, that Captain Wilde resolved to answer any questions he might be asked. As it happened, it fell to Arthur's lot to answer. Much to his satisfaction, he was allowed to remain on watch for a time. He was reading an interesting description of Australia when his attention became suddenly attracted by a sound from the berth. Robbie's eyes were wide open. His cheeks were somewhat flushed now and he was smiling.

"Do you feel better?" asked Arthur, going toward him and taking his hand.

"Yes, I feel well enough," was the reply. "But this ship seems to be going. How is that?"

"It is going," said Arthur. "It has been going for seven days."

"For seven days!" exclaimed Robbie. "Oh, how did I come here? What will my mother do? And Doña Dolores—what will she think?"

He ended with a sob, and Arthur grew somewhat frightened.

"Oh, don't feel like that!" he said. "It isn't near so bad as it might have been, and we'll all be very good to you."

Another sob from Robbie, and now there were tears flowing from his eyes.

"Oh, oh!" he murmured. "Mamma! poor mamma! And—when can I go home?" he gasped.

But Arthur evaded the question.

"You fell into a deep hole in the ship," he said. "Don't you remember anything about it?"

"Yes, I do," replied Robbie. "I came on board and the Chinaman took me round. When it was time to go he asked me to wait till he got me some trinket. I leaned against the wall and

then I felt myself falling—falling; and I thought: 'Now, this is the end of me, and mamma will never know what became of me.'"

"Yes, that is the way Fat explained it," said Arthur.

"But how did they find me? And why—why didn't they put me off?"

"The carpenter heard you moaning, and they got you up as soon as they could," said Arthur. "But when you were found we were twenty-four hours from land, and at first we didn't know but what you were a boy that had tried to hide so that you could go to Australia. That was before Fat told what he knew."

"To Australia? Must I go all the way to Australia now?"

"Yes, unless you might be able to change ships in mid-ocean, papa says."

"And how long will the voyage last?"

"Between fifty and seventy days, according to the wind and weather."

"And all that time the folks at home will not know where I am? Oh! oh!"

"I am afraid they won't."

"My mother will die—she will die!" said Robbie, covering his face with his hands to hide the tears.

"You had a bad cut on the head," said Arthur. "Mr. Verden, the mate, who is a kind of doctor, and papa and all the men have been taking care of you ever since you were found. They wouldn't let Louise or me come in until yesterday, but we've been very anxious about you."

"Are you the captain's children?" asked Robbie.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"The Chinaman told me about you. I am beginning to remember everything now. If only I had not turned back on the wharf! But I had never seen a ship before, and I was so anxious to go aboard one."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Arthur.

"We're awfully sorry; but we'll be just as good to you as ever we can be, and after a while you won't feel so cut up over it."

Robbie did not reply. Arthur thought it was time to call some one and went for his father. Captain Wilde came at once; Robbie's sore heart was touched by his kindness.

"You are so good," he said. "If it were not for my mother and the others, it would be a happy accident, Captain. They always called me 'Robbie the Rover' at home, but they never dreamed I would start out on my roving like this. Neither did I."

"Why did they call you 'Robbie the Rover'?" asked the captain.

"I wanted to go to sea; that has always been my ambition, and I was forever talking about it. But I hadn't calculated on starting in this way. They will think either that I was forced on board some ship or that I fell into the water and was drowned. Oh, my poor mother! What will she do?"

Captain Wilde could offer little in the shape of consolation. There was nothing to be said but that there was a probability of meeting a ship on the way, to which they might transfer their unwilling passenger.

"But I will tell you frankly, my boy," he added, "that if we *should* meet one, it will in all probability be a 'tramp' steamer, to which I could scarcely transfer you except under conditions which would make it unpleasant for you. You would probably be expected to *work* your passage back, and I assure you they would make you earn it. I can see that you are a fine, manly boy, accustomed to refined surroundings. It would be far better to go all the way with us, and cable to your friends when we arrive at Sydney that you are all right. Meantime you might have a letter in readiness, which you could dispatch

by any ship we may meet as we sail."

"We would not need to cable then, sir," said Robbie. "That costs so much, and I have no money,—only a dollar, I think, in one of my pockets."

The captain smiled.

"Never mind that," he said. "It is possible that even should you send a letter by some returning ship, she might never reach her destination. There would be that uncertainty, you see. And when we reach Sydney—as we shall, please God, in about forty-five days from now—it will be a great relief to your parents to learn, even if they have already received the letter, that you have arrived safe and well. Do you not agree with me?"

"Yes, sir," replied Robbie. "You are very good to me, Captain. I wish my mother could know. My father is dead."

"To-morrow, or when you feel a little stronger, you can tell me more about yourself," said the captain; "you have talked enough now. And remember that you are a passenger on my ship, and that there is a boy on board about your own age with whom you will be sure to strike up a friendship. And there is a girl also, my little Louise. But perhaps you don't care for girls."

"Oh, yes, I do!" said Robbie. "I am the only boy at home. I have sisters and a nice little cousin. Yes, I like girls very much."

"The Scapular you wear told us that you are a Catholic," said the captain. "We are Catholics, too. That also is a bond."

"Indeed it is," replied Robbie, his face one broad smile.

That night, though his cheeks were wet and the thought of the anxiety the dear ones at home must be enduring filled his heart with keenest agony, he thanked God that he had fallen into such good hands.

(To be continued.)

A Spring in the Desert.

During the rush for the California gold-fields in the Fifties a party took the route by Gila River, and set across the desert. The noon temperature was 120 degrees; the way was strewn with skeletons of wagons, horses and men; and on the second night, after crossing the Colorado, the water had given out. The party had gathered on the sands below Yuma.—the men discussing the advisability of returning, the women full of apprehension, the children crying, the horses panting. But presently the talk fell low, for in one of the wagons a child's voice was heard in prayer:

"O good Heavenly Father, I know I have been a naughty girl; but I am so thirsty, and mamma and papa and baby all want a drink so much! Do, good God, give us water, and I will never be naughty again!"

"One of the men responded earnestly: "May God grant it!"

In a few moments the child cried out joyfully: "Mother, get me water! Get some for baby and me. I can hear it running."

The horses and mules nearly broke from the traces; for almost at their feet a spring had burst from the sand, warm but pure. Their sufferings were over. The water continued to flow, running north for twenty miles, and at one point spreading into a lake two miles wide and twenty feet deep. When emigration was diverted, two years later, to the northern route and to the isthmus, New River Spring dried up. Its mission was over.

SPECTACLES were probably invented by a Florentine nobleman in the fourteenth century. It remained, however, for Alexander Spina, a native of Pisa, to give the discovery to the world.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We are not inclined to deplore very deeply the rigorism that has excluded from the Boston public library a number of books which, in the estimation of a good many cheaply-witty journalistic scribes, are perfectly safe reading for all. The tendency to literary prudery is not sufficiently marked throughout the country to warrant any fear of its being in general carried to excess. Boston's library in all probability might be still further weeded without any disastrous results to the public who frequent its halls.

—It would be unfair not to acknowledge that the revised, improved and enlarged edition of the Baltimore Catechism prepared by the Rev. Alexander Klauder, and published by Benziger Brothers, has some excellent features. But this is all, we think, that can be said in praise of it; and we can not agree with the publishers' declaration that "in every school where the old Baltimore Catechism is now used this new edition ought to be substituted." Klauder's "Revised Catechism" is in three parts, and each part needs revision.

—Although Macmillan's pocket edition of American and English classics is edited and published for use in secondary schools, general readers as well as teachers and pupils will be grateful for having their attention called to these choice little volumes. They are very cheap as well as very dainty. It is surprising that books so well printed and so durably bound can be sold at so low a price. The series includes thirty-one volumes, the last of which is Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Others are to follow at intervals. 16mo., bound in levanteen. Price, 25 cts.

—It will afford some consolation to many sorrowing poets whose published productions do not enjoy the popularity so fondly hoped for them, to be assured, on the authority of a leading publisher, that the average number of copies sold of the many hundred volumes of poems published in this country each year does not exceed one hundred and fifty. "Two years ago," writes this confiding publisher, "I brought out a volume by an English poet who had contributed to at least two American magazines, though otherwise unknown here. The poems were all charming, while many of them were of striking merit. Eleven of the best papers reviewed the book favorably, several magazines quoted from it, and I spent over \$40 in advertising it. At the end of a year I had sold six copies! I had always believed that this was the smallest

number of copies sold of a regularly published book, until a brother publisher confided to me not long ago that—well, that it was not! Of another volume, by an American poet, I sold only forty-two copies (not counting those bought by the author)." The poet may have been proverbially poor, but the times are assuredly prosaic.

—M. H. Gill & Co., Dublin, have issued a new edition of "The Life of Madame de Bonnault D'Houett, Foundress of the Society of the Faithful Companions of Jesus." This excellent work is translated from the French by Lady Herbert, and gives an interesting account of the new establishments of the "Faithful Companions" in England, Ireland, and Canada.

—A helpful guide in tracing the labors of the early missionaries of Texas will be found in "A Catalogue of Franciscan Missionaries," compiled by the Rev. Edmond J. P. Schmitt. It is put forth only as the basis for a more extensive and critical catalogue, but the compiler has added some valuable notes. Besides dates, there is an indication of the places where the records of the early Franciscan missions in Texas are to be found.

—Many of our readers will be glad to learn that the series of Temple Classics, which is so excellently edited and published, includes, besides "The Golden Legend," the text of Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradiso*, with translations; "The History of the Holy Grail"; "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," translated by T. W. Arnold; and Vasari's "Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects." Among other volumes in course of preparation are St. Augustine's "City of God" and Bede's "Ecclesiastical History."

—We have been much interested in the first number of "The Brooklyn Catholic Historical Society Records." Mr. Marc F. Vallette contributes a most readable account of the "Early Catholic Explorers and Catholic Foundations of Long Island and Vicinity"; and there is a brief, though not inadequate sketch of Father Raffener, the first apostle of the German Catholics of New York, from a MS. by the late Dr. Shea. The "Beginning of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society" in Brooklyn is traced by Mr. Joseph W. Carroll; and the Rev. Father Middleton, O. S. A., furnishes some important notes on the labors of three early missionaries of his Order on Long Island. "The Register of the Clergy of the Diocese of Brooklyn" affords information concerning some pioneer priests

of the district. Dr. Vallette's paper will be of interest everywhere, being full of "things not generally known"; for instance, that the Connecticut River was originally called River of Our Good Mother; and that the Hudson, "that majestic river of the North," having been discovered on the 13th of June, was named Rio San Antonio. Dr. De Costa states that it is so called in all the old maps of our Eastern Coast.

—The most singular thing that we have remarked in connection with R. L. Garner's work on the life and language (*sic*) of apes and monkeys is the following extract from a serious critic's notice of the book: "Altogether, his results have a curious and grave importance. His may be the first step on the threshold of a new lore, faintly foreseen by Lord Monboddó." Nonsense! If Mr. Garner or any one else will take the trouble to secure phonographic records of the grunt of the domestic swine, the cackle of the hen, or the bray of the jackass, and reproduce these utterances in the presence of other pigs, fowl or donkeys, precisely similar effects will be produced as in the case of the African apes. Said effects will possibly be curious, but will entirely lack "grave importance."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., *net.*

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, *net.*

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., *net.*

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, L.L. D.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.

Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.

The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.

Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterlon Dix.* 25 cts.

Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, *net.*

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, *net.*

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, *net.*

A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.

The Watson Girls. *Maurice Francis Egan.* 85 cts.

Father Hecker. *Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.* 75 cts.

Father Damien. *Robert Louis Stevenson.* 25 cts.

A Round of Rimes. *D. A. McCarthy.* \$1.

In the Beginning (Les Origines). *Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.* \$2, *net.*

Hans Memlinc. *W. H. James Weale.* \$1.75.

Sintram and His Companions; and Aslauga's Knight. *La Motte Fouqu .* 50 cts.

Life of Sister Mary Gonzaga Grace. *Eleanor C. Donnelly.* \$1.25, *net.*

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. Part III. Worship. *A Seminary Professor.* \$2.25, *net.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Clement Rogozinski, of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee; the Rev. George Allman, Diocese of Pittsburgh; the Rev. E. S. Phillips, Scranton; the Rev. James Leddy, Buffalo; the Rev. Francis Fitzpatrick, St. Louis; and the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Joos, Detroit.

Sister De Sales, of Loreto Convent, Atlanta, Ga.; and Sister Dolorata, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William S. Preston, of New York; Mrs. Laura L. Vincent, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Edward Anderson, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Angus McDonald and Mrs. Teresa McDonald, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. James Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Daniel O'Reilly, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Mary Rogge and Mrs. Martha Kuhn, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. Rose Ryan, Ottawa, Canada; Mr. Louis Hennes, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine E. Byrne, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. S. Wagner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Nagle, Lenox, Iowa; Mr. J. E. Lew, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Jennie Ward, Hampton, Cal.; and Margaret Davis, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Mistress of the Garden.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THERE never was a garden
Where sweeter flowers grew,
Nor ever fairer warden
Than those bright blossoms knew.

Her very touch seemed holy;
So gentle was her hand,
Proud rose a violet lowly,
None brighter in the land.

No longer are they blooming:
They miss her tender care;
Could they but hear her coming,
What welcome everywhere!

Her garden lies untended,
All withered is the sod;
Her poor are unbefriended,—
Ah! does she know—with God?

Readings on the Holy Eucharist.

READERS of the Roman Breviary can not fail to be deeply impressed by the extracts from the writings of the Doctors of the Church selected for the different days of the Octave of Corpus Christi. The beauty, strength and appropriateness of these lessons, as they are called, appeal to everyone who recites the Divine Office. It is much to be regretted that the Breviary is a sealed book to the great majority of the laity. Let us hope that the whole of the Prayer of the Church may some day be laid open to all English-speaking Catholics. We are

not forgetting the Marquis of Bute's great work, but that is "caviar to the general." The following readings have been carefully translated from the offices of which they are part.

St. Thomas of Aquin.—Although on the day of the Last Supper, when the Blessed Sacrament was instituted, special mention is made of the institution amidst the solemnities of Mass, yet all the rest of the office of that day is taken up with the passion of Our Lord, on which the Church is at that time meditating. But that the faithful might, by a special and entire office, recall the institution of so great a sacrament, Pope Urban IV., moved by devotion to it, ordered that on the first fifth *feria* (Thursday) after the octave of Pentecost, the memory of the aforesaid institution should be celebrated by all the faithful; so that we, who all the year round use this sacrament for our salvation, may recall its institution at this time especially, when the Holy Spirit has been enlightening the hearts of the disciples on the mysteries of this sacrament. And it was at this same time also [i. e., the first Pentecost] that this sacrament began to be frequented by the faithful generally.

And in order that this same fifth *feria* (Thursday), and the eight succeeding days, might be more memorable in the recollection of this institution, and that the solemnity of the feast be rendered more venerable, instead of the distribu-

tion of material alms which takes place in cathedral churches during the time of canonical hours, night as well as day, the aforesaid holy Pontiff, out of his apostolic generosity, granted to all who were personally present in church at the canonical hours great spiritual largess; that the faithful might thus hasten with greater desire and in greater numbers to be present at the celebration of so great a feast.

St. Augustine.—The words of the Lord which follow His first sermon [about giving this Bread] we have heard from the Gospel.* A discourse, therefore, is due to your ears as well as to your minds; and to-day that is not inopportune. It is about the body of the Lord, which He said He would give to be eaten for the sake of eternal life. He explained the manner in which this giving was to take place, as well as the manner of the gift itself,—that is, how He would give His flesh to be eaten; saying: “He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him.” The sign, then, that he has eaten and drunk is this: if he abides and is held abiding; if he inhabits and is inhabited; if he clings to, and is not abandoned.

This He has taught us and insisted on with those mystical words, that we are in His body, under His headship, members of His members, as long as we do not abandon His unity. But of those who were present [at that sermon of His] many were scandalized because they did not understand; for when they heard these things they thought only of flesh, such as they themselves were. Now, the Apostle says, and says truly, that “to be wise according to the flesh is death.” The Lord gives us His flesh to eat; and to be wise according to the flesh is death.

When, then, He says of His flesh that “there is eternal life,” we are not to be wise according to the flesh in understanding “flesh”; as in these words that follow [is seen the consequence of it]; many of those who heard—and they were not His enemies but His disciples—said: “This is a hard saying, and who can bear it?”

If the disciples counted that saying hard, what His enemies? And yet, so it was fitting [in the decrees of God] to make that declaration, which is not understood by all. *The secret of God ought to make us students, not critics*; for the latter fall away when they hear Jesus speaking the like things [as those who were scandalized]. They did not think that He was saying anything great, and that He was disguising by these words a heavenly grace; but as they desired, so did they understand, and just like men—viz., that Jesus could, or that Jesus arranged, that the flesh wherewith the Word was clothed would be as it were cut up and distributed among those who would believe in Him. “This saying,” they said, “is hard, and who can bear it?”

St. Chrysostom.—It is necessary for us, dearly beloved, to meditate on this miracle of mysteries; and thus learn what it is, why it was given, and what is its usefulness to us.

We are made one body with Him,—members, He says, of His flesh and of His bones. But now, knowing what it is, let us listen to what is said; for we are made this [i. e., one body with Him], not by charity only, but we are in very fact commingled into His flesh. And this is effected by means of that food which, when He desired to manifest the love He had for us, He bestowed upon us. He, therefore, commingled Himself with us, and did so communicate His body to us that He becomes one thing with us, as a head with its members; for this

* The Gospel of the feast and octave is taken from St. John, vi, 56–59.

is what this divine Lover desires to effect with the beloved, by giving His flesh to be eaten. As lions, therefore, breathing fire, let us return from this table. We are made terrible to the devil; but let us not forget our divine Head and the love which He has manifested toward us.

Mothers sometimes give their children to others to be nursed; but I, says He, have not done so. With My own flesh I nourish you, My own self I give to you; for I would have you, too, to be unselfish, and therefore I tell you of the eternal riches laid up in store for you. For when I give you Myself here below, what will I not give you in the world beyond? From eternity I desired to be made your brother. For that reason I communicated My Divinity to flesh and blood; and then, in turn, that flesh and blood through which I was made your brother, I communicate to you.

Since, then, dearly beloved, we enjoy such wonderful benefits, we ought to keep a strict watch over ourselves; and when we are tempted to say any vile thing, or we find ourselves seized upon by anger or any other vice, let us remember how far above these we are raised by the wonderful things put into our hands. Such recollection will quell unruly emotions. As many of us, then, as are made one in His body and as many as drink His blood, let us reflect that we receive Him who is seated above, and who, near to [the throne of] incorruptible power, is adored by the angels.

Ah, me! how many ways of salvation are open to us! He hath made us His body; He hath communicated His body to us; and yet, alas! with all these we are not kept from evil.

St. Augustine.—We have said already that the Lord, by the eating of His flesh and drinking of His blood, commended this—that we remain in Him and He

in us. We remain in Him while we are His members; He remains in us as long as we are His temple. But in order that we be one with Him, union brings us together; and how does union effect this but through charity? The charity of God, it is written, is diffused in our hearts through the Holy Ghost, who was given to us.

It is the spirit, then, that gives life; it is the spirit that makes members alive. Nor does it make any alive but those that it finds in the body, which the spirit itself nourishes. For that spirit which is in you, O man, and by which you are constituted what you are,—does that spirit give life to a member separated from your body? By your spirit I mean your soul. Your soul does not give life to any member that is not in your flesh. If you cut off any member, it no longer gives life to that member, because it is not united in the oneness of the body.

I say these things that we may love unity and dread separation. For there is nothing that a Christian ought so to dread as separation from the body of Christ [i. e., the Church]. For if he be separated from the body of Christ, he is not His member; and if he be not His member, he is not led by His Spirit.

“Whosoever,” says the Apostle, “has not the Spirit of Christ, he is not of Him. The spirit it is that gives life; the flesh availeth nothing. The words I speak to you are spirit and life.” What is meant by “are spirit and life”? [This] that they are to be understood spiritually. Have you understood [this] spiritually? [To you] they are spirit and life. Have you understood carnally? Even so, they are spirit and life, but not to you.

St. Chrysostom.—Since the Word hath said, “This is My body,” let us submit and believe, and gaze upon Him with thy eyes of our soul. For it was not

anything observable by the senses of our body that Christ left to us; but yet under things observable by the senses of the body did He leave it, and all intelligible to the soul. Just in such like it is with baptism. For by an observable thing—water—a gift is conferred; and what is effected is understood [only] by the soul,—that is, regeneration and renewal. If, therefore, we had been without a body, He would have given a gift divested of signs and incorporeal. But since our soul is wedded to a body, through means of corporal He has given us spiritual things.

How many now say, "I would love to look upon His figure, His features, His form, His garments"! Behold, you see Him, you touch Him, you eat Him. And you long to see His vesture, while He permits you to touch* Him, to eat Him, to receive Him within you! Therefore, let no one approach with nausea, no one with coldness; but let all be burning, all on fire, all eager. For if the Jews, standing up, having shoes on their feet and staves in their hands, were to eat the Paschal Lamb in haste, surely it much more becomes you to be ready. These were indeed to go to Palestine, and they were types of pilgrims in this world; but you are to go to heaven. In all things, therefore, you ought to be on your guard. And, remember, no small penalty is decreed against those who receive unworthily.

* We shall understand better the allusion to "touch Him" if we remember that in the early Church, and up to the time of St. Chrysostom, the usual way for the laity to receive Holy Communion was not, as now, for the priest to lay the adorable sacrament on the tongue; but this way: men received it on the open palm of the right hand, as it rested in the form of a cross on the left; women in like manner, but that their right hand was covered with a clean cloth. The formula or prayer was: the priest said, *Corpus Domini* (The Body of the Lord), and laid the sacred body on the person's hand; the recipient, as an act of faith in the Real Presence, said, "Amen."

Think how indignant you yourself are against him who betrayed and those who crucified the Lord; therefore, take care lest you also be guilty of His body and blood. They indeed crucified His body, but you receive it into a polluted soul,—and that, too, after repeated benefits. Nor was it enough for Him to be made man, to be buffeted and crucified, but He must also commingle Himself with us; nay, in very truth make us one with His own body.

Oh, how pure, then, ought he to be who assists at such a sacrifice! Ought not the hand that distributes this flesh be cleaner than a ray of light from the sun? How pure the mouth that is filled with this spiritual fire! And how clean the tongue that is reddened with so tremendous a blood!

Reflect how highly you have been honored by this great gift, and what wonderful table this is to which you have been invited. The very angels, looking on, tremble with reverence; nor do they dare to gaze directly on the gift, because of the splendor glowing from it. On this we feed, to this we are united, and become by this one body with Christ and one flesh. Oh, who will make known the wonders of the Lord? Who will publish His worthy praise? For where is the shepherd that feeds his sheep with his own blood? But why talk of shepherds? Where is the mother even? Nay, many mothers, after undergoing the pangs of childbirth, will hand their children over to nurses. That He did not do, but with His own blood feeds us, and uses every means to unite us to Himself.

St. Gregory.—There is usually this difference, dearly beloved, between the pleasures of the body and the pleasures of the heart: when bodily pleasures are not enjoyed there arises a great desire for them,—as soon as they are enjoyed with avidity they immediately bring on

a satiety and turn the former desire into disgust; whereas spiritual delights when not enjoyed are odious, but when they are enjoyed they excite desire; and they that eat grow in proportion the more hungry, and in proportion to their hunger does their desire grow for what they feed on. In the former, appetite hungers; but being satisfied, is not pleased; in the latter, hunger is dull, but trial craves for more. In those, appetite leads to fulness, and fulness to disgust; in these, appetite begets fulness, and fulness brings on desire.

Spiritual delights, while they satisfy, increase the longing in the mind; because the more their savor is tasted, the more is it felt how sweet they are. Hence when they are not enjoyed they can not be relished; for their sweetness is not known. No man loves that of which he knows nothing.

It is for this reason that the Psalmist cries out to encourage us: "Taste and see how sweet is the Lord." As if he would plainly say: You can have no idea of His sweetness if you have never tasted it; but touch the Bread of Life with the palate of the heart, that, tasting you may experience how sweet it is, and love its sweetness.

Man, then, lost these delights when he sinned in Paradise; and he passed away from them when he shut his mouth to the food of eternal sweetness. So it has come to pass that we, born in the bitterness of exile [from Paradise], have arrived at that pitch of fastidiousness that we do not even know what we ought to desire. Nay even, the disease of our fastidiousness is increased by our minds keeping aloof from a desire to partake of this sweetness. And so we have not sighed for these interior delights, because we have been for so long a time unaccustomed to enjoy them. Therefore do we faint because of our fastidiousness, and totter for want of

food. And so miserable have we become that, unwilling to taste the internal sweetness prepared for us, we even hug our poverty.

St. Chrysostom.—With each one of the faithful Christ commingles Himself; and the children whom He brought forth He nourishes with His own self. And by this He would once more persuade you that He took upon Himself your flesh.

Let us not, then, be dull, we who are accounted worthy of such an honor and so great a gift. Do you not remark with what eagerness even an infant will turn to the mother's breast, and with what haste it will press it with the lips? With a like eagerness let us approach this table and press our lips to the spiritual cup. Nay, with a far greater eagerness, since, like to infants suckling, we receive the grace of the spirit. Let our one grief be to be deprived of this heavenly nourishment.

But these things that are proposed to us are not within the power of human strength; but He who did them at the Last Supper continues to do them still. We hold the place [only] of ministers; but it is He who consecrates these things and changes them. Let no Judas, then, be there,—no one given to greed. This table has no place for such.

But if any one is a disciple, let him come; for Christ says: "I make the Pasch with My disciples." This is [His] table and contains nothing less [than Himself]. It is not He, however, but man that accomplishes this [that is, the Consecration]; and yet He also. Let no man approach hard-hearted, no one cruel and unmerciful, and least of all any one impure.

Now, all these things I have said equally to those who receive and to you who administer. But it is fitting that I should direct some portion of my address to you, that with greater

caution you may distribute those blessed gifts [the Sacred Hosts and the cup; for the Holy Communion was at that time administered to the faithful under both species].

No slight punishment awaits you if, conscious of another's guilt, you allow him to be a sharer of this table. The blood of the Lord shall be required at your hands. Whether, then, he be military leader or prefect or the prince himself wearing his diadem, if he approach unworthy, put him back; you have greater power than he. For this reason did God raise you to this honor, that you might discern these things. This is your dignity, this your security, this all your crown; and not that you might strut around glittering in white and gold garments.

But you, O layman! when you see the priest offering up these things, do not look upon this as the work of the priest alone, but consider the hand of Christ also invisibly extended over it.

Let us all, then, priests and laymen,—let us all hear what food this is of which we are made worthy; let us hear and tremble. With His own sacred flesh hath He decreed to feed us; Himself hath He appointed as victim. Oh, what excuse, then, remains for us when we are fed with such food! What our guilt if we become wolves, though eating the Lamb; if, while we are fed as sheep, we devour as lions! This food requires us to be free not alone from rapine but even from the slightest smouldering of hate. It is the Mystery of Peace.

To the Jews, at stated times during the year, the Lord commanded certain solemnities in remembrance of the gifts they had received; but to you He appoints every day as a solemnity by these mysteries. Let no Judas, then, come to this table; no Simon [Magus]. Owing to avarice these two perished. God save us from that whirlpool!

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVI.—MR. HENRY MORAN IS FORCED TO ASSUME A NEW RÔLE.

MR. HENRY MORAN had arisen from dinner and lighted a cigar, with which he stationed himself near the library window, quietly watching for sights or sounds from the cottage. Monotony had always been the rule of his home-life, and had had its charm for this man of action, wearied of perpetual turmoil, of the very variety of the scenes through which he had passed,—of travel, of adventure; above all, of the over-stimulating existence upon the Stock Exchange. But of late this monotony had been broken in upon, delicately, harmoniously, delightfully.

There was nothing incongruous in the soft enchantment which held him at his window or upon the lawn with the rest and refreshment of this self-chosen exile. The wholesome freshness of the air, the invigorating breezes of the mountain, the solitude, the silence, the sense of freedom under those glorious stars, were nowise impaired by that pleasurable excitement, the hope of seeing Kate, or the very uncertainty as to whether he should hear her voice or not. It was as a bird in a gilded cage, who delights in his captivity, unaware that he is held in bondage.

It was sufficient, therefore, for Henry Moran's jaded spirit if he caught even a passing glimpse of Kate. He tasted an enjoyment in hearing her musical voice, talking upon any subject whatever, which he told himself he had never known. Sometimes he strove to review those various amusements which he had known and the pleasure he had experienced in them. He recalled bygone theatres, or the thrilling notes of this or that prima donna, or the dinners and

the balls and the races he had attended. He sent back his mind to Rome, to the Riviera, to Paris, and brought scene after scene vividly to his memory. A single word spoken in that vibrant voice by the simply-clad girl next door, one of her merry laughs, convinced him more than ever that here in this remote country town Fortune had played him one of her pranks and deprived him of his freedom.

He was roused from a reverie by the voice of Mary Geraghty announcing that a lady wanted to see him. His heart gave a leap, so completely had he merged the whole sex in one individual.

Mary Geraghty had recognized the visitor; but she did not mention the name, as the lady had refrained from doing so. Henry Moran, entering the great unused drawing-room, saw some person sitting there, who arose at his approach. Her identity was clear to him at once. It was Mrs. Raymond. Standing uncertainly on the threshold, the stockbroker knew that a crucial moment had come. Then he advanced, bowing courteously. The lady returned the salute, and, after an instant's keen scrutiny and a somewhat embarrassed pause, said:

"It was not precisely you whom I expected to see, but rather your father—or uncle?"

She ended the sentence with an inquiring glance; but Henry Moran was still silent, collecting his energies with the same vigor as in desperate crises in Wall Street.

"In short," said Mrs. Raymond, with a blending of humor and resolution, "I have come to see the 'old gentleman next door.'"

"You will be sorry to hear," said Henry Moran, his eyes upon the floor, "that the old gentleman to whom you refer is dead."

"Dead!" cried Mrs. Raymond, horror

and pity mingling with her surprise. "But how is that possible without our knowing or hearing?"

"It was sudden," said Henry Moran.

"Are you his son?" inquired the lady.

"No, madam."

"A near relative, perhaps?"

Henry Moran reflected.

"Yes, a near relative," he replied.

"This sudden turn of affairs is most perplexing as well as distressing," said the lady. "I shall not intrude further upon you now, but I will call upon our neighbor's legal representative."

"The old gentleman has made me his heir, madam," said Henry Moran; "and empowered me to carry on all transactions in his name, as well as to carry out his instructions."

"Poor old gentleman!" cried Mrs. Raymond. "Though none of us have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, my family and I have received much kindness from him."

"The little he was able to do afforded him extreme pleasure, I assure you," said Henry Moran, so eagerly that for the first time a faint suspicion crossed the visitor's mind. "If I might be permitted in any degree to take his place," the newly-made heir added, hesitatingly.

"I fear that is scarcely possible," the lady said, with a smile. "You see, you have not the advantage of age."

"That is my misfortune," Mr. Moran answered, smiling also. "But in that respect I shall certainly improve."

"Well, I must thank you for your kind intentions," Mrs. Raymond remarked. "And perhaps I may as well drop a hint at once of the nature of my business with your—your relative."

"I am quite at your service, madam. Have no hesitation whatever in speaking on any subject you please."

"We have reason to think that the old gentleman," said Mrs. Raymond, "paid—advanced—arranged, I mean, a

certain matter for us. I was anxious to give him, and shall be glad to give you as his representative, notes for the amount he advanced."

Henry Moran shrank back with a look of pain on his face. Next moment he remembered that the proprieties of life as well as the feelings of his neighbors had to be respected.

"Are you quite convinced," he asked slowly, "that you are in any degree indebted to the old gentleman?"

"There are one or two mystifying circumstances in the case," the lady admitted, "which have not as yet been cleared up. But we were referred to your late relative by one who ought to know."

"That scoundrel Freeman, I suppose!" thought Henry Moran. But aloud he said: "And is there no way by which these circumstances can be cleared up before you take any further steps in the matter?"

"I do not know of any, now that the old gentleman is dead; and so great is my moral certainty that he was our benefactor that I shall feel grateful if you will accept the notes."

"I will do whatever you think best," said Henry Moran; and it occurred to him that it might be well to prevent any further inquiries by accepting the notes at once, and even admitting some knowledge of the subject.

"I fear you will find the payment somewhat long deferred," observed Mrs. Raymond, with a flush. "The notes are for four and six months respectively."

"That is perfectly satisfactory," said Henry Moran, with a bow; "unless, indeed, you would prefer to extend them for a longer period. To me it is quite indifferent, as they can be realized upon at any time."

"Can they?" cried Mrs. Raymond. "I am so glad! But still I will leave them as they are." Then she added,

rising to go: "I suspect you have fallen heir to your relative's kindness of heart as well as to his worldly goods."

"It is a mere matter of business," Henry Moran declared; "the kindness is on your side. And, to set your mind entirely at ease, I will say that I had some inkling of this matter from—from the old gentleman himself,—and that he had the great gratification of being of service in a temporary difficulty—to which women are so exposed."

"You are indeed kind," replied Mrs. Raymond; "and this explanation has much relieved me." She was charmed, too, by the air of manly sincerity, of genuine kindness, with which the brief explanation was made. "But perhaps you can also make clear how a cheque of Mr. Mortimer's came to be used."

"Mr. Mortimer's cheque chanced to be in the old gentleman's possession, and he made use of it for obvious reasons."

"I appreciate his delicacy of conduct," Mrs. Raymond said. "But there is still another difficulty."

Henry Moran braced himself against the trying question which he felt was probably coming.

"How did the name of a certain well-known financier, the celebrated Henry Moran, come to be upon the cheque?"

"Mr. Mortimer had, I believe, sent the cheque to Mr. Moran for investment, and what followed was merely an arrangement between the old gentleman and the Wall Street man."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Mrs. Raymond said, entirely satisfied; for the majority of women are not expert in business transactions and require very little explanation at all. "Good-bye!" said the lady, quite unsuspecting. "I hope we shall meet sometime, and that you will then give me the details of the old gentleman's death."

"You shall certainly have them, and I hope at a very early date."

He felt quite ashamed of the deceit he was practising. Indeed, he had at first adopted the expedient of announcing the old gentleman's death as a humorous way of explaining the truth. But as the lady had received the intelligence in all seriousness; and as it made her mission the less difficult, Henry Moran had left things to chance and entered upon the scene as the *young* gentleman next door. This he knew would be a much more difficult part to play successfully. It would require both tact and delicacy. He would be kept at a distance, no doubt; and he would never more hear the flattering epithets which, in Kate's musical voice, had been a delight to him. Yet matters had turned out better than he could have anticipated. He was still, to some extent, incognito, and had not just yet to appear as Henry Moran. It seemed likely, however, that the young gentleman next door might at any moment be called upon to assume the name and style of that well-known financier, through some further indiscretion on the part of the agent of Boomer & Company.

"These notes will never come to maturity, if Fortune favors me," said Henry Moran, as he carefully locked the scraps of paper away in his desk. He had been very favorably impressed by Mrs. Raymond. Her bearing was so gracious and dignified under exceedingly trying circumstances, her carriage so full of distinction, and her manner marked by all the simplicity of the finest breeding, that the lady was eminently pleasing to this keen observer.

"Kate—my 'super-dainty' Kate—will be like that, only still handsomer, when she's her mother's age," he reflected, sighing at the same time to think that she should ever be other than that very goddess of youth which he had first seen in the moonlit garden.

Henry Moran heard with keenest

interest the interview between Mrs. Raymond and her daughters when she told them the result of her interview with himself.

"Did he say when the old gentleman died?" asked Kate.

"No, dear," said the mother. "I was so bewildered that I did not inquire; and, really, I hesitated to ask questions, especially as there seemed to be some motive for secrecy. This heir is not one who could be questioned. He is singularly uncommunicative."

"Mother," said Kate, after a long pause, "I don't think there was ever any old gentleman there at all."

"Why, my love, what do you mean?" cried her mother in alarm; and the sisters made wondering comments.

"I mean just what I say, mother!" declared Kate, with emphasis.

"But if there never was any old gentleman, who sent the things, who paid the money?" asked Mary.

"Do you think Mr. Mortimer could have contrived all that?" Pauline said.

Kate shook her head. Her face looked very lovely but very grave. Henry Moran could see it plainly as he sat in the dark in his library window; and he hung upon her words, knowing that they might be a sentence of doom.

"I think it was a young man all the time!" Kate cried. "He may have heard some of our foolish talk and has been amusing himself with us."

There was silence, while hot tears of mortification glittered upon Kate's cheeks. She was thinking especially of the drawings and of the letters she had written; and she had an instantaneous conviction that, if it were a young man, he had singled her out. Mrs. Raymond, too, looked grave as the details of her interview with their neighbor came back to her. Elinor suddenly exclaimed:

"I shouldn't wonder if he were the man that I saw in the trap at the

door, and who looked so hard at you, Kate, in town yesterday."

Kate nodded assent. She felt that Elinor was right; and as the face of this man rose before her with curious distinctness, his personality became oddly blended in her mind with that of Henry Moran. She felt angry and aggrieved. Yet as she recalled the stranger's look and bearing upon that day of which Elinor spoke, there had certainly been nothing of impertinence nor yet of mockery in one or the other. Courteous, unobtrusive, in that brief instant she had judged him favorably.

"We can not return any of the gifts, even if we would," said Mrs. Raymond; "but we must be on our guard in future." And she added after a moment's thought: "He is certainly a gentleman, and I believe had only the kindest motives in what he has done."

"In deceiving us and making sport of us!" cried Kate, with unreasonable bitterness.

"I think you are unjust, Kate," said her mother.

"We must find out who he is," said Mary. "I will ask Jack to help us. And we must pay that loan all the sooner."

"Oh, if we could only pay it at once, mother!" exclaimed Kate, vehemently. "It is dreadful to be under such an obligation to a stranger."

"This new view of the affair certainly complicates matters," answered Mrs. Raymond, sighing.

"Oh, I wish I could tell him what I think of him!" said Kate, putting her head out of the window to cool her burning cheeks. "I really hate him!—oh, I do hate him!"

But *did* she hate him? Almost in the same moment the conviction flashed upon her that there must be a strong attraction about this man who had done things with so much wit and

delicacy. The flavor of mystery, too, had its share in making an impression; while all that charmed her imagination in the old man took on, do what she would, a still more roseate tinge when she was aware that these attributes belonged to a young man,—a handsome man as men go, a distinguished-looking man, a gentleman. She was so angry with herself that she drew in her head hastily; repeating, however, even more vehemently than before:

"I am sure he is odious, detestable, and I hate him!"

Henry Moran was much disturbed by these sentiments on Kate's part. Had his judgment been cooler, he probably would have come to the conclusion that she declared her hatred too loudly and with unnecessary asseveration. He kept wondering how he could get into her good graces again, but what possible explanation could he make? He said to himself, with a grim smile: "If only I dared send her a third picture with a young man at her feet! But it wouldn't do in her present mood. I'm afraid the *young* man is going to have a hard time of it."

He pondered for a while longer. All was silent at the cottage.

"Mr. Mortimer might help," he said. "But in that case all incognitos would be over and I should have to go straight forward as Henry Moran."

He felt a strong disinclination to do so at the present stage of affairs. That would be the last card he should have to play. He preferred, as it were, to succeed in his present capacity; to be, as he had all along wished, his own rival, and to win against Henry Moran himself, with the odds in that financier's favor. But how was it to be done? Must it be still a waiting game or should he play on bolder lines? Here was the difficulty.

A Treasury.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

A KINDLY heart is still the treasury
 Most rich of all; for never monarch grand
 Or multi-millionaire had at command
 Its wealth exhaustless. The unsounded sea
 Has caves no deeper than its vaults. Its key
 Is ne'er withdrawn, but yields to any hand:
 No wretch so low but finds there on demand
 Both gentle deeds and priceless sympathy.
 Who give of kindness ne'er decrease their store,
 However lavishly their wealth be strewn;
 In swift return receive they all and more
 Than they have freely granted,—heavenly boon,
 Yet privilege that each may gain in part;
 For he who wills may own a kindly heart.

The Lavender Lady and the Rhododendrons.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER MCINTYRE.

II.—(Conclusion.)

THAT night, at bedtime, Ethelberta loitered on the broad stairway, waiting for Betty to come and brush her hair. Somehow, she did not fancy walking through the picture-gallery alone. Through the long, narrow oriel window, half-way up the staircase, the moon shone in such great brilliance that the dim hanging-lamp in the hall below did not deaden its beams.

Ethelberta put her face close to the glass as she waited, admiring the clear cold light glinting through the trees. Thinking of all she had heard that day, she looked toward the rhododendron thicket. Was she crazy? Had her senses deserted her? Surely, surely her eyes could not so deceive her! Just on the edge of the thicket stood a tall figure in lavender silk,—none other than the ghostly lady! At that moment the moon sailed under a cloud. Ethelberta gave a stifled scream, and flew down two flights of stairs until she reached the servants' hall.

In her childhood's days, before she went off to school, she had preferred the brightness and life of the servants' hall to sitting alone with her father; and especially just before bedtime she would wander down and coax Foster away from his game of cards with the other servants to play a tune on the fiddle for her. Lately she had thought it beneath her dignity to do this, though more than once she had sighed regretfully after the warmth and brightness and chatter so attractive to her in her childhood's days. She was not far from being a child now; but when a girl first grows up it seems to her that between her present state and that from which she has barely emerged there is a great gulf fixed. Now, however, forgetting all this, she flew breathlessly into the servants' hall. She did not find them settled down to a game of cards as in old days, but all listening attentively to some thrilling tale that Betty, the young chambermaid, was relating. She stopped as Ethelberta came in.

Now that she was no longer alone, the girl began to feel half ashamed of her fear; so she merely said:

"Come, Betty: I want to go to bed, and am tired of waiting for you."

"O Miss Ethelberta, I'm that flustered I don't know which way to look! Me and Mr. Foster has both seen the ghost. My mother says as I'll have to give notice, for she don't want no ghosteses casting spells over me."

"You oughter be ashamed of yourself, Betty," said the cook, "frightening the poor dear young lady like that. I am ashamed of you!"

"I have seen it too," said Ethelberta. And thereat she forgot all her newly assumed dignity and sat down as of old on the little hassock by the fireplace, with the brightly burnished copper cooking vessels ranged along the mantel-shelf. There she stayed for two hours,

hearing all that each one of them could tell her of the Lavender Lady. Eleven o'clock struck, then twelve.

"How late it is! I must go to bed. Come, Betty!" she said.

The two of them walked slowly up the stairs, Ethelberta thinking to herself: "Now I must show Betty that I am not afraid. She is only a poor ignorant country girl."

As they neared the picture-gallery she would have given anything to scamper past the pictures as fast as she could, but desisted.

As they neared the Lavender Lady Betty began to go very slowly, and Ethelberta had to wait for her and almost pull her past. As she took hold of the girl's hand she found she was trembling with fright. The moon was full on the picture, and the canvas shook perceptibly. The same heavy sigh, almost unmistakable, came from it. At this they both ran until they reached Ethelberta's room.

When she was ready for bed, and Betty stood with the lamp in her hand, the thought came to her: "How can I stay alone to-night? Could Betty stay with me?" But there was only a single bed. So, with reassurances that there was no occasion to be frightened, which she herself was far from feeling, she bade Betty good-night and dismissed her.

She heard the maid's heavy shoes running along the corridor, and as the noise died away in the distance she heard a crash and a faint sound of falling glass. But not for anything would she get out of bed to see what had happened. Ethelberta was a devout Catholic. To-night she had taken her rosary to bed with her and held it in her hands; it seemed to make her feel safer.

After a while she fell asleep, but her sleep was troubled and fitful. An hour or two before dawn she woke, feeling terribly warm. She flung part of the

bedclothes back, but the heat seemed only to increase. Her breath came fast, and presently she could hardly breathe at all: something seemed to choke her. She gave a little scream and stretched out her hand to the wall. It was so hot she pulled her hand away quickly. What could have happened?

She jumped up and lighted a lamp—the room was full of smoke! As she opened her door a cloud of smoke rushed past her. She fled, lamp in hand, in the direction of the stairway; but a gush of flames stopped her short as she reached the big window. Half paralyzed with fear, she looked out into the night, wondering if she should leap out of the window; then she turned and saw the flames burning up picture after picture. With a dread fascination, she watched them crawl on to the picture of the Lavender Lady, and the canvas burn up like paper. As she gazed, behind where the picture had been a small, low, long room, with mouldy stone walls, more like a cave than a room, met her eyes.

"Is this real or am I dreaming?" she wondered.

Crouching on a stool in a corner of this cave-room she saw the figure of a woman. She had a child on her knee, and was leaning back toward a hole in the wall, calling in a distressed voice:

"Conrad, bring a light quick, till I find my little sister and get her out of these terrible flames. I can not come without her!"

Thereupon the strange woman stood up, still holding her child. She was tall and dressed in lavender, with collar and cuffs of antique lace. She moved gently toward Ethelberta, and, taking her by the hand, said softly:

"Come, dear little sister! We have no time to lose. Follow me and all will be well."

Holding the lamp in one hand, her other clasped in that of the strangely

substantial ghost-lady, the young girl walked across the low room. As they reached the hole the lady bent her head slightly and walked into it, Ethelberta following,—scarcely surprised any more now, but merely thinking, like Alice in Wonderland, “Curiouser and curiouser!”

She found herself in a long, dank-smelling passage, declining in a gradual slope. The walls were damp and slimy, with a kind of whitish lichen growing on them. Ethelberta could not but think of Alice sinking down the interminable well. As she went she heard the chapel bell pulled violently, and shouts growing fainter and fainter. Still they plodded along this dark underground passage. It reminded Ethelberta more of the family vault than anything she had ever seen before. The strange lady said no more, but just walked on.

At last they came to some steep, mossy steps, and presently they emerged into the moonlight. Ethelberta rubbed her eyes and looked round her. They were in a dense thicket. She stretched out her hand and pulled at something,—it was a rhododendron leaf. The sky all above her was lurid with flames. She pushed through the bushes till she could see the Hall, and then she knew in a moment where she was. Several men from the village had come up, and, with the servants, were doing their best to extinguish the flames.

Ethelberta stood watching them as one spellbound. But presently the flames seemed to dwindle and gradually die out. Stone does not easily burn, and though the fire had made some little headway unnoticed, they could extinguish it without great difficulty.

“Alas, alas for father’s pictures!” said Ethelberta to herself. “For he loves them as children.” Then for the first time she thought of her father.

Running quickly toward the house, she called out to everyone she met:

“Where is my father?” For some time she could get no answer; but at last she met Foster, the butler. He was badly smirched and scorched by the fire and his face was full of trouble.

“My dear young lady, I can not tell. The last time I saw him he was rushing through the flames to your room to save you. I went after him, but we found you gone. He was not satisfied though, and kept on looking and hunting. Then I lost sight of him.”

“O Foster, Foster, we *must* find him! Where can he be? Let us come and search for him everywhere.”

Poor Foster feared the worst, so he persuaded his young mistress to stay quietly while Betty brought her some warm clothing, saying he could search better alone.

Ethelberta sank on an old carved oaken bench in the hall. How glad was she to see Nana hurrying toward her, with a big warm shawl on her arm, which she wrapped round Ethelberta, taking the young girl’s slender form on her knee, and comforting her as though she were a little child!

The big arched door, studded with iron nails, was unbolted and flung wide open. The first grey streaks of coming dawn began to appear in the sky. The figure of a tall man struggling under some heavy burden was visible coming toward the door. As he came closer they saw that he carried in his arms a man whose garments were burned almost off him.

They passed through the doorway, and Nana whispered excitedly:

“As I live, Miss Ethelberta, that is Mr. Frondberg, who married your sister, Miss Ernestine!”

He seemed at first not to see them, and hurried by, bearing his burden straight to the library. Depositing it very gently on the sofa, he rang the bell loudly. Foster, returning in great

trouble from a fruitless search for his master, recognized the library bell with a bounding hope. Could it be the old squire himself? He entered the room just behind Nana and Ethelberta.

Stretched unconscious on the sofa lay Mr. Branscombe. His deliverer stood beside him, gently extricating his injured arm from the few remaining charred rags which clung around it.

"Thank God!" said the old servant. "I had given him up for dead."

Ethelberta knelt by her father, asking in a terrified voice:

"Oh, tell me he will not die! He can not, must not die!"

Foster now noticed for the first time the other occupant of the room. Nana wondered would he recognize that face, so deeply impressed on her own memory. Apparently not; he had not had the opportunity to know it that she had.

"O sir," said the old man, "you have saved my master's life! Indeed it was bravely done. How can we thank you! You are burned yourself, sir, I can see. I will go at once for the doctor, to attend to both you and master."

The stranger signified his assent, and Foster left the room.

As he did so the old squire opened his eyes. Seeing Ethelberta safe and sound beside him, they lighted up with joy, and he said with a half smile:

"I could almost be content to say my *Nunc Dimittis*."

"Ah, not yet, dear sir!—not yet!" said the tall stranger.

"O sir," said the squire, "I owe you the greatest debt that one man can owe another! But for your bravery and persevering help this poor child would now be an orphan. I will not attempt to thank you. Words are so feeble, after all, at such times. Were I a king in olden days, I suppose I would offer you the half of my kingdom."

The stranger shook his head as if

deprecating so much gratitude, and simply remarked:

"Fourteen years ago I stole from you what was as dear to you as the half of your kingdom. I will return it to you now with interest, entreating your forgiveness for what is past."

He looked fixedly at the old man as he spoke.

"May the dear Lord forgive me one day as freely as I forgive you now! Alas, I have been a hard father! It seemed to me in the flames that I knew your face; but I thought that my last hour had come and you were a spectre of the past floating before my mind. And I longed then above all earthly things save one—the errand that took me where you found me, to save this child—to see my Ernestine again."

Mr. Frondberg made a movement toward the door.

"Oh, do not leave me!" said the old man, piteously.

"In ten minutes I shall be with you again," replied the other. "I leave you in good hands."

With that he made a low bow to Ethelberta and her nurse, closing the door behind him.

The old squire sank back exhausted. Ethelberta crouched on the floor beside him, too excited to speak or to ask questions. They waited, almost holding their breath, until the stranger should return. Those ten minutes were like an hour to all three of them; but they came to an end at last, as any time will to those who know how to wait.

Slowly the door opened and a veritable Lavender Lady sailed in, albeit extremely human-looking and tired, despite the dignity of her bearing. She led a boy, some two or three years old, by the hand, her husband following behind.

"Here, sir," he said, half smiling, leading his wife forward, "I restore to you the stolen goods." And, taking

his little son by the hand: "Here is the interest."

Then followed such a family scene of tears and of smiles, caresses and explanations, as can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say the reconciliation was complete.

How much there was to hear and tell! Ernestine, with her arm round her little sister's waist, told the story of how she had played the ghost. Her desire to see her old home and its inhabitants had been so intense that, against his will, she had finally persuaded her husband, now a famous artist, to fall in with her strange scheme. Long ago, in her girlhood, she had heard from some one of a subterranean passage leading from the Hall out into the grounds. Her twin brother Ernest, who had died in his thirteenth year, and herself had searched and searched, secretly, for a trace of this mysterious passage, and finally found the exit from it among the rhododendron bushes.

All children love a secret, and these two devoted playfellows had solemnly sworn secrecy as to their discovery. Day after day they would steal off and explore this dark passage, going a little farther and a little farther each time. Ah, well she remembered the day when they had both gone off to the village on an errand which seemed to them of state importance—to buy a lantern!

After this, with many misgivings on the part of Ernestine, her brother had persuaded her to come to the end of the passage. Here, to their delight, they found a kind of low room, or cave. The fact that no footsteps but their own had trodden there for years, perhaps a century, added new zest to the pleasure of the discovery. Here they would play various games, bringing stores of apples and other fruit they could find in the garden; promising themselves that the next time their tutor was cross to them

they would hide here for weeks, till everyone should suppose them dead.

Then came the time for Ernestine to go off to boarding-school. How hard had been that parting from her twin brother,—almost as hard as if she had known the future,—known that it was indeed a last parting, that she should never look upon his face again!

Never after that would she go near the mysterious passage; for it was so bound up with Ernest that she could not endure the idea of visiting it. "I never see a rhododendron to-day," she remarked, "without being reminded of him." Perhaps the remembrance of their childhood's promise, never to speak of it to any one, kept her from mentioning it; at any rate, she never did so. When the night of her prearranged flight from home came, she bethought her of this passage, and escaped by means of it, through a trap-door in the wall, hidden in the wainscoting, behind the portrait of the Lavender Lady.

A month after that she had had an interview with her mother, and learned from her how extreme was her father's anger against her for what she had done. Not for many years could she overcome that fear or sink her pride sufficiently to sue his forgiveness. But the longing to return seemed to grow stronger and stronger as the years went by. Mr. Frondberg, meanwhile, worked steadily at his pictures, and had made himself no mean reputation.

For a fancy dress ball to which Ernestine was going she had resolved to wear as a costume one as nearly like that of her namesake and ancestor in the old portrait at home as could be. At a great price she procured an old lace collar and cuffs of a similar pattern. The long, flowing lines of the lavender silk drapery were not so hard to reproduce.

"Ernestine," said her husband, as she

stood before him in her ball costume, "no one could tell you from the Lavender Lady."

He had never paid her a compliment which pleased her so much as this. From that moment she was devising plans to return home. Mr. Frondberg scoffed at them as utterly impracticable, but she would give him no peace until he finally consented to let her try them.

So for more than a week she had played the ghost, staying in the low cave-room and wandering about at night in her lavender dress. It was her sighs that Ethelberta had heard in passing the picture. A trap-door directly behind the picture opened into the room where she was. The fire had broken out while she was there, and her husband, waiting for her outside, had come to tell her to fly instantly. But she waited for Ethelberta, as we know, unwilling to escape till she was also safe.

All this took long to tell, but never was a story told to more interested listeners. In the days which followed Mr. Branscombe's books were more and more neglected. His little grandson, Conrad, seemed to be the very light of his eyes.

"O Ernestine," he said one day, "you have given me back my son again! I have only one wish left, I believe, to complete my contentment now."

"What is that, father?" she asked.

"That Conrad will promise never to take him away from me, and that you will both stay here with us always."

"Yes, father: we can not leave you."

Much conjecture as to the beginning of the fire was, of course, afloat. Two persons only had any inkling as to the truth—Ethelberta and the maid Betty.

The latter, after leaving Ethelberta's room the night of the fire, had been seized with fear at hearing a voice that seemed to come from the dreaded portrait. She had fled in terror, dropping

her lamp as she went, too frightened to look back and see if she had done any damage. She was in great distress over what she had done, and very miserable and unhappy; so much so that she decided to make a clean breast of it. She went first to Miss Ethelberta, who promised to explain all to her father, and reassured the poor girl that she should be freely forgiven.

The happy years pass by and the rhododendrons bloom and fade in the Hall garden, but the Lavender Lady is seen there no more.

A Missionary's Strenuous Life.

THAT ours is practically, as well as technically, a missionary country must be vividly brought home to any one who reads the "Diary of a Southern Priest" (Father Larkin) as it appears in the *Missionary*. For a whole month, beginning February 20 of this year, he travelled continuously throughout his "parish," sleeping under a different roof every night and saying Mass every day in a different place, long distances apart. At many of his stations there were fewer than a dozen Catholics; and his sick-calls often summoned him many miles, over a muddy and all but impassable road. So few Catholics in the Northern and Eastern States have any real conception of the condition of the Church in the South and West that we think it well to give Father Larkin's report of his week's work:

Sunday, March 3. Left Clarksdale [Miss.] same evening on a sick-call to a poor Italian at Sessions, some twelve miles distant by road from Clarksdale; stopped over night at his little hut, and said Mass in same next morning, which was March 4 and the anniversary of my birthday. I said Holy Mass on a few planks, which I tried to dry as best

I could before placing them on two old empty flour barrels, all of which was to act as an altar. I managed all right, as I have had many and many a similar experience. Got back from Sessions about noon same day, and caught the two o'clock train same evening for Austin, Miss., some thirty-five miles by railroad and some five miles by road—in all about forty miles; arrived same evening at Austin, and stopped at the house of Mr. Edward Brady, where I said Mass and gave Holy Communion to the only three Catholics in that place.

Left Austin same morning—Tuesday, March 5, very soon after 7 a. m.,—for Tunica, some six or seven miles distant, by road (a very *bad* road indeed: the drive was intensely cold, facing the north wind all the time). When I arrived at Tunica I was so cold I could scarcely get out of the buggy. Went to sheriff's office at court-house, where there was a welcome fire. From there I went to the jail and attended to the one Catholic white prisoner—a young man who had lately been sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. Left that morning on the 11.15 train for Merigold, Miss., on a call to the Slavonian camp, six or seven miles distant from Merigold, through the heavy canes in the swamps (or bottoms, as they are often called) of Mississippi. Arrived at my destination about 5.30 the same evening—Tuesday, March 5,—after having had anything but a pleasant experience in making my way from Merigold, on a mule's back, through canes in places sometimes as high as sixteen or eighteen feet; besides crossing sluices which often seemed to reach the breast of the animal.

At times, when crossing some of those sluices, I had to try to keep my feet on a level with the mule's head, to keep out of the water. Slept in a tent that night with five men. My bed, if I may call it

such, was the end one, alongside the canvas. As the sticks that supported the canvas were much higher than the length of the canvas, there was fully a foot and a half of space left from the end of the canvas to the earth—ample for fresh air. The air that same night appeared to me to be considerably below zero. Was awake from about 2 a. m., owing to the intense cold. Said Mass at 5.30, and blessed holy water for distribution.

Left the camp about 7.45 Wednesday morning, March 6, and again faced a very difficult route, which seemed to be much worse on the mule for travelling than the previous evening, on account of the heavy frost. At times it was extremely difficult to make the mule cross the sluices that were now covered with ice. Arrived in Merigold pretty badly scratched from some of the sharp thorny trees, or brambles, and well covered with mud. Caught the noon train for Clarksdale, some thirty miles distant. Stopped at Clarksdale that night, and said Holy Mass there next morning, which was Thursday, March 7. Left same day for Somner, Miss., where I arrived same evening, stopping at the house of Mr. H. B. Flautts, whose child I baptized on my last visit. Mr. Flautts and his family are the only Catholics in Somner. Said Mass, of course, next morning—Friday, March 8,—and left on the 12.50 p. m. train for Tulwiler, Miss. Arrived in Tulwiler same evening, Friday; said Mass in Mrs. Fitch's house Saturday, March 9, and gave Holy Communion to three adults. Left same day for Clarksdale, where I arrived that evening.

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The rest of Father Larkin's diary shows that this was by no means an exceptional week. If the sects could command such devoted missionaries, how generously they would be supported!

Notes and Remarks.

The Scientific Society of Belgium recently held a jubilee session, at which was read a very appreciative letter from the Sovereign Pontiff. Recalling the fact that a quarter of a century ago he had augured excellent results from the formation of the Society, Leo XIII. congratulates its members upon the full realization of his anticipations. "While stimulating scientific researches," he writes, "both in your reunions of learned men and in the publication of your annals, you have never deviated from your proposed course—viz., to demonstrate that between faith and reason there can not exist any real discord." The Holy Father encourages the Society zealously to persevere in their efforts, which he recognizes as admirably adapted to our age. "As a matter of fact, the study of nature, if pursued with an upright and unprejudiced mind, necessarily contributes to the science of divine things, and leads to belief in revelation." Thus, true science to-day, as always, finds friendliness and co-operation in the Church whose dogmas will sempiternally remain absolutely unaffected by the most profound researches and brilliant discoveries of genius and scholarship. Truth is one, and true science can never conflict with the true religion. If occasionally a scientific theory seems to antagonize a revealed truth, the theory is bound to prove, in the light of further knowledge, false and untenable.

According to the most conservative statistics, the quantity of alcoholic liquor consumed in this country last year, if divided equally among the people, would amount to 17.68 gallons per individual. As there are many persons who do not use intoxicating

drinks at all, it follows that there must have been many others who got far more than their share. The *Philadelphia Times*, which is in a position to take a calm view, drops this little remark: "If the American people would save their annual drink bill they could establish a new billion-dollar trust every year without any water in its capital,"—a statement which is strictly true. The drink bill of the nation almost equals the total receipts of all our railroads; it amounts to ten times the cost of our public schools; saved to the government for one single year, it would liquidate our national debt. The *American Grocer*, which is not a prohibition paper, estimates the whiskey bill from reliable data as \$1,079,483,172; while the combined value of the world's production of gold and silver during 1899 was only half that amount. It is sad to reflect that such a large portion of the earnings of labor goes to the army of men—their number is more than half a million—who manufacture and sell liquor, instead of to the women and children of the country who, as a rule, do not use liquor and who are the chief sufferers from the use of it by others.

Many persons, we feel sure, have been hoping to see in pamphlet form the sermon delivered last month in Baltimore by Archbishop Ryan, and the discourse of Archbishop Ireland at a recent celebration in Toledo, Ohio. Those who had the privilege of hearing these two sermons declare that they were remarkably good—forceful, eloquent, and timely. The Archbishop of St. Paul spoke on the divinity of Christ and the Church, subjects of ever-present interest and importance; and Mgr. Ryan took occasion to treat of questions like the Temporal Power of the Pope and the Indian Missions, laying down principles and marshalling facts with his wonted

force and skill. It was an informing and inspiring discourse, and, like that of Archbishop Ireland, deserves the widest publicity. Our truth societies would do well to reprint all such sermons as those in pamphlet form, especially as the custom of giving sermons in full has gone out of fashion with the newspapers most widely read. How many more readers than hearers all discourses like those we have mentioned would have if Catholic publishers only had a little more energy and the Catholic public a little more ardor!

Our readers will remember as a very bright bit of literature an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Joel Chandler Harris, commenting on Professor Ernest Haeckel's recent abolition of the soul. The article was fortunate enough to attract a great deal of attention and has been endorsed even by persons who have persuaded themselves that the Bible is partly a fraud. But the Professor has not been without defenders, one of whom writes: "Science does not speculate upon things of which there are no data, and this is the status of this belief in the existence and immortality of the soul." Mr. Harris replies:

What is science doing all the time but speculating on things about which it has *invented* data? What are its working theories but speculations? And take its declarations about our old friend the moon. This old friend is amiable and benign, and when at her best she sheds a soft and beautiful radiance over the world. She is close at hand; and it might well be supposed that if science could make any certain report about the celestial bodies, the moon would supply the facts. Instead of this, however, the scientists do not agree among themselves in regard to our affable Diana. She is made the object of various conflicting reports. According to science, she is cold and dead, congealed before her time. Though she was whirled from the earth in the shape of nebulous matter, she failed to carry with her the ingredients necessary to life. She has no atmosphere; she does not revolve on her own axis. This is one report. On the other hand, she

must have an atmosphere or she would be unable to reflect the light of the sun; and the reason she appears to have no motion of her own is due to the fact that her revolutions coincide with those of the earth, and so on. "Science," says the correspondent who has been quoted, "simply denies the right of affirmation to man's imagination." And yet, when it comes to speculation and imagination, the scientists could and do give points to the writers of the wildest fiction. Now, the sole objection to the Haeckel dogma about the soul is that he is putting forward in the name of science his own personal and individual opinion in regard to a matter which is wholly outside the domain of science. This opinion is pure speculation; for he knows no more about the facts than the hairiest and most ignorant wild man of the woods, and not half so much as do those simple souls who have an abiding faith in a future life.

It would be no surprise if the Baptist ministers of the United States were to declare their conviction that the Pope is not Antichrist. The clergy of other Protestant denominations have prepared us for any change that may come over our Baptist brethren. The moderator of the United Presbyterian General Assembly at Philadelphia did not fear to sound a note of warning in regard to the public schools. He asked what he declared to be "a most serious question: Have we, so morbidly afraid of uniting church with state, gone so far as to disunite God from the state?" At the same convention an amendment was proposed providing that no member of any secret society be allowed to hold membership in the Presbyterian church. The Rev. Dr. Crowe was particularly harsh against the Masonic order, and called the exercises of the lodges "worshipping without Christ." Dr. McDougall, secretary of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, lately expressed opposition to all forms of sectarianism. Perhaps some allowance ought to be made for speakers at conventions held in Boston, but this is what Dr. McDougall is reported to have said: "One of the most crying sins of

to-day, that has weakened and killed religious life in the sparsely settled districts of our country, has been senseless sectarianism. Now, sectarianism has no right to live at the expense of Christianity." It would probably be difficult to understand Dr. McDougall's idea of Christianity, but his remark leads one to believe that a great deal of new thinking is being done nowadays by those outside the Church.

As pathetic a First Communion festival as we have ever heard or read a description of was celebrated some weeks ago in New Caledonia, a French island in the Southern Pacific. The communicants were all young lepers who have suffered much already, and whose lives can only be a protracted agony. The celebration—which *L'Echo*, of Nouméa, says was a ray of heavenly light illumining these poor little exiles—concluded with a chant, sorrowful indeed, but voicing admirable faith in a better life to come: "Now our faces are all bloated, but soon that will be changed. We shall all die lepers, but one day we shall rise again glorious for evermore." And so the Blessed Sacrament inspires even the world's most severely tried with faith and hope; with abiding patience during time, with a sure expectation of a happy eternity.

A Chicago newspaper having asked why men do not go to church, a multitude of correspondents whom no man can number have hastened to reply. Roughly speaking, the answers may be classified into two sets: one affirming that Christianity has lost its vitality and its power to attract; the other—much the larger—protesting that Christianity is not preached in the pulpits. Unquestionably this latter reason is the true one, and it has been left to the secular press, singular to say, to tell the

preachers so. The sectarian pulpit has become a class in current topics; or as one daily paper puts it:

The pulpit appears to be gravitating toward a type of oral magazine, to discuss literature, art, politics, economics, travel, esthetics, novels, kitchen-gardening, costumes, speculations, poetry, domestic science—everything except the Gospel. Men get a superabundance of all these things in the newspapers, the weeklies and monthlies; nor do they find that when the average pulpiter addresses himself to philosophy, science, statesmanship or art, he has anything to say which, if new, is valuable; or, if old, was not said better long ago.

It need not be asserted that there is a class of preachers who have not tapered down to the stump-speech, but that class doesn't get reported in the Monday newspapers. Neither does it complain of the lack of a congregation.

If the question of annexing Canada ever—as some fatuous persons think likely—enters the domain of practical politics, the Catholic school question will enter with it. We have the word of a very able Canadian convert, Mr. W. F. P. Stockley, that "Canadian clergy of Irish descent are becoming more and more blended with Englishism," and more and more hostile to annexation, because they do not wish their people to be taxed double for schools, as Catholics are in this country. In Canada our co-religionists educate their own children in their own schools, without paying for the education of non-Catholic children; and the same is partially true in England. In nearly every other country of Europe, the Catholic countries not excepted, Catholic education is opposed with ingenious malignity; and even this country is half a century behind England in fairness. It is fully that long since England excused the Catholics of Ireland from supporting a church they could not go to; the Catholics of the United States are still forced to support schools their children can not go to. There is less politics in England than among

us, but there is more statesmanship. And if we are to imitate the example of England in the land-grabbing business, we ought equally to follow her lead in dealing with religious questions both at home and in the colonies.



To the Catholics of France still belongs the glorious distinction of being the most generous contributors to the work of foreign missions. Almost two-thirds of the money collected by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has come from French Catholics. Twice as many dioceses in Italy contribute hardly more than a twentieth part of the amount contributed by France; and England and the United States, though they show improvement in this matter every year, have the unenviable reputation of bearing less than their share of the burden of foreign missions. We would gladly plead in excuse that our Negroes and Indians are a mighty mission field at our threshold; but, unfortunately, our annual collections for the work among these races are a reproach rather than an honor to us. Whatever the explanation, the lamentable fact is that the parish represents the Catholic Church to the faithful in this country, and the broad outlook of the French Catholics has thus far proved impossible to us.



A pretty feature of the First Holy Mass of Father Ralph Kerr, of the London Oratory, was the circumstance that the server of the Mass was the young priest's father, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K. C. B. Lord Kerr is, under the King, the commander-in-chief of the British navy (for that is what his position amounts to as First Lord of the Admiralty); and, as our readers will remember, he is a convert who was followed into the Church by almost all his near relatives.

Notable New Books.

Eucharistic Conferences. By Father Monsabré, O. P. R. & T. Washbourne.

It very often happens that a sermon or oration which impressed one with its strength and beauty when spoken utterly fails of effect when read in cold print, divested of the personality of the speaker. But these conferences, even in translation, retain enough of force, clearness, fire and imagination to make one understand why multitudes flocked to hear them when they were delivered in the historic pulpit of Notre Dame. The translator is the Comtesse Mary Jenison, who declares that she derived great benefit from Monsabré's conferences "during a time of trial and difficulty" following her reception into the Church. This is proof of their solid and practical quality, which the oratorical form is never permitted to conceal. The doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist is admirably stated and defended in the first of these discourses with much fresh expository matter; the difficulties of the doctrine are treated in the second; the contrast between the grandeur of the Deity and its seeming abasement in the Eucharist is developed in the third (and best); the others deal with the Sacrifice, Communion, and the fruits of the sacrament. These six conferences make a Eucharistic volume that priests will be eager, we are sure, to add to their libraries. The translation might have been made more nervous and idiomatic in places, but is meritorious as a whole.

Faith and Folly. By the Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

Into this volume Monsig. Vaughan has gathered some of his most notable pronouncements on disputed religious questions. In theme, at least, the essays are various enough to suit the most exacting critic; and the links which bind them are, first, the circumstance that they deal with difficulties advanced in the name of modern science; and, secondly, that they tend to show that the chief enemy of Christian faith is not science but folly. We have more than once expressed our admiration for this writer's remarkable expository power; the present work well exemplifies his gift of happy illustration, his power of close reasoning, and his faculty of clear expression. That he is well abreast of the most advanced literature on the other side is proved by a certain breadth of treatment as well as by his citations and references. And even where the matter is most

familiar to the general reader—as, for instance, in the chapter on Faith and Reason—there is a freshness of presentation that holds attention. In places there is eloquence of a high order, and pervading the whole book is a tone of urbanity and moderation that betokens the experienced as well as the confident controversialist. As an antidote for current agnostic writing, this book will be found admirably effective.

Notes on Speech-Making. By Brander Matthews. Longmans, Green & Co.

A very clever man has here set down a few hints on public speaking, “the results of the writer’s own struggles to discover how he himself could say in public what he had to say without ignominious failure.” Hints they are, and no more, as the Professor very truly and very modestly confesses; and we may add that they are repetitions, because all that are really worth finding are to be found in the first chapter.

Beginning with the truism that public speaking is an art which requires cultivation, Professor Matthews divides men into two classes: those who have something to say and those who have to say something. Speakers of the first class may (a) read the address from manuscript, or (b) memorize the address, or (c) memorize the opening and closing sentences and the salient passages while extemporizing the rest, or (d) extemporize the whole. The first method is a comfortable one for timid speakers, but is usually uncomfortable for the audience; moreover, it is not public speaking at all and requires a very good reader to render it tolerable. The second is an admirable method for men possessed of good memories and skilled in concealing the fact from their audiences; but its use by speakers who are not sure of themselves may lead to break down or to a string of purple patches. The third method has been most frequently followed by famous speech-makers and orators, though it leads to unevenness. The fourth imposes a severe strain on the speaker, but is most likely to give him the requisite hypnotic influence over his hearers. The reviewer agrees with Professor Matthews in considering the last method the best for men who have to speak often and who are willing to spend at least as much time in thinking out their discourses as they would if they committed them to writing. But this plan postulates a clear, orderly and logical mind, much practice in writing, and some imagination.

In the second chapter the Professor does some characteristic and delightful agilities round “The Real Secret of After-Dinner Oratory”; and in

an appendix Professor Churchill tells “How to be Heard when Speaking in Public”; Mr. B. F. Hughes gives some “Hints on Speaking Out of Doors,” and an excellent “Open Letter” by Lyman Abbott on public speaking is published as a finale. We cordially recommend this little book as one combining both instruction and entertainment.

Biblical Lectures. By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S. John Murphy & Co.

Ten popular lectures constitute this book, which aims at promoting the reading of the Holy Scriptures and at solving some of the difficulties that are likely to present themselves to the general reader. That dealing with “The Bible as a Literature” impresses us as only indifferently successful, perhaps because Prof. Moulton and others have already done the same work so well. The difficult subject of the morality of the Old Testament seems too large for a single lecture, and the treatment of it here is not altogether satisfying. The other eight lectures, however, are quite up to Father Gigot’s own standard—which is a very high one,—and are marked by a nice balancing between the conservative spirit which holds to traditional views until there is good reason to abandon them, and the open-mindedness which eagerly adopts whatever new things are really proven. The ground taken by so many bright non-Christian writers—that the Protestant theories of Biblical inspiration and the rule of faith are practically untenable, and that the Catholic doctrine of the Church as the official judge and interpreter of revelation is alone defensible—is also Father Gigot’s; and the antique calumny that the Church kept the Bible from the people is met by a mass of learned Protestant testimony to the contrary. The concluding lecture, on the meaning of inspiration and the permissible views regarding it, is excellent. The author’s reading is very extensive, and his foot-notes amount to a bibliography; though we should like to see a more formal one, as well as a good index, in the next edition of this work.

Plain Sermons. By the Rev. R. D. Browne. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

On the first appearance ten years ago of this excellent series of instructions, we spoke appreciatively of its merits as a lucid and tolerably complete exposition of the fundamental truths of the Church. This second edition contains seventy sermons, the sixty-eight original discourses being supplemented by a sermon on the Passion of Our Lord and one on our Blessed Lady. Among

the minor changes effected in this new edition, we note with pleasure that the subject as well as the text is given in the table of contents, and that the texts themselves are taken from the Douay version. That the demand for Father Browne's sermons has necessitated the bringing out of a second edition is encouraging, as indicative of the favor awaiting any collection of instructions that are pithy, terse, practical, and not long-drawn-out. We cordially commend "Plain Sermons" to such of the younger clergy as have not the book upon their shelves, and to those of the laity who are looking for a clear explanation of Catholic truth.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. New York: Apostleship of Prayer Press.

It was at the suggestion of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, that the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., wrote this brief sketch of their sister, Mother Mary Baptist Russell, one of the pioneers of the Order of Mercy in California, who died in August, 1898, at the age of sixty-nine. There is not a page that has not special interest; and to follow the bright, cheerful, energetic Mother Baptist through her zealous life, from her happy early days in Killowen to her busy, useful years in California, is to be deeply edified. The human side of her life appeals to one, and yet one feels that its chief charm lies in the spiritual element that underlies and permeates it. Father Russell is an ideal biographer; and readers of Mother Baptist's life owe him a debt of gratitude for making them acquainted with one whose example is an incentive to high thoughts and noble, generous deeds.

John Brown. By William Elsey Connelley. Crane & Company.

During the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, an American correspondent, watching the invasion of Lorraine by a division of the German army, heard with amazement a deep-throated burst of song in English. The German soldiers were singing,

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.

The European soldiers probably knew very little concerning the sturdy old Puritan abolitionist who was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, in the year 1859; and possibly there are many thousands even on this side of the Atlantic whose acquaintance with his story is of the vaguest. To such readers Mr. Connelley's book will appeal with all the absorbing interest of a romance.

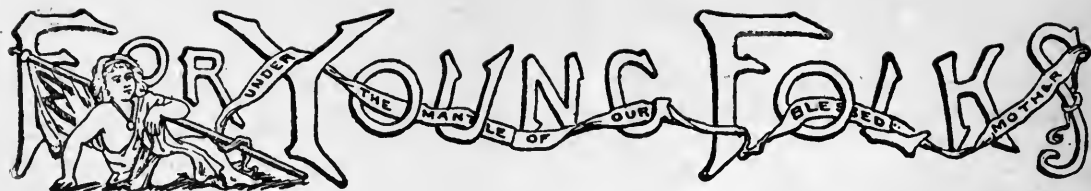
The author frankly accepts Brown as a hero and a martyr of liberty. He does not claim that the old man was "a saint whose every act was just," but he repudiates the idea that he was a malefactor. "John Brown was right. He was a revolutionist and a reformer.... He saw the inconsistency of a government founded upon freedom enslaving millions of its people"; and he believed it his duty to do what he could to abolish slavery. Perhaps, at this distance of time, most students of history will admit that he did very much toward that end. Victor Hugo wrote in 1860: "What the South slew last December was not John Brown but slavery." And it can hardly be denied that Brown's life, and more especially his death, precipitated the irrepressible conflict that resulted in emancipation. Whatever be one's views on these points, however, the present book merits distinct praise as an excellent contribution to American history. Mr. Connelley writes with clearness, vigor, and not rarely with genuine eloquence. He gives a luminous picture of the conditions in which his hero lived and labored; and he supports his opinions by an accumulation of corroborative facts that will induce most readers to accept his conclusions.

The Great Supper of God. By the Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This admirable work, translated from the French by Miss Ida Griffiss, and edited by the Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J., is an appeal to Catholics to avail themselves frequently of the privilege of approaching the Holy Table. These discourses bring before the reader clearly the need the soul has of strength, and show that the Holy Eucharist is the source of strength; or, as his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons expresses it, the safeguard of Catholic faith. Besides the discourses on Holy Communion, there is an appendix of historical interest bearing on the subject of the book.

The Life of St. Gerlach. By Frederick A. Houck, Burns & Oates.

A brief account of Europe during the Crusades introduces the life of Gerlach, a knight of Christ as well as a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. His conversion from the pomps of court and tournament was sincere, and his penitence was crowned with the grace of spiritual consolations and a most happy death. The miracles wrought through his intercession led to ecclesiastical approbation of devotion to St. Gerlach; and his tomb at Houthem, in Holland, is the object of veneration on the part of pilgrims,



A Tuscan Legend.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THROUGH the rich plain of Lucca
Where corn crops bend and sway,
In sight of Pisa's tower,
Past homesteads old and gray;
By chestnut groves in springtime
With ruby crowned and rose,
On to the blue sea quickly
The stream Serchio flows.
Yet once, 'tis said, the river
In Arno's foamy breast,
After much toilsome winding,
Far southward found its rest;
And oft, 'tis said, its waters,
Rising on either side,
In vineyard, field, and garden
Spread ruin far and wide.
A saint from distant Erin,
Finnian of Moville,
Fair Lucca's holy prelate,
Grieved for his people's ill;
Till on a summer morning,
Ere far the day was spent,
With priests and people round him,
Towards the stream he went.
He prayed beside the river;
His staff was in his hand:
With it he touched the waters
And spoke a brief command;
And, lo, the sluggish river
Turned from its ancient bed,
And, leaping up with gladness,
It followed where he led!
And ever since that river
Has sought the purple sea,
Leaving the fields and vineyards
From waste of waters free;
And Irish tongues and Tuscan
In Lucca's holy pile
Have praised its saintly prelate
Who came from Erin's Isle.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXIII.—THE VOYAGE.

LITTLE by little Robbie told the story of that eventful day when, in such an unexpected manner, it was given him to accomplish the desire of his life—to go to sea. As he grew better and was able to leave his berth and go on deck, the friendship with Arthur and Louise grew rapidly. If it had not been for the terrible anxiety under which he knew his friends, especially his mother, must be, he would have enjoyed the voyage very much. But there were times when the thought would overwhelm him: he would throw himself in his berth and give way to grief until exhausted; so that his progress toward convalescence was greatly retarded.

Said Mr. Verden to him one day:

"Robbie, I think the best thing you can do is to write a letter to your mother, describing as well as you can all that has happened to you since you left her. It will relieve you, and, I hope, shortly relieve her also; for we may meet a ship any day, and it would be too bad to miss the chance."

"Yes, sir, it would," replied Robbie. "I have already written the letter," he continued. "I've been making a kind of diary of it. Mamma will enjoy that—if she can *enjoy* anything about such a dreadful thing as it was."

"When did you write it?" inquired the mate.

"Between times," said the boy. "After I have been feeling very bad, and then

NEXT to good friends are good books.
—Colton.

again when I was pretty cheerful. It's all ready whenever a ship comes along. I've got it addressed too."

"Very well," said Mr. Verden. "And now you must promise that, for your mother's sake, you will resolutely and heroically make up your mind not to give way again; for it hurts you."

"I do try not to," said the boy. "And I wouldn't mind half so much as it is if mother were not so delicate. But if she should—" he turned away, unable to finish the sentence.

"Don't you believe in praying and in Providence and the Blessed Virgin?" inquired Louise, who until now had not been distinguished for piety. On the contrary, the Sisters at the school she had attended almost from infancy, and of which her aunt was superior, had often pronounced her "a hopeless case," she was so restless at prayer time. But since coming on board ship she had arranged a little altar in the cabin, at which she and Arthur and Robbie devoutly said their night prayers.

"'Course I believe in Providence and the Blessed Virgin and in praying," said Robbie. "But I'm human,—I'm a human boy, Louise; and I've got the best mother you ever saw; and I'm an only boy, and my father's dead—and—"

Louise felt her eyes grow moist, and, being a child who never betrayed her feelings if she could possibly help it, rushed quickly away from the spot, lest she should be observed by Mr. Verden and Robbie.

After some further conversation with the boy, the mate left him, satisfied that he would follow his advice. It proved to be most opportune; for the occasion of which Mr. Verden had spoken presented itself very soon.

The children were seated on deck that afternoon, admiring the beautiful blue ocean, of which they never tired. It was about three o'clock and nothing

but water was visible, save the rim of sea-line standing out a thread of dark violet beneath the azure of the sky, which seemed almost to touch it. The little glittering wavelets appeared like so many jewels in the sunshine. Every few moments a large fish would splash through the sparkling waters, much to the amusement of the children.

Suddenly Louise, who had excellent vision, cried out:

"See, see!—don't you see? There is a ship out there, almost on the horizon!"

The boys sprang to their feet. All three leaned over the railing. Breathlessly, they watched the black speck yet so far distant; steadily it gained, increasing in size, till just as they were about to announce their discovery the man at the wheel called out:

"A ship! a ship!"

Now all was commotion. Sailors gathered along the bulwark rail; for on a merchantman the discipline is not arbitrary unless in case of a martinet captain,—a title which did not belong to Captain Wilde.

The children soon began to feel that the advancing ship was making slow progress; they had no idea of the distance which lay between. It was evident, however, that she was making directly toward them. Robbie's heart rose high; he went below to get his letter, which he carefully buttoned in his jacket pocket. Returning, he met the captain, who said:

"Well, Robbie, there's a chance for your letter, I think."

"Only a chance, sir?" asked Robbie. "Aren't we certain to stop the ship?"

"She may not be certain to stop," replied the captain; "though I think she will. She seems to be coming steadily toward us now."

"How soon shall we know, captain?" inquired Robbie.

"In an hour or so. Don't mind if she

veers away in the end; we'll be sure to meet another, I think," said the cheery captain, putting his hand on the boy's head. "And it may be, Robbie, that she'll take you on board if you wish to go. I doubt it, though; I think she's likely to be a 'tramp.'"

"My baggage is all packed," rejoined Robbie, with a laugh. "You know I've nothing but what Arthur loaned me."

"Don't count too much on going," said the captain. "In fact, I think it is better to decide to remain in any case."

"I will, sir," replied the boy. "I know it is what mother would like me to do."

He was soon on deck again. They could distinguish the masts of the ship very plainly now.

"It's the *Peggy Boggs*!" exclaimed the second mate at last. He had been at sea thirty years and prided himself, not without reason, on being able to recognize any ship, at a reasonable distance, with which he had ever been familiar. "It's the *Peggy Boggs*!" he exclaimed again. "And though for a *consideration* they'll take a package of mail aboard all right and safe, and deliver it proper, 'twouldn't be no place for you or no one like you, Master Robbie, to be set down into. They're a hard lot on board. You'd learn all kinds of evil tricks, even if you didn't want to. Wouldn't take you nohow."

The mate's conjectures were correct. When Arthur and Louise heard his estimate of the ship and the character of its crew, they felt relieved. They did not want to part with Robbie, and now felt almost certain that they were not to lose him.

When finally the *Peggy Boggs* came up as close to them as she might, her captain, a most forbidding-looking man, ordered a boat lowered, which presently came alongside. When Robbie saw the mail transferred his heart grew lighter than it had been.

In a few moments the *Peggy Boggs* was again on her way. The children watched her in the gathering twilight till they could see her no more. After that Robbie counted the days until the time when he thought it probable his mother would have received his letter, and it was strange how reconciled he became to the situation. The children never tired of the voyage. Arthur and his sister had had several unusual experiences in their journey across the continent to meet their father. Robbie was much interested in hearing about them; and in turn would relate his own small adventures in California, telling them of his trip to the mountains, the fiesta, and Doña Dolores.

The captain enlivened many an hour in giving them information concerning the country they were approaching, and of which, though they had all studied geography, they could never have obtained such accurate knowledge as through one who had lived there—or rather journeyed to and from there for a number of years. He told them of the seasons, directly inverse to ours: there it is winter when we have summer,—that is such winter as Australia knows, which is more like that of California than any other. He told them of the cool valleys and the torrid mountain tops, of the hot north winds and the chill winds of the south; of the trees without shade, shedding their bark instead of leaves. There the bees have no sting; the birds have beautiful plumage, but few of them sing; and the flowers, though gorgeous, are mostly without fragrance.

"And what does 'the Bush' really mean, Captain?" inquired Robbie. "I have read about it very often, but have no real clear understanding about it."

"'The Bush' is the name given to the vast forest of uncleared land which extends far inland from the coast and

is crowded with vegetation. I have never been a sheep farmer myself, but I have seen some of the immense stock farms which result from the clearing of those lands. There are many poisonous reptiles there, and snakes of all kinds can be found without looking for them. And such beautiful butterflies as they have! You have never seen anything like them. And perhaps you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that one can see ant-hills in parts of Australia which are as large as small haycocks. There are many fruits which you have never tasted. Some of them grow also in California, Robbie, such as guavas, loquats, oranges and lemons; and there is gold to be found,—much gold, in large quantities. But you all know that.”

“I don’t suppose boys like Robbie and me ever find any, though,” said Arthur.

“Not usually,” answered the captain.

“However, I did hear a story once which illustrates how strangely things happen in this world,” he went on. “There was a ne’er-do-well Irishman who had been sent out to Australia by his people because they were tired of his escapades at home. They gave him two hundred pounds, thinking he might stock a farm with it. But not he. On the contrary, he spent it in a couple of months, and then for the first time was forced to work for his living. Well, he wandered farther and farther into ‘the Bush,’ and hired himself out to a farmer; but proved a worthless hand. However, he had a handsome face, and the farmer’s daughter married him. I don’t know the whole story, but after a while the father turned them adrift, and they went wandering about from place to place. Finally they reached the gold-fields.

“The oldest boy, now about fourteen years of age, was unlike his father. Early one morning he started out to look for work, got lost, and at last lay

down to sleep. He could not rest; a rough, jagged stone beside him seemed, in the moonlight, to be glistening. He picked it up, examined it, and became convinced that it was gold. He was gratified next morning to see a house in the distance, where he had breakfast. Being a shrewd boy, he returned to the spot where he had found the stone and marked it. Hiding it in his bosom, he returned to the camp where he had left his family. Well, that stone proved to be worth several thousand pounds, and that boy is now one of the wealthiest men in Australia.”

“Is he good?” asked Louise.

“Yes, he is good. There are few charities to which he has not given generous help. Not long since he built, at his own expense, a chapel which is attached to a convent in which his daughter is a Sister.”

“I can hardly imagine large cities there,” said Arthur. “Of course I know there are some; but I always think of Australia as a big bare place, like the Arizona desert we crossed when we were coming to California.”

“Well, your eyes will be opened when you reach Sydney, my boy,” said the captain. “You have never seen so large or so splendid a city in America.”

“They are there, though,” said Louise, jealous of the reputation of her country.

“Yes; but we never went anywhere. You see we always lived in a small town,” Arthur added, turning to Robbie.

“And so did I,” was the reply.

“How long will Robbie stay, father?” asked Louise. “Will he have time to see much?”

“I hope so,” said her father.

“I don’t think I shall want to stay very long,” said Robbie. “It seems to me now that I would want to come back on the next ship.”

“When you have had a message from your mother you will not be in such

a hurry to return," said the captain. But Robbie, though he made no reply, thought otherwise. He had a spell of homesickness on him that evening.

And at Las Rosas, thousands of miles away, they had long since given Robbie up for dead. Folded away among her most precious treasures Mrs. Degler had placed the boy's handkerchief,—the only proof they possessed of his having been drowned, though it was one which they did not doubt in the least. Their minds on a perpetual strain, they waited from day to day for news of the finding of his body; but no traces of it had as yet been discovered. All went silently about their various duties; although the mother had not been prostrated by the shock as the others had feared, she grew thinner and paler every day.

Doña Dolores had never recovered from the shock. She seldom arose from her bed now. Mrs. Degler considered it a solemn duty, as it was a melancholy pleasure, to visit her often. And it was only to the lonely, desolate woman that she opened her heart concerning her boy. Returning one evening from this errand of kindness and affection, she was met by Señor de la Guerra, who had been to Oceanside. His eyes were bright, his step elastic; he seemed more like his former self than he had appeared since the lamentable occurrence which had plunged the household into grief. Mrs. Degler looked at him curiously. He saw a question in her eyes. Grasping her hand, he said, with great emotion:

"The boy is alive, cousin,—he is alive! I have had a letter from him, enclosing one for you. Here it is."

He placed the packet in her hand, but she could not hold it. It fluttered to the ground; and there, in the broad, shady pathway, she fell on her knees, thanking God and our Blessed Mother.

(To be continued.)

What Befell the North Wind.

BY JOHN A. SCHETTY.

Kissed by the Sun-god and nursed by the waves, the North Wind sprang into being and lived.

"Thine is a noble destiny," spake the Sun-god; "and great indeed is thy dominion. The seas that lie beneath thee are creatures of thy will, the sport of thy fancies. The trees, the budding verdure that clothes the earth bow low before thee. When thou art roused to anger men fear thee, just as they love thee when thou art in a gentle mood. Be careful of thy power, then. In the life that is before thee much good can be done. Thy cool zephyrs can temper the heat of summer, causing the dews to moisten the parched earth, and the flowers to lift anew their drooping petals. Remember these things when thou art tempted to wantonness. And now away and fulfil thy destiny!"

With a burst of joy the North Wind sped o'er the restless sea, filled with the glow of its new-born life. The surges rose up in welcome and were whipped into foam, churned to the whiteness of milk; then, with a burst of delight at its mighty power, it plunged down into the heaving depths and bade them play and frolic for its pleasure; and, being creatures of its will, they reared themselves in mighty masses, falling o'er each other in wild abandon, until the air above was filled with flying spray; or, forming in columns, they turned away, and then came together with a mighty roar, only to fall back impotent, a seething mass of spume.

And the North Wind, seeing it all, laughed gleefully; for it said: "This is but play, after all. I will prove my power to the full." And, turning to the billows, it cried: "'Tis my will that ye

sport no longer. Rise, tear, war with one another." And, bending low, it breathed upon the waves until they rose in great mountains, which, bearing down one upon another, tore and lashed themselves into a mighty fury that filled the air with a noise as of thunder. Anon they dashed away with low moanings and sobbings, as though bewailing their subjection to this invisible power; or, turning about with wild shriekings, rushed hither and thither as though bent on escape. And the North Wind, laughing boisterously, skimmed o'er the hollows or rose on the wave crests, caring nought for the sobbing of the sea; for it sought but to gratify its love of power.

But soon growing weary, it bade the wild chaos be stilled; for it thought: "I have shown my power with the sea. I will away to other scenes—to earth, where huge mountains rear their heads in defiance; these, too, must know me and obey my will." And, stooping to kiss the frowning billows into laughing ripples, it sped away, on, on, until it found itself above a beauteous flower-covered meadow. The daisies were nodding their white heads in greeting to their friends the buttercups when the North Wind came upon them.

"How beautiful!" it thought, hovering above them in admiration; when, lo! the daisies, the buttercups, and all that made the meadow beautiful, drooped and withered away. Then the North Wind fell to grieving very much.

"Alas!" it exclaimed, "what have I done, thus to blast so much beauty by a very look?"

"Thy rude touch hath almost killed them!" exclaimed a voice. And, turning about, the North Wind saw a stranger at its side.

"I am the South Wind," observed the newcomer. "Not so beautiful as thou, perhaps, with thy garments of snow,

nor so powerful; yet men love me fully as well."

"And the flowers?" asked the other,— "canst thou restore them to life?"

For answer the South Wind, stooping, breathed upon the withered petals, and instantly they reared their tiny heads and nodded joyously as before. "Seest thou what gentleness can do?" it said; and then, ere the other could reply, was gone. With a lingering glance at the flowerets the North Wind, too, sped away until it suddenly came to a huge mountain which proudly barred the way. "Thou stubborn mass of rock, know you not that all things must yield to me?" it cried. But the mountain moved not a jot. Then the North Wind was roused to fury indeed. Up, up, up, it soared; then, swooping down, tore at the boulders, the trees, in impotent rage. The leaves came swirling down in drifts; the branches, swaying at first, came crashing to the ground; and at last the great, proud trees that, unharmed by more than sighing breeze, had reared their heads for years and years, fell swaying to earth in a rending, twisted mass; down into the ravines it bore, wrecking, tearing everything before it; not laughing gleefully now, but howling, shrieking with baffled rage.

"Proud rock, I will yet show thee my power!" it cried; and, breathing upon it with its icy breath, it turned the vapors of the clouds to snow, which fell in glistening masses of white, covering the verdure and the ruin as with a pall or winding-sheet. Then the cascades that sped down the mountain side were turned to shimmering, glistening ice that hung from the rocks in long, pointed crystals; and now, satisfied with its vengeance, the North Wind sped on.

Yet it was not happy, and the words of the Sun-god kept murmuring, "Be not wanton of thy power." Speeding onward, it found itself o'er a huge

sun-baked waste—a desert where the sun's rays burned and shone as brass, making the sand hot to the foot as an oven, and where weary travellers lay grovelling in the shade for water to slake their thirst. As it soared above them the travellers became alert with joy and gratitude for its cooling breezes; and, rising refreshed, were enabled to go their way. And the North Wind felt a thrill of answering pleasure. Thus musing, it came to a large city, the streets of which were radiating the heat of a pitiless sun, and whose pavements were hot and dusty to the feet of its tired toilers.

"I will be gracious," it thought; and accordingly there fell cooling showers, whose moisture absorbed the dust and cooled the hot pavements, so that men murmured their gratitude aloud, blessing the rain and the air that came with it; and the North Wind thought: "'Tis pleasant, after all, to do good—good for others, not for ourselves alone." And, stealing o'er the town, it came to a gloomy, ill-smelling alley, reeking with filth and noisome odors, where poorly clad men jostled unkempt women, where squalor and poverty reigned supreme. Entering one of these hovels, it passed into a gloomy room where in one corner stood a bed, at the foot of which a wan, worn figure lay crouching, with its head buried in its hands,—an abject picture of grief; for on the bed, tossing and moaning restlessly, lay a child whose face was pinched with illness and whose brow burned with fever. And, seeing this, the North Wind was filled with pity; for it had never seen human suffering before. Stooping low, it bent o'er the stricken one, and, parting the curling hair, pressed a kiss to the fevered brow, breathing its cooling breath upon the throbbing temples until the eyes of the child opened and smiled their thankfulness; and the figure at the foot

of the bed cried out in joy: "Blessed indeed be this cooling air which hath saved the life of my little one!"

At these words the North Wind was filled with a great joy such as it had never known before; and, speeding off, it swept to the sea to tell the Sun-god of its new-found happiness. And when the surges rose to meet it, it smiled upon them, sporting with their foaming crests in a wild abandon of delight till they, in turn, threw kisses of spray, and sang a song of welcome in hoarse murmurs of greeting to it. And while thus they gambolled the Sun-god, coming upon them, asked:

"How now, thou madcap Wind? Which power of thine hath served to please thee most?"

The North Wind, tossing the spray from its brow, cried out in clarion tones:

"O mighty One, know thou the power of doing good to others hath pleased me most!"

"Be it ever thus, and thou wilt be happy for all time," replied the Sun-god, as, wrapping his mantle of gold about him, he sped away toward his home in the far West.

Ancient Names of God.

According to St. Jerome, Almighty God was known to the ancient Hebrews under ten different names—viz.: "El" or "Al," the Strong One; "Eloah," the Adorable; "Adonai" (plural of Adon), the Great Lord; "Tsabaoth," God of Hosts; "Jah," the Ever-Living; "Nghelion," the Most High; "Elohim," Gods (plural form—suggestive, as some maintain, of the Blessed Trinity); "Havah," He who is; "Shaddai," the Almighty; and "Jehovah," or He who is, was, and will be. This last name the Jews would never pronounce, out of the great respect they had for it; but would always use Adonai in its stead.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"To damn with faint praise" is unkind enough in a literary critic; but what shall be said of this reference in a metropolitan daily to a work of the octogenarian Philip James Bailey: "Among the books that nobody has read, 'Festus' is perhaps the most famous"?

—The latest publications of Street & Smith include a life of Leo XIII., by A. D. Hall, which any school-boy might have prepared. With the aid of a pair of shears and a pastepot an industrious man could produce a dozen or more books of the kind every week. The volume is nicely bound and will probably find favor in some places as a school premium.

—A great many persons whose lives are not cloistral will welcome a new and revised edition of "A Mirror for Monks." To English readers it is perhaps the best known of Blossius' books. The late Lord Coleridge, when attorney-general of Great Britain, issued a translation of it for circulation among his friends, and it was highly prized by men like Newman and Gladstone. The present edition is all that could be wished for. Published by the Art and Book Co., London.

—It is pretty generally known that among the things to which Mr. Carnegie has turned his hand is the making of books; two well-known volumes besides a good many magazine articles, stand to his credit. Some time ago, when he applied for membership in the Authors' Club, New York, the intimation was delicately but unmistakably conveyed to him that the club was really for authors and not for rich men. Mr. Carnegie replied by sending a copy of his "Gospel of Wealth," with the information that, though he was unfortunately a rich man, he was undeniably a *poor author*! The message pleased the Club and Mr. Carnegie was forthwith elected a member.

—As a rule, autographs of great men become more valuable after their death, but those of Horace Greeley are an exception. Letters and signatures of the great American editor are too common to command a high price; besides, only those familiar with his handwriting can identify it. A good story is told of one letter written by him which had a very special value while Mr. Greeley was chairman of a local railway company. He had occasion to discharge one of the employees and sent him a formal notice to this effect. Greeley wrote the document with his own hand, and it was duly delivered to the young man, who used it for months

after as a free pass along the line of the railway. He had only to present it to the conductor and mention that it was a pass from Mr. Greeley. No one could say that it was not.

—The Rev. A. Rouet de Virières has compiled a series of meditations for persons consecrated to God; and to those who follow the thoughts and affections suggested, the little book must prove true to its title—"Treasure of the Devout Soul." Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

—Creighton University was one of the institutions that sent out an expedition to observe the solar eclipse more than a year ago. Washington, Ga., was chosen as the base of observation, and the results were highly gratifying. A statement of them, prepared for the *Technology Quarterly* by the Rev. William F. Rigge, S. J., is now issued as a pamphlet, and will be interesting to all who can follow technical writing on the subject of eclipses.

—"Treasure of the Cloister," published by M. & S. Eaton, Dublin, is a collection of pious exercises especially adapted for the use of religious, and includes prayers for the months set apart in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Ghost, St. Joseph, and the Souls in Purgatory. The devotions for the sick and dying make this manual particularly useful for those engaged in hospital work or in visiting the sick. A collection of liturgical prayers like this would be welcome to many who find an unction in them which is absent from private devotions.

—"Clearing the Way" is the title of a timely little brochure by the Rev. Xavier Sutton, C. P., in which the doctrines of the Church are set forth and the usual objections to them answered in as clear and simple a style of language as possible. The need of such a publication has been much felt in missions to non-Catholics, and the author's experience in this work has enabled him to produce a most useful piece of missionary literature. Catholics living among Protestants would do well to circulate this booklet as widely as possible. Catholic Book Exchange.

—"The King's Secret," by the Rev. T. P. Skuse, and published by R. & T. Washbourne, is a dramatized version of a story by the Rev. Dr. Kolbe, which appeared in the *South Africa Catholic Magazine*. The secret of the confessional is the central idea, which is worked out skilfully to a happy *denouement*.—"The Irish Agent," an Irish national drama in five acts, by Brother Paul, O. S. F., was

presented on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, by the St. Francis Literary Union, and was received with pronounced favor. Its title indicates its tenor and object. Published by the Christian Press Association Co.

—The object of "Introductory Lessons in English Literature," by I. C. McNeill and S. A. Lynch (The American Book Co.), is to meet the wants of beginners in the study of English literature; and the selections of prose and poetry are well made. But we have a prejudice against too much questioning and analysis. There is a pleasure, even to children, in good poetry and clear prose that can not be explained; and too much questioning destroys delight. For instance, when one has felt the beauty of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," half the enjoyment is gone when one is called upon to answer such questions as these:—"Who is meant by 'me' in the line, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers'? And why 'solemn main' in 'Sailing o'er life's solemn main'?" Nine pages of notes following Hawthorne's "Feathertop" conclude with this query: "Do you experience greater pleasure reading the story than at first?" And we feel sure any normally built child would promptly say "no," if real sentiments were expressed, unless after "yes" it were added "because I'm through with it forever."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, *net*.
 Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, *net*.
 The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, *net*.
 John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.
 The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.
 Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, *net*.

- The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick E. Houck.* 60 cts., *net*.
 The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.
 Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., *net*.
 A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
 The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, *net*.
 The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.
 Some Notable Conversions. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., *net*.
 Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, L.L. D.* \$1.50, *net*.
 The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.
 Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.
 The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$20.
 Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.
 Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.
 Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C.* \$1.
 Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.
 Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, *net*.
 Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, *net*.
 A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. *Ingram Crockett.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rt. Rev. Monsig. Leonard Batz, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; and the Rev. Joseph Brunkala, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Mary Justin, of the Order of the Visitation.
 Mr. August Dusard, of St. Louis, Mo.; John and Mary Leonard, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Teresa Gallagher, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Altmeyer, Franklin, Pa.; Mr. W. H. Reel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Richard Reilly, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Halloran, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. James White, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. William O'Malley, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. George Harmon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Luke Brennan, N. Attleboro, Mass.; Mr. W. T. Niehaus, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Matthew Cunehan, New York city; Mr. Jacob Blumenthal, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Michael Carr, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Dunn, Lima, Ohio; and Mrs. Nicholas Stokes, Chicago, Ill.
 May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 15, 1901.

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I would not Paint the Face I Know.

MEN paint thee, Mother, as they think
Thy visage fair must be;
Their purest dreams of loveliness
They body forth in thee.

But fairer than the noblest works
That stand for highest art
Is the dear face that dwells within
The silence of my heart.

It is a Maiden-Mother's face,
A Virgin's, pure, divine,—
A Mother's that hath looked on grief,
And so can pity mine.

I would not paint the face I know
That other men might see;
For, Mother, I would keep thine eyes
Forever fixed on me!

The Feast of the Sacred Heart.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

GREAT is the task of preparing an Office of the Church, even of the simplest saint of God. I might go on to speak of the wondrous beauty of the Breviary, and the amazing fund of piety, sacred history, lives of saints, comments of Scripture, writings of the Fathers, teachings of the Church, that is to be found in it—in anthems, antiphons, psalms, lessons, versicles, responses; recollecting, moreover, that there is an Office in it for every day of the year, and several for some days; and that it ranges through the Old and New Testaments,

through ancient and recent history; touching on every land, from the martyrs of Japan to St. Rose, the Lily of America. But there is no need for me to do so. Others, who were far more competent than I, have spoken on this subject. Sainly founders of religious orders have recommended the Breviary to their spiritual children; councils and popes have commanded it to be used by the ecclesiastics of the whole world.

In the prayer of the Sacred Heart Office, the Church considers two things belonging to the Heart of our Redeemer—the virtues wherewith it had been endowed, and the affections (toward God and man) wherewith it was inflamed.

Church: The Heart of Jesus, the Victim of love, come let us adore.—Children: The Heart of Jesus, the Victim of love, come let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn: 1. My heart became as melting wax in the midst of my body.—2. My heart hath hoped in the Lord; I was helped, and my flesh flourished anew [after rising from the grave].—3. Thou [O God] hast changed my weeping into joy; Thou hast girt me round with gladness.

Church: But I will rejoice in the Lord.—Children: I will make glad in God my Saviour.

In the first, second and third lessons, let us listen to St. Paul addressing the Ephesians. When one reads the burning words of St. Paul, one begins to think that no human heart ever loved Our Lord as did that "vessel of election,"

who was rapt up to the third heavens, and who, in the midst of innumerable trials, calls out: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Then one remembers the beloved disciple St. John—to use his own humble but most beautiful language, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and who reclined at the Last Supper, as a mark of extraordinary love, on the bosom of the Lord.

Lesson 1: Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with spiritual blessings in heavenly places, through Christ. As He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and unspotted in His sight in charity; who hath predestinated us unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ unto Himself, according to the purpose of His will. To the praise of the glory of His grace, by which He made us acceptable to Himself through His beloved Son; in whom we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins, according to the riches of His grace. . . .

Church: God made us pleasing to Himself in His well-beloved Son.—Children: In whom we have redemption through His blood with the remission of sins.—Church: The Lord give enlightenment to the eyes of our heart and the knowledge of Himself.

Lesson 2: But God, who is rich in mercy, through His exceeding charity wherewith He loved us even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ (by whose grace you are saved); and hath raised us up together, and hath made us sit together in the heavenly places through Christ Jesus; that He might show in the ages to come the abundant riches of His grace, in His bounty toward us in Christ Jesus. . . . For He is our peace, who hath made both [rooms] one, and breaking down the middle wall of

partition [i. e.], the enmities in his flesh [separating us from God]; making void the law of commandments contained in decrees, that He might make the two in Himself into one new man, making peace; and might reconcile both to God in one body by the cross, killing the enmities in Himself. And coming, He preached peace to you that were afar off and peace to them that were nigh; for by Him we have both access [those afar off and those nigh] in one spirit to the Father.

Church: By reason of the too great love wherewith He loved us, God hath manifested the abundant riches of His grace, in His goodness toward us, in Christ Jesus.—Children: And He is our peace, through whom we have access to the Father.—God hath shown the abundant riches of His grace in His goodness toward us, in Christ Jesus.

Lesson 3: For this cause I bend my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named; that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit with might unto the inward man; that Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts; that, having taken root and being founded in charity, you may be able to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth; to know also the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge, that you may be filled unto the fulness of God.

Church: May God, by His power, grant us to be strengthened by His Spirit in the interior man.—Children: And that Christ dwell in our hearts through faith.—Church: That, having taken root and foundation in charity, we may comprehend the most excellent charity of the knowledge of Christ.

Antiphons for the second nocturn:
1. Taste and see that the Lord is

sweet; blessed is the man that hopeth in Him.—2. Because of [Thy] truth, mildness, and justice, go forth [O Sacred Heart, unto all hearts]! May Thy way be prosperous, and be Thou their King.—3. He shall judge His people in justice, and the poor in judgment.

Church: It is good for me to cling to God.—Children: And to put my hope in the Lord.

In the fourth, fifth and sixth lessons St. Bernard speaks upon the riches of the love of the Sacred Heart.

Lesson 4: Once that we have come to the Heart of the sweetest Lord Jesus—and it is good for us to be here,—let us not allow ourselves to be readily withdrawn from Him, of whom it is written: “They that depart from Thee shall be written on sand.” But what of those that approach? Thou Thyself [O Lord] dost teach us; for Thou sayest to them that approach: “Rejoice, for your names are written in the Book of Life [not upon sand, as above].” Then let us approach to Thee, and we shall rejoice and be glad in Thee, mindful of Thy Sacred Heart. Oh, how good and how pleasant to dwell in this Sacred Heart! I will give up all for this; I will exchange all dreams and all desires for it. As an arrow of love, I will shoot every thought of mine into the Sacred Heart; and that Heart will nourish and support me.

Church: The Lord brought me into His cellars [where the wine of His love is stored]; He set charity in its right order in me [He set charity, or the love of God, before all other loves].—Children: Oh, compass me round about with flowers, stay me up with apples; for I languish with love [for God]!—Church: Under the shadow of Him whom I desired I have sat; and the fruit He gave [that is, the Holy Communion] was sweet to my lips.

Lesson 5: In this temple, before this

Holy of Holies, at the door of this tabernacle, I will worship, saying with David: “I have found my heart, and I will pray to my God.” And I have found the Heart of my King, my Brother, my Friend, the most kind Jesus. And now shall I not adore? Having found this Heart, which is mine as well as Thine, most sweet Jesus, I will pray to Thee, my beloved God. Only, in Thy mercy, admit my prayers to the chamber of Thy clemency; or, rather, draw me wholly into Thy Sacred Heart. O Jesus, sweeter in Thy beauty than all things! cleanse me yet more from my iniquity and wash me from my sin, in order that I may approach purified to Thee, who art the purest of all; and that I may be called to dwell in Thy Sacred Heart, where I may, at one and the same time, know Thy adorable will and be enabled to fulfil it.

Church: You shall draw waters in joy from the founts of your Saviour.—Children: And on that day you shall say: Sing ye to the Lord, and invoke His holy name.—Church: Behold, the Lord is my Saviour! I will trust and will fear Him.

Lesson 6: For this reason was Thy side opened: that an entrance might be made for us. For this was it wounded: that we may dwell there, sheltered from the storms of this world. Nay, furthermore, and especially for this: that by means of the visible wound we might recognize the invisible wound of love. For how, I ask you, could this burning love manifest itself better than by permitting not only the body but even the Heart to be pierced with the lance? The wound in the flesh, then, betrayed the wound in the spirit. Who will not love a Heart so wounded? Who will not, in return, love so ardent a Lover? Who not embrace one so chaste? Oh, let us, while in this body of earth, love and re-love, as far as we are able, so

amiable a Lover! Let us embrace Him who was wounded for us, whose hands and feet and side and heart merciless hearts transpierced. Let us permit this heart of ours, which is still hard and impenitent, to be bound with the bond of His love. And, oh, may He deign to wound us with the arrow of His love!

Church: I will take away the heart of stone from your body and I will give you a heart of flesh.—Children: I will pour forth on you living water and you shall be cleansed from your iniquities.

Antiphons for the third nocturn:

1. God loves mercy and truth; grace and glory the Lord will give.—2. The Lord will show kindness; He will speak peace unto His people.—3. Thou art mild and sweet; O Lord! Thy mercies are many to all who invoke Thee.

Church: The mercy of the Lord is from eternity.—Children: And unto eternity to them that fear Him.

The Church takes the Gospel of St. John (xv, 9-15): "As the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you; abide in My love," etc. Then she calls again on St. Bernard for the seventh, eighth and ninth lessons:

Lesson 7. Concerning the love of God—the more I drink, the more I thirst. I can never be fully satiated with it, nor any one loving Christ. For the more this is fed upon, the more does it increase hunger; and the more it is drunk, the more does it quicken thirst. And the mind wherein it dwells is so inebriated that it loves or desires nothing, nor can it love anything, but Him, who so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that everyone who believes and loves Him should not die, but should eternally live with Him. To this love the Author Himself of this inestimable charity invites us; and He begs and entreats us to abide in it. For He commands: "Abide in My love." As if He would openly say: Since I love you

with the very love wherewith the Father loves Me, I also ask you to love me with the same love. And since My love for you carried Me even to death—and the most cruel death that could be was not able to part Me from love of you,—do you, then, love Me and abide in My love.

Church: Even as the Father loved Me, so do I love you; abide [therefore] in My love.—Children: If you keep My commandments, you shall abide in My love; even as I kept My Father's commands, and do abide in His love.—Church: I entreat you, therefore, abide in My love.

Lesson 8: But in what way we are to abide in His love He goes on to tell: "If you keep My commandments, you will abide in My love; even as I kept My Father's commands, and do abide in His love." Works, then, are the index of the love of Christ, who, when He ought to have worked for us, did He not work? Or in what way could He have loved us more, and hath He not loved us? Greater love for us He could not have had. Did He not lay down His life for us? Blessed Truth itself is witness that greater love a man can not have than that he lay down his life for his friends. . . .

Church: Christ laid down His life for us, and washed us from our sins in His blood.—Children: Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends.—Church: He washed us from our sins in His own blood.

Lesson 9. The love of Christ is in every way sweet, every way delightful. Its possessor is not tortured by it, but gladdened; is not weakened, but strengthened; has no taste for earthly, but longs for heavenly things; inquires after the commandments of Christ, and endeavors with all his power to fulfil them. And from the observance of the precepts, by a most happy advance he is borne to the foretaste of [heavenly]

joys; so that already he perfectly rejoices with Him, for the desire of whom, while placed in this vale of tears, he so often and so eagerly sighed. Hence the Gospel rightly goes on: "These things I have said to you, that My joy be in you, and that your joy be fulfilled." As if He would say: I give you this precept; I warn you to keep My commandments and to abide in My love; in order that My joy be in you, and that yours be complete from Me; and so, through the mutual return of charity which you in the first place show to Me, I would have wherewith to rejoice; and that joy you, on the other hand, receive from Me, and possess forever, on the great day when the elect shall enter into their eternal reward.

Antiphons at Lauds: 1. Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your soul.—2. The Lord is sweet, and His mercy is unto eternity.—3. My soul hath thirsted toward Thee; for Thy mercy is beyond lives [all the lives in this world]—4. Ye holy and humble of heart, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him forever.—5. The Lord hath pleasure in His people, and He shall exalt the meek unto salvation.

Short chapter: Daughters of Sion, go forth: behold King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the joy of his heart [that is, Good Friday].

Church: The mercies of the Lord from eternity.—Children: And unto eternity to those who fear Him [i. e., they are as boundless as the eternity before creation and the eternity after judgment].

Antiphon: Because of the bowels of His mercy [because of His merciful heart] the Lord hath visited us, and hath wrought the redemption of His people.

Church: With Thy mercies, O Lord, is the earth filled.—Children: Teach me Thy justifications.—Church: According

to Thy mercy, give me life, O Lord!—Children: And I will observe all the testimonies of Thy mouth.

Short chapter: Place me as a seal on thy heart and as a seal on thy arm [i. e., let the seal of God be on whatever we do or think]; for strong as death is love [i. e., strong even unto death].

Church: Do with Thy servant according to Thy mercy.—Children: Only teach me Thy justifications.

Short chapter: My [Sacred] Heart looked out for shame and misery; and I waited for one who would grieve with Me, and there was not; for one to console Me, and I did not find him.

Church: May Thy mercy, O Lord! come unto me!—Children: And Thy salvation, according to Thy word.

Antiphons for Second Vespers: 1. From the torrent by the wayside he shall drink, and he shall raise his [weary] head.*—2. The compassionate Lord hath sent redemption to His people.—3. With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption.—4. Thy mercies, O Lord! I will confess to Thee with my whole heart [i. e., I will thank Thee with all my heart].—5. The Lord is sweet to all, and His mercies are beyond all His works.

Church: The mercies of the Lord are from generation unto generation.—Children: To them that fear Him.

Antiphon: The Lord hath taken us to His bosom and to His heart; He hath remembered His mercies.

Priest: Make us, O Lord Jesus! to be adorned with the virtues of Thy most holy Heart, and to be inflamed with its desires; that, being made comformable to the image of Thy goodness, we may become sharers in Thy redemption. Who livest and reignest, etc.

* Holy writers think that Our Lord, when being led from Gethsemane, fell into the Brook Cedron as He was crossing it, or was thrown into it; and they apply the foregoing verse of the Psalms to that occurrence.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVII. — MR. HENRY MORAN PAYS A VISIT TO FATHER BROPHY.

NOW, a chance remark of Kate's, that good Father Brophy had promised to take supper at the cottage on the following Sunday evening, put a new idea into Henry Moran's head. He had seen the priest and had liked the look of him. He judged him to be a clear-headed man, a man of sense and discernment, with knowledge of the world, and a man of high integrity. This estimate of Father Brophy's character had been made in those brief moments when the great broker had chanced to see the priest or hear him in conversation with others upon the train.

With Henry Moran, in most matters, to decide was to accomplish. The idea had seized him on the boat sailing over from the New York to the Jersey shore; and scarcely had he finished dinner when he set out for Father Brophy's residence. It was a walk of about half a mile. The night was clear and calm, with a pale crescent moon descending behind the Blue Ridge Mountains. There was a soft fragrance, with the indescribable balminess of the summer air; and a luminous, transparent look about the sky which somehow was inspiring.

At the priest's house Henry Moran, having gained admittance, was ushered into a clean, cheerful room, plainly but comfortably furnished. Books were strewn about, or stared from their glass-covered hiding-places upon the bookcase shelves; a few plants were in the window; two or three sacred pictures were side by side upon the wall, with one or two choice engravings. Henry Moran

presently heard a firm, quick step in the hall and Father Brophy entered. He wore his cassock, as he had just come from hearing confessions in the church. This gave him an unfamiliar appearance and somewhat disconcerted Mr. Henry Moran. It made him feel less as if he were talking man to man, and the ecclesiastical garb suggested that spiritual authority of the priesthood of which he had an undefined awe.

There was an expression of surprise upon the priest's face; but he greeted his visitor courteously, making him take the best chair, and chatting away in an unconstrained fashion, which tended to put Henry Moran at his ease. Now, as has been before said, the man of the world had a horror of sanctimonious people. One or two ministers whom he had chanced to meet had been of that type, which is rapidly becoming old-fashioned; and they have figured too often in the pages of fiction to be reproduced here. But they had given the stockbroker a prejudice against the whole body of the clergy, and he had unknowingly classed Catholic priests with the rest. Of course any Catholic, and many non-Catholics, could have told him that if there is any one thing which a Catholic priest is *not*, that one thing is sanctimonious. Probably no body of men in the world are so free from cant as the Catholic priesthood.

Henry, being unaware of this fact, was more and more agreeably surprised as Father Brophy talked. The reverend gentleman made no allusion whatever to religion; neither did he inquire why Henry Moran had come, but conversed intelligently and well on current topics. At last Henry Moran said:

"I guess, Mr. Brophy, you have been wondering all this while what brought me here."

"I was a bit surprised to see you, of course," said the priest. "But I knew

you would explain your business with me, if you have any, all in good time."

"It is not so easy to explain as you think," Henry Moran said, slowly.

"No? Well, we had better approach it gradually, then. Of what nature is it?"

"A personal affair of my own."

"Indeed!" The priest did not express all the surprise he felt.

"I am very anxious," Henry Moran added straightforwardly, "to become acquainted with neighbors of mine who are members of your congregation."

Father Brophy looked puzzled. He had never known precisely where Mr. Henry Moran lived, though he knew him well by sight and by reputation, and was aware that he was a resident of the town.

"I live next door to Vine Cottage," Henry Moran explained.

"Oh!" said the priest, a light breaking over his face as he laughed an almost boyish laugh. "I see how it is now."

"Yes," said Henry Moran, laughing too; "it is just that way."

"But how can *I* help you?" asked the priest, more gravely.

"So far, only by giving me a few pointers," answered Henry Moran. "I will, in fact, make a clean breast of the whole matter to you. It is your business to hear confessions."

"Out with it, then!" said the priest, good-humoredly.

Mr. Henry Moran paused with some embarrassment. His was an essentially self-contained and reticent nature, and it was no easy matter for him to open his heart to any one.

"I suppose," said the priest, simply, "the short and long of it is you have fallen in love with one of your pretty neighbors?"

Henry Moran nodded.

"Well," continued Father Brophy, "there would be no harm in the world in that, only I may as well tell you at

once that you have very little chance."

Henry Moran's face clouded.

"And why is that?" he inquired.

"Because there is not one of the Raymond girls that would marry a man without religion, as I'm told you are."

There was silence. Henry Moran saw the crescent moon just vanishing in the luminous haze behind the mountain. He was marvelling somewhat at the frankness of this priest, which was so marked a contrast to the servile deference usually paid him. When he spoke again it was to say:

"That difficulty might, perhaps, be removed."

"In one way only," declared the priest, emphatically: "by your becoming a practical Catholic."

"I am, I suppose, a Catholic already," said Henry Moran. "Now, don't say what you are thinking—that I am a mighty poor one. I won't attempt any excuse whatever, except that it was not altogether my fault."

"Your case, as I understand it," said Father Brophy, "is an apt illustration why such a marriage as you propose should never take place,—for I am assuming," he added hastily, "that you would scarcely have come to me if your feeling amounted to nothing more than a fancy for a pretty face."

"I have not dared to go so far as you think yet," explained Henry Moran; "and when you hear all you will understand that I am very peculiarly situated. And, indeed, before going further I must ask you to keep my visit with all its details a secret."

"I am accustomed to keeping secrets," said the priest; "and I will hear your story with pleasure. Only I must not be understood as countenancing a suit which conscience would condemn."

Henry Moran bit his lip. But the priest's frankness, the strength of his conviction and his confidence in the

Raymonds' force of principle pleased him.

"Before you begin," said the priest, "which of the girls is it?"

"Miss Katherine."

"I guessed as much. And now you may go on."

"In the first place, they do not know that I am Henry Moran."

The priest raised his eyebrows.

"In the second place, they don't know who I am; and in the third place, Miss Katherine doesn't know me at all."

"Well, upon my word!" cried the astonished Father Brophy.

"I have spoken to Mrs. Raymond, but never a word to Miss Katherine. I have only seen her face at a distance and comparatively seldom."

"This is the most extraordinary story I ever heard!" ejaculated the priest.

"And you will be more than ever confirmed in that opinion when you have heard all," Henry Moran said.

The priest settled himself in an attitude of attention; and his visitor proceeded to lay before him the whole story, as he said himself, from start to finish. Mr. Moran concluded with a characteristic declaration:

"It is, as you say, an extraordinary story. All the same, I am determined, no matter what obstacles may be in my way, to make Miss Katherine Raymond my wife, if that be possible."

There was that look upon Moran's face which was familiar to all who knew him in his Wall Street aspects; and Father Brophy was struck by it. The story had pleased and interested him by its very novelty. He had laughed at the various situations, at Kate's quaint conceits, and at the very Comedy of Errors. He liked the man himself too, and decided mentally that if he had the one essential qualification of religion, he would make an ideal husband for Kate Raymond. He, however, said gravely:

"What other obstacles may be in

the way I can not, of course, tell. But I am certain that you will have no chance of winning the young lady while you are a non-Catholic."

"Pardon me, but I am, if anything, a Catholic!" cried Henry Moran quickly,— "that is to say, my father was one, and wished me to be brought up in his religion. I was baptized by a priest of your Church."

"So I have understood," said Father Brophy; "but as regards the practice of your religion, you are to all intents and purposes a non-Catholic. Therefore the Raymond family will be as one against you."

Henry Moran dropped his eyes to the ground and sat a few moments in deep thought.

"Unhappily," continued the priest, "I could not say the same of all Catholic families. Perhaps I may frankly admit that I could not say it of many. Your advantages of fortune—and may I add of person?—would be, in most cases, too readily accepted as a substitute for that one essential qualification without which a marriage loses the blessing which accompanies it, and is too often, even from a temporal point of view, a sad failure."

Henry Moran, who never for an instant doubted that the priest was correct in his estimate of the Raymond family, said with some hesitation:

"Of course I can not pretend to be what I am not. I have—or had—very little faith in the supernatural at all."

"And you have more now?" the priest asked, with an irrepressible smile.

"You may laugh, Mr. Brophy," said Mr. Henry Moran, smiling to himself; "and I am willing to admit that love plays strange freaks with a man. But I must tell you that many things in the life of this family, many snatches of conversation I have overheard, have set me thinking."

The priest grasped his visitor's hand.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I seemed to treat as a jest what is in reality very serious! Grace works in many ways, and no one can deny that example is the most powerful of preachers."

"Yes, that is what I wanted to convey to you," said Henry Moran, earnestly,— "that, quite apart from what you would consider the merely sentimental side of this matter, some influence seems to be working on me through these people. And it is odd," he continued after a pause, during which the priest nodded sympathetically at him, "how, once your mind is turned in a given direction, circumstances seem to point that way. I have lately observed the conduct of many Catholics in various walks of life, and have found that their actions and their ideas are all shaped by a supernatural end."

"That is it precisely," assented Father Brophy.

"I don't mean to say that they are all good or better than other men," said Mr. Henry Moran. "But I perceive that even those who seem to be downright bad are conscious, as it were, of their own condition, and planning to amend at least on their death-beds."

"Spoken like an oracle!" exclaimed the priest. "It is that sense of sin, of personal responsibility for sin, and the necessity of personal expiation for sin, which, I think, makes one essential difference between the worst of Catholics and their separated brethren."

There was silence for an instant. The crescent moon had vanished as the two men sat, thoughtful and oppressed by the magnitude of the matter at issue. The darkness without was visible; for a pale, luminous track showed whence the moon had lately disappeared, and this blended with the starshine and the splendor of the Milky Way.

"Well," said Father Brophy at last,

"having worked out this conclusion for yourself, I ask you, as a practical man, what are you going to do about it?"

"That is not so easily answered," said Henry Moran. "'A practical man,' as you say, can not after so many years undertake to fall into line like a child."

"'Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom,'" quoted the priest; "and that is another essential difference between ourselves and outsiders. A Catholic, while believing in a perfectly reasonable way, must put aside reason when necessary, submitting his individual judgment to that consensus of judgment which, divinely inspired, we call the Church. And this you will find is daily done in the world about us by the most acute of professional men or the most hard-headed devotees of commerce. Pride, my dear Mr. Moran, is uncatholic."

Henry Moran rose and walked to the window, where he stood some moments, while the priest sat and watched him in silence. It was one thing to admire the Catholic faith from a distance, it was quite another to begin putting its teachings into practice. It was one thing to be impressed by good example, but another to attempt to follow it,— and especially in this most unpalatable manner of abdicating, as it were, his own strong judgment, which in temporal matters had never played him false.

"You see, my friend," observed Father Brophy, "no fortune, no success, no rank nor honor, can absolve a Catholic Christian from that necessity of humbling himself and submitting all to the divine teaching. Where there is conflict between faith and reason—which is often, by the way, more apparent than real—reason must submit."

"Look here, Mr. Brophy!" exclaimed Henry Moran, turning suddenly from the window. "I will put myself into

your hands for a while and see what you can make out of me. Even to win Miss Katherine, I can not be a hypocrite; but I am honestly anxious to win her and to make myself more worthy of her than I am now."

"We shall see what we can do," said Father Brophy. "Only I should wish that your motives were just a little less interested."

"Well, I can truly say that, apart from Miss Katherine altogether, I begin to wish that I could understand, could believe and could practise. Why, sir, if I believed what some men tell me they believe, it seems to me that it would not be too much to spend one's whole life and all one's strength in working for that end."

"All right!" observed Father Brophy, heartily. "You may count on me to do all I can for you. But, remember, a priest is only a very humble instrument in God's hands. Don't rely too much on me, but pray, man,—pray!"

"You will have to teach me how," said Henry Moran frankly.

"Every man can pray from his heart. For, after all, it is only necessary to cry out with the blind man of old: 'Lord, that I may see!'"

Henry Moran was struck with the earnestness, the simple sincerity, the sublimity of conviction, with which the priest spoke, and which illumined features ordinarily plain and rugged, and which had been but lately brimming over with fun. Here was no cant nor pretence of any kind. Father Brophy had shown a warm, human interest in his love-story, had entered almost boyishly into its humorous aspects. He had touched, in a few luminous words, on a vital theological question, and had spoken of himself with sincere humility; so that the priest's own personality, and all that he had said and done, aided Henry Moran no little in the path upon

which he had entered. There was one parting objection to be made, and Henry Moran came out with it frankly.

"There are a great many devotions and things of that sort in the Catholic religion which I don't understand and which wouldn't suit me at all."

"Well," said Father Brophy, "you are called upon to accept only what is essential. Some of the things to which you refer are beautiful, touching or sublime, when your mind is attuned to them; while certain others may be like the over-luxuriance of a fertile region. Catholics are left very free in the choice of devotions, excepting, of course, a few primary ones. But have a cigar before you go."

"No, thanks! I'll come over again for a talk and a smoke. And don't forget, Mr. Brophy, that you are bound over to secrecy. Henry Moran must not come to light yet."

"Make your mind easy on that score," declared the priest; and, having shaken hands with Henry Moran, he stood thoughtfully looking after him, and sighing to think that there were many such sons of Catholic fathers in the broad land of America.

"There's fine stuff in him, though," concluded Father Brophy. "And, please God, we'll make a good Christian of him yet. If we can, with the help of divine grace, what a splendid thing it will be for Kate! But she deserves her luck, if ever any girl did."

(To be continued.)

MARY STAR OF THE SEA! You are that Flower of the heavenly fields which is to produce the mysterious Lily of the valleys. Through you the fate of the whole human race is to be changed, its crime repaired. A new Eve, more beautiful and glorious than the first, you will open a new life to the earth.

—Abbé Gerbet.

The Man of Works.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE Lord of Hades and the Shade of Death
Watched his birth hour, contending for his
breath;

But the Nile gave him rescue, and he rose
Monarch of pain, deliverer of woes;
For him the Red Sea lifted up her waves,
He made a nation from a horde of slaves;
He set his foot on famine, and compelled
The rocks to own the royalty he held.
Hell had no horror for him; shapes of ill
That bruised his flesh, no spell to tame his will.

Who checked the Baltic tides, and over Rome
Swung in mid-air the glory of her dome?
Who raised the lost Atlantis out of void,
And gave a world to races overjoyed?
Who ploughed the continents and felled their
trees,

And sent his voice across the shaken seas?
Who bridled cataracts, and made the sword
Of Heaven's light obedient to his word?
Who turned the rivers, and adorned the night
With newer stars throughout his cities bright?
Who made the fire his charioteer, and spun
Of drifting dust a crystal like the sun?
Who clothed the hopeless wilderness with green,
Setting the triumph of his name between
The trampling desert sands and golden homes?
Who reft the metals from malignant gnomes?
Who taught despondent captives that a man
Was mightier than the universe could ban?

Swifter than whirlwinds, truer than the steel,
Strong as the cedar; yet alive to feel
The worth of his divinity, and down
Tread tyranny that faced him with a frown.

Who but a Man, disowned, dishonored, stoned,
By all that swollen insolence enthroned?
Who but a man, who, coming to his own,
Found that he stood upon the shore alone,
And the untrodden vastness looming blind
Before him, doom and destiny combined,
Till the impossible became his friend,
The unaccomplished lured him to the end?

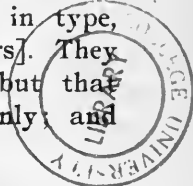
The man who thought, and through his thinking
wrought
Such wonders as the fabled genii brought;
Who made the dream a substance, and could throw
The clay apart that hid the gold below.

Is this the creature bound by fetters? No!
Wherever light illumines he shall go.
Breaking all chains that touch him, and shall be
Kin to the lightning, fed with victory.
Heir of immortal prophecies, the son
The great All-Father loved to look upon,
And set above all things, and gave to wife
His crowning loveliness and named her Life.

Readings on the Holy Eucharist.

(CONCLUSION.)

ST. AUGUSTINE.—This is the bread
which cometh down from heaven.
This bread was signified by the manna,
this by the altar of God. They were
mysteries; in outward appearances,
different; in the thing typified, alike.
Listen to the Apostle: For I would not
have you ignorant, brethren, he says,
that our fathers all were under a cloud,
and all crossed the sea, and all were
baptized by Moses in the cloud and in
the sea; and all ate the same spiritual
food. The spiritual is truly the same
[with them and with us]; but the
corporal is another thing. They had
[corporally] manna; we have another
thing [i. e., the body of our Lord Jesus
Christ]. Now, the spiritual which we
[receive] our fathers did also [but not
their fathers], to whom we are like [to
our fathers], but to whom they are not
like [he calls all those who served God
faithfully "*our fathers*"; all who did not,
"*their fathers*"]. All drank the same
spiritual drink. They one, we another
[i. e., the drink they took, when it came
from the rock, was a type of the Precious
Blood; and this *spiritually* was, as it
were, the one same drink as ours. But
some confined their thoughts to the mere
outward appearance of the drink, and
in that way it was but water; and was
not, therefore, to them, even in type,
the same *spiritual* drink as ours]. They
took one drink, we another; but that
was in outward appearance only; and



yet even in this by its spiritual power it signified the same thing as we drink.

For how [did we and they drink] the same drink? They drank of the spiritual, flowing rock [not alone corporally to quench their thirst, but, furthermore, they drank of it spiritually, or mystically, as a type of the better drink to come]. But how [did we and they drink] the same spiritual drink? They drank of the spiritual, flowing rock. Now, the rock was Christ. From Him the bread, from Him the drink. The rock was Christ in figure; but there is [furthermore] a true Christ in word and in flesh.

Now, how did they drink? The rock was struck by the rod twice; and the double stroke represents the two pieces of wood forming the cross. The faithful know the body of Christ, if they do not neglect to be of the body of Christ [i. e., of the Church]. Let them become the body of Christ [Christians], if they desire to live by the spirit of Christ. By the spirit of Christ a man does not live if he be not of the body of Christ. [The reader will understand that the Church in all ages of Christianity is called "the mystical body of Christ."] You understand, dearly beloved, what I would say: you are a man, and have a spirit and a body. That I call spirit which is named soul and by which you are constituted a man; for you consist of spirit and of body.

Tell me, which of these lives by the other? Does the soul live by the body, or the body by the soul? Now, it is the thing that is alive that answers; but that which can not give answer, I am not sure that it is alive. What, then, does everyone who is alive answer? Certainly, it is my body lives by my soul. Very well; do you wish to live by Christ? If so, be of His body [the Church; for that is animated by His spirit, as your body is animated by your spirit].

Or do you think that my body lives by your spirit? Mine lives by my spirit, yours by yours. Neither can the body of Christ [the Church] live by any other than by the spirit of Christ. Hence follows what St. Paul, explaining to us about this Bread, says: "We, though many, are made one bread, one body." O Sacrament of piety! O type of unity! O bond of charity!

He [therefore] who wishes to live has where to live, has whereby to live. Let him approach [to the Church]; let him believe; let him be incorporated, that he may be animated; let him not revolt from the setting of the members [like stones in a building]. Let him be no putrid member; that should rather be cut off. Let him be no distorted member; that would bring shame. Let him be fair, let him be fitting, let him be full; let him cling to the body, and live through God-of-God. At present let him toil on earth that he may hereafter reign in heaven.

St. Cyprian.—In the priest Melchisedec we see foreshadowed the mystery of the divine sacrifice, as the Scripture itself testifies when it says: "And Melchisedec brought forth bread and wine. But he was priest of the Most High God and blessed Abraham." But that Melchisedec did here typify the Lord is made evident by the Holy Spirit in the Psalms, where, in the Person of the Father, the Holy Spirit thus addresses the Son: "Before the daystar I begot Thee. Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec." And this, then, is that order which began with that sacrifice, and from that came down to us,—namely, that Melchisedec was priest of the Most High God, that he offered bread and wine, and that he blessed Abraham.

Now, who was ever a priest of the Most High God if not our Lord Jesus Christ? And He offered sacrifice to God the Father, and offered the very same

as Melchisedec offered: that is, bread and wine—His own flesh and blood. And with regard to Abraham, that blessing of long ago belonged to our people. For he believed in God [that He would do everything He said, even when all appeared impossible]; and that faith was reckoned for him unto justice: that is, was meritorious in him. And whosoever trusts God and lives by faith, he is found [i. e., accounted] just; and it is shown that already he had been blessed and justified in the believing Abraham. So the Apostle Paul declares, crying out: "Abraham trusted God and it was reckoned unto justice to him."

You recognize, then, that all who live by faith are children of Abraham. And Holy Scripture, foreseeing that God "justifies" the Gentiles through faith, prophesied to Abraham that in him all nations should be blessed. So in Genesis, that this blessing should be duly celebrated in the case of Abraham, sacrifice had to precede, constituted of bread and wine. And this typification, when the Lord Jesus was about to perfect, He offered bread and the chalice with wine; and thus He who is the fulness of all types fulfilled the truth of this prefigured image.

But through Solomon also the Holy Spirit prefigures the divine sacrifice, when He makes mention of the immolated host, of bread and wine, of an altar, and of apostles. Wisdom, he says, built herself a house and put beneath it seven pillars; she immolated her victims, mixed wine in her cup and prepared her table. And she sent forth her servants, who called aloud, inviting to the cup, saying: "He who is foolish let him come to me." And to those devoid of sense she said: "Come, eat of my bread and drink of my wine that I have mingled for you."

St. Augustine.—Not as your fathers, who did eat manna and are dead. Why

are they dead if they ate? They believed [only] what they saw, and what they did not see they understood not. Thus your fathers [and you also], for you are like to them. And as to that corporal and visible death, do you think that we shall not die,—we who eat the bread that cometh down from heaven? In the same way as they have died shall we also die. How very little, then, as I have said, pertains to this visible and corporal death! But as to that death from which the Lord deters us, that [spiritual, mystical] death their fathers died! Moses ate manna and Aaron ate manna and Phinees ate manna, and many others ate who pleased God, and they died not. Why? Because they understood the visible food spiritually, and spiritually they were filled [i. e., they recognized that under the manna Almighty God was giving them merely a type of better food]. And even we ourselves this very day receive visible food; but the sacrament itself is one thing, and the power of the sacrament another.

How many receive at the altar and die, and die while receiving! And hence the Apostle says: "He eats and drinks judgment to himself." Was not the holy morsel poison to Judas? And yet he received. And when he received, the enemy entered into him. Not that he received what was bad; but that which was good he, being wicked, wickedly received. Take heed, therefore, that you eat this spiritual bread spiritually—that you bring innocence to the altar. As to sins which are daily, and which be not deadly, before you approach to the altar attend to what you say: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."* If you forgive, it shall be forgiven

* The *Pater Noster* was, from the time of the Apostles, always included in the Liturgy of the Mass, and recited publicly before Holy Communion.

unto you. Then with security approach: it is bread and not poison.

St. Ambrose.—Who is the author of the sacraments but the Lord Jesus Christ? From heaven these sacraments came; for all counsel is from heaven. But a great and divine miracle is this, that God rained manna on the people, and the people ate and they labored not. You may say, "Mine is common bread." Truly, that bread of yours is bread up to the words of the sacred mysteries; but when consecration arrives, from bread it becomes the flesh of Christ.

This, then, let us reason out. How can it be possible that bread should become the Body of Christ? By consecration. Consecration, then,—in whose words and by whose commands is it accomplished? Christ's. For all the rest that is said [at Mass] gives praise to God. Prayer is first offered for the people, kings, and others; but when the moment of the solemn mystery is come the priest uses no longer his own words but makes use of the words of Christ. Therefore it is the word of Christ that accomplishes this mystery. What word of Christ? That, namely, by which all things were made. The Lord commanded and the heaven was made. The Lord commanded and the earth was made. The Lord commanded and the seas were made. The Lord commanded and every creature sprang forth. Behold how full of power is the word of Christ!

If, therefore, such energy reside in the word of Christ that things which had no previous existence should spring into being, reflect how much more effective it must be to change a substance already existing into another. The heavens did not exist; listen to the sacred historian: "He spoke, and they were made; He commanded, and they sprang into being." Now, I can answer you: It was not the body of Christ before consecration; after consecration I say to you that it

is already the body of Christ. He said and it was done, He commanded and it was accomplished.

Let us now return to my proposition. A great and most venerable thing it was that manna should be rained on the Jews from heaven. But think which is the greater, manna from heaven or the body of Christ? The body of Christ surely; for He is the maker of heaven. Thus it is that he who ate the manna died, but he who eats this body shall have remission for his sins and shall not die eternally. Not without reason, then, when you receive do you say, "Amen," already in spirit confessing that you are receiving the body of Christ. The priest says to you, "The Body of Christ"; you say, "Amen,"—that is, "It is true." What, then, the tongue confesses let the spirit embrace.

St. Hilary.—Not in a human or worldly way should we speak of the works of God. What is written let us read; and when we have read let us understand; for thus shall we fulfil the office of perfect faith. Now, the things that we speak of the natural truth of Christ in us, unless we learn from Him, we speak foolish and vain. But He Himself says: "My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him." About the reality, therefore, of His flesh and blood there is left no room for equivocation. By the declaration of the Lord Himself, and in our faith, His flesh is really there, and His blood is really there; and when these are eaten and drunk, they accomplish this—that He abides in us and we in Him.

This is true, is it not? It follows plainly that it is not true for those who deny that Jesus Christ is true God [for if He were not, He could not have done this]. He, then, is in us by His flesh and we in Him; while that which we

are is [united] with Him in God. But that we are in Him by the sacrament of His communicated flesh and blood, He Himself testifies, saying: "And now this world does not see Me, but you see Me, because I live and you will live; for I [live] in the Father, and you in Me and I in you."

That this natural union, however, takes place in us, He Himself thus testifies: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him." No man, then, shall be in Him unless He be first in him; for He assumes unto Himself that flesh only which has first received Him. The sacrament of this perfect unity He had already spoken of when He declared: "As the living Father sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he who eateth My flesh shall live by Me." He lives by the Father; and just as He lives by the Father, in that same way we live by His flesh.

St. Cyril (Bishop of Jerusalem).—The doctrine of the blessed Paul appears abundantly sufficient to make us certain of the divine mysteries by which we are made worthy, if I would be allowed to say it, of being one flesh and one blood with Christ. For he cries out, saying: "On the very night in which the Lord Jesus was betrayed, taking bread and giving thanks, He brake, and gave to His disciples, saying, Take and eat; this is My body. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and said, This is My blood."

When, then, He Himself declared of this bread and said, "This is My body," who will dare to quibble about it? And when He also, and just as affirmatively, asserted, "This is My blood," who will insinuate and say it is not His blood? Formerly, at Cana, He changed water into wine, and wine has a certain kinship with blood; and after that we shall look upon it as hardly worthy of our credence that He should change wine into blood!

Being invited to the wedding-feast, at which two are united in body, He, to the surprise of all present, works this miracle. And is it much more that we should firmly believe that He has given us His body and blood to be enjoyed, so that with all certitude we should believe that we receive His sacred body and blood? For under the appearance of bread He gives us His body, and under the appearance of wine His blood; so that when you receive it from the priest, you taste His body and blood, and become part of the same body and blood. And then are we made *Christiferi* ("Christ-bearing"); that is, carrying Christ in our bodies, when we receive His body and blood into our members. Thus, according to the saying of the blessed Peter, are we made partners of the divine nature.

Christ, speaking to the Jews, said: "Unless you eat My flesh and drink My blood, you shall not have life in you." But these, not understanding His words spiritually, were scandalized, and, going back, went no more with Him; for they thought that He was commanding them to eat [shamble] flesh.

Now, in the Old Testament there were loaves of proposition; but because they were part of it they came to an end with it. But in the New Testament there is heavenly bread, with the salvation-giving cup; and these sanctify both body and soul.

However, I could not have you so to look on these things as if the one were simply and merely bread and the other simply and merely wine; for they are the body and blood of Christ. And even if your sense should refuse to believe for you, let your faith confirm you. Do not judge it by your taste, but let your faith assure you beyond all doubt that you have been made worthy of sharing the body and blood of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

St. Cyril (Bishop of Alexandria).—“He that eateth My flesh,” He says, “and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him.” As if a person had melting wax and should pour into it some more melting wax, he mingles the one with the other, and the two of a necessity become one. So he who receives the body and blood of the Lord is in such manner united with Him that Christ is found in him and he in Christ.

You will find a similar thing laid down in St. Matthew. The kingdom of heaven, he tells us, is like yeast, which a woman puts into three measures of flour. St. Paul says of the yeast that a little of it affects the whole mass [of dough]. In this way to-day a small benediction [a small blessed thing,—the consecrated Host] draws the whole man to itself and fills him with its grace; thus Christ abides in us and we in Christ.

Let us, then, if we wish to attain to eternal life, if we desire to receive within us the Giver Himself of immortality, let us hasten to receive this benediction; and let us be on our guard that the devil lead us not aside by his wicked religion. You say rightly, quoth he [the devil,—i. e., the devil agrees with the doctrine, but tries to make us receive badly]; but, my brethren, we are not ignorant that it is written that whosoever eats of this bread and drinks of this chalice unworthily, eats and drinks judgment to himself.

I, therefore, prove [examine] myself, and I find myself unworthy. When, then, shall you who say this find yourself worthy? When you give yourself up to Christ. For if by sin you became unworthy, and you persevere in sin [and who, according to the psalmist, understandeth sin?], you will be entirely outside the reach of vivifying grace.

I entreat you, let your thoughts be

holy; let your life be recollected and holy, and you shall not fail to partake in the benediction. This [benediction], believe me, will drive away not alone death [from the soul], but even all diseases [all lesser sins]. For when Christ abides with us, He calms that raging law in our members, assists piety, extinguishes all distrust in the mind, cures the sick, and restores the wounded; and as a good shepherd, who did not hesitate to lay down even His life for His sheep, He raises us up after every fall.

Just a Mistake.

BY MARY CROSS.

ROBERT DRUMMOND felt no little difficulty in realizing his own happiness. To him it seemed less like truth than a fairy-tale that a gentle, gracious, charming girl should love him well enough to trust herself entirely and forever to his care. Yet truth it was, and Clare was his promised wife.

He had the reputation of a hard man. In truth, much of the tenderness with which he had begun life had been kicked and cuffed out of him by a stern step-father; and what survived that species of abuse had succumbed to another—the selfishness and duplicity of pretended friends. His dogged industry had won him wealth; but he shunned society, and was rather prone to be distrustful of his kind. But now, behold a change! He saw the world with altered eyes. Frozen fountains of sympathy welled up again with a desire that others also should have sunshine, with a longing to gladden hearts and lives that were as empty and forlorn as his had been until Clare came into it like a breath of summer air or a strain of lovely music. He would try to resemble her, who loved and pitied and sought to help

every living creature. He had left the shell of selfishness forever.

Love had certainly quickened his perceptions. When he entered his counting-house, nodding good-morning to his busy clerks, he observed for the first time the sharpness of a certain pair of elbows and the shininess of the sleeves that covered them. He reflected that the lad's father had been absent through illness from desk and stool for many weeks,—a fact that suggested another: that there was a large family; and it likewise occurred to him that the doctor's bill would be heavy. He touched the young fellow's shoulder as he passed him, and whispered:

"Come into my room before you go home, Leslie. I have something to say to you."

Fred, shy, sensitive, chronically hungry in body and mind, blushed an affirmative, his heart in his mouth. Though poverty had not wholly destroyed youth's buoyancy in him, he nevertheless took it for granted that he was not wanted in the private office for anything pleasant. Perhaps he was about to be told that his father's situation could no longer be kept open for him.

At the specified time he entered the sanctum, all but surprising the sedate "merchant prince" in the very act of saluting a young lady's photograph. It was the elder man's turn to blush, and he thrust the portrait hurriedly out of sight.

"Why didn't you knock?" he asked, still confused.

"I did, sir," said Leslie.

"Oh! They say love is blind: it must be deaf as well," Drummond inwardly murmured; he wondered if the boy were laughing at him for a sentimental ass.

"Just give that to your father with my compliments," he said, remaining embarrassed and self-conscious; and he handed Leslie an envelope.

"Yes, sir." The lad added eagerly: "Father will be at business in the morning."

"Glad to hear it, if he is able. If he is not able, another week or so at home will do him no harm; tell him so from me," said Drummond.

Whereon the boy thanked him and withdrew, agreeably surprised.

On the following day Leslie senior occupied his usual place in the office, gaunt and worn after the illness which had left upon his already heavily-laden shoulders additional burdens. When with perfect health there is a difficulty in making ends meet, with sickness it becomes well-nigh impossible. Leslie's salary was always anticipated. He never had a superfluous penny. In the course of the day he had to go into the private room with some letters, and Mr. Drummond gave him a kindly greeting.

"I don't think you are quite up to the mark yet," he said, in a friendly tone; but Leslie replied that he was so very nearly, then quickly glanced at his employer as if he expected him to make some further remark. None being forthcoming, he took an envelope from his pocket with a deprecating air.

"My illness has left me rather stupid, sir, I'm afraid. I really don't understand your message of yesterday. Fred brought me this with your compliments, but I don't quite grasp the meaning."

"Well, I should have thought it was plain enough, upon my word!" said Drummond, quizzically. Misinterpreting the other's change of color, he went on: "You don't need to have any scruples about it, surely. Illness is a costly item, I know; and—and—bless my heart, I didn't think you'd take offence if I paid your doctor's bill, that's all!"

"You are more than kind, sir. I—I don't know what to say. I am very grateful. Of course I was not aware

that you had paid the doctor. That, then, was what your card meant?"

"Why, but you are dense! That was what the note was meant to convey. My card was]mere matter of form or compliment, just as you like."

"The note?" repeated Leslie.

"There was a five-pound note in that envelope, if we must come down to the alphabet of the thing."

"No, sir—not when I got it," said Leslie; and Drummond surveyed him silently, taking himself by the chin.

"Yes, there was when I gave it to your son," he said, rather dryly. "But perhaps you had better call him in here, and we'll get the air cleared."

In a moment Fred Leslie entered the room, meeting his master's eyes with perfect serenity.

"Look here, young man, what was in the envelope you gave to your father from me yesterday?"

"Your visiting card," answered Fred, looking surprised.

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing. Neither father nor I could understand it," he added, diffidently. "Father thinks I may have forgotten something you told me to say. I am sorry if I have been so careless."

Drummond waved that issue aside.

"Was the envelope open or closed?" he asked.

"Open. It never had been closed, sir."

"Hum! Did you go straight home? Didn't you examine the envelope on the way there?"

"I went straight home. I didn't touch the envelope again until I gave it into father's hands."

"Are you quite sure that part of the contents did not slip out?"

"Well, I think I may say so," replied Fred. He dived into his breast-pocket and produced a couple of letters and a time-table. "There is nothing here but my own belongings."

Drummond played a little tune on his desk with the end of a pencil, and shot a glance at the young fellow from under suddenly contracted eyebrows.

"I'll talk to you about it to-morrow," he said. "In the meantime you might try to remember if there is anything you have forgotten. It will be as well for you."

The manner in which that ambiguous sentence was delivered caused Fred's cheeks to tingle.

"What does Mr. Drummond mean, father?" he inquired, as they walked homeward together. "He never spoke to me so *raspingly* before. What have I done? What does he think I've done? Do you know, father?"

Leslie senior briefly explained the position, and for a minute or two wrath rendered his son speechless.

"Does he think, then, that I took the money—robbed him, and cheated you? Well, he is a brute!"

"Hush, my boy! Have you never heard of One to whom supreme injustice was done and who yet found excuses and forgave?"

"You mean Our Lord?" said Fred, in a low voice.

"Our Lord and our Example, Fred. Come! where is your faith in your patron, St. Anthony? Can't you ask him to find what is lost?"

The lad's heart swelled. He looked at the thin white face, the silver hair, and thought of the labors, the crosses and cares that had made his father old before his time, yet had left him in unquestioning faith even as a little child.

"You don't doubt me, at any rate, father?"

"Don't I know my own son through and through? We must have a search for the note. I was reading when you came in, and it might possibly have slipped between the pages of the book. We must search for it."

"But Agnes returned the book to the library this morning," said Fred. He did not mention that the pence which otherwise had gone in car-fares had provided the literature to relieve the tedium of convalescence for his father. Life for the Leslies was made up of sacrifices, great and small. "I feel as if that note will go on eluding us to the end of time, father; and if my character does not go with it, I may consider myself fortunate."

"Your character is in your own hands, Fred. Don't make up your mind beforehand to be beaten."

On arriving at their unpretentious home, they found that Mrs. Leslie had gone to bed with neuralgia, leaving ready a meal of Spartan simplicity. They were glad to spare her for a time the knowledge of this new trouble. The children clamored for assistance with their home lessons; and Susan, the family cat, was equally urgent for her customary saucer of milk. Often Fred drank his tea without any, so that she might have enough.

Father and son had scarcely sat down to table when there was a ring—a gentle, nervous ring, as if the person responsible for it were in doubt as to his reception. Agnes answered it, and presently ushered in Mr. Drummond. His strong, rugged face was quivering, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse and unsteady.

"If you want to see a man who is thoroughly ashamed of himself, look here!" he said. "Leslie, I have come to ask your son's pardon. I was mean enough to think that he might have appropriated that five-pound note, when, as a matter of fact, I had not given it to him at all. I have just found that out, and came here at once to say—what can I say? Fred, I am heartily sorry. I do beg you to forgive me. I can't tell you how my own injustice has humbled me, and how I

regret my suspicion and my harshness."

"I hope you will not say any more, sir," said Fred, inexpressibly touched. "I must grant that appearances were against me."

"Appearances! What are they worth? It may be that not a few of my former judgments have been equally unsound. Heaven grant that in future I may practise the charity that thinketh no ill! Let me explain my most unbusiness-like proceedings. I was in such a flurry when you came into my room that I scarcely knew what I was doing, and so omitted to enclose the note; and the cause of the flurry was—hm—er—well, to cut it short, I am going to be married in a couple of months, and—oh, you will understand all about it when your own time comes! You have forgiven me; will you go a step farther and wish me happiness?"

It is unnecessary to say how Fred replied.

That episode is now several years old. Call Robert Drummond a hard man and you will be laughed at. Possibly a small Clare has completed the softening process which her gentle mother began. Leslie senior has retired on a generous pension. Fred is high in the confidence of his principal. In the yet remote future he may be a partner in the firm, and, prophets of the school of romance add, son-in-law of the head of the house as well.

To a Poet.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

BORNE on the tide of thy rich song,
 I felt my throbbing spirit rise:
 Stung by thy harpstrings, rushed a throng
 Of tears unto mine eyes.
 But when I fain would words control
 Ere the immortal thought had flown,
 I found 'twas but thy echoing soul
 Had passed into my own.

A Misapprehended Precept.

THE recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at Vespers, Benediction, and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from the nominal, indifferent or lax Catholic; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won save by those who, every few weeks, are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice; that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints"; or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women,"—at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it.

Critics who affect to disapprove of frequent reception of the sacraments have not even the merit of consistency. Let the Angel of Death invade the circle of their acquaintances, and summon to the other world one who has been for years a monthly communicant, and the genuine sentiments of these critics are at once manifested in eulogies of the departed one's exceptional virtue, ardent piety, and true religious spirit. On such occasions they almost involuntarily belie their habitual mode of speech. Habitually, they are strong in quoting the third Precept of the Church—to go to confession at least *once a year*. "Is not the matter perfectly clear? If the

Church wished us to confess our sins every month, or every two months, would she not have said so?" And, with the air of having advanced an unanswerable argument, they complacently brush aside the extravagant custom of seeking the tribunal of penance oftener than at Easter, or possibly at Easter and Christmas.

Now, it need scarcely be said that the argument is anything but sound. That the Church obliges us under pain of mortal sin to go to confession at least once a year, that she threatens with the deprivation of Christian burial those who transgress this commandment, is convincing evidence of the importance which she attaches to the practice; but the modifying phrase "at least" effectively disposes of the contention that she considers once a year sufficient for the leading of an exemplary Christian life. "If she desired us to confess more frequently would she not have said so?" But she *has* said so, is saying so now. The voice of the teaching Church, through the organs of curates, pastors, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, popes, is continually recommending to the faithful the salutary practice of frequent confession. The parish priest is the mouthpiece and representative of the Church, and where is the Catholic who has not repeatedly heard his pastor exhorting his flock to be more regular in frequenting the tribunal of penance?

Absolutely speaking, the Eastertide confession and Communion is sufficient for those who throughout the year neither offend God grievously nor are in danger of so offending Him. Where are such extraordinarily favored mortals to be found? In actual practice, those Catholics who are least exposed to occasions of sin, whose calling provides the most abundant safeguards against sin, are precisely those who have most frequent recourse to those lifegiving

fountains of sanctifying grace—penance and the Holy Eucharist. The farther a soul advances on the way to the Christian perfection that it is incumbent on all followers of Christ to seek, the more eager does that soul become to avail itself of the graces so lavishly granted to the worthy penitent.

If it be asked how often, or at what intervals, the ordinary Christian must go to confession in order that he may justly be said to receive the sacrament *frequently*, the answer must, of course, be approximate rather than definitely accurate. Having regard to the significance which attaches to the word throughout the Catholic world to-day, perhaps a month is as long a period as he may suffer to elapse between his confessions. This, of course, when his reception of the sacrament is purely devotional; for it is elementary that confession is imperative as often, be it monthly or weekly, as one incurs the guilt of grievous sin.

The mistake most commonly made about this matter is the postponement of confession until we have actually fallen into mortal sin; and this would seem to result from an erroneous impression that the sole object and purpose of the sacrament is to cleanse us from the guilt of our transgressions. As a matter of fact, the sacrament in addition confers special graces which fortify the soul and strengthen it against relapse. It does not render us impeccable, but it helps us virtually to become so. It follows that the proper time for going to confession is just when we find ourselves growing weak in our struggle with temptations; when sinful occasions acquire for us additional attractiveness; when we feel our feet slipping on the inclined plane that leads to deliberate offence against God. In affairs of spiritual as of bodily health, prevention is better than cure.

Notes and Remarks.

The London *Saturday Review*, a purely secular and very able publication, finds on careful investigation that the recent anti-Catholic disturbances in Spain are in reality "artificially got up demonstrations, organized by a certain brotherhood which, although styling itself Masonic, is not in any way connected with" English Freemasonry. It also declares that "the Masonic lodges in the Latin countries are avowedly anti-religious, and do not for a moment conceal their intention to sap religious belief and replace it by some vague code of ethics which, in their wisdom, they consider infinitely superior to the teachings of the Gospel." The Portuguese riots are found to be even less worthy of attention, being only a ridiculous, though rather dangerous, parody of the Spanish. "Portugal," says the *Saturday Review*, "is, unfortunately, a place where there are an amazing number of idle people, who contrive to live on the smallest of incomes, and who use politics as a means to 'arrive' and to add to their puny resources; hence this agitation. If not checked, it may eventually lead to the boiling up of one of those temporary republics which, after a good deal of blood-letting and blasphemy and a still greater degree of misgovernment, generally subside after a few months into the old order of things."

At Raleigh, N. C., the will of Mr. Ice Snow, deceased, was involved in litigation; and the legal proceedings brought out the fact that other members of the family were named Hail Snow and Rain Snow; and among the witnesses were Sharp Blunt, Sink Quick, and Early Dawn. It would seem, therefore, that North Carolina has more than her share of those degenerates who think it

humorous to saddle a helpless infant with a name which must degrade or humiliate it through life. The *Baltimore Sun* administers this dignified and earnest rebuke to such pitiable wittlings:

The naming of a human being is a serious and solemn affair. The name is given to distinguish him as an individual from all other individuals, and the naming usually takes place at a solemn religious ceremony. To make an absurd name a mark of distinction is as unseemly as it would be to distinguish soldiers by dressing them in uniforms like circus clowns. A funny name is an ever-present disadvantage to a man. It belittles him, makes him an object of ridicule, may injure him in business, and might deprive him of all chance of a public career, however well fitted he might be for it. A political convention might well hesitate to nominate a man named Ice Snow for President or even for Congress. Some years ago the United States government refused to record mining claims with absurd, profane or blasphemous names; and some steps might be taken to protect human beings.

Catholics have so far escaped this atrocious vulgarity; but a fondness for pagan prettiness in names is sometimes noticeable among us, and saints' names are often distorted out of all recognition. To the question, What's in a name? it may fairly be answered that there is in a name considerable information regarding the taste and character of the person who chose it.

In an interview reported by the Roman correspondent of the *Philadelphia Standard and Times*, the Archbishop of Manila repeats his declaration that the Filipinos love the friars and "are continually clamoring for their return to the parishes." Mgr. Nozaleda reports that the condition of things in the Philippines amounts to religious persecution, and ascribes the detention of the friars within Manila not to the hostility of the natives but to the influence of American Protestant missionaries with the authorities. The notion of secularizing the orders he pronounces absurd, of course; and it will be hard to despoil them of their property, since, according

to his Grace, they had sold all their belongings before the islands were transferred to this country. Finally, Mgr. Nozaleda describes the Filipino as a veritable child of nature, easily imposed upon by pretentious officials in brilliant uniforms. European or American priests, says the Archbishop, can alone counteract the anti-Catholic influences at work in the Philippines; and these priests will be all the better for the strengthening influences of the religious life,—“the individual life of the missionary is almost impossible.”

The missionary congregation founded by the late Cardinal Lavigerie in 1868 has, notwithstanding the unusually arduous nature of its specific labors, increased and flourished with unexpected success. The *Pères Blancs*—or White Fathers, as they are called from the color of their costume, which is almost an exact reproduction of the ordinary Arab dress—now number three hundred and fifty, with about half as many lay-brothers and several hundred novices and scholastics. The mother-house is in the suburbs of the city of Algiers; and the missionaries have two distinct fields of labor—the Mussulman tribes of Northern Africa and the Negroes of the equatorial region of the Dark Continent. The Arabs are proverbially difficult to convert. When Cardinal Lavigerie sent out his first group of Fathers among them, he said that it would be fifty years before the seeds of Christianity which they were to sow would yield any visible return; and for a decade or two his prediction seemed likely to be verified. Slowly, however, the Gospel is winning its way, and over a thousand Mussulman converts now attest that the strenuous lives of the *Pères Blancs* have not been wasted. The results of the missions in Central Africa are far otherwise encouraging. From a hundred

to a hundred and sixty adult baptisms a month is the record at a number of the missionary stations; and the fervor of the converts surpasses anything that has been seen since the primitive ages of the Church.

More missionaries are needed in Africa; and, in order to secure recruits among Canadian youth, the White Fathers are to open a house in the city of Quebec, where applicants for admission to the congregation will be received. Father Forbes, the superior of the proposed house, himself a Canadian who has spent fifteen years on the African mission, is at present visiting the Catholic colleges and seminaries of the Dominion, explaining the aims, condition, progress, and needs of the White Fathers. Many young Canadians eagerly volunteered for the South African war a year ago: some at least, it is reasonable to hope, will embrace the opportunity of embarking on an incomparably more glorious and beneficent career.

The Rev. Dr. McDowell, of Baltimore, Md., himself a Methodist, is authority for the statement that more than half the divorced persons who contract marriage a second time within a year in that city are married by Methodist ministers. It is only fair to state that Brother McDowell referred to ministers of all branches of Methodism; and there are many of these. The admission is shocking, however; and the editor of the *Living Church* (P. E.) is very much shocked. This is how he expresses himself:

The organization that but little more than a hundred years ago abandoned the Church of England in despair because of the low moral and religious tone of her clergy, now the chiefest prop of the most notorious incentive to breaking the moral law of Almighty God which can be found in this country! Methodists, for shame! Where is the puritanical *method* in religion which animated your fathers? Surely this can only be a result of their abandonment of the Church of the living

God, when, desiring to practise a truer religion, they set up their rival organization, instead of humbly working to reform the coldness and barrenness of the Church wherein yet the Holy Spirit dwelt. Could there be a better illustration of the decadence in morals which is bound to follow abandonment of the Catholic Church?

This is high and fine, of course; though the expression 'setting up a rival organization to the Church of the living God' seems a little funny. The rebuke is terribly stern; and, coming from a minister of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, we fear the Methodists will not receive it well; and other sectarians will be sure to make that disagreeable remark about the pot and the kettle. In general, the followers of John Wesley may be credited with meekness; but there are apt to be "terrors" among the presiding elders—ardent spirits like Mr. Wesley's better half, whose influence over him, as his biographer relates, was sometimes exerted by hair-pulling. We can lay claim to some familiarity with Methodist methods, and it will surprise us if some brother who knows the antecedents of the Episcopalians is not moved to give them "Old Harry" for what has been said by the *Living Church*. Divorce ought to be a touchy subject with members of the Church of England. For old time's sake we will defend our Methodist brethren to the extent of declaring that until the Episcopalians agree upon that canon forbidding new marriage while both parties to divorce are living, they should refrain from throwing stones at disciples of Wesley. Those who live in glass houses oughtn't to throw stones at all.

In a recent discourse on "Catholic Action," delivered at Tours by M. Brunetière, we find this apt and beautiful simile: "On whatever summit it takes its origin, whatever lands it has traversed in its course, whatever scenes

of nature or of history it may have reflected in the mirror of its waters, with whatever cataclysms its name be associated, there is no river—no Loire or Rhone, no Amazon or Ganges—whose haughty billows, confounded at its mouth with the lowliest streams, do not end by abdicating their personality in the immensity of the ocean. And just so, there is no progress of thought, no growth or enrichment of the mind whatever its origin, no renewal of human intellect whatever its principle, that does not likewise end by identifying itself with immutable truth in the broad bosom of Catholicism."

The argument in favor of the religious education of the young was put in a nutshell by the Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, in a sermon delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Cecilia's parochial school, Englewood, N. J., on the 2d inst. In this form we think the argument will be most effective. It is to be hoped that those Catholic newspapers which are so prone to snap up everything good, bad and absurd touching on religious subjects that appears in the daily papers will not overlook this bit from the *New York Sun*:

Whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help whatever specifically tends to preserve and promote them; but the parochial school specifically tends to preserve and promote Christian faith and morals; therefore whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help the parochial school. . . . Is this a Christian country? Is the majority Christian? If it is, why is it that no child is allowed to learn the Christian religion in a State school, and that teachers are forbidden by law to teach any form of Christianity in a State school? Yet the majority of the parents, the majority of the children, and the majority of the teachers are Christian, and the lawmakers are supposed to be Christian.

But it will be said: "We want no union of Church and State." Why? Is it a crime for the State to aid the Church? Does not the Church, unasked, aid the State? Remove the Church and what becomes of the State? Why, then, should not the State reciprocate? . . . To exempt people who build and support their own schools from

the burden of double taxation which they are now paying for education, or to give them back in subsidies a part of their own money, is not a union of Church and State. The doing of this would simply be an act of justice to 15,000,000 of Americans, a very large and efficient portion of the population. In many cities and towns Catholics are the majority of the inhabitants. Surely they deserve some consideration for all that they are doing to prevent the spread of anarchy and socialism. No power in the country is so strong as the parochial school in enforcing the Commandments "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal."

But there are people who say: "It can not be done. We can not solve the problem. It is not fair, we know, but we can not help it." Such talk is an insult to American statesmanship. Germany has solved the problem and recognized the parochial school. England has solved it; Canada has solved it. Is it not an insult to American politicians to say that they can not solve a simple problem which has been solved by other politicians? The solution is easy if you follow the natural law of justice.

But whether it is solved or not, my dear friends, we shall go on building and supporting Christian schools to preserve Christian faith and morals. We believe them necessary for the good of the country, and we believe them necessary for the salvation of immortal souls; for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Well said! The Rev. Dr. Brann has rendered a distinct service by delivering this strong, clear, manly speech. His argument is unanswerable, and it is presented in the very best form.

The late Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, is spoken of as one of the most remarkable figures in the ranks of the Canadian hierarchy. His holy life, his great services to religion, his long career, and the special blessing which seems to have attended all his undertakings, have often been commented upon. He was venerated by those who knew him best, and it is hoped that the story of his inner life will soon be given to the public. From what we ourselves know of this saintly prelate, we can assert that it will be a book of unusual interest and edification. May he rest in peace!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Friend of Birds, Monkeys and Panthers.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



'LL bet there *has* been!"

"Well, you'd lose your bet all right. Doesn't the book say plainly enough: 'A very fierce, untamable beast'? If it's *untamable*, how could a saint or any one else get around it, I'd like to know?"

"I don't care, Master Charlie, what your book says. I am quite sure that there has been some saint who was on friendly terms even with panthers. One would think, to hear you talk, that whatever is in print must be true."

"Not so fast, Bride. Of course I know there are lots of lies in newspapers; but when you come to a class-book like this Natural History, that's different. I suppose the author knows what he's talking about; anyway, how do *you* know his statement isn't true?"

"Because I do."

"Oh, pshaw! I might have known you'd give a girl's reason. 'Because, because, because—' That's no answer."

"How polite you are getting at that Putnam Street school! But here's Uncle Austin; let him settle which of us is right about the matter. Uncle, I want you, please, to decide a question for Charlie and me. He insists, because his Natural History says the panther is untamable, that there has never been a saint who tamed one, and I say I'm sure there has been such a saint."

"Yes, uncle; and the only reason she gives for her opinion is 'because.' How's a fellow to argue with Bride or any other person who talks so silly as that?"

"Don't get excited, my boy. Possibly there's not any urgent need of a 'fellow's' arguing at all in the present case. I presume that if Bride had expressed all she had in her mind, her reason would have been something like this: Because I don't see why God shouldn't give His saints power over the fiercest animals just as readily as over *any* of the wilder creatures; and, judging from the many instances of the friendly relations between holy men or women and lions, wild boars, wolves and such beasts, the probability is that panthers, too, have been subjected to saintly control."

"Thank you, uncle!" observed Bride. "That's just what I meant."

"Humph!" muttered my nephew. "That's a pretty long meaning for 'because.' But, just look here, Uncle Austin. Here's a point-blank statement in my text-book, and I don't see that a probability makes it out a lie."

"Nor does it, Charlie. Your text-book makes a general statement which, as a rule, is true. At the same time there are point-blank facts which prove that there have been exceptions to the rule. So it happens that Bride's opinion is correct, and yours wrong. Of course, however, she need not have been so positive about the matter unless she really knows of a case in which a panther was subject to a saint."

"And of course she doesn't, else she'd have fired it at me from the start," said the somewhat discomfited Charlie.

"Oh, my! what elegant language!"

"Come, come children! No teasing. Did either of you ever hear of Venerable Joseph Anchieta,* the Apostle of Brazil?"

* Ān-shyā'-tä.

No? Well, his is a case, Bride dear, that you may cite to the next person who disagrees with your opinion about the possibility of panthers being tamed. He lived in the sixteenth century. By the way, Charlie, can you tell me when that century began?"

"Why, in sixteen—oh, no; hold on! Let me see: the twentieth began in 1901, so the sixteenth must have begun January 1, 1501."

"Quite correct, my boy. Now, Father Anchieta was born in the Canary Islands. Do you know where they are, Bride?"

"I'm not sure; but I think they are in the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere near Africa. Don't canary birds and canary wine come from there? And don't the islands belong to Spain?"

"Yes, you're quite right, Bride. I didn't think you were so well up in your geography. To return to Father Anchieta. He became a Jesuit in 1551, when he was only seventeen or eighteen years old; and seven years later, in 1558, was sent as a missionary to Brazil. From that date until his death, in 1597, he spent his whole life in the most arduous labors, travelling all through the country and converting the most savage tribes of Indians to the true faith. So great was his power over the whole animal kingdom that his biographers have called him the 'new Adam—'"

"The Catechism of Perseverance says that Our Lord was the *new Adam*," interrupted my niece.

"Very true, Bride. '*Another Adam*' would be a better way of designating the holy missionary. You both know, of course, that before his fall Adam had full power over all creatures on earth; and it was in this respect that Father Anchieta resembled him. Like so many others of the saints of whom I have told you, he was very fond

of the birds; and these pretty little creatures returned his affection. No matter in what part of the country he was travelling, a flock of birds always accompanied him. They followed him through the forests and across great rivers, and even on the sea; perching on his shoulders, his Breviary—all over him. It is related that more than once this touching familiarity brought about the conversion of a crowd of savages.

"One day, as the good Father was sailing over the sea on his way to a distant mission, a flock of parrots that had gone astray and were worn out alighted upon his vessel. The sailors and passengers seized the poor birds and would soon have killed them had not Father Anchieta ordered them to leave the tired wanderers alone. The parrots at once flew to him and perched on and around him. He caressed them fondly during the voyage, and when the vessel reached land the birds would not leave him until he gave them his blessing and bade them fly away.

"This holy man was not merely the friend and protector of animals: very often he befriended and protected men against the depredations of wild beasts. He never employed harsh methods; the beasts obeyed him without an instant's hesitation. While he lived in the Espirito Santo district, a planter in the neighborhood suffered considerable damage from a great big monkey that played havoc with his sugar-canes. All sort of plans were tried in order to capture the rascal; but he was too cunning to be caught, and the guards of the plantation invariably arrived too late to prevent his mischief. As a rule, they were just in time to see him make a mocking grimace at them before he disappeared.

"Finally, the planter appealed to Father Anchieta for help. The saintly priest walked out among the canes; and the monkey, appearing at once as if

expecting the missionary's visit, walked right straight up to him and humbly stooped before him. 'Now, my friend,' said the Father in a gentle tone, 'this won't do, you know. You have been stealing, and nobody is allowed to steal. I forbid you to touch this plantation for the future. When you get hungry you may come here if you like; but see that you touch nothing unless it is given to you.' The monkey retired quite submissively, much to the astonishment of the bystanders who had watched the interview. That ended the thievery; for, although Jocko often came back to the plantation, it was always on a friendly visit; and he was a great deal better off than formerly, because the planter made a pet of him and treated him most kindly."

"All very well and most interesting," interposed Charlie; "but a monkey, after all, isn't a panther, uncle."

"Well, no, my boy; but the power to command one is not different from that which controls the other. To satisfy you, however, here is an incident related by some companions of Father Anchieta in a journey which he made through the mountains of Rio de Janeiro. One evening he left the tent, as was his custom, to go off by himself and pray. Some time afterward those inside the tent heard him returning, and noticed that he was engaged in conversation with some one. Entering the tent, the gentle missionary took a bunch of bananas, and, handing it outside, said: 'There, my dears! Take and eat these, and then be off with you.' It turned out that he had been accompanied on his walk by two great panthers, whom he had petted and who had escorted him back to his tent."

"Well, that settles it!" commented Charlie. "I'll tell my teacher to-morrow that the writer of my Natural History doesn't know it all."

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXIV.—IN AUSTRALIA.

"Land ho!" What magic in the cry! After many weeks the voyage was over, and the *Martha Washington* was about to rest after her long journeying across the Pacific. And a right sturdy voyager she had proved; nothing unusual or dangerous had befallen her or any of her passengers and crew, all of whom, while glad to see the land again, were not without regrets at leaving her.

"Land ho!" Everyone that could possibly do so tumbled on deck at the sound. It was early in the morning of the sixtieth day of the voyage, and everybody was telling everybody else that the trip had been a short one. It had taken fifteen days longer to make the preceding trip, and two men had been washed overboard and drowned.

The three children gazed quietly at the dim outline of the land before them, toward which they seemed to advance but slowly, now that it was so near.

"When shall we be there?" asked Arthur of his father, who joined them after a while.

"Before sundown, I hope, with the help of God," he answered. "Otherwise we shall have to lie by till morning."

"Till morning!" exclaimed Louise the impatient. "That would be dreadful! But why papa,—why?"

"A few moments ago I think I heard you lamenting that the journey was over," said the captain.

"I am sorry—awfully sorry!" said Louise. "But I hate to dawdle about anything, and we seem to be dawdling now. The ship is going more slowly, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes," said the captain. "We are obliged to be very careful in passing

through 'The Heads.' There is greater danger of shipwreck here, at what seems to be the very door of safety, than there has been during all the rest of the voyage."

After the captain had left them Robbie remarked:

"I once read that all the navies of the world might anchor in Sydney Harbor."

"Papa said he thought it was true," replied Arthur. "It is one of the most beautiful in the world. I hope we may get into it before nightfall, don't you? I think there is something grand in sailing into a port just about sunset."

"There couldn't be a finer time for it," said Robbie.

"Except early in the morning, just at dawn," interposed Louise.

"Yes, that *would* be fine," said Arthur. "It's splendid to have to tumble out of bed in the misty darkness, hustle on your clothes and stumble on deck."

"You could stay in bed if you liked," said Louise. "Papa would never take us ashore at that unearthly hour. And Aunt Emily wouldn't be there to meet us so early, either."

"Aunt Emily!" gasped Arthur. "I had almost forgotten about her. Papa hasn't spoken of her much."

"No, but she is very nice; I know she is. And her boys are fine fellows. Papa says they are."

"I wonder what she will think of me?" said Robbie. "I am one more than she bargained for."

"She will be very glad to see you," said Arthur. "She is papa's own sister; you know how he is, and I'll wager she is a great deal like him. If she was not nice as could be, he would never have brought us out to her."

"I imagine we'll have a good time in Australia," said Louise. "It's fun to have lots of cousins."

"If our ship is sighted early enough—and I think it will be—some of the boys

will come out with the pilot, I fancy," said the captain, again standing beside the young people.

"How many boys are there, Captain?" inquired Robbie.

"Well, there's Ray, aged twenty-four; and Will, twenty-two (but he won't be there, because he is in the navy); and Earle, just twenty; besides Clarence and Gerald and Joe and Guy, whose ages I don't know. And there are three lovely girls: Mary, who must be eighteen; Gertrude, twelve; and Muriel, ten."

"What a houseful!" said Louise. "Will they have room for us all?"

"Room and plenty both in heart and home," said the captain. "They have a fine home a few miles from town, all sorts of traps and plenty of horses. Arthur will probably come in every morning with the boys to the Jesuit College; but Louise will study with the younger ones, who have an excellent governess, I understand."

Louise made a funny little gesture.

"Don't let's even *think* of studying or governesses now, papa. That will come soon enough. We shan't have to begin lessons or go to school while Robbie is with us, shall we?"

"That will depend upon how long he is with us," replied the captain.

The day wore on; the children could scarcely give themselves time to eat their dinners, so anxious were they to be on deck. Soon small boats began to come into view, together with larger vessels making out to sea. About four o'clock a small open craft appeared, heading toward them. Fat-ou-Lung had deserted his pots and pans and was leaning over the rail with the children.

"Oh, see, see!" he cried. "Pilot-boat. Come soon in port now,—soon in port."

"But how do you know that is the pilot-boat, Fat?" inquired Robbie.

"Know him slape; often see pilot-boat before; not first time me tlavel, Mr.

Robbie. Comin' so fast now; soon be here. Long before to-night we be in."

The sailors were now called aft, and in less than half an hour the pilot was ascending the gangway ladder. After having shaken hands with the captain, he took command, and soon his voice was heard crying out orders, which the sailors speedily obeyed. An hour's sailing brought them close into "The Heads," the name given to the high, overhanging line of coast on either side. The entrance is a mile wide, while the bay extends inland about twenty miles. Bold and rocky were the shores between which the ship now traversed. The bay was full of little islands, which suddenly burst upon their view. Hills in the distance added to the beauty of the scene; and the white spires and houses of the city were a welcome scene after such a long deprivation from the sights and sounds of humankind. Everything was full of bustle and noise; and presently the quarantine officer came aboard, who, after having given the vessel a clean bill of health, permitted them to land.

Robbie was in his cabin, getting his few belongings together, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; and suddenly the little room seemed to be filled with boys, laughing, talking and chaffing one another. And there was Arthur, vainly endeavoring to effect his release from the shoulder of the most stalwart, who cried:

"Such a little fellow! A wind could blow you away, and you are nearly thirteen! We'll soon have you fit,—we'll soon have you fit."

At last Arthur managed to escape; and Louise, from the midst of the merry crowd, made her way toward Robbie, who was now standing, somewhat embarrassed, at a little distance.

"This is Robbie, a boy that fell on board, and came with us,—not meaning

to do it, but we were very glad to have him," she explained, or tried to explain. "And this is my cousin Ray, Robbie. And this one is Earle; and Clarence and Gerald and Joe and Guy are behind there; and I can't tell them apart yet—all of them."

Ray was the oldest, the one who had carried Arthur down on his shoulder.

"Fell on board, did he?" said her cousin, with a mystified expression.

Then all the others laughed. Arthur gave a more lucid explanation than that of his sister, after which they all crowded round Robbie, making him feel that he was one of the family.

Captain Wilde informed them that he would not be able to go on shore for some hours, but advised the young people to do so as soon as possible.

They lost no time in obeying. Before they started Robbie went shyly to the captain and asked:

"Captain Wilde, you haven't forgotten about the cable message, have you?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I shall send it as soon as I leave the ship, which will be in a couple of hours, if nothing happens."

"And when will we get an answer?" continued Robbie.

"Perhaps to-day; perhaps not until to-morrow."

"Oh, I can hardly wait to hear!" said Robbie. "If they have received my letter it is all right; but if not, think what my mother will have suffered, Oh, what if she should be dead! My poor, dear mother!"

"Do not think such gloomy thoughts. Robbie," said the captain. "I do not believe your mother is dead. And the chances are that she received your letter three or four weeks ago. Go ashore now, my boy, with a brave heart, and I promise you that it will not be long before you shall hear good news."

Robbie rejoined the others. Soon

the whole company were driving away from the wharf in two traps, drawn by fine, briskly-stepping horses.

"We are going home by the shortest road to-day," said Jack. "Mother will be expecting us. We shall have plenty of time to show you the sights in our beautiful city."

The Weldons lived in the suburbs, in a large, comfortable-looking house, surrounded by a well-kept garden.

Arthur and his sister were warmly welcomed by their aunt, who, even before she heard Robbie's story, included him in her kind, motherly greeting.

(To be continued.)

The Lamb of Sacrifice.

The Revolution was beginning: homes were empty, farms were deserted, industries were checked, and the levies of a foreign army had consumed the stores of the people. A messenger rode into the Connecticut Valley with tidings of the distress that was in the coast towns, and begged the farmer folk to spare some of their cattle and the millers some of their flour for the relief of Boston. On reaching Windham he was received with good-will by Parson White, who summoned his flock by peal of bell, and from the steps of his church urged the needs of his brethren with such eloquence that by nightfall the messenger had in his charge a flock of sheep, a herd of cattle, and a load of grain, with which he was to set off in the morning. The parson's daughter, a shy maid of nine or ten, went to her father with her pet lamb, and said:

"I must give this, too; for there are little children who are crying for bread and meat."

"Oh, no, no!" answered the pastor, patting her head and smiling upon her. "They do not ask help from babes.

Run to bed and you shall play with your lamb to-morrow."

But in the red of the morning, as he drove his herd through the village street, the messenger turned at the hail of a childish voice; and, looking over a stone-wall, he saw the little one with her snow-white lamb beside her.

"Wait!" she cried; "for my lamb must go to the hungry children of Boston. It is so small, please to carry it for some of the way; and let it have fresh grass and water. It is all I have."

So saying, she kissed the innocent face of her pet, gave it into the arms of the young man, and ran away, her cheeks shining with tears. Folding the little creature to his breast, the messenger looked admiringly after the girl; he felt a glow of pride and hope for the country whose very children responded to the call of patriotism.

"Now, God help me, I will carry this lamb to the city as a sacrifice."

So saying, he set his face to the east and vigorously strode forward.

I. H. S.

This ancient monogram was formerly written I. H. C. As to the precise interpretation of it there has been much dispute, says Father O'Brien in his learned "History of the Mass"; some contending that it means (at least that its letters are the initials of) *Jesus hominum Salvator* ("Jesus, the Saviour of men"); others that they are the initials of "I have suffered." The truth, however, is that they are the first three letters of Our Lord's sacred name in Greek—viz., *ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*,—and that as such they were very commonly employed as a sacred device on the Christian tombs during the days of persecution. They are yet to be seen inscribed in many places in the Roman catacombs.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is surprising that none of the critics has taken exception to the title of Max Müller's last work—"My Autobiography: A Fragment." Surely such a biography could be written only by the subject of it, and "My Autobiography" is as anomalous as "The Autobiography of Myself."

—The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* announces an English translation of an important work on the Popes of the Middle Ages, by Father Grisar, S. J. The author enjoys a well-deserved reputation for his archæological and historical erudition, and the work in question is spoken of as "a most valuable contribution to Church history, and a corrective to Gregorovius."

—The best penny's worth that we have seen in a long time is Bishop Hedley's pastoral letter on "Our Duty to Our Children," just published in tiny pamphlet form by the English Catholic Truth Society. Our readers will recall some striking passages of this admirable letter which we quoted at the time of its first appearance. Other recent publications of the C. T. S. are a new and cheaper edition of "St. Francis and You," by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., to which is suffixed a valuable article on "The Conversion of Modern Democracy"; "Ave Maris Stella," a little collection of verses in honor of the Blessed Virgin by Mr. Orby Shipley; "Convocation Never a Canonical Synod," by W. D. Gainsford; "Ruthen vs. De Bom" (the summing-up in a trial of recent occurrence in England); an interesting account of "The Conversion of Cardinal Manning," by Aimée Sewell; and No. XI. of the Bishop of Clifton's "Early History of the Church of God." One more number will complete this able and readable work.

—In the autobiography of the late Max Müller there is the following reference to Cardinal Newman:

When Newman at Iffley was spoken of, it was in hushed tones; and when rumors of his going over to Rome reached his friends at Oxford, their consternation seemed to be like that of people watching the death-bed of a friend. I am sorry I saw nothing of Newman at that time. When I sat afterward with him in his study at Birmingham, he was evidently tired of controversy, and unwilling to reopen questions which to him were settled once for all; or, if not settled, at all events closed and relinquished. I could never form a clear opinion of the man, much as I admired his sermons; his brother and his own friends gave such different accounts of him. And it so happened that at the same time I knew of families rendered miserable by Newman's influence; of young girls, daughters of narrow-minded Anglicans, hurried over to Rome; of young men at Oxford with their troubled consciences, which, under Newman's direct or

indirect guidance, could end only in Rome. Newman's influence must have been extraordinary; the tone in which people wished to free themselves of him, actually left him, spoke of him, seemed tremulous with awe. I would have given much to have known him at that time; but I knew him through disciples only.

It is not surprising that the character of Newman appealed little to the mind of the Oxford professor, whose notion of the comparative values of knowledge and conduct may be gleaned from this reference to Ruskin:

Much as I admired Ruskin when I saw him with his spade and wheelbarrow encouraging and helping his undergraduate friends to make a new road from one village to another, I never myself took to digging and shovelling and carting, Nor could I quite agree with him, happy as I always felt in listening to him, when he said: "What we think, what we know, or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do." My view of life has always been the very opposite! What we do, or what we build up, has always seemed to me of little consequence. Even Nineveh is now a mere desert of sand, and Ruskin's new road also has long been worn away. The only thing of consequence, to my mind, is what we think, what we know, what we believe!

—Miss O'Connor Eccles is known to our readers as a writer of charming stories and sketches; to her friends she is known as a remarkably versatile woman. Her translation of one of Sienkiewicz's stories for this magazine was considered by competent judges better than Mr. Curtin's work in the same field; and she has represented the leading journals of London on several of the most important "foreign assignments" of late years. Some notable lectures recently delivered by her in Irish towns have aroused great interest in domestic science, which seems to be another of Miss Eccles' accomplishments. It seems a pity that there is no organization to reprint and circulate lectures so suggestive, so practical, and so important to the health and happiness of men.

—It would seem, after all, that the famous convert "Ideal" Ward, could be, as the *Athenæum* puts it, "a confirmed materialist at a poignant crisis of his existence." He once had a very narrow escape from drowning, and a friend said to him: "I have often heard that when a man is on the point of drowning, the whole of his life seems to pass before him. Was that your experience?" Ward's answer, as recorded in Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes of a Diary," was this: "Not the least in the world. I remembered that we were to have turkey for dinner; it is my favorite food, and I regretted that I should not eat it." Ward's tastes in the matter of eating were a little

peculiar, anyhow. Shortly after Infallibility was defined, he informed a Protestant friend, who impugned the dogma, that he wished above all things that he might have an ex-cathedra document for breakfast every morning.

—"F. M. Edselas," a name now missed from Catholic periodicals, is a rearrangement of the letters of M. F. De Sales; and the bearer of it was the late Sister Mary Francis de Sales, a nun of the Order of the Visitation and a convert to the Church. She was a grandniece of the late Chief-Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court of the United States; and her father, we believe, was an Episcopalian bishop. She was the author of several occasional articles and of some books for the young. Another humble literary worker lately deceased was Madame Ten Broeck, a religious of the Sacred Heart, for many years stationed at Eden Hall, Philadelphia. At a time when Catholic books were few she translated several important works from the French; and, under the initials E. V. N., contributed many stories, sketches of travel, etc., to various magazines. It was her ambition to do all in her power for the advancement of Catholic literature without being known. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.

Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, net.

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Albert von Schilgen, of the Diocese of Newark; the Rev. M. J. Loftus, Archdiocese of New York; the Rev. John J. McDewitt, Archdiocese of Philadelphia; and the Rev. Michael Kane, S. J.

Sister M. Borgia and Sister M. Baptist, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Gabriel, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. of St. Michael, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Matilda, Sisters of Notre Dame; Madame M. Ursula, Order of St. Ursula; and Mother M. Bonaventure, Poor Clares, Galway, Ireland.

Mr. William Wilyms, of New York city; Mrs. John Reilly, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mr. Edward Cotton, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Murdoch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Helen Moran, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. William Anderson, Mr. Hugh Masterson, and Mr. Dennis Maher, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mary Elliott, Stillwater, Minn.; Mr. J. H. Eberhart, Sumter, S. C.; Mr. George Finnegan, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Charles Jackson, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Sullivan, Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. John Dornberger, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Maher and Mrs. Margaret Maher, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. Wolfe, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dr. Adolph Peltier, Detroit, Mich.; Miss J. L. Griffin, Goderich, Canada; Mrs. Anna Murphy and Mr. Andrew Barzen, Cleveland, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Indian schools:

H. V. J., \$2.

For the Chinese missions:

Friend, N. Y., \$10; Subscriber, 50 cts.; A. K. E., \$1.75; Mrs. D. Turner, \$1; in honor of St. Anthony, \$2.

For the Jacksonville sufferers:

Reader, 48 cts.; Subscriber, 50 cts.

For the famine orphans in India:

N. D., \$1; Mrs. T. B., 50 cts.; F. Harper, \$10.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:
F. Harper, \$10.75.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Precursor's Warning.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

CAME John the Baptist preaching in those days;
None greater 'mid the sons of men than he,—
A voice insistent, pitched in strident key.
Do penance, was his cry: prepare His ways
Whom I unworthy here proclaim and praise;
Make straight His paths, and know that every tree
That yieldeth not good fruit cut down shall be:
None save repentant hearts will Christ upraise.

As timely is the pregnant lesson now

As when the great Precursor spake it first;
Still 'neath the yoke of penance must we bow,

Still pay in pain our countless sins accurst:
Hearts penance-bruised for mercy well may hope,
All others e'en in darkest blindness grope.

A Bishop of Rome in the Time of Domitian (A. D. 81-96).

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.



UT of the wreck of the earliest Christian literature there has come down to us a document of great price—the Epistle of Saint Clement to the Corinthians. From time immemorial it has been attributed to the third successor of Saint Peter, although the inscription of this golden letter bears the name of the whole Church at Rome:

The Church of God sojourning in Rome to the Church of God sojourning in Corinth, to them that are called and sanctified by the will of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be to you, and peace from Almighty God through Jesus Christ be multiplied.

The personal note is so developed in its few but weighty pages, the assimilation in one heart of the great truths of the Old and the New Testament is so pronounced, the style is so unique, and the tone of authority so firm, that from all antiquity the Epistle has been recognized as very specially this ancient Pope's own composition. Less than a hundred years after its reception, Dionysius of Corinth informs us that it was read every Sunday in his church as the Epistle of Clement. Saint Irenæus, his contemporary, calls it the very important letter of the Roman Church to the Corinthian Church in the days of Clement. Hegesippus, another contemporary, living at Rome about A. D. 170, knows it as the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians. Its genuinity is beyond a doubt,—in addition to the above, it was clearly before a writer of the first quarter of the second century, Saint Polycarp of Smyrna; for its phraseology reappears in his famous Epistle to the Philippians. As Polycarp was a disciple of Saint Ignatius of Antioch, we are thereby assured that the Epistle of Clement was current in all the Mediterranean lands almost on the morrow of its promulgation in the community at Corinth. This illustrates the method and rapidity with which the apostolic correspondence was carried on. Indeed, for a long time all Christian literature is epistolary in character.

In the last decade of the first century the Corinthians had given notable

scandal by their rebellious disposition in the matter of the election of a bishop and presbyters. Saint Clement, at the first lull in the persecution of Domitian, chides them for the jealousy and envy which they have thus laid bare to a scoffing and malicious world. In calm and stately language the Old Testament examples of submission, humility and peaceableness are brought forward as a reproof of the seditious temper of the Corinthians. Among other arguments, the conduct of the Redeemer, the analogy of all creation that moves in perfect order and harmony; the imitation of God, who wills humility, union and concord; the example of earthly government, the conduct of the Apostles, the deadliness of schisms, are in turn urged upon the ringleaders of the opposition, to whom a final appeal is made for the restoration of order. They should exile themselves, if needed; for the concord of hearts is as necessary in the Church as faith and good works. He recommends to the Corinthians his legates, the first ambassadors ever sent by a pope, in a tender formula that sums up the intention and spirit of the Epistle:

Send back to us speedily our envoys Claudius Ephebus and Valerius Bito, with Fortunatus as well, in peace and joy; in order that they may the sooner bring the news of that peace and concord which we desire and pray for; in order that we too may the sooner rejoice over your return to quiet and order. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you and with all in every place who have been called by God through Him. Through whom be unto Him glory, honor, power, majesty and dominion everlasting from the ages that are past for ever and ever. Amen.

In more than one respect the Epistle of Clement recalls the writings of Saint Paul; according to very ancient traditions of the Roman Church, he was the personal disciple of both its holy founders. Numerous echoes of the Pauline Epistles haunt the ear of the reader in every paragraph. There is the same proleptic habit of speech, the

same Semitic absence of concern for those processes of thought that are common to the Greeks and Romans, and to us their intellectual offspring. It is truly the work of an Hellenistic Jew, of a man whose Semitic soul spoke perforce in the idiom of Homer and Demosthenes, but lived with Moses and Isaias. Had we nothing else from this wonderful half-century of transition, we should know that a mighty religious current was then forming in the world, along which the Good Tidings of redemption were being borne, away from the ancient maternal hegemony of the Synagogue, into the hearts of Greeks and Romans, who yet moved about in forum and agora unconscious that Jesus was already predestining them to apostleship and martyrdom. In passing, we may say that it disproves thoroughly the modern contention that the Roman Church was then divided into a Petrine and a Pauline faction, Clement speaks of both with equal affection, and quotes both. Had any such dissension existed at Rome, that Church would scarcely have read to the Church of Corinth this solemn lesson of concord.

In this earliest apostolic letter of the Popes, the critical historian of theology will find the germs of every science that the Church has cherished and nurtured in her long career. It is the oldest document of canon law, the first non-inspired chapter of church history, the earliest interpretation of those principles of moral theology that lie embedded in the Old and the New Testament. It contains the oldest Preface of the Mass that we know, and is, therefore, most precious material for the history of Christian worship. It is an irreproachable witness to the books of the New Testament as revealed and inspired; the students of pastoral theology could read no more admirable specimen of that calm self-possession and "sweet

reasonableness" that ought to denote among men the guide of souls.

How refreshing it is, in the dearth of satisfactory accounts of the earliest days of Christianity, to meet with the following pen-picture of the persecutions of Nero and Domitian,—to see before us Peter at Rome in the language of one who saw him there, to see Paul on his way to Spain, to behold the Circus Maximus crowded to the vomitories, and the horrid joy of its ferocious multitude as they looked down on noble matrons and tender maidens tossed on the horns of wild bulls, or made to act out in their bodies the cruellest scenes of Greek mythology! After a touching description of the evils that jealousy and envy had worked in the Old Dispensation, the writer comes suddenly down to the living present:

But enough of these examples from days of old. Let us take those great ones who are nearest to our time,—let us take the grand example which our own generation supplies. It was for jealousy and envy that the greatest and most righteous pillars of the Church were persecuted and fought even unto the death. Let us set before our eyes the good Apostles,—Peter, who for unrighteous jealousy submitted not to one nor two but many labors, and who, having thus borne witness, passed to the appointed place of glory; Paul, who by reason of jealousy and envy was able to point by his example to the prize of patience. Seven times was he thrown into prison; he was driven into exile, he was stoned; then, when he had preached in the East and the West, he attained the noble renown which his faith won for him, teaching righteousness to the whole world, and coming to the farthest limits of the West. Lastly, he bore witness before rulers; and thus passed from the world, after proving himself a marvellous pattern of virtue.

To these men of holy conversation we must add a goodly company of elect souls who gathered around them, and who, when by reason of jealousy they were subjected to countless indignities and tortures, stood forth as a noble example among us. It was by reason of jealousy that women were persecuted and were subjected, under the guise of Danaides and Dirces, to dreadful and unholy violence, until they won the goal for which their faith struggled, and they received, despite their feebleness, a noble prize.

There is a lyric ring about several chapters of this Epistle that recalls

the noblest utterances of Ezechiel or David. When Clement would persuade his Corinthians to observe the subordination of souls so admirably illustrated by him from the Old and the New Testament, he adds to his arguments the analogy of nature:

The heavens obey Him, moving in peace according to His ordinance. Day and night complete the course which He has appointed them, giving no hindrance one to the other. The sun, the moon and the stars in their twinkling dance preserve due concord and never swerve aside, while according to His plan they unfold the courses assigned to them. The earth teems with produce at her proper seasons in obedience to His will, and sendeth forth food in abundance for men and beasts and all the living creatures upon her face, without variance and without any change from what He has appointed.

In his burning eagerness to restore the Church of Corinth to its pristine harmony, the Pope does not hesitate to appeal to the example of the legionaries of Rome, whose obedience to their chiefs was proverbial. Were it true, as some maintain, that Saint Clement is the same person as the contemporary Christian consul, Flavius Clemens, these words of his would possess an added interest:

Let us serve, therefore, brethren, with all determination under His faultless commands. Let us take a lesson from the soldiers who serve under our rulers; and let us mark the order, the promptitude, the submissiveness with which they execute the orders they receive. They are not all prefects, or rulers of thousands, or rulers of hundreds, or rulers of fifties, and so on; but every man in his own rank executes the orders he receives from his superiors. The great can not exist without the small, nor the small without the great. There is a kind of connection between all things, and herein lies their serviceableness. To take our body as an example: the head without the feet is nothing, even as the feet without the head are nothing; in truth, the smallest members of our body are necessary and useful to the whole body. But all the members agree in submitting to one authority, that the soundness of the whole may be preserved.

Strong with all these arguments from revelation, reason and experience, he approaches the delicate question of the Constitution of the Church that now for the first time since the death of Saints

Peter and Paul was up for discussion. It is instructive to note that he reaches this point only about the middle of the Epistle, in the forty-second chapter, after he has exhausted all his powers of persuasion. Clement is an admirable Christian judge. He has had long experience in those domestic weekly courts of the primitive communities, in which, every Monday, the quarrels and discords of the "saints" were heard by the bishop and his presbyters, in order that all might be ready to approach the mystic banquet on the following Sunday. He will not lay down any law so long as he can hope to recall the erring by the way of the heart; in this new teaching no murmuring and recrimination ought to follow the sentence of one who judges in the person and place of Christ:

The Apostles were taught the Gospel for our sakes at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ was sent out from God, and the Apostles from Christ. Both, therefore, issued from the will of God with due order. Having, therefore, received His instructions and being finally established through the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and being confident in the Word of God, they went forth with full conviction from the Holy Spirit, and preached that the kingdom of God was to come. And so, as they preached in the country and in the towns, they proved by the Spirit the first-fruits of their work in each place, and appointed them to be bishops and deacons among them that should believe....

At last, with infinite charity, but without any concession to the rebellious element at Corinth, this man of "sweet reasonableness" utters his decision with the directness of a Roman magistrate, but in a spirit that was new to the tribunals of Rome. In this first and ever-memorable decision of the Roman bishop we have a perfect model of those decisions and provisions that henceforth will go to make up the law of the new Christian society, the canon law. Obedience is based on the known will of the mild and loving Redeemer. Not imperial constitution or rescript, but

the Revealed Word of God is here the source of authority and the measure of submission. Slavish fear and ruinous hypocrisy are no more the motives of compliance with law, but an intimate conviction that the existing order of the churches comes down from the Divine Master and is essential to the religion itself. A rational humility and a willingness to accept the great new principle of solidarity in Jesus are laid down as the corner-stone of the new social edifice. Thereby was opened the career of a novel, all-transforming jurisprudence that never ceased thenceforth to develop side by side with the jurisprudence of Rome, and to show to the world in the persons of a Clement, a Pius, a Victor, a Calixtus, a Cornelius, men no less distinguished in the annals of justice than a Salvian, a Gaius, an Ulpian and a Papinian.

No less did our Apostles know through our Lord Jesus Christ that there would be strife over the dignity of the bishop's office. For this very reason, having received complete foreknowledge, they appointed the said bishops and deacons, and ordained that at their death their ministry should pass into the hands of other tried men. We hold, therefore, that it is an act of injustice to thrust out from their ministry men who, with the goodwill of the entire Church, received their position at the hands of Apostles, or of other honored men of a later time, and who, in all humility ministered to the flock of Christ without offence, peaceably and without presumption, and who have on many occasions been well reported by all. For we shall be guilty of no small sin if we reject men who have holily and without offence offered the gifts pertaining to the bishop's office. [He means here the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass] Blessed are the priests who have departed hence in time past; for they continued till their time was fulfilled and their work had borne fruit: they have no fear of being removed from their appointed place. We must needs beware; for ye have taken upon you to put some men out of their office, although they walk discreetly and have held their position without offence.

When we read these pages, that even now seem dimmed with the tears of apostolic eyes and charged with the agonies of an apostolic heart, we do not wonder that nearly all the most

ancient legislation of the Christian churches that has come down to us, whether apocryphal or interpolated, should have sheltered itself under the name of Clement of Rome, as though to commend its spirit, its trend, and its details, by the authority of so profound a master of the principles of Christian society.

With persistency he returns to his task; for this Epistle is more like a long *conversazione* between a loving father and his wayward children than anything else. He would have the Corinthian Christians zealous and ardent, but against the common enemy, not against one another:

Be contentious, brethren, be jealous concerning the things that belong unto salvation. Ye have examined the Holy Scriptures; they are true, they were given through the Holy Spirit: ye know that in them there is written nothing that is unrighteous or false. Ye will not find in them that righteous men have been removed from the company of the holy.... Why, then, are there strifes and angers and parties among you? Have we not one God and one Christ? Was not one Spirit shed forth upon us? Have we not one calling in Christ? Why do we rend and tear asunder the members of Christ and are divided against our own body? Why have we reached such a pitch of madness that we forget we are members one of another? . . . It is shameful, beloved,—very shameful; nay, more, it is unworthy of your education in Christ—that it should be reported that the Church of Corinth, so long and firmly established as it is, should be divided against its presbyters at the bidding of one or two ringleaders. Nor has this report come only to us: it has reached even those who hold not with us; so that ye cover the name of the Lord with blasphemies because of your folly, and are laying up danger for yourselves besides.

Toward the end of his Epistle the writer ceases to argue. In his person the Church of Rome convokes the Church of Corinth before the altar of the Cross. The Pope betakes himself to prayer,—a last and irresistible weapon in the Christian's armory. But to no ordinary private prayer: it is the solemn and public service of the Catholic Church that we hear, and in particular one of those grandiose Prefaces of the Mass

such as were sung in the earliest days of Christianity, when the personal enthusiasm for Jesus was like a clear new flame in the hearts of His priests; when every meeting of Christians was one long dithyrambic service, during which the evil world and the reign of Antichrist faded from this lower consciousness, to give place to the vision of a victorious and rewarding Christ, enthroned above the sun and the stars, and looking down with ineffable tenderness on His disciples as they moved upward and onward beneath the whips and stings of life, the offscourings of this world, the scandal of the Jew and the stumbling-block of the Greek. These sublime phrases, a cento of Old Testament passages and texts, are, perhaps, the oldest document of the Holy Mass outside of the inspired writings. They are also like a flash-light picture of the daily life and temper of the Christians of Rome,—nay, of the entire Roman Orient, as will be seen at once by all who are familiar with those venerable and archaic liturgies that go back to within hailing distance of this very time:

We call upon Thee, O Master, to be our helper and defender! (Ps., cxix, 114.) Save such of us as are in affliction; have pity on the humble; raise up the fallen; show Thyself to such as are in want; heal the sick; convert those of Thy people that are in error; feed the hungry; ransom our prisoners; raise up the feeble; comfort the weak-hearted. Let all the Gentiles know that Thou art God alone (I Kings, viii, 60), and that Jesus Christ is Thy Son, and that we are Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture. (Ps., c, 3.) Thou didst manifest the perpetual constitution of the universe by Thy works therein. Thou, O Lord, didst create the world! Thou art faithful throughout all generations; Thou art righteous in Thy judgments; Thou art wonderful in Thy strength and splendor; Thou art wise to create and cunning to establish the things that are made; Thou art good in Thy works which are seen, and faithful with such as put their confidence in Thee; Thou art merciful and full of compassion. Oh, do Thou forgive us our transgressions and our unrighteousnesses, our faults and our weaknesses! Impute not to Thy servants and Thine handmaids all their sin; but

cleanse us thoroughly by Thy truth, and direct our steps that we may walk in holiness and righteousness and simplicity of heart, and that we may do that which is good and well pleasing in the sight of Thee and of our rulers. (Ps., cxix, 133; Deut., xiii, 18.) Yea, Lord, cause Thy face to shine upon us for blessing (Ps., lxxvii, i), with peace, that we may be covered by Thy mighty hand and be delivered from all sin by Thy high arm. (Ex., vi, i.) Save us from them that hate us without a cause. Grant peace and concord to us and all that dwell upon the earth, as Thou gavest it unto our fathers when they called upon Thee in faith and truth with holiness; that we may obey Thy almighty and all-holy Name, and render submission to our rulers and governors upon the earth.

This Epistle was written less than seventy years after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The death of Augustus was not a century away. This writer had seen and conversed with Saints Peter and Paul, and had been an eye-witness of those terrible scenes of the persecution of Nero that Tacitus describes. On his way to some Christian service in the domestic hall of Pudens or the family cemetery of Lucina or Domitilla, this Pope might have often met the stern historian of the atrocities of Nero and Domitian. He might have seen that Irish king whom Agrippa, the father-in-law of Tacitus, kept attached to his person. The younger Pliny was yet a frequenter of the Roman tribunals, perhaps a careless observer; for, later on, when he was confronted with the propaganda of Christianity in Bithynia, he seems to have regretted his lost opportunities. The verses of Juvenal and Martial were still fresh on the lips of the spoiled youth of Rome.

On one occasion Clement must have been called on to perform an act of hospitality that was most pleasing to Our Lord. It is related, apropos of Domitian, by Hegesippus, a Christian historian of the end of the second century: The Emperor had heard that certain descendants of the "brethren" of Christ were preaching another kingdom among the Jews. He had them brought

to Rome, where they showed him their hands worn with toil, and assured him that all they owned between them was one small field: the kingdom they preached was a kingdom in heaven. Thereupon he dismissed them with contempt. Clement and the Roman Christians surely received and sheltered these descendants of the "brethren" of the Lord.

Long ages afterward the posterity of the families related to Jesus were held in honor throughout the whole Church. Origen speaks of them in the third century, and perhaps they still enjoyed high distinction in the Church of the Nazarenes that retained its Jewish peculiarities out into the fourth century. If Stephanos, the assassin of Domitian, were a Christian, as later rumor had it, Clement would have mourned over that desperate act of a freedman of the Domitillas. Nowhere in the literature of early Christianity is the duty of civil obedience, even to the most lawless rulers, more firmly inculcated than in this letter to the Church of Corinth. Perhaps it is so because Clement had already heard angry murmurings among his flock at the insensate conduct of the apocalyptic beast.

We may also believe that Clement would visit often the sepulchres of Peter and Paul,—the latter on the Ostian Way, the former on the outskirts of the Vatican Hill, beside a Temple of Apollo, where now rises the vast Basilica of Saint Peter. His predecessor, Anacletus, had already built on the site a *memoria*, or little church; and doubtless the monument of Saint Paul that the Roman priest Gaius speaks of, about A. D. 200, was already built. He would be seated on Sundays in the venerable Chair, or *cathedra*, of Peter that is yet preserved in his great church, especially when he celebrated annually the feast of the Apostle.

For that matter, the Roman memories of the first Vicar of Jesus Christ were yet numerous enough and attached to fixed objects and localities. There was the four-square dungeon of the Mamertine; there was the house of Pudens where Peter gathered the Christian people; there was yet in use the wooden altar of the Apostle, now at the Lateran; there were the localities of "Domine, quo vadis," and the "Fasciola," or bandage; there was the house of Aquila and Priscilla, now Santa Prisca; there was Peter's ancient place of baptizing "ad Nymphas," happily rediscovered in the Ostrian cemetery. The house of that other Clement, the martyr-consul, must have been yet a meeting-place of the Christians, whose younger adepts already began to affect the name of Peter in baptism. Other little churches were surely in the houses of the mysterious Lucina and the ancestors of Saint Cecilia; in the house of the greatest of the Roman nobles, Manlius Acilius Glabrio; and in the houses of others who had also fallen a prey to the rapacity or suspicions of the persecutor Domitian. The very old Catacomb of Priscilla, we know, has held the proofs of this fact until the present day.

It was in the days of Clement that the city was finally made a thing of perfect beauty, and stood shining in her dress of precious marbles, intoxicating from afar all hearts and inflaming all imaginations with the tales that Rumor spread abroad, though helpless to equal the reality. Men pored over the pages of past history, and examined the constitutions and policies of all former states, only to proclaim that now at last the flood of change was fixed; now at last an abiding city had been built—the Lucky, the Happy, the Eternal, the Golden Queen seated upon her Seven Hills.

And yet, O Root of Illusion that nothing can sear in the heart of man! in that hour her fate was sealed. Strange quiverings of prophecy were even then shooting through her mighty frame, as when Tiberius, worn with his exertions, pointed to the teeming North and bade the Senate make provision betimes. Something, too, seems to have moved the sad old man to call upon Christ; for respectable tradition has it that he wanted Him put among the gods of Rome, but the Senate feared His infinite charm. Nevertheless, this despised Christ was to be the final conqueror of the Senate and the city and their raging enemies beyond the Rhine and the Danube!

Claudius and Fortunatus and Bito, as they passed out the Appian Gate on their way to Brundisium to take ship for Greece, bore in the Epistle of Clement a spiritual dynamite that shook irreparably the only solid foundation of any society—the hearts of its members. Here were the best elements of Judaism and the loving reverence of the Law allied to those new things which Jesus had brought; a divine perfection of both, and an extension of the same to all mankind. But these new things were now set forth in a language that Greek and Roman could understand, with happy borrowings from their philosophy and literature and customs, and even their cherished fables; the whole molded by a hand of genius into unity and infused with the purest spirit of Jesus Christ.

For centuries this letter of a Roman Pope was read regularly in the Church of Corinth, and the influence on the early Christian world of this majestic Roman document can not be overestimated. In it Peter and Paul lived on, speaking and acting in each successor. Through it, more than through any other early document, the

note and criterion of "apostolicity" were enforced upon the churches. The Church of Rome has many titles to the gratitude of mankind, but none older or more venerable than this first authoritative interpretation of the constitution of the Catholic Church; all the more remarkable as her decision was unasked for, and the Beloved Disciple was still living and founding churches in Asia Minor.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVIII.—MR. MORAN THE UNWILLING
CAUSE OF AN ACCIDENT TO JENKINS.

NOTHING further need be set down here of Mr. Henry Moran's visits to Father Brophy,—which were, however, discovered by Jenkins, and by him communicated to various residents of the town, and notably the Wilkins family. The worthy gentleman indeed sat on the Wilkins' gallery and conversed with the apple-cheeked young lady of the house on that very subject, with results not quite so satisfactory as he could have wished; though that was, in fact, in more than one respect a memorable visit for Jenkins.

"If the Church of Rome gets its claw on him, he's a lost man," said Jenkins.

"I don't know about that," dissented Miss Wilkins. "I guess there's some pretty good Romanists."

"Those who escape the pernicious influence of the priesthood," Jenkins retorted, shaking his head; "but they are few in number."

"I suppose Mr. Moran's really going to marry one of those girls at Vine Cottage, then," observed Miss Wilkins, who was much more interested in Mr. Henry Moran's matrimonial prospects than his religious principles.

"There you have it!" cried Jenkins, back on his own territory. "My wife hasn't been able to find out that he has been to the cottage once. Mrs. Gregg declares he hasn't; and Martha Finney—you remember the old girl, late housekeeper at Moran's?—well, she says they're after him eternally, and that he thinks of selling the place to be rid of them."

"Now, I don't believe a word of it," replied Miss Wilkins, with point-blank common-sense. "A man can always stop that sort of thing without selling his place; and I reckon they're not that kind of folks, anyway."

"We don't know what kind they are, except that they go to the Romish church, have great pretensions, haven't a cent, and do their own work. And," continued Jenkins, impressively, "when you've got a million at least on your very threshold, why, you know how it is yourself, Miss Wilkins: it's only human nature to try to make it step over, if you can."

"I don't know anything about it!" snapped Miss Wilkins, displeased at the allusion. "There ain't no million at my threshold; and if there was, I guess it would stay there before I'd try to make it step over."

"Yes, but everybody hasn't got your independence of character," said Jenkins, suavely; and, waiving the personal application, which he saw had been a mistake, he returned to Martha Finney. "Well, I only tell you what was told to me by Martha Finney. She said she left there on that account, because she couldn't stand it."

"I guess Moran sent her packing," said the uncompromising Miss Wilkins. "She was a spiteful old cat, anyway."

"Mrs. Gregg thinks it's too true," persisted Jenkins. "And old Josh Gregg he agrees with her, and you know how little we menfolks care for gossip."

"Gregg has a longer tongue than his wife," declared the young girl; and she had in her mind a thought not complimentary to Jenkins.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Jenkins. "Gregg merely hears what gossip his wife picks up. Now, Mrs. Gregg sets a watch on those two houses, and she says for certain Henry Moran has never crossed the threshold of the cottage."

The girl, who could not help feeling gratified by this intelligence, asked:

"Did her watch see any people from the cottage crossing his threshold?"

"Only one," admitted Jenkins, with reluctance.

"And who was that?" inquired Miss Wilkins, hastily.

"The old woman herself," answered Jenkins.

"Yes—and she had good reason for it," said Miss Wilkins,—“some business matter. And I do think those Greggs should be suppressed. They're a nasty, gossipy pair. The very idea of them setting a watch on people's houses!"

Jenkins changed his ground.

"Well, I suppose it would be the best-looking one, if any," he remarked.

"If it comes to that, they're all good-looking enough," declared Miss Wilkins; adding sharply: "And which do *you* call the best-looking one?"

"Why, the one they call Kate!" he cried emphatically, forgetting discretion.

Miss Wilkins frowned, and there was an ominous flash in her dark eyes.

"I don't see where your eyes are," she said. "I can't for the life of me see any beauty in her pasty complexion. She hasn't got a spark of color."

"She hasn't got *your* coloring, Miss Wilkins," said Jenkins, beaming approval on the apple cheeks. "But, then, that's something we don't see every day."

"I think Pauline Raymond is the prettiest of the lot," said Miss Wilkins, somewhat mollified.

"Let me see! She's the third or fourth," said Jenkins, meditatively.

"She's the dark one, with black eyes and bright complexion."

"So she is!" cried Jenkins, as if relieved to have his mind set at rest on so important a subject. "Well, if any of them catch Henry Moran, he's worth, some folks say five millions, others say less, and others again more."

Miss Wilkins smothered a sigh as she recalled her pleasant conversation with the millionaire, and she said within herself that some folks were in luck. This she was careful not to impart to Jenkins; so that worthy gentleman continued his reflections uninterrupted:

"If *they* get hold of him, and if that priest over to the Romish church gets control of all that hard cash, it will be a bad job."

"Mr. Brophy is a mighty good man!" cried Miss Wilkins, glad to be able to contradict Jenkins. "He works a lot among the poor, and he ain't no toady nor anything of that sort. Besides, I guess Henry Moran's able to look after his own money, even if he does take to going to the Romish church."

Jenkins felt that he must be cautious. He had a certain respect for Miss Wilkins since the burglar episode, even though her part therein had been chiefly to terrify a respectable citizen and set a portion of the town agog. When she snapped her eyes at him he always had an uncomfortable suspicion that she might suddenly produce a revolver and point that at his offending head.

"Do you know Moran at all?" he asked, tentatively.

"I only just talked to him once on the train," replied Miss Wilkins, bluntly.

"Fine fellow, capital fellow!" cried Jenkins. "A little brusque or so, and—and reticent about his affairs. Now, he never mentioned this matter of his marriage to me—if indeed there is to

be a marriage. Gregg says no and so does Mrs. Gregg."

"I guess Henry Moran won't ask *them* when he wants to get married," Miss Wilkins ejaculated, scornfully.

"No," admitted Jenkins,—"no." But his manner left it to be inferred that it would be more prudent for Henry Moran to consult both.

"He seems to be a real nice man and an elegant fellow."

"Yes, yes," assented Jenkins; "though he has an unfortunate manner at times; a little curt, a little—"

"Perhaps it depends on who he's talking to?" suggested Miss Wilkins.

"Hardly that; for I will confess that I have found him so myself. But he—look there! What's that?"

Jenkins jumped to his feet and ran to a corner of the gallery, endeavoring to peer through the screen, and keeping up the while a series of ejaculations.

"Yes—no! Bless my soul! The very one! Can it be? No, he's not with—yes, by George he is!"

"Why, what on earth are you talking about," cried Miss Wilkins, in surprise.

But Jenkins paid no heed to her. He had climbed up on the railing to look over the screen, while the young lady watched him in wrath and scorn, yet not without some curiosity. Jenkins, without turning his head, went on with his fragmentary discourse,—whether addressed to Miss Wilkins or to empty space she could not tell.

"Yes, there she is. She's—no—it's he that's talking. And what? Yes, by George! Gregg is in the soup and his wife too."

"Fine soup it will be!" exclaimed the irate Miss Wilkins. "And you, Mr. Jenkins,—you'll fall down in another minute. One of those rails is loose."

Jenkins, however, was too intent on his observations just then to come down from his perch.

"I do declare! Great Scott! She has—yes—why, and he—there they are at the gate now! She's got his arm!"

"You'll come down just as sure as anything, and good for you, too!" cried Miss Wilkins, eyeing him malevolently, as he stood insecurely poised on one of the railings, his coat strained across his back, his hat down almost off his head, and his coat-tails flying. It was not the unexpected but the expected that happened. There was a crash, a scuffling sound, and then a heavy thud. Jenkins was recumbent on the gallery, moving himself gingerly, and feeling first one limb, then another, to assure himself that no bones were broken.

Miss Wilkins, laughing immoderately, called out to him:

"I knew you'd tumble down! I was sure of it."

"Miss Wilkins," said Jenkins, sitting up and regarding her, "I have had a dreadful fall."

"And broke pa's railing, into the bargain," agreed Miss Wilkins.

"You told me it was broken before!" cried Jenkins.

"I told you it was loose," corrected the young lady; and she went off again into another fit of laughter even more boisterous than before.

"People should not be so ready to laugh at the misfortunes of others," Jenkins said, addressing the lady from the floor of the gallery. His hat was battered at one side, his coat rent at the sleeve, and his countenance rueful.

Miss Wilkins, casting one look at him, laughed harder than ever.

"Folks shouldn't be so ready to pry into their neighbors' affairs," she said, when she could speak at all.

"Miss Wilkins," he went on, forgiving everything in his eagerness to impart a startling piece of intelligence,—*"Miss Wilkins,"* he repeated, at the same

time making an attempt to rise, and subsiding with a groan.

"The third time is the charm," said the young lady addressed, extending her hand to the prostrate gentleman.

"Miss Wilkins," cried Jenkins, now erect, though damaged, "Mr. Gregg is wrong, Mrs. Gregg is wrong, Martha Finney is wrong."

"Who but you ever said they were right?" snapped Miss Wilkins.

The subject was irritating and Jenkins was certainly annoying.

"I saw *him* with *her*," said Jenkins, impressively.

"Saw whom with whom?" mocked Miss Wilkins. "Land's sakes, but you're a fright, Mr. Jenkins!"

But that gentleman ignored the personality.

"Oh—ah! a twinge in my shoulder! Miss Wilkins," he said, "I saw *him* with *her*,—that is to say, Henry Moran with Katherine Raymond."

"It sounds as if you were publishing the banns," remarked Miss Wilkins.

"They'll be published,—oh, they'll be published all right enough!" declared Jenkins, oracularly. But the impressive gesture by which he accompanied the words caused him to utter a very howl of pain. "It's dislocated,—my shoulder is surely dislocated!" he groaned.

"Better see the doctor, then," advised Miss Wilkins.

Jenkins, pain or no pain, could not deprive himself of the pleasure of giving the young lady some details regarding the great discovery which he feared might be brought to her ears by others. He was the more disposed to do so as he intuitively felt the subject to be disagreeable to his listener.

"There they walked," he began,—*"she leaning on his arm; he flurried, she cool as—as a cucumber; he talking, she listening; he chopping at weeds with his cane, she smiling; he looking at*

her, she looking away toward the mountain; he—"

"Goodness gracious, Mr. Jenkins! how long are you going on with your *he, she; she, he?*" interrupted Miss Wilkins. "I don't know what it sounds like."

"I fear that I am seriously injured," declared Jenkins, changing his ground with alacrity, and making a cautious examination of his left arm from the wrist to the shoulder. "I have it!—it's the collar-bone."

"That'll teach you to stop climbing at your time of life," responded the unsympathetic lady.

Jenkins devoted himself for some moments exclusively to his injuries, and also to repairing, as far as he might, the damage to his hat. But as he was departing he called back:

"I guess if you watch out you'll see the whole courtship."

"I won't climb any screens, especially if the rails are loose," she retorted.

"No," said Jenkins, with a sickly smile. "That was my mistake; and you can see them just as well, I guess, by going down into the garden and hiding in the bushes."

"I don't know as I want to see them particularly," replied the girl. "I guess I've seen a gentleman talking to a lady before now."

"No doubt," said Jenkins; "but there are points of interest about this affair. Good-bye, Miss Wilkins!—good-bye!"

He was, in fact, eager to be off to spread the great news to the four winds.

"I can pass round to the doctor's by Greggs' store," he said to himself. "Take the wind out of their sails and old Martha Finney, I reckon."

Jenkins was in luck; for not only was Joshua Gregg, blue blouse and all, in the shop; not only was his faithful partner seated by the door, crotcheting furiously and on the alert for news from the outside world; but

there beside her sat Martha Finney.

"Good-day, Joshua!" Jenkins called out, suddenly appearing at the door. "Good-day, Mrs. Gregg and Miss Martha Finney! Quite a sociable company. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing much," replied Mrs. Gregg. "Loop, chain; one, two, three, four, five; loop again."

"Always at work, Mrs. Gregg!"

"Yes, sir. One, two, three, four, five; loop, chain; one, two."

"So, Miss Finney," observed Jenkins, in a very casual tone, "your old master is now about to engage a permanent housekeeper."

This was a dramatic announcement. Jenkins fairly thrilled at the thought of its effect upon his hearers. Nor was he disappointed. Martha had been paying frequent visits to the Greggs, with a latent hope in her heart that Mary Geraghty might not give satisfaction, and that Mr. Henry Moran might be delighted to have his old housekeeper back again. Her lines had not indeed fallen in nearly as pleasant places since her departure from the big house. She turned now a sickly green. Her disappointment was the more cruel that Mrs. Gregg had just been telling her of the close watch that had been kept upon both houses, and of the certainty that Henry Moran had not as yet crossed the threshold of Vine Cottage.

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Jenkins?" cried Mrs. Gregg, letting her crotchet, loop, chain and all, fall in her lap.

"Well, I just saw the young couple together," said he, airily,—"if, indeed, Mr. Henry Moran can be called young."

Mrs. Gregg gasped; Mr. Gregg looked tragic, standing armed with a knife in one hand and a meat-axe in the other, as though prepared to execute both offenders on the spot.

"It is a surprise to most people," Jenkins continued; "though, of course,

I have known it this long time. Very lovely girl, Mrs. Gregg. Lucky Moran, say I; eh, Josh?"

Jenkins, having thus delivered himself, began to retrograde toward the door. He feared that Gregg, being now in possession of this extraordinary news, might spread it more quickly than he himself could do. Moreover, his shoulder began to speak with no uncertain tone; and he felt that he must take time to let the doctor examine it, which would unfortunately give the Greggs, husband and wife, a start. He had no fears concerning Martha Finney. She was for the time being silenced. Mrs. Gregg arrested Jenkins on the doorstep.

"One moment, sir!" she entreated,— "one moment! Only tell us, is it the tall, chalky one?"

"I should not describe her in those terms," said Jenkins; "but Miss Kate is the tallest and fairest."

"The sly, underhand baggage!" cried Martha Finney, choking with rage; while Gregg sharpened his knife, as if to do battle upon the chalky one. His speech, however, was mild.

"Oh, come now, Miss Finney!" he expostulated in his shrill, piping voice. "It must be allowed, ma'am, that she's a well-favored young lady."

"And a very pretty girl!" chimed in Jenkins, moving toward the door.

"Pretty or ugly, she's got what she has been working hard for all along!" hissed Martha, with venom.

"So you saw them together, Jenkins!" cried Mrs. Gregg, once more waylaying the retreating gentleman. "Were they walking or driving?"

Jenkins perceived that Mr. Gregg was putting on his coat, and fairly darted out, answering from the sidewalk:

"Walking. Oh, yes,—walking and—talking."

He hastened on; for he perceived advancing some two or three of the

Georgiana Lady Chatterton.*

I.

THE subject of the following sketch was not in any sense, remarks her biographer, what is conventionally called a "strong-minded woman." She was, however, a woman of such clear and powerful intellect, of such a logical mind, that her life was a continuous act of self-development in the highest regions of religious thought, the natural outcome of which was the gift of faith, vouchsafed only after many and severe trials of heart and soul. Born to a high place in the world, familiar with its social celebrities, always in touch with the best literary thought of her time, she invariably steered clear of all that was doubtful or erratic. For her there was never any attraction in the sentimental materialism, the speculations without faith or hope, the melancholy trifling with all that really concerns this life and the next, which are pompously styled the spirit of the age.

Georgiana Lady Chatterton was the only child of the Reverend Lascelles Iremonger, Prebendary of Winchester; and Harriet, his wife, who was the sister of Admiral Lord Gambier. She was born in London in the latter part of the reign of George IV. Though a strong and healthy child, she was endowed with that underlying melancholy of soul which may be either a blessing or a misfortune. The death of a dearly loved aunt, which occurred when the girl was about twelve years old, had such an effect upon her that she became for a time very weak and delicate. This, as well as the frequent changes of residence made by her parents, caused Georgiana to receive but a desultory education. Constant

* Memoirs by her husband, the late Edward Heneage Dering. Art & Book Co.

townsfolk, who might possibly stop at the Greggs' door.

Mrs. Gregg turned back, disappointed at the un-Jenkins-like lack of details.

"Well, cheer up, Martha!" she said, addressing her crony. "You and I has the consolation of knowing that we foreseed it from the first, and did what we could to prevent it."

Martha groaned.

"Where are you going, Joshua dear?" asked Mrs. Gregg.

"Just across the road to Williams' for some coal-oil."

Mrs. Gregg sniffed incredulously.

"You hurry back!" she exclaimed.

"I'm going to Hewlett's just as soon as I put some buns in the oven for tea."

"Oh, they'll know it over to Hewlett's before you get there! Mr. Jenkins will pass that way."

Martha meanwhile sat pale and silent, nursing her wrath. At last she rose, putting on her bonnet.

"I may as well be going," she said.

"Land's sakes, you ain't going away without your tea!" cried Mrs. Gregg; though, truth to tell, she was none too anxious now to cultivate close relations with Martha, since the alliance could be henceforth only disadvantageous.

"I've had my tea," she replied, with concentrated acidity of voice. And as she departed she called back to her late confederate: "I wish her joy of him and him joy of her!"

(To be continued.)

Hidden Souls.

HOW many mountain tarns there are
The eye hath never seen,
Where shines the silver evening star
As in the heavens serene!

How many hidden souls there are,
To all the world unknown,
Where shines God's love, a burning star,
Their heart-deeps His alone!

intercourse with people of the highest culture, however, was of itself an education to the thoughtful child, who preferred listening to the wisdom and sparkle which fell from their lips to playing with children of her own age.

She entered society very early, and married Sir William Chatterton at eighteen. Her home after this was supposed to be in Ireland, where her husband's estates were situated. But so much time was spent in foreign travel that she was seldom there. At last, on account of the extreme old age of her father, who could not bear to be separated from his only child, the young couple went to live at Winchester, where the Dean resided. Mr. Lascelles dying shortly after, his wife soon followed him.

Although Lady Chatterton was not then much concerned about religion, God began to seem very near to her in her great sorrow. About this time she began to write, and subsequently she produced several novels which enjoyed more than ephemeral popularity. She counted among her friends the poet Rogers, Landor, Dean Milman, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and the sculptor Chantrey. Her diary is full of interesting things about famous people whom she met at home and abroad, but space forbids more than a mere mention of their names—Moore, Monckton Milnes, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dickens, Bulwer, Hallam, Lord Landsdowne, and the Duke of Wellington.

In her diary she gives an account of a breakfast at which she sat between Montalembert and Daniel Webster:

"I was struck by the earnestness of both these celebrated and, in different ways, handsome men; yet how unlike in their aims, appearance and expression! A tinge of melancholy in Montalembert, mingled with faith and hope, and his evident longing for sympathy, renders him extremely interesting. Webster's

countenance is benevolent; but his somewhat self-dependent or self-confident expression, though perhaps showing more power than the other, is to me less attractive. As Rogers has said, 'it shows that he cares less for sympathy and the good opinion of others, which makes us feel that we can be of less use to him.' Rogers confessed to me, with a kind of regretful envy, as we were driving home (for we took him part of the way back), that he admires 'the happy religious earnestness,' as he calls it, of Montalembert."

The following extract will be found interesting:

"To-day we breakfasted with Harness. Dear old Joanna Baillie was there, so humble, so unpretending, and full of simplicity. She reminded me so much of my own dear mother that the tears came into my eyes when I spoke to her; The figures exactly alike, so slim and well made. Her old-fashioned dress, too—which could not have been worn more than once or twice, yet made according to the fashion of ten or twelve years ago, and smelling sweet of the rose leaves and lavender with which it had probably been shut up for years—delighted me; and so did the little old lace cap that encircled her peaceful face. The calm repose of her manner, the cheery and hopeful countenance, seemed to do me good, they were so unruffled by the flutter and excitement of modern times. Harness, too, described to me her life,—original, simple, and full of real enjoyment.

"Miss Sedgwick was also there, and I was very much pleased with that most agreeable American. She had been rather puzzled at the London hours; and having begun her intercourse with literary society at the breakfasts given by Rogers, Kenyon, Sydney Smith, etc., she fancied that the English had their chief meal in the morning. But yesterday

she was undeceived; for Mrs. M—— had asked her to come to a party at her house without naming the hour. So Miss Sedgwick asked what time she was to come.

“‘Oh, come early,—quite early, and we shall have a pleasant little talk before the others come! I expect a very large party, so come before nine,—come at eight o’clock.’”

“‘Well,’ thought Miss Sedgwick, ‘the English evidently *are* early risers to have a large party at such an hour.’ So she got up very early, and, after dressing with more than usual care, arrived at Mrs. M——’s house punctually at eight in the morning. She found a housemaid coming out of the door to wash the steps, and after a while a footman appeared struggling into his coat and looking at the carriage with evident consternation.

“‘Is this Mrs. M——’s house?’ she inquired. ‘And does she expect a party so early to breakfast?’”

“‘No, ma’am,’ he replied: ‘there’s no party to breakfast. It is this evening that a large party is expected.’”

“‘I did not like to betray my ignorance and stupidity,’ said Miss Sedgwick; ‘so I drove home, and went there at eight in the evening. I confessed my stupid mistake to Mrs. M——, and we had a merry laugh about it.’”

In the same chapter Lady Chatterton relates some amusing anecdotes of old Lady Cork, the story of whose eccentricities and outrageous assurance would fill a volume. On one occasion she had called at the house of the poet Rogers quite early, and begged that he would come out and speak to her at the carriage. He complied with her request, and found that she wanted him to dine with her on the following Friday at a certain Mr. Parnther’s.

“‘Yes, I believe that I am not engaged on that day,’ said he. ‘But why doesn’t

Mr. Parnther, whom I know very well, ask me himself?’”

“‘Because I am making up a dinner-party for him, and I’ll not tell him of it till I’m sure I can get some pleasant people. The S——s are in town, and I want to give them a very good dinner-party, because I like staying with them in the country. But I want men, and everybody is so much engaged just now; and I must give them the dinner this week—and it’s such short notice. By the by, whose white hat is that on your hall table?’ she asked, as her little sharp eyes peered into the hall. ‘That’s not your hat. Who have you got with you? He is sure to be pleasant or you would not have him. Ask the white hat to dine with Mr. Parnther. Go, and let me know if he can come.’”

“‘That is Mr. —, from Yorkshire, and he knows nobody in London.’”

“‘Never mind; I will have him, and he will be a novelty.’”

“Rogers was much amused at her perseverance, went in to Mr. — and gave him Lady Cork’s message. As the Yorkshire gentleman had never met Lady Cork or heard of her strange oddities, he was not a little perplexed, and thought she must be Mr. Parnther’s sister or aunt. On hearing that she was no relation, and had not informed Mr. Parnther of the dinner-party she was so kindly inviting to his house, he was still more puzzled. But as Rogers advised him to accept the invitation for the fun of the thing, he consented.

“On returning home I found that Lady Cork had been there too and had asked to see me; and, finding I was out, she wrote me the following note: ‘You are to dine with Mr. Parnther on Friday. It will be a very good party.’ We did; it was extremely pleasant, and Mr. Parnther was evidently much pleased at having such a good party made up for

him, without any trouble on his own part. So everybody was satisfied.

"But Lady Cork gave very pleasant parties at her own house too, and had a peculiar talent for adapting the furniture and everything in the room to promote real sociability and dispel shyness. Many of the chairs were fastened to the floor to prevent people pushing them into formal circles or congregating in a crowd or standing about uncomfortably. She had also a knack of using her friends in return for her efforts to make her own house agreeable to them. At times she would borrow the carriages and horses and footmen of different friends for the day or hour, as she happened to want them to take her anywhere.

"One day she was in a dilemma how to get herself taken away from a breakfast party; for she had unfortunately forgotten to order the friend's carriage which had taken her there to return for her. She went down to the hall to see whether her friend had sent it, but the carriage was not there. So she took a carriage that was waiting at the door for some friends whom she had left upstairs. 'They will not want it yet,' she thought, and therefore told the footman belonging to it that his mistress would let her have the carriage to take her where she wanted to go. 'And they are strong people,' thought she—as she afterward confessed to a cousin of mine,—'they may just as well walk home.'

"The carriage was comfortable, and it seemed to her that she might as well make a round of visits in it. So she kept it out the whole afternoon. In the evening she went to a large party in another friend's carriage, and one of the first persons she saw was the unfortunate lady whose carriage she had used all the afternoon. The lady, who had been put to extreme inconvenience by

the mysterious disappearance of her carriage and footman, thought that Lady Cork would not venture to face her, and was much astonished when she came up to her and remarked: 'I wish you would have the steps of your carriage altered. It's a most comfortable carriage, except that those high steps don't at all suit my short legs.'"

After the death of her husband, Lady Chatterton retired to her own house in Seamore Place. Four years later, in 1859, she remarried. Her second husband was Mr. Edward Heneage Dering, who entered the Catholic Church before her, and who was a man of considerable literary reputation. To her influence—that is, the influence of her example—he attributed the first steps of his conversion to the true faith. He tells us that she always sought to know the will of God and do it; she always tried to see everything exactly as it was, without reference to her own wishes; she never turned aside from a difficulty, no matter how easily avoided. Gradually, through respect for her religious convictions, he began to look more deeply into the things which belong to faith and the sublimity of supernatural virtue. The path once entered upon, he never paused until he had been received into the Church.

His search after truth had not been prosecuted without having been shared by the devoted wife, who was still unable to cross the bar which separated her from an ocean of doubt and perplexity to the calm waters of certainty, where anchored the bark in which the one she loved best on earth was calling her to join him. She was ten years in coming to the decisive step.

II.

Three years after the conversion of her husband she entered into correspondence with the Bishop of Birmingham. For a while his letters and explanations of

Catholic doctrine would seem to answer the doubts she could not overcome; but her soul would again and again relapse into a state of uncertainty. All the while she was earnestly longing and praying to be led to the convictions in which her husband, from his first conversion, had never wavered.

In 1874 she began to find repose in the contemplation of entering the Church. Certain books and pamphlets which had been circulated at the time of the Vatican Council had tended to increase her difficulties; but these were gradually passing from her mind. A letter from the Bishop of Birmingham in answer to one of hers, written about this time, so fully illustrates the state of her mind and is so edifying in itself that we subjoin it here:

BIRMINGHAM, August 7, 1875.

MY DEAR LADY CHATTERTON:—I have been constantly engaged in business since I received your last confidential letter until now. All you say of yourself I believe to be quite true, as it is also very humble and sincere. I do not think you have formal doubts of the facts of a divine revelation, but only troubling suggestions that belong more truly to the imagination than to the soul,—that, in fact, are rather outside than inside your soul. In the depth of your soul I believe there is a conviction that our good God has not left us without His certain truth and certain guidance as to what we are to do to be saved....

The Protestant principle is rather a negation than a principle, and God can found nothing on a negation. It is a reduction of the Catholicity of the Church to individuals, and of its teaching to opinion, of which there are so many heads,—so many creeds, which are not creeds because they rest on individual minds, and not on a great external teaching authority come down from

Christ. Its result is neither unity nor certainty, but doubt and confusion,—a babel of tongues, each giving a different sound. You have been the victim of this many-opinioned, many-tongued protest against the Church, of which human pride is the explanation—not as applied to you but to the authors of this miserable revolt. You have that, my dear friend, within you that tells you so, and you know that only God can form a church and a creed on which souls can rest in safety.

Whatever memory or imagination may say, there is something deeper in you—a grace from God which makes you unhappy in your position and that prompts you to pray for faith. Pray on, pray on, and God will hear your prayer; and, after purging your soul with fear, will give you rest in faith. Faith you need, faith you seek, faith you want,—faith in the true Church of Christ, whose grace and doctrines lead to Christ. This is the deepest cry of your heart; and in reply to your cry God will give it, provided you put off and away the temptations that may rise from the storehouse of countless memories, which, being opposed to God's Church, fight against your belief in God's Church.

The ingenuousness with which you have laid open your heart to me fills me with a respect and a sympathy in your sufferings, constantly increasing. I am sure Almighty God has His holy designs over you, and that He will help you on to faith, trust, and peace. Your conscience is all looking one way, whatever he pulling in the shape of temptation in the opposite; and no doubt Dr. Newman felt that, and wished you to follow, even at some cost of a struggle, the deeper and more divine intimations that reach your soul. This is my construction of his advice. Still pray as you pray; and before all other

things pray from your whole heart with concentrated desire for faith, and God will not let you die without it.

Believe me, my dear Lady Chatterton, with sincerest respect, always

Your faithful servant in Christ,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Shortly after her conversion the same holy prelate wrote the following letter in reply to some questions of hers about the Rosary:

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 5, 1875.

You will find an account of the Rosary in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, Vol. X., on the 1st of October,—that book of prodigious learning of all sorts, which Gibbon so highly commended for its accurate knowledge. If you have it not, you will find it at the convent. It is in all Catholic libraries.

The principle of the Rosary is very ancient. Beads were often used as an instrument of prayer in the East long before Christianity. The Fathers of the desert counted their prayers, in some recorded cases, with pebbles. But St. Dominic, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, gave it its present form. The *Paters* and *Aves* attached to the beads are the body of the prayer. To get at the religious philosophy of the Rosary we must go to its soul. The soul of the Rosary is the meditation. To understand this you must have a little Manual of the Rosary, to be found in most prayer-books. There you will see that the Rosary is divided into three parts, and one of these parts is represented by the material rosary, or string of beads,—one part only being said at a time, as a rule.

First is said the Creed, then "Our Father," represented by the large bead next the cross; and three "Hail Marys," represented by the three beads next it. Then come the mysteries of Our Lord's life, suffering and triumph, which are the objects of meditation. The first part

is the five Joyful Mysteries, put in two or three sentences, each in the manual, to keep the mind to its subject. Each of these is thought upon while saying one "Our Father," holding the large bead; ten "Hail Marys," holding in succession the ten little beads. Then the next mystery is taken in the same way, until the whole circle is completed; after which there is a little prayer. For the five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Passion the same round of beads is similarly used on another occasion. So likewise the five Glorious Mysteries.

The body of the Rosary is the "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys"; its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads, as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness, and so leave the attention more free. Thus the weakness of a nervous or restless or "extroverted" mind is provided against. Many people can only think freely on a point,—his thread snapped, and his thinking stopped. The fingering of the beads and the vocal prayers do this function, disposing and freeing the mind for meditation. Human nature is very complex; and its complexity of activity, which is in the Rosary provided for, is the source of those distractions that arise when we kneel inactive in body and repeat customary vocal prayers. A little activity of the hands and a fixed object for reflection to animate our vocal prayer cure much of this distraction. A lady can think over her needle who can not think so well sitting still with unused hands.

The Rosary was the book of the unlettered before the ages of printing, which familiarized their hearts with the chief mysteries of the Gospel. It is excellent for two classes—those who like it and those who do not like it. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual, in all classes, by its use, who without it

could never have become so. As to those who do not like it because it is childish,—I once gave a rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments and rare shrewdness—a convert. I said: "Say that for three months and ask me no reason for it. After that you yourself will give me a good reason." He did so, and at the end of it he said: "I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride; to make me simple and childlike, and to get me into the habit of spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off again."

Some people do not like to take the medicine that will heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense which cures an amazing lot of nonsense. Call it spiritual homeopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it; many a faddy spirit has been made patient by it; many an uneasy spirit has been made strong by it; many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. "The weak things of the world hath God chosen to confound the strong."

As to the relative number of "Hail Marys," I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the query of his Protestant fare,—that one "Our Father" is worth ten "Hail Marys" every day. There is a deeper solution. You will remember in *Ivanhoe* what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero on his bed of pain sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the "Hail Marys." Through the pure and tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us;

whilst we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and the Queen, by His heavenly throne.

Wonderful is the Rosary. For its history see Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. I give you its beautiful philosophy; for so St. John Chrysostom calls Christian wisdom. Praying Our Lord to bless you, I remain

Your faithful servant in Christ,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Lady Chatterton died the following year. Bishop Ullathorne preached her funeral sermon. After speaking of the beautiful simplicity of her character and her large charity, he said that her whole life had been a preparation for the reception of the truth. He compared her to the exquisite and delicate flower that blooms but once in a hundred years, bursts into its perfection in a single night and is gone.

Later he wrote to her husband on receiving a copy of the memoir:

"There was enough in her way of bringing up—early petting and notice from distinguished persons—to have spoiled almost any child. Her coming through it all with so much force and principle is wonderful. For this I see two causes in operation. First and chief are the intrinsic qualities of a fine nature, simple, pure, quick in perception, sensitive, intuitive. Secondly, there must have been solid qualities in her parents, and a good deal of the old traditional family discipline, with the fine old manners, not tightened upon the lively girl, but breathed as from a natural atmosphere. She had the discipline of hearts that were gentle and mild, genuine with all courteous humanity.

"One can read her interior progress between the lines, which is very marked in the latter portion of her diary. A high sensibility of soul, thrilling at the touch of good, acutely sensitive to evil,

holding more principle than she is aware of, teased with fears, tormented with the pictures of views lower than her own, mainly because she could not sufficiently distinguish what was present in her imagination from what was actually in her soul; and yet withal a penetration into the clear shallowness of men defective in intuition, and living on false logic, such as Mill's and the unbelieving race. On that class of men she had written very acute and incisive remarks, tipped off from her pen with that ease and simplicity which showed her clear-sightedness.

"Her strict self-discipline amid all this sensibility, all that society with its flattering accompaniments, and all that miscellaneous literature, truly reveals an internal strength and purity of heart which is the noble feature of her character. Nature will not explain. God was with her, managing her life, advancing her without touching her freedom, as He well knows how, and bringing her through many obstacles into the broad day of His truth and into the sunshine of His love."

Again, referring to the diary, he writes:

"But the finest remark in the book is this: 'It is distressing to see how attractive evil is in this world. To represent evil principles in a good light, and delineate evil passions with that nervous vigor which the aggressive nature of evil makes comparatively easy, is sure to ensure a favorable inclination beforehand.' Rochefoucauld could have said nothing better; Pascal nothing more condensed or profound."

WHEN once a people is convinced that Christ is God, there can be no alternative for that people but to admit the exercise of devotion to the Mother of God, in obedience to the dictates of natural reason and the conscience of the human race.—*Kenelm Digby*.

Auld Lang Syne in Pennsylvania.

THE rapid growth of the Catholic population in this country, due principally to immigration from Ireland and the Catholic provinces of Germany, has often been descanted on, but the very largeness of the fact prevents us from apprehending it fully. With a hierarchy running close to the hundred mark, with more than eleven thousand priests, and—let us say—fourteen millions of the faithful, it is hard to realize that there are those still living who witnessed the beginnings of the Church in the vast tracts of a State so far East, for instance, as Pennsylvania. Yet such is literally the truth.

An article published in the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society will, perhaps, help us more than any table of statistics to realize the newness of the Church in this country. Its writer is a venerable nun, Sister M. Teresa White, now in her seventieth year. Her father, Edward White, was one of the pioneers of Catholicity in Northern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, having settled in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, in 1826. He was not the first of the pioneers, however; for the father and mother of the sweet Irish writer and Christian Brother, Gerald Griffin, had already settled in the same district. The Whites and the Griffins were evidently related; for Sister Teresa speaks of "my aunt, Mary Ann Griffin, the sister of Gerald," standing god-mother for an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Shanahan, "little dreaming that the babe she held in her arms was to be the future Bishop of Harrisburg."

It is refreshing in our easy-going days to read of the faith of these dwellers in the wilderness: of the eagerness with which they looked forward to the occasional coming of the priest; of women walking many, many miles, fasting, to

attend Mass, which was not celebrated till noon. "In those days how valued was the visit of the priest, and also how rare! And how well understood that he was the Lord's anointed, not to be criticised by every idle tongue as is now, alas! the custom! On one occasion they found that a priest from Philadelphia would come for a brief visit if his expenses could be paid. Dr. Robert Rose, the proprietor of these immense lands, had offered a sum of money to any one who would clear a certain amount of forest. My oldest brother, afterward Judge White of New York, started out, axe in hand, and worked day after day, felling trees until he earned the priest's expenses."

This same excellent brother, Judge White, also figures in another paragraph of his sister's recollections that may serve as a warning to people of a later day: "Before we moved over the line into Broome County, New York, my brother—the one who cleared the land—studied law in Binghamton, where something remarkable occurred, which bears a moral. On Sundays, as there was neither church nor priest nor congregation, he thought it no harm, after saying his Mass prayers, etc., to accompany the lady whom he afterward married to the Episcopal church as a mark of courtesy. He dreamed one night that he saw an Irishwoman, who lived in the village, come into the Protestant church and ask the minister to baptize her child. It was only a dream, but lo! on Sunday in walked an Irishwoman to have her child baptized! *It was enough.* Miss W. was never again attended by him to a Protestant church."

An incident which will excite amusement nowadays was the absolute terror with which the simple backwoodsmen heard that a company of Irish laborers were soon to arrive to assist in the construction of a canal: "It was quite

laughable to hear announced with awe, 'The Irish are coming!' One day a young lady, breathless from fright, rushed into our house. 'Why, Stella, what is the matter?' said my sister to her. 'O Miss Ann, I met an Irishman!' A kind Episcopalian lent us a vacant house for prayers on Sunday, when the few Catholics met. After many years we built, aided by Protestants, a small chapel; but we had no priest. My father used to read the prayers and say, as I presume, a number of *Paters* and *Aves*. One Sunday, he being absent, a good man took his place and prayed the Lord to send us a priest 'as soon as it was possibly *convenient*.'"

The Irishmen soon made themselves at home, and not only conquered the bigotry with which they were first regarded, but actually attained that point of goodfellowship where they felt justified in requesting the loan of a meeting-house for purely secular purposes. "One of the leading Presbyterian gentlemen used to tell us, as a good joke, how in the days of Repeal agitation an Irishman came to him to know if they would lend their church for an Irish Repeal meeting. Mr. Mather looked at him and said: 'Why don't you use your own church?'—'And is it to make a *barn* of our church you would have us?' replied the indignant Irishman."

Perplexing problems there were in plenty for the shepherds of this primitive community to solve, and one of the most puzzling was the question of drunkenness. "The priests in that district of country," writes Sister Teresa, "were strong temperance men, and woe to the man who sold liquor without a license—or *with one*, for the matter of that! These good priests did not fear to come out at the altar and scold the delinquents well when any disorder had occurred. In these progressive times they would scarcely be able to do as

they did then—viz., walk into the shanty where this curse was sold, pull out the bung of the whiskey barrel, and let it meander where it would. One day Father Fitzsimmons, long since dead, entered the shanty of a woman who was a veritable virago. *He* seized the bung, she seized his collar and shook him vigorously; while he, nothing daunted, pulled out the bung and let the poison run where it chose. After a time we grew so American that the priest ran the risk of being sued for defamation if he named offenders at the altar.

"The saintly Father Vincent O'Reilly was master of the situation: he no longer admonished, but at the time of notifications he called on the people to say one *Pater* and one *Ave* for Patrick Daley, who sold liquor at such a place. Oh, the dread they had of being *prayed for*! But they were helpless, and other priests took it up. Who could sue a priest for a charitable prayer? Before this artful dodge of Father O'Reilly's, I remember hearing of Father Fitzsimmons holding forth about some disorder, and his oration was interluded with '*and Tim the boy was there.*' Tim the boy was a noted drunkard. Father O'Reilly was a saint, and Archbishop Kenrick called him his rough diamond. He spent himself in hard labor, travelling on horseback through the *seven* counties in his charge. He died in an act of charity. While trying to rescue some one on the Erie railroad, he was himself crushed to death beneath the cars."

Two other brief quotations from this eminently readable paper are interesting for different reasons. One refers to a social condition which our people, whether for better or worse, have very thoroughly outgrown. "In those times of brief visits from a priest a young couple were married at our house. The next day the young woman came to my mother and very timidly asked her

the name of the man to whom she was married the day before. It seemed the match was hastily made by the friends, as the priest was there, and she was too timid to fully understand his name. She would have done for an ancient Griselda, but assuredly not a modern one."

The other extract amounts to a cameo portrait of Mr. White, the father of Sister Teresa, and shows him to have been a picturesque as well as a sturdy character: "My father was the greatest Bible-reader I ever saw in or out of the Catholic Church. No matter how cold the breakfast got, a chapter of the Bible was always read aloud before we sat down at the table. In the wild days of Susquehanna, on Sundays, as there was no priest, all the family were assembled, and each had to read aloud a chapter of the Bible. A Protestant gentleman, happening to be on a visit there, came in for the lengthy session, and declared that he never would believe again that Catholics did not read the Bible."

A French Bishop Speaks Out.

MORE than once in these columns we have expressed the opinion that the real blame for the existing anti-Catholic conditions in France must, in the ultimate analysis, be imputed to the French Catholics themselves. With the privilege of selecting their rulers, it is clearly their own fault if the government is in a position to oppress them as it is doing. That this fact is being realized, even at this late hour, by the religious leaders of that unhappy country is the most promising sign visible in contemporaneous French history. And these leaders are speaking out. Thus in a recent letter of Bishop Pagis we find the following paragraphs:

"When one is asked why the Catholics of France have so much to suffer on the score of their rights and necessary

liberties, the answers may be many; for the causes of our trials are manifold. The principal cause, to my mind, is our own indifference. We do not oppose to a minority thoroughly disciplined and capable of every boldness, a resistance that might easily be effective. We are wanting in that union, that cohesion which constitutes real strength; we lack the Christian independence which commands respect; we are without the courage which our enemies would find irresistible. This is a land of universal suffrage; one wherein public opinion is sovereign; and that opinion should depend upon us; for we are the mass,—we form the overwhelming majority of the nation. Why, then, has the control of public opinion escaped us? Why are we not the rulers?"

After insisting on the point that now, if ever, is the time to shake off this indifference that is compromising the gravest interests of both the Church and France herself, the Bishop outlines the course of action necessary to bring about a better state of affairs. It will surprise no one really conversant with the French bourgeoisie and peasantry to learn that the far-seeing prelate recommends particularly the accomplishment of the simplest and most elementary duties of faith—family prayer, Sunday rest, attendance at Mass, frequentation of the sacraments.

Luminous as an X-ray turned on the real trouble in France is this sentence of Mgr. Pagis: "If, for the past twenty years only, the majority of French Catholics had been *practical* Catholics; if they had drawn from divine sources the light of good sense and the firmness of courage which God gives to those who ask it, do you suppose it would have been possible, notwithstanding the protestations of the whole country, to undertake, as has been done, these attacks on our Christian liberties?"

Notes and Remarks.

Whoever knows the modern stage knows that the criticism embodied in the following lines is applicable to most of the "theatrical hits" of the last few seasons:

Vice is glossed over by "humorous" situations, or tricked out in a false sentimentality; men, and especially women, are continually represented as condoning immorality under the assumption that passion, and not honor, reason and duty, ought to be the ruling impulse; indecency is only saved from its native sordidness and ugliness by the consummate art of an actor or actress,—by splendid dresses, sparkling music, and superb mounting in general.

The Englishwoman who writes thus in the *Nineteenth Century* notes as another serious tendency the "flirtatious" behavior of young girls who are reckless only in appearance. "There is," she says (and we regret to say that she speaks truly), "a most unhealthy sentiment on this subject among girls, even among girls whose behavior and bearing are *not* of a sort to provoke insulting notice. Such episodes are not looked upon with the disgust and repugnance which they ought to inspire. How can a modest woman lightly and cheerfully relate to other women a story of insult to herself? And yet girls do tell these stories of being accosted in the streets,—tell them with something of relish and gratified vanity. It is the strangest problem that a well-bred, modest girl should feel anything except indignation and unspeakable shame at being mistaken for something she feels the deepest disgust for!"

Undoubtedly the most important contribution yet made to the literature of the Chinese question is a newly-published volume entitled "These from the Land of Sinim," by Sir Robert Hart, the British Ambassador at Peking. Sir Robert is said to know China better than any

other European; and his long residence in the country, coupled with his character for integrity, adds weight to his utterances on one of the most difficult problems of contemporary statesmanship. It is, therefore, all the more pleasant to read this hearty tribute to Catholic missionaries in China:

Roman Catholic missions differ from all others—perhaps excel all others—in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the volume of the funds at their disposal and the sparing use of money individually; in the charitable work they do among the poor—nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from cradle to grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that godliness is best for this world and has the promise of the next. The Sisters of Charity in particular, many of them the daughters of great families, labor with a touching sweetness and pathetic devotion that no language can adequately describe.

Sir Robert also expresses admiration, duly qualified, for Protestant missionaries as a body; but we can not forbear saying that these pious men would be more worthy of praise if they showed more of Sir Robert's breadth of mind and were less disposed to libel their Catholic neighbors. We hope our missionaries in China or elsewhere will never become so zealous as to feel obliged to bear false witness against their neighbor, even when that neighbor is their rival in well-doing.

The blasphemous Oath of Accession has not been permitted to lapse from public attention, and Lord Salisbury has at last moved the House of Lords to appoint a select committee—the Lower House was unwilling to act in joint committee—to determine whether the Oath can be satisfactorily expurgated without endangering the Protestant Succession. Meanwhile Catholics observe with gratification that all the influential secular magazines have

voiced the protests of fair-minded men of all faiths against the outrage. A contributor to the *Nineteenth Century* points out that since the Russian and Russo-Greek churches hold the Catholic doctrine regarding Transubstantiation, the Invocation of Saints, and the Mass, King Edward has virtually charged his royal brethren, the King of Greece and the Czar of Russia, with idolatry, not less than his Catholic subjects. These little amenities often interfere with such big things as international friendliness, and are not usually scorned by the discerning statesman. "The doctrines," says the same writer, "are older than the history of this country [England]" We may add that they will still be believed in by millions of men when the English tongue shall have become a dead language, studied only by reluctant school-boys.

Getting into debt, though sometimes unavoidable, is never desirable. If borrowing "dulls the edge of husbandry," debts cripple independence and freedom of action. The credit system may be, and undoubtedly is, a boon to the commercial world; but the individual citizen who has no creditors and need fear no duns is a freer man than his neighbor who has notes to meet and receives periodical notices that prompt payment is requested on long-standing accounts. Nowadays there is a method of getting into debt that is peculiarly seductive to the inexperienced—that of purchasing on the instalment plan. That it possesses undeniable advantages in cases where the articles purchased are necessities, or virtually such, does not alter the fact that it very frequently leads the unwary into a mesh from which they can disentangle themselves only with much difficulty. To the youthful lover of books, for instance, the proposition that offers him a splendid

edition of Shakspeare, or a fine encyclopedia, for the sum of one dollar down and the payment of a similar sum each month thereafter for a year or two—the books to be delivered to him at once—is a roseate bargain that appeals to him with scarcely resistible force. If he be wise, however, he will overcome the temptation to possess the work until, by weekly or monthly additions to a fund which he establishes for the purpose, he has accumulated the full price of the luxury. Buying on the instalment plan is excusable, even commendable, when what is bought is a real need; but it is a serious mistake to indulge in the superfluous at the expense of encumbering one's self with obligations which lose none of their inherent hardship because of their being removed from the immediate present.

Commenting on the prevalent tone of the speeches which M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, has been making in the course of his recent tour through the country, one of our exchanges says: "'Tis a pity that the President does not enjoy the privilege so readily accorded to his ministers and even to mere deputies, and that no vote is passed for the promulgation of his addresses." Alongside of the speeches of Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Bourgeois, those of M. Loubet present a rather singular contrast. While the real masters of the situation are using all their ardor and expending all their talent in sowing division among Frenchmen and preparing the arms with which to attack liberty, the official head of the State talks honeyed phrases about tranquillity, concord, and justice; and, whether he is addressing a bishop or an army-officer, speaks like a man who desires to see the grandeur of the nation result from the union and devotedness of all her children. Talk, however, is proverbially

cheap; and it was M. Loubet's countryman, Tallyrand, who said: "Men employ speech only to conceal their thoughts."

There are more Father Damiens among foreign missionaries than the world ever hears of. Father John Beyzim, a Polish Jesuit who has charge of the leper establishment at Ambahivoraka, in Central Madagascar, is rounding out a career essentially the same as that of the martyr-priest of Molokai. An account of his work appears in a recent missionary organ, with illustrations that add realistic horror to the pathetic story of misery and woe. Father Beyzim himself writes in a matter-of-fact style: "I have given myself, body and soul, to these poor sufferers. I shall get the leprosy and must die; but the Blessed Virgin will send out another Polish Jesuit, and the work will be kept up." This is everyday heroism,—a much rarer quality than is the occasional exaltation that challenges the admiration of the world.

Last week we quoted the very rational verdict of the London *Saturday Review* regarding the anti-Catholic demonstrations in Spain and Portugal. Turning to the French difficulty in another article, the same weighty Protestant journal summarizes the case in a single sentence. The game of the French government, it says, is as clear as day. "It is to unite all sections of its supporters on the one basis they have in common—enmity to the Church." Another London journal of consequence, the *Spectator*, utters this significant oracle, which we hope may ultimately prove to be prophecy, and not, as we now suspect, hysterics: "We dislike the [anti-Catholic] bill because we believe it will strengthen what we so greatly detest, the extreme form of clericalism in the Roman Church on the Continent."



La Siesta.

FROM THE SPANISH.

REST, Carmelita; rest,
In the drowsy afternoon,
While the golden glow of June
Bathes my baby's cherry-tree,
Ripening the rich fruit for thee:
Sweet and sound, red and round,—
Rest, Carmelita; rest!

Sleep, Carmelita; sleep!
While among the dark green leaves
The fairy Sun a network weaves.
Sleep! And when my darling wakes
There will be the daintiest cakes,
And a garden romp right merry,
And *perhaps one* crimson cherry,—
Sleep, Carmelita; sleep!

In Spite of Circumstances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IX.—BENJAMIN WEST.

THE strange persons who name themselves "Friends" and whom we call "Quakers" are estimable people, but no one ever thought of calling them artistic; and a Quaker painter was, until Benjamin West began to handle brushes, quite an unheard-of thing. I don't suppose that any of our young people have failed to hear the story of our little lad's first attempt at making pictures: how, when he was seven years old and had been set to tending the infant child of his oldest sister, he drew the baby's picture so correctly that his mother, rushing in, cried, "Why, I declare, he has drawn our Sally!" and kissed him fondly.

At that time he had only red and black inks; but the next year some friendly

Indians, who were always well treated by the Quakers, came to his father's house; and, seeing his drawings of birds and flowers, showed him how to prepare the red and yellow ochre which they used. After that he discovered that indigo made a fine blue, so had several colors with which to work.

Very soon it began to be noticed that the family cat had a strange disease, and was losing the hair from her back and tail. There was so much anxiety about her that Benjamin was led to confess, being a good boy, that he was the cause of her infirmity: that, having no brushes with which to lay on his paint, he had abstracted the material for them from the fine coat of poor puss.

When he was eight years old he painted what is called his first real picture. A distant relative gave him a piece of prepared canvas and some colors, and he spent several sleepless nights working out his ideas. He did something more: he ran away from school—"played hooky," as boys call it now,—in order to lose no time. His mother forgave him for this, and coaxed his father and the teacher to forgive him too. (I wonder what boys would do without mothers?)

When he was nine he paid a visit to Philadelphia, where the pictures he saw so affected him that he cried from joy and admiration.

"I will be a painter!" he told his mother.

"So thee shall, dear one," she replied; and managed so that her husband said the same.

His ideas of what a painter should be were very grand indeed. One day a schoolmate said:

"I am going to ride my horse. He can carry you too. Come and get up behind me."

"Behind you!" said Benjamin. "I ride behind no one."

"I am not so proud," answered the other. "I will ride behind you." And so away they went.

"What are *you* going to be?" asked Benjamin's companion.

"A painter."

"What's that?"

"A painter is a companion of kings and queens."

"There are none in America."

"Well, I can go where they are," he answered. And so he did in time.

Such perseverance should have been better and earlier rewarded. He received only one dollar for his first picture, but was satisfied—or appeared to be.

When he was fifteen kind friends offered to see that he had an artistic education. His father was puzzled. Should he let his boy go into the wicked world to learn an art that did not seem to him respectable? He put the case before his Quaker brethren.

"The hand of the Lord is held out to him. Let him go," they decided; and the good women kissed him right in meeting, and the men laid their hands on his head and blessed him. West never forgot that scene.

"I will paint none but pure and good pictures," he said.

He was ever the Quaker, the plainly-dressed Friend. He went abroad, where, at Rome, the blind Cardinal Albani became interested in him, and wished, after the fashion of the blind, to pass his hands over the face of the young artist.

"Is he black or white?" he inquired, thinking him a savage.

"White," they answered,—"*very fair.*"

"As fair as I am?" asked the Cardinal.

They smiled; for his Eminence had a skin of dark olive.

"As fair as the Cardinal," became a common saying.

A long sickness, the sight of his last dollar—these came to him; but he got well in time, and friends in America who were proud of him saw that he never lacked for money.

The little Quaker was at last famous. The trials of his youth—and they were great—were at an end; but, though there is no more to tell you of his misfortunes, there is one thing which none of his biographers omit to mention. He revolutionized British art. It is very hard for us to believe that, up to the time when Benjamin West painted, every historical character, no matter when he lived, had been represented in the classic garments, or hardly any garments at all, of Greece and Rome. West made a great picture of the Death of Wolfe, and clothed his soldiers as they had been clothed on the Field of Abraham, in modern uniforms instead of Roman togas. The whole artistic world was shocked at such daring, but West would not budge from his position. And this is how a plain-speaking American conquered the great artists of the Old World in spite of circumstances.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXV.—NEWS FROM HOME.

Captain Wilde did not arrive until late in the afternoon, having been detained for some time at the custom-house. After he had greeted his sister, she went with him into the garden, where the children were.

Robbie looked up at the captain with questioning eyes.

"It is all right, Robbie," he said. "I cabled two hours ago, but have heard nothing yet. It is hardly possible until to-morrow."

"What is the route?" inquired Mrs. Weldon, with deep interest.

"Along the coast to Victoria, thence through Java to Batavia; from there to Singapore, then to Bombay, and so to England; after that from London to New York, and across the United States to San Diego. The latter, I will tell you young Australians, is in common parlance called the 'stepping-off place' of the southwestern coast of the United States, because it is the last seaport city in that portion of California."

"Not on the maps," answered Earle promptly, who had given the geography of North America some attention. "I can show you," continued Earle, who was a very positive young person. "I have an atlas of the world just here in the summer-house."

"Fetch it," said his uncle.

When the boy came back, Captain Wilde sat down and they all gathered round him. He opened the book.

"Here, now," he said,—"here you see California, and there is San Diego."

"But below it on the coast," pointed Earle, "and at a considerable distance at that, you see there are two cities or towns, La Paz and Mazatlan. How do you explain that, uncle?"

"Observe that the peninsula south of San Diego is called Lower California," replied the captain, "to distinguish it from California proper, which belongs to the United States. Lower California is really a part of Mexico; that is, it belongs to Mexico, as all of California once did. Those towns which you have pointed out belong to Mexico. The Gulf of California lies between our peninsula here and Mexico proper. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Earle. "Did the Americans get the upper part by conquest, uncle?"

"Yes: the Americans had a war with the Mexicans, defeated them, and that

portion of the territory now owned by the United States was ceded by Mexico at that time."

"Why didn't they take it all?" asked Gerald, who was leaning over his uncle's shoulder. "From its position on the map, it looks as though it ought to belong to the Americans."

"It probably will some day," said the captain; "if not by conquest, perhaps by purchase. You will think it very curious, boys, to hear that although there is no natural boundary between Upper and Lower California—nothing but a dividing line, indicated by a monument which marks the survey,—when this line is crossed, you feel at once that you are in a different land, among a different people. They are unlike us in every particular: in habits, manners, and appearance. They are very dark, as a rule,—quite as dark as the Japanese, some of whom you have seen. And to the majority of them English is an unknown tongue. As, for instance, fancy yourself taking a drive 'toward the line,' as they say there. You pass a neat little grey cottage, built of wood, and covered with rose vines, or some other climbing flower, such as one often sees around American houses. At the door, perhaps, will be standing a neat little brown or golden haired woman, with a couple of pretty children playing about. The garden will be enclosed by a fence, perhaps not always white; but that doesn't matter, as in most cases it will be covered with a running vine of some kind, making a compact and beautiful hedge.

"Five minutes later the scene changes. Groups of neat adobe houses appear, dotting the arid plain, almost destitute of vegetation save where a few clumps of green osiers fringe the river-bank. About a few of those houses some flowers will be planted, but usually they stand bare, bleak, and unprotected from the

road by any enclosure. Swarthy-faced men lounge about; dark-skinned women sit on the doorsteps; half-clothed little children play, ankle-deep, in the almost blinding dust of the road. They are all speaking in a strange tongue. Some of them, perhaps, can understand English, but not many, and fewer still can speak it. We arrive at the customs; there the officials are very courteous, but they know only the language of Castile or a corruption of it."

"Should think they would have the officials learn English," said Clarence.

"Some of them do learn it after a while," said the captain. "But in the main they either act through interpreters or rely upon those of our own officials who, having more enterprise than themselves, have become familiar with Spanish."

"It must be rather interesting to find one's self suddenly transported, as it were, from one country to another in that way," said Gerald.

"It is for a while," rejoined Captain Wilde. "Robbie had never seen the sea until the day he sailed first upon it. That was a sudden transportation."

"When I return I shall have to make that land trip," said Robbie. "As it is, I have already made the acquaintance of a few Mexicans. My own people were Spanish in the beginning."

In order to divert his mind from the thoughts which were now uppermost, the captain asked him to relate the circumstances which led to the family going to California. The Weldons were all very much interested.

"And my name is not really Degler," said Robbie. "It is De la Guerra."

"I should change it at once to the old original," remarked Clarence.

"Mother is going to do it, I think," answered Robbie. Then he turned away: his thoughts were full of home and of what the morrow might bring.

Soon there was another diversion. Gertrude and Muriel, who had been spending some weeks with relatives at a distance, returned unexpectedly. They had grown homesick, they said; though Ray whispered to his uncle that it was curiosity to see the new arrivals.

Gertrude heard him and retorted.

"Give us credit for a warmer feeling than *curiosity*, you teasing boy!"

"Well, I do," responded her brother.

"And I'm sure we are all glad to have both of you home again. It's dreadfully lonely without you. It makes it dull not to have some one to tease."

"Now I think all boys are teases," said Louise. "Until I met all of you, I thought Arthur was the worst tease I ever heard of; but I shouldn't wonder if it ran in the family."

Everybody laughed.

"It does," replied Gertrude. "And it began with Adam."

Gertrude and Louise were said to look very much alike; and the boys, one and all, declared they would have hard work holding their own between two such independent and positive characters. So the pleasant chaffing went on until bedtime, which came rather earlier than usual that evening, as the travellers were fatigued.

At nine o'clock the next morning, as Robbie and Arthur were entering the breakfast-room, Captain Wilde came in from the garden holding a slip of yellow paper in his hand.

"Good-morning, boys!" he said.

The boys ran to him. He fluttered the paper over Robbie's head for an instant before the boy understood.

"A cable!" he cried. "Oh, what is in it? What does it say? Please tell me!"

"This is what it says, Robbie: 'Letter received. All well.'"

The boy rushed from the room. When Arthur would have followed him his father said:

"Let him alone, Arthur. He will be all right in a little while. He simply could not control his feelings and did not want to betray them."

The family had nearly finished breakfast when Robbie reappeared. His eyes were red and swollen; but, oh, the joy of his countenance! All was well with those he loved: they knew him to be safe, and very soon he might reasonably expect a letter. His cup of joy was full.

For the next three weeks the Weldon family and their guests enjoyed every available hour. They took Robbie everywhere where there were sights to be seen. He specially enjoyed the Zoö, as he had never seen such a fine collection of animals and plants before. Once a week he sent home a letter describing his progress in sight-seeing.

In the beginning of the fourth week the long-expected letter came, making his happiness complete. In it his mother said she knew that it was not necessary to remind him that, while she did not wish to curtail his stay in Australia, longing hearts were waiting for him at home. There were notes from the girls also, including his cousin Marie. There were kind messages from cousin George, who had written at length to Captain Wilde; Mrs. Degler had also written to the captain.

Robbie had been in Sydney five weeks when Captain Wilde came in one day to say that he just been talking to an old friend, a sea-captain, who was about to leave for Japan in a fortnight.

"It will be a great chance for you, Robbie," he said. "Captain Holmes is a fine man. He has boys of his own,—fine fellows also. They are at school in England, however; but Mrs. Holmes is here with him, and will go from Japan to her home in London. They sail to Yokohama. You will have a glimpse of Japan, and a pleasant voyage back to

California also by steamer. You will leave Captain Holmes there in Japan, but he will see you comfortably placed for the home voyage. And there will be a short stay at Honolulu, that paradise of the Pacific."

"Nothing could be better than that," replied Robbie. "It will be sad to leave all who have been so kind to me, but—"

"There's no place like home, Robbie," answered the captain.

Everyone became interested at once. Captain Holmes and his wife were invited to dinner; and they proved, as Captain Wilde had said, to be a fine couple. Robbie soon felt very much at home with them.

The next morning a letter came from Mrs. Degler, enclosing a draft to pay the expenses of the return voyage. But Captain Holmes refused to consider the question of money.

"I'm not allowed to take passengers on my ship," he said at length. "I should be breaking the rules of the company if I did, and perhaps be dismissed. But I *may* take an occasional guest; and I herewith invite you, Master Robert Degler, to be my guest on board the *Australian Queen*, which leaves this port on Wednesday next at eleven o'clock in the morning."

There was nothing to do but accept; and on the day appointed Robbie bade farewell to the friends whom he might never see again, but would always remember with gratitude and affection.

For more than an hour he stood silently beside Mrs. Holmes, who occupied a camp-chair on deck. She did not disturb his reflections. At last they could see the land no longer; and when they turned, at sound of the luncheon bell, to go below, Mrs. Holmes was not surprised to see, nor was the boy ashamed that she should see, him wiping the tears from his cheek.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The effort to rehabilitate the character of Pope Alexander VI. has not ceased in spite of Pastor's "last word." In the preface to "The History of America before Columbus" (Lippincott), P. De Roo states that in the secret archives of the Vatican he gathered some important notes, which he hopes some day to publish, about Pope Alexander, "who," he says, "is as much slandered as little known."

—Mr. Walter Besant died at his home at Hampstead, England, on the 9th inst. He was the author of many popular books, and rendered notable service as president of the Authors' Club, in the fight for international copyright. The cable also announces the death of Robert Buchanan, the well-known Scotch author, whose portrayal of the Irish priest in "Father Anthony" is one of the most admirable efforts in the field of modern fiction.

—Herr Theodore von Sichel has been succeeded by Dr. Louis Pastor as director of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome. The special work of the Institute at present is the classification and publication of those documents in the Vatican Archives referring to the post-Reformation period, the Council of Trent, and "the Catholic reaction." Von Sichel is a Protestant, and has been accused of dealing with certain very important documents in a partisan spirit. It is a clear gain to historical knowledge that the accomplished and judicial author of the "History of the Popes" has been chosen to complete the work of the Institute.

—The discussion regarding the authorship of the Junius Letters has been revived by references to them in recently published books. Though generally attributed to Sir Philip Francis, it is by no means certain that he was the writer of these famous Letters. O'Connell maintained that they were from the pen of Edmund Burke. This singular opinion is quoted by William J. O'N. Daunt in his "Personal Recollections of Daniel O'Connell." We are able to quote the passage entire:

"It is my decided opinion," said O'Connell, "that Edmund Burke was the author of the 'Letters of Junius.' There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world which the author of 'Junius' must have made, if engaged in public life; and the entire of Junius' Letters evinces that close acquaintance with the springs of political machinery which no man could possess unless actively engaged in politics. Again: Burke was fond of chemical similes. Now, chemical similes are frequent in Junius. Again: Burke was an Irishman; now Junius, speaking of the Government of

Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle,' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman in those days would never have used. Again: Burke had this peculiarity in writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand. Again: it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply I would say that Burke was master of many styles. His work on natural society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different in point of style from his work on the French Revolution as *both* are from the Letters. Again: Junius speaks of the King's insanity as a divine visitation. Burke said the same thing in the House of Commons. Had any one of the other men to whom the Letters are, with any show of probability, ascribed, been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book or remaining *incognito*. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship and fame—and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining *incognito*. In claiming Junius he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonor; for Burke died a pensioner. Burke was, moreover, the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius. Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a presumptive proof of the very strongest nature that Burke was the writer."

—Not the least interesting, though not the best known, of the late Robert Buchanan's books is "The Coming Terror." It created consternation among contemporary authors whose productions were mercilessly criticised. Mr. Buchanan slashed right and left and was particularly unsparing of American writers. There was one exception, however, and he is referred to as a "king" among commons—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, to whom "The Coming Terror" is dedicated. The accusation against Carlyle—of revenging a troublesome liver by abusing the world at large—seems almost justified when Mr. Buchanan quotes his characterization of Macaulay as "a squat, low-browed, commonplace object"; of Coleridge as "a weltering, ineffectual being"; of Wordsworth as "a small, diluted contemptibility"; of Keble as "a little ape"; of Keats' poems as "dead dog"; of Charles Lamb as "a detestable abortion"; Grote, "a person with a spout mouth"; Newman as "without the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit"; Mr. Gladstone as "one of the contemptiblest men, a spectral kind of phantasm"; and Mill as "a frozen-out, logic-chopping machine."

—The following letter from Leo XIII. to the Rev. Dr. Reuben Parsons, which Archbishop Corrigan of New York was charged to deliver into the hand of the favored recipient, will be of interest to all



who are familiar with the writings of Dr. Parsons. It refers especially to his excellent "Studies in Church History," though this important work is by no means the only service which he has rendered to the cause of Catholic literature and historical truth. The Holy Father's letter has a special value as indicating the spirit which should animate all Catholic writers:

TO OUR BELOVED SON, REUBEN PARSONS.

Priest of the Archdiocese of New York:

BELOVED SON:—Health and Apostolic Blessing! For the six volumes which you have recently published, and which you have sent to Us, you have received two encomiums, both of which you have deserved: one because of your spirited talent and great erudition, the other because of your fervent zeal in defence of the Catholic cause from audacious calumny. In the execution of your laborious design you have had only one object in view—namely, such a refutation of historical errors as would impel separatists to enter into the Catholic Fold. May God second your endeavors, dear son! Nothing is nearer to Our heart than the hope that the One Fold of Christ may soon shelter all who have been redeemed by His Blood. And now, mindful of the privilege of Our office in your regard, We accord Our Apostolic Blessing to you most lovingly, as a testimony of Our affection for you.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome on the Twentieth Day of May, in the Year MCMI, the Twenty-fourth Year of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

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The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puiseux.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Andrew Frey, of the Diocese of Buffalo; the Rev. Felix Motulewski, Diocese of Cleveland; and the Rev. J. A. Fitzpatrick, Archdiocese of St. Paul.

Sister M. Augustine, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Francis de Sales, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Gilbert Tessier, of Winnipeg, Canada; Mrs. Hiram Corson, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mr. Michael Granahan, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. John G. McGuigan, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Marie Stakelum, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Charles La Rose, Ottawa, Canada; Mr. John Rowe, Mr. Frank Lynch, Mr. John Lynch, and Mrs. Anna Murphy, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Benjamin Lavender, Littleton, N. C.; Mr. Dominic Maguire, Halifax, N. C.; Mrs. Cecilia Miller, Racine, Wis.; Mrs. Sarah Follan, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Miss Nancy Corrigan, Fall River, Mass.; and Mr. John King, Water Valley, Miss.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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An Exile.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

MY father's height was six feet two,—you'd like
to see him pass,
In his gray frieze, along the road on Sundays after
Mass;
Around the hearth on winter nights the boys and
girls would throng
To hear my father tell a tale or lift a pleasant song.
My mother was a weeny thing,—you'd take her
for a child;
Oh, but her eyes were sweet, and like an angel's
when she smiled!
Times she'd stoop down to kiss me, and my heart
would beat for joy;
There was a raft of girls, but only one white-headed
boy.
They're dead and buried long ago, in Ireland far
away;
I'll never kneel beside their graves,—I'll never cross
the say;
But many a time like this before the fire I think
my fill,
And long to lie anear them both by Morna on
the hill.
O God be with the days that's gone, and them
that wait before!
And God be good to Ireland, though I'll see her hills
no more!
'Tis oft and oft I waken at the dawnin' of the day
From dreamin' still of times long past and green
graves far away.

I AM often struck with the fact that people of a sceptical turn, and who look upon all traditional faiths as broken reeds, are sure to lay hold of some private bulrush of credulity and fancy it an oak.—*Lowell.*

The Church and the Lodge.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.



HERE are said to be about 800,000 Freemasons in this country, including all grades, white and colored, genuine and clandestine. The regular lodges are favorites of the well-to-do and respectable; and in the United States they have, with a single exception, no blemish on their history. George Washington was a Mason,—though he had, as described in a former number of this magazine,* only a formal connection with the order. That the order is a religious sect, like the Episcopalians, the Baptists or the Methodists, does not seem to be generally understood, and is sometimes denied; but a simple narrative of the facts will show that this is the case, and that it is as impossible for a man to be a Catholic and a Freemason as it is for one to be a Catholic and a Presbyterian.

A summary of the history of Freemasonry may be interesting; and an account of the religious services† in the lodges, from official sources, will establish the fact that it is, like Lutheranism, a sect with a catechism, ritual and dogmas. "What is Freemasonry?"—"A peculiar system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." So says the catechism of the second

* THE AVE MARIA, December 9, 1899.

† "The Text Book of Freemasonry." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

degree. A simple account of its genesis will show how it has developed from a social organization, with political aspirations, into a sect in its lower degrees, and then into a pretended church.

Masonry owes its origin to chance-medley rather than design. About 1646 Elias Ashmole and a few antiquarian friends and goodfellows became possessed of some manuscripts of Valentine Andrea, who had made up a system of attractive mystification, which they connected with good eating and drinking at assemblages that usually took place in some quiet tavern of London. While King Charles the First was prisoner in the hands of the Parliamentary army, and all through the turmoil and strife which surrounded his death and Cromwell's Commonwealth, Ashmole and his associates kept quiet, and as an amusement began, in secret, the creation of the Masonic ritual; and first held those Masonic suppers, with good cheer and liveliness, that have been for a century and a half one of the cardinal operations of the order. They created "Hiram Abiff," the mythical founder of Masonry, who is as imaginary as Mr. Pickwick, as mysterious and legendary as the Wandering Jew; who has faded in and out of many forms, and has represented in allegory—political, social, and religious—many real persons. To Ashmole's immediate associates, Hiram was Charles the First,—King Hiram.

But as the age and body of the times changed, and King Charles the First was executed, Charles the Second became the Hiram Abiff of the London Masons; and these active yet secret clubs, undermining the Cromwell administration, did their part in the creation of a feeling which brought about the Restoration. Ashmole was soon made an official of the new court, as Windsor Herald; and he married, as his second wife, the daughter of Sir William Dugdale and became a

politician of prominence. Since his time, in other days and lands, Hiram Abiff has been the Masonic name for many popular heroes, or revolutionary men of the hour.

In the next century Chevalier Ramsay, an active intriguer for Charles Edward, used the Masonic order as the basis of a new degree, adding to the three already existing another which he styled the Holy Royal Arch. This he designed to use as a help to the return of Charles Edward to the throne of his father. Upon the old ritual was based a new one, and the "widow's son" was designated as the keystone which could alone complete the Royal Arch; for, in the words of Stratford, "the authority of the King is a keystone which closeth up the Arch of order and government, which contains each part in due relation to the whole; and which once shaken and infirm, all the frame falls together into a confused heap of foundation and battlement." The ceremonial of the companions of the Royal Arch was a cry from the wilderness of a band in exile. "We are," says their ritual, "descended from the princes and rulers of Juda, who for their sins and those of their forefathers were led into captivity by the captain of the guard of the King of Babylon, where we were to remain for seventy years, as foretold by the prophet Jeremiah; and then return to our native land and there dwell."

The efforts of the Royal Arch were not as successful as those of Ashmole and his companions had been. Later, as times changed and men changed with them, other degrees were added, made up sometimes of original rituals and sometimes of rituals borrowed from older organizations. About the year 1783 came the eleventh or Knights Templar degree, bearing the name of the valiant and worldly Knights of the Temple, and alleged to be their

successors. From twelve to thirty-three is a far cry, but the interval has been filled up with twenty-one degrees, more or less prolix in ceremonial, made by the facile imaginations of successive Masons. The later degrees assume on the one side a ritual which travesties the ceremonies of the Church and on Holy Thursday makes a banquet of the Lord's Supper, and on the other side a leadership of statecraft; until now the top of the Arch is marked 33°, and thirty-three gentlemen, all most respectable and well-to-do, and many of them rich men, meet in conclave and imagine themselves to be the essence of conservatism, strangling in their grasp the hydra of medieval despotism, and crushing under their feet the worms of modern socialism,—the late-day successors of the English Whigs of 1688.

No Catholic who knows his religion could, even if the order had not been prohibited to Catholics, pass even the first part of the first degree of Masonry without seeing that it contradicts his faith. Although he may have been solemnly assured that nothing will be expected of him at variance with his political opinions or his religious faith, no sooner has he been hoodwinked and passed the lodge door than he is asked to kneel, and some one—often a Protestant minister—prays over him in this way: "Endue him (O Lord) with the competency of Thy wisdom, so that, assisted by the secrets of this our Masonic art, he may better be enabled to display the beauties of true godliness," etc. Now, all Catholics know that the beauties of true godliness are displayed in the examples of the saints of God, and that Masonic art has no power in that direction.

In the first lecture on the "tracing board" he will be instructed that "our lodges stand on holy ground on account of three grand offerings therein made,

which met the divine approbation"; and texts of the Bible will be produced to prove this allegation. And so through all the degrees he will meet constantly a Protestant minister, or some one else, to pray over him in the line of the prayer at his entrance into the lodge. If he sings, he will be expected to sing, to the tune of "Rule Britannia":

Hail Masonry, thou craft divine,
Glory of earth, from heaven revealed!

or join in the hymn, to the tune of "God, save the Queen!"

Hail Masonry divine,
Glory of ages, shine!

But probably, if he have the instinct of a Catholic in his heart, he will soon follow the example of England's former grandmaster, the Earl of Ripon, and withdraw. The Catholic secret societies now offer a Catholic all he wants.

For some time the reverend clergy looked askant at all secret societies, even those whose secrecy was only that of the bank directory or the grand jury. Perhaps this was for the best, as it obstructed the organization of Catholic secret societies until the need for them became evident. Now the only fault is—if fault it be—that there are too many of them. That they supply an American want is beyond question. Their mutual insurance features, their comradeship, their pleasant and ephemeral mystery, have proved wonderfully attractive; and it is said that some of them afford as much fun as the deepest grave that is dug in Masonic halls, or the wildest, blood-curdling war-whoop that ever sounded, nightly, in some of the lodge-rooms of American cities.

The outlook of to-day seems to indicate the propriety and importance of extending the most suitable of these orders throughout the two Americas discovered by the skill and patience—God grant we may soon add, the inspiration!—of blessed Christopher Columbus.

Mr. Henry Moran.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIX. — MR. HENRY MORAN STROLLS UP THE MOUNTAIN.

IF Martha Finney's wish had been sincere it would have been granted, as regarded Henry Moran at least. Joy was certainly on that very day the predominant feeling in his heart. He had at last seen and spoken to Kate; and, though he had not ventured beyond the due conventional limits, he had, nevertheless, striven to convey some idea of his actual sentiments toward her. It was a commonplace circumstance, after all, which had given him the long-desired opportunity. Life is chiefly commonplace and never abounds in striking situations. Friends long separated meet, and their talk is mostly trivial; the long-absent son returns, and in partaking of the fatted calf complains that it is underdone. The lover dreams of that imaginary meeting in which he is to soar about earth. When it occurs the talk is frequently of the weather; or if there be any sentiment at all, it is only when the meeting is wellnigh over. Even the very tragedies of life steal on their unsuspecting victim unawares and find him forever unprepared.

Kate had gone berry-picking to the mountain that day, and had stumbled and strained her ankle. She sat down, overcome for the moment by the pain, and sadly afraid that she might be unable to make her way home.

"It was imprudent of me to come out here alone," she thought. "What am I to do?"

While she sat thus meditating upon the consequences of her folly, she heard a rapid step approaching. Her first sentiment was one of terror: tramps were well known to make that mountain

their headquarters. Kate began to tremble with nervous apprehension. It seemed to her that the figure, whatever it might be, would never come round that curve in the road, and at least relieve her suspense. Now, Henry Moran quite by chance—a blessed chance, he said to himself,—had strolled up to the summit that very day, which chanced to be a holiday. Kate recognized at a glance her neighbor of the big house, and turned toward him with such a countenance of joy and relief that Henry Moran might be pardoned for seeing in her expression, at least, a happy augury. He had no excuse for speaking, however; so, raising his hat, was about to pass on, when Kate said:

"I fear I shall have to ask your assistance."

He was at her side in an instant.

"I have strained my foot," the girl explained, "and I can not move far without help."

As she saw his look of concern, she added quickly:

"It is nothing serious in the world. But, oh, how glad I was to see you coming! I thought I might have to stay here all night."

"I was very fortunate," murmured Henry Moran, amazed at his own want of self-possession.

"I know *you* by sight," Kate went on; "though you don't know me."

"Are you sure I don't know you?" Henry Moran asked. His voice was low, but he had recovered something of his habitual composure.

"Of course you may have seen me," the girl admitted; "for you are our neighbor, are you not,—the relative of—the old gentleman?"

Henry Moran flashed at her a quick glance, half-amused, half-inquiring; but he only bowed.

"So you see," Kate declared, "I was very glad indeed that you were the first

comer, because I was really terrified when I heard a step. I expected to see a tramp."

"You were very imprudent to come here alone," said Henry Moran, gravely.

"Yes," said Kate; "so I was thinking as I sat upon that stone. We are usually aware of our follies too late. Perhaps, though, you are too wise ever to indulge in follies."

"I am essentially foolish in some things," Henry Moran answered; and perhaps the words conveyed more than he had intended, for Kate immediately made an effort to rise.

"Let me help you!" cried Henry Moran.

But Kate was erect in an instant, leaning against a tree and compressing her lips at the pain which shot through her ankle. Henry Moran stood near, more nervous and ill at ease than he had ever been in his life, and feeling that so far he had not turned this unexpected and delightful meeting to account. Why, he had dreamed of standing with Kate upon those heights; and now that she was actually beside him, with only the overhanging branches of trees about them and the clear blue sky overhead, he was mute!

"It is very annoying to meet with such a stupid accident!" exclaimed Kate.

"And painful. I fear you are suffering."

"Somewhat, of course; and to think it was just a loose stone, as I was trying to get down that slope for berries!"

"More folly," ventured Henry Moran.

"*That* would not have been folly, if it had not been for the stone. Nothing venture, nothing gain, you know."

"It is a favorite maxim of mine," observed Henry Moran; "but, somehow, I do not *always* put it in practice."

"Who ever does put his favorite maxim in practice?" asked Kate. "But I must make an effort to get home."

"If I can help you," Henry Moran said, lamely. He had never felt so completely

at a loss as under the glances of those bright young eyes.

"There is no choice," answered Kate frankly: "you will have to help me."

She divined his embarrassment, and, with the quick intuition of the finest breeding, sought to relieve it by the frankness of her manner.

"I shall take your arm. There—yes, that will do," she declared.

"If you can only get over this rough descent," Henry Moran said, "the rest of the way will be comparatively easy."

He gave no hint of the joy which was reigning supreme within him. It seemed like the realization of his dearest hopes. He forgot difficulties; he forgot that Kate knew little of his feelings, and he still less of hers; he even forgot Wall Street with its mighty interest and its passionate strivings, and remembered only that it was summer time and that he was walking upon a woodland path with the one best beloved in all the world,—with his personified ideal. For pure, unalloyed happiness, he might have been a shepherd of Arcadia, and Kate a milk-maid, with rustic flowers in her hair and a crook in her snow-white hand.

"Yes, it is only those stones I fear," she said. And Henry Moran could not help admiring her pluck; for, though her face was white with pain, the brave smile never left her lips. She had learned endurance in the school of poverty, even if she had not inherited it from gentle ancestry. This ordinarily prosaic man, however, was at the stage when he admired everything about this girl. It is a pity, by the way, that this stage can not be indefinitely prolonged. Even the truest, the most devoted and the most constant lover learns—alas, in how short a time!—to discover flaws in the one beloved.

Both were silent as they went slowly down the most treacherous part of the

road, Henry Moran putting aside stones and bending importunate twigs and striving to smooth as far as possible the roughness of the descent. Having reached a level space, where Kate paused an instant to rest, he exclaimed:

"It is a lovely day,—a perfect day!"

"Yes," assented the girl. "Most midsummer days are lovely."

"But not so perfect as this," Henry Moran said. "The air seems like wine, the sun shining as it never shone before; and the sky—O Miss Raymond, the sky is one cloudless sheet of blue!"

"With a few tiny specks on the horizon," remarked Kate, looking at her companion in surprise. A rhapsody on nature was, somehow, the last thing she would have expected to hear from him; whereas he felt it to be a safe topic, permitting him to express, however vaguely, some of the superabundant content which was within him.

"What should I have done," cried Kate suddenly, "if a tramp had appeared instead of any one so kind as the relative of the old gentleman next door?"

Again he looked at her inquiringly, and smiled in response to her smile as she asked:

"Did you ever read 'The Conquest of'—somewhere or other—I forget where?"

"No," he answered, with a twinkle in his eyes. "But why do you ask?"

"Because you are like the Wandering Jew, who is the hero of that novel."

"Indeed! I shall have to read the book in question to discover how."

"I am going to tell you," declared Kate, "and that will save you the trouble. He was an old man who grew suddenly young."

Moran's eyes sought the ground as he gave an embarrassed laugh.

"You are thinking, I fear, of a sketch I drew?" he ventured.

"Partly, yes; but it is I who shall need the crutches now," said Kate.

"So I shall be left kneeling without resource," Henry Moran flashed back at her; and his tone was so significant that for the first time Kate blushed, losing something of her self-possession. Henry Moran pressed his advantage.

"That old man was very happy."

"In what particular way?"

"He could write letters."

"Or rather answer them," said Kate, with vexation at thought of her own letter; adding with a very pretty and altogether charming vehemence: "I liked that old man. Indeed, I am very sorry he is dead. I thought he was delightful, and so mysterious and rheumatic and bedridden."

"I am his heir," Henry Moran said.

"Not of all those infirmities, I hope."

"No! We only had one infirmity in common."

"What was that?"

"I shall not tell you just now."

Kate did not press the question.

"I shall never cease to regret him," she declared.

"One of these days I shall ask you a question," Henry Moran observed.

This strange man had disconcerting ways with him, Kate thought.

"You are very mysterious," she said aloud,— "almost as mysterious as your old relative."

"You confessed just now to liking mystery," he ventured, mischievously.

"And so I do," Kate admitted frankly.

"But don't you ever care to have mysteries solved?" he inquired.

"They cease to be mysteries then."

"True, but the explanation may be interesting."

"Tell me," cried Kate, turning on him in a sudden fashion (they were almost on the village street now and she felt more at ease), "what did you think when you got that letter?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" Henry Moran asked slowly, looking at

her lovely side face, with its pearly tints shaded by the soft hair.

Kate nodded.

"I think I had better not—just yet," Henry Moran answered in the same deliberate fashion.

"That is very disobliging," said the girl. "Were you angry or amused or surprised, or did you really think I meant all that was in it?"

"I certainly wasn't angry, and just as certainly I knew you didn't mean it."

"I am glad," replied Kate, relieved.

"I knew, of course, it was a jest,—a very charming one."

"That is flattery," said Kate; "for it was very stupid. But I must tell you I was very angry when I found out you were the old gentleman next door."

"That I was his heir, you mean?"

"That you were he."

"That I was an old gentleman!"

"You know very well what I mean."

"Well, have you found out anything more?" he queried.

"No,—oh, no!"

"A good deal yet remains," Henry Moran said. "You remember, perhaps, the last of my two picture-letters?"

"Why, of course!" said Kate. "Didn't I tell you a moment ago that I was to have the crutches?"

"And leave the old man helpless?"

"He is dead," said Kate.

"But you said something about the Wandering Jew. He is alive, and the picture will have to be altered."

"But I will not have it altered!" cried Kate.

They had reached the gate of Vine Cottage,—in fact, the very point where they were overlooked by Jenkins. Kate would have withdrawn her arm, but Henry Moran said:

"I think I had better take you as far as the gallery."

"Perhaps it is better," said Kate; and when she had seated herself there, with

a great sigh of relief, Henry Moran lingered near her a moment. To his astonishment, the girl inquired in that same impulsive way which had before disconcerted him:

"Have you ever been told that you were like the great financier, Mr. Henry Moran?"

The individual so named cast down his eyes, in which lurked a smile.

"I have never been told so,—no."

"Yet you are like him, judging by his portrait in the paper," Kate declared. Then she asked more slowly: "Do you know him?"

"Yes, very well."

"What is he like?"

"You have just said he is like me."

"I mean in his manner, disposition, character."

"That is wide ground to cover, but I suppose he is like most men of his class."

Kate was silent.

"There is something wonderful about him," she said at last,—“about his success, for instance."

"Success is always wonderful," Henry Moran answered, half-sadly; "failure is so much more the rule."

"Oh, don't say that! Life is so bright, so full of hope and sunshine, after all," cried Kate.

Henry Moran looked at the bright, unconscious face, happier for the glow of inward joyousness which had seized her, she knew not why.

"Success is only a name," said he. "A man may succeed in a thousand things and fail in one, which would nullify all the rest."

"Do you think Henry Moran has failed in that way?" asked Kate.

"He has not failed yet, but he may. Who knows?"

"I wish him success!" cried Kate. "I do not want him to fail in anything."

Mr. Henry Moran's eyes flashed with genuine pleasure.

"He owes you his best thanks," he said; "your wish should prevail. And now I am going to ask you to let me come and see you. We are such near neighbors and we have some mutual acquaintances."

"Have we?" asked Kate in surprise. "Come, of course, to see us, if you care about such quiet people as we are."

"I will tell you when I come about our mutual friends. But before I go now, is the old man forgiven?"

"He never sinned."

"The young one is willing to do penance; only do not let the penance be too prolonged."

"I will make it an easy one, such as coming to cheer up his dull neighbors occasionally," laughed Kate.

"I will enter upon that penitential course with alacrity," answered Henry Moran. "But I would like very much to make a condition."

"Name it," said Kate, "since I am in a forgiving mood."

"If you will not let me have that picture altered, may I prepare a third one, please?"

What Kate would have answered he did not know; for at that moment Pauline came out of the house; and her sister, with suspicious haste, introduced her to "our new neighbor, the young gentleman next door."

And, as Henry Moran soon after took his leave, the question still remained unanswered. But there was a smile upon Kate's face as she watched him disappear, which might, perhaps, had he seen it, have been favorably interpreted; and the girl herself was conscious of a new interest in her life and all its surroundings.

(To be continued.)

A HERO is a hero at all points; in the soul and thought of him first of all.

—Carlyle.

The Angel of Death.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

SILENCE in the chamber,
Sorrow-smitten hearts;
Darkness o'er the city,
Silence through its marts.
Human links now broken,
Where once sunshine shone;
One more soul departed,
Two sad hearts alone.

O'er tall towers and spirelets,
Through the gloom of night,
Up where stars are trembling
Beautiful and bright:
Where the air grows chillier
And weird music flows,
On through cloud and cloudlet
To where glory glows.

Angel! bear him Godwards,
And console the sad,
Wipe the tears of mourners,—
Sorrowful make glad.
Smites the breast of Ocean
Beam of silver moon,
Aureole of glory
Crown that pure heart soon!

A Family of Saints.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

THE Eastern Church of the first centuries was rich in saints. During the fierce persecutions that raged under Diocletian, Maximin and Licinius, many Christians obliged to abandon their homes and country found refuge among the Mountains of Pontus, in the depths of its forests, or on the shores of the gloomy waters of the Euxine. Pontus was the Siberia of that time,—a place with no natural beauty to recommend it; yet it was from such arid soil that there sprang some of the most brilliant lights of the age—men and women of saintly lives, whose virtues shine as brightly in these latter days of the

faith as they did in the first centuries.

There lived in the city of Cæsarea a rich noble who was martyred under the Emperor Licinius; his wife, taking her only child, a little girl named Emmelia, fled to Pontus, where they lived a quiet and hidden life for many years.

Meanwhile in Neo-Cæsarea there abode another widow—a strong and valiant woman, Macrina by name,—who had an only son, the counterpart of herself—high-minded, noble and good. The mother and son subsequently removed to Pontus, and here a union was formed between Macrina's son Basil and the young girl Emmelia, who had meanwhile been left an orphan,—a marriage that gave to the Church some of its brightest jewels destined to live in the world's history. Of their nine children four are canonized saints: St. Basil the Great, St. Gregory Nyssa, St. Macrina, and St. Peter of Sebaste. There was still another son, Nancratius, who became a holy solitary; and four daughters, who married and were eminent for their goodness and virtue.

Emmelia and Basil were blessed with worldly wealth. After their marriage they took possession of Emmelia's home and property in Cappadocia, which had been restored to her after the close of the imperial persecutions. Here they lived for many years an ideal life, administering the estate, directing their home, training their children, visiting the poor, and attending to pilgrims, of whom many, as was the custom of the times, came to them for food and shelter. The day, which began with Holy Mass, was always closed with prayers and hymns and the singing of the Church's offices.

Of their children, Basil, the eldest son, had been promised before his birth to his grandmother Macrina; and to her he was sent when he was four years old, living with her at Neo-Cæsarea until

her death, which took place when he was about twelve years of age. Grandmothers' children are usually spoiled; but Macrina was not only a woman of powerful and noble mind, but she was also a saint of the type of St. Teresa, with a sensible saintliness; hence the little Basil was carefully trained. He was a delicate child, proud and reserved; in his later years austere and firm in all he considered his duty; a born orator, destined to sway multitudes of men and women with the magic of his eloquent tongue. It was, no doubt, well for him to return to the family circle and mingle with his brothers and sisters. Between him and his elder sister, Macrina, one year his senior, there grew up an intimate and tender friendship. Both had unusual powers, and each possessed certain gifts that helped to balance the other's character. Indeed, Macrina, unlike many elder sisters in whom much authority is vested, seems to have been deeply loved and revered throughout her life by all her brothers and sisters.

St. Basil was only thirteen when his father died in the prime of manhood; and his mother, recognizing the need of discipline and education for a boy beyond what she could give, sent him to school at Cæsarea. From thence he went to Constantinople, where he studied under Libanius, one of the leading teachers of the day. He was still in his teens when he was declared one of the greatest orators in Cappadocia.

In 350 St. Basil went to Athens to complete his education. At that time the city was full of strangers from all parts of the world, who came to acquire the Greek language in its purity. Athens was the first and most famous home of European literature and letters, and the true source of European civilization.

It is curious to note that as far back as those days what we now call

"hazing" existed in the schools; the same condition is found in medieval universities, and must be an instinctive characteristic of the genus boy. It is on record that in St. Basil's day the newcomer at school was conducted in solemn procession across the Agora to the baths, all the youths of the academy dancing around him like madmen; they alternated this by addressing him fiercely or with mock politeness. The baths seem to have been considered an initiation; for when they got him thus far the persecution ceased. This boyish discipline St. Basil escaped, thanks to one of his classmates, St. Gregory Nazianzen.

The youth Gregory was affectionate, tender-hearted, and endowed with quick feelings. Basil was more self-controlled and less demonstrative. Both friends had classical tastes and were skilled in argument; both were ascetic in their lives, and determined champions of the Church. Gregory subsequently became exarch of Cæsarea, and Basil patriarch of Constantinople; but meanwhile the friends were living together in Athens, studying and preparing for their future. Basil, besides great proficiency in poetry, rhetoric, philosophy and dialectics, had an unusual knowledge of geometry, astronomy and medicine. All this learning seems only to have served to lift him above things temporal,—a feeling shared by Gregory; and finally the friends agreed to abandon the world and devote themselves wholly to the service of God.

This resolution was strongly opposed by their companions and tutors. Basil continued firm and left. Gregory yielded to persuasion and remained behind for a time. The one seems to have given up the world from an overwhelming feeling of its emptiness. The other, who hesitated and drew back, ultimately had to exercise more self-denial to follow

in his friend's footsteps. Basil returned home, and his townsmen poured out to meet him, ready to show him every honor. A brilliant worldly career opened before him; he was offered many distinguished posts, but declined them all firmly, and perhaps almost with pride. Indeed at this stage of his career he was in danger of strong spiritual pride and self-satisfaction; and it was due to his second brother, Nancratius, that his eyes were opened to his danger.

Nancratius, the second son of Emmelia, was as different from his elder brother as the sun is different from the moon. Where one was grave the other was gay. Of a cheerful, buoyant, mischievous temperament, and possessed of great personal beauty, Nancratius had all his life been the darling and torment of the house. In thinking of his future his mother had often trembled; yet it was Nancratius who first listened to and obeyed the divine call to leave all and follow in the footsteps of the suffering Christ. Standing on the threshold of life, radiant with youth, health and beauty, Nancratius looked on the world and its allurements with contempt. He withdrew to a cave on the banks of the river Iris in Pontus. Here, surrounded by a dense forest, he led a solitary life; his only companion a slave of his mother's, who had been devoted to him and who begged to be allowed to share his exile. Later Nancratius assumed the charge of two bedridden, homeless old men, and cared for them tenderly, going on long hunting and fishing expeditions to supply them with food.

When Basil heard this on his return, he was struck with remorse. He saw clearly that his brother had, simply and humbly, taken the step which he had meditated with a backing of strong spiritual arrogance; and he learned, little by little, that there must be a vocation and a simple and childlike

love of God to make the renunciation of the world possible.

For a time he remained in Cæsarea, teaching rhetoric and pleading at the bar; but God had other work for him and was preparing the way. In 357, when he was twenty-eight years old, he went on an expedition to Syria and Egypt, so as to visit their monastic institutions. Writing of this visit in later years, he says:

"Many did I find in Alexandria, many in the rest of Egypt and in Palestine, in Cairo, Syria and Mesopotamia, whose abstinence and endurance I admired, and whose constancy in prayer I was amazed at; how they overcame sleep in spite of the necessity of nature, bearing ever a high and free spirit in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; not regarding the body, nor enduring to spend any thought upon it; . . . how they showed, indeed, what it is to be so formed in this world as to have our conversation in heaven."

While Basil was absent in Syria his mother and sister began to carry out a long-cherished project. The younger daughters were married, and the elder brothers no longer needed their care; so they determined to turn their estate into a religious foundation for both men and women. The youngest son, Peter, who seems to have been a little monk from his cradle, was placed in the house devoted to the male portion of the community. Macrina was made superior of the other convent; and on the return of St. Basil from the East he undertook the direction of both houses and composed a rule for them. Nancratius, whose solitary abode was not far off, came frequently to visit his mother and sister.

The fame of the monastery soon spread, and numbers flocked to it and were enrolled as members. A beautiful church, used by all the religious, was

built close by, and dedicated to the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, in Armenia. Emmelia had the relics of these holy confessors transferred to the church she had built; and so great was the devotion the whole family had to their memory that Peter, the youngest son, who rose to be a great bishop and labored many years against the Arian heresy, took the name of "Peter of Sebaste," and is so known at this day.

And now a fiery trial came to the sainted Emmelia,—one that it needed all her fortitude and faith to meet. Her son Nancratius, the solitary, was accidentally drowned. Yet even in her deep grief the mother was able to rejoice that her child was only lost to her in this world. After the death of Nancratius, St. Basil, who had become a priest, devoted himself with even greater zeal than usual to the needs of the Church in Pontus. He founded many conventual houses in different parts of Pontus, and when not absent on missionary trips lived in a hermitage not far from the monastery. His manner of life was of the plainest; although his health was always so wretched that he said: "When I am called well I am weaker even than persons who are given over by the physicians."

At length in A. D. 370, when he was forty years old, St. Basil was made Bishop of Cæsarea. For many years previous he and St. Gregory Nazianzen had labored to quell the disorders in the Church. At that time the troubles in Asia Minor, and in the East generally, were so great that many predicted the overthrow of the Church. It needed men of supreme faith and of more than ordinary powers of mind and will to combat Arianism and the other heresies that attacked the Church. Nearly all that we know about St. Basil, his parents, and his early life, is taken from his funeral panegyric, delivered by St.

Gregory Nazianzen. It is to be regretted, therefore, that these two great saints, who had worked together for so many years, should have had a misunderstanding and become estranged; but, unfortunately, so it was.

St. Gregory Nazianzen, at the solicitation of his father, had been ordained a priest, and later became a bishop; but he shrank from the office. At all times a man who hated responsibility and strife, and who was more diffident than most men, he found himself in a stormy time obliged to practise the very qualities which caused him the most effort. St. Basil, a spiritual warrior, to whom warfare came naturally, and who was born to order, plan and command, failed to give sufficient heed to his friend's limitations. Wishing to quell disorder in his patriarchate, he placed Gregory as Bishop at Sasima, a village in the neighborhood of one Anthimus, a particularly turbulent ecclesiastic, who caused Gregory much trouble.

The blame seems to lie chiefly with Gregory, who accuses his friend of ambition and too high aims. St. Basil, in turn, charged Gregory with indolence and want of spirit. Taking matters into his own hands, Gregory returned to Nazianzus. The loss of this friendship of his early and later years seems to have been a sorrow which St. Basil regarded as the greatest of his life. He appears to have felt it more keenly even than the death of his sainted mother, which occurred about A. D. 370. When this event took place he notes that, old as he was at the time, he felt in full force all the misery implied in the word "orphan."

St. Basil continued to labor for nearly ten years after his mother's death, when he was the next one to follow her. He died in January, 379, in the fifty-second year of his age,—prematurely aged by trial and toil. Of the rest of the family,

Gregory, the third son of Emmelia, at first inclined to a worldly career; he was gifted with the family eloquence, and as a student and scholar he delighted in old-world myths, poetry and legends. But to Gregory also came the call to a higher life, which he obeyed. He became Bishop of Nyssa, and has left numerous written works. One, a treatise called "The Soul and the Resurrection," reproduced the last words of his sister Macrina, which are very beautiful. He died about A. D. 400.

Very beautiful also is the account of the death of Macrina, the beloved daughter and sister, and head for many years of the religious community. She is described as a woman of great personal loveliness as well as of unusual sanctity. As was the custom of the time, she practised great poverty and austerity. Her brothers Gregory and Peter found her in her last illness stripped of every comfort. She died one summer evening shortly after the "prayer of the lamps," as Vespers was then called; giving up her pure soul to God after she had with difficulty touched both heart and mouth with the sign of the holy cross.

Such is the imperfect and fragmentary record that we have of these noble and saintly men and women. How great must have been the joy of that holy mother to feel that of the nine souls entrusted to her to train for eternity not one was lost,—that she could wear them, as it were, shining jewels in her crown, knowing that they were found "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light"!

To know the character of men, we do not inquire what they believe or what they hope, but what they love.

—*St. Augustine.*

THAT which gives a great life unity is not fixity of policy, but fixity of principle.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

In the Blue.

"MA'AMSELLE DÉRY!" called a shrill, girlish voice; repeating the name a second time as the individual addressed remained obstinately deaf. Then at last the door of the cottage opened and there was a vision of a round-faced, rosy-cheeked woman, already in the decline of life, but full of a good-humor which the vicissitudes of the years had been powerless to subdue: an irrepressible flow of good spirits, which resembled nothing so much as the mountain streamlet after heavy rain.

"Ah, let us see!" she cried, cheerily. "It is the little Cecile who calls. But what is it, my child, that brings you so early to see me, and at the time of my *ménage* too? For I expect the visit of Monsieur le Curé, who is to pass by this road to-day or to-morrow. And see, my child, I scour, I scrub, I sweep. The interior will be clean,—that's certain."

She threw wide the door with honest pride, for the girl's inspection of the snow-white floor, settle and chairs; the straight, high backs of the latter flaunting bits of colored ribbon and tidies of coarse lace. Cecile looked with interest, but without surprise, at the shining aspect of her friend's domicile. She was accustomed to the cleanliness which reigned at home, and which she herself had to aid her mother in maintaining; and so the ever-recurring house-cleanings, preceding every social event, were familiar to her.

"But your cleaning,—it is all done, Ma'amselle!" Cecile urged. "Everything is shining,—ah! yes, for sure. And I am come to have my fortune told."

"Your fortune at this hour, on a workingday! My girl, you are crazy!"

But the shrewd, humorous eyes twinkled and a smile lurked behind the firm-set mouth.

"Please Ma'amselle, just for once!" pleaded Cecile.

"And what if the visit of Monsieur le Curé should surprise us? He will not countenance these diversions, harmless though they be."

"He will not pass so early!" coaxed the maiden.

She made a charming figure standing on the step outside the cottage door. Her features almost Grecian in their regularity, her eyes dark and velvety, her cheeks rose and brown commingled, her black hair neatly braided; her slender, alert figure—recalling the deer, that still in remote places haunts the Canadian forests,—were all touched by the morning sun. Her frock—a very simple one of green, faded and patched, but exquisitely clean—was worn with an unconscious grace that a princess might have envied. She was a child of the soil, this Cecile; and the mountain village was quite proud of her budding beauty. Ma'amselle Déry sighed as she looked at her.

"Our beauties they have mostly had sad lots," she reflected. "There was Jeanne with the crippled brother, and Marie, and—" she interrupted herself. "But come in!" she said; "the fortune must be told. When one is young that can not wait."

She busied herself tidying here and there before she went to the cupboard to bring out the mystic blue, in which homely article she was supposed to read the mysteries of the future.* She drew her high-backed rocking-chair to the door, with a small bowl of blue in her lap. Cecile, her heart in her eyes, sat down upon the wooden step, solemn as though she were about to assist at some occult ceremony. Ma'amselle Déry never explained by what precise process she

* A woman who professed to tell fortunes in this way, merely for diversion, actually existed at this Canadian mountain village.

discovered the threads of destiny in the indigo. But she bent her head over the bowl, examined its contents attentively, and presently began to mutter and to make pronouncements after the manner of the most approved sorceress.

The wind swept down from the old mountain, which stood as ever, scornful and aloof from all those village atoms who came into being, dwelt a longer or a shorter period in its shadow, and disappeared thence into the whirlpool of life, or were borne downward to take their places in the silent city on the river-banks. The breeze stirred a tress or two which had escaped from the severe plainness of Cecile's hairdressing and fanned her hot cheek, as with intent gaze she silently awaited the reading of her future.

"See!" cried Ma'amselle Déry. "It is a surprise for you and a journey,—yes, a journey."

"A journey!" cried Cecile. "For me, who have never been farther than the river village?"

"For you it may be, I am not sure. There will be a letter first."

Cecile blushed a little. A letter was an event at the mountain; and, besides, Cecile wondered if M. Auclair at the post-office knew all that was inside the letters passing through his hands. He seemed as if he did, with his wise look and his spectacles.

"There is some one connected with this journey, my little one; and also connected with you. Perhaps you are to journey together."

Now Ma'amselle Déry's eyes were very merry indeed, and her red cheeks were wrinkled with laughter.

"Some one," she went on, "who is not papa, because he is not old."

Cecile grew very red.

"Perhaps it is the big brother Jean," said the fortune-teller, teasingly.

"It can not be!" cried Cecile, with

astonishing promptitude. "Jean will be at the Shanties till spring. He went last week."

"Well, but this journey will be made before the snows," resumed the woman, chuckling. "There is a letter, a journey, and what next? A church,—yes, a church, full of people; and there is a priest, vestments and all—"

"Here is the priest, but without his vestments," said a voice at their elbow.

Ma'amselle very nearly dropped the bowl of blue. Cecile, still blushing, made a terrified reverence to the new arrival and would have run but that the Curé called her back. He then turned to the chief offender, shaking his finger at her, silently at first.

"When will you have done with these fooleries?" he questioned. "And what nonsense is it you have been putting into this young head?"

The priest smiled indulgently, as he spoke, at the abashed Cecile.

"I was advising her to marry young, Monsieur le Curé; and not to wait, like me, to comb St. Catherine's tresses," said Ma'amselle.

"It was your own doing, Victorine Déry," observed the Curé. "You would have it so, they tell me."

"Ah, well! ah, well! that is all past and gone," laughed the rosy one. "But I will have this Cecile to manage otherwise."

"And with whom are you marrying the child?" asked the priest, the twinkle in his eye corresponding to the merry glance of the spinster.

"Oh, but I can not tell!" cried she. "There are no names to be mentioned."

"I see! The blue does not give names: it is anonymous," remarked the priest; then, turning with sudden gravity to Cecile, who stood downcast beside him: "Pay no heed to witches, whether they dabble in cards or in blue, in tea leaves or in magic mirrors. Your destiny, my

child, is otherwise regulated." Here he paused, with a certain sadness in his tone. "God holds that in the hollow of His hand," he resumed. "The advice of your parents, the inclination of your own heart, may assist in shaping the future; but, above all, prayer, reflection. I have seen so many in my time. Marriage is the summit of their wishes. It is the crown to which they all aspire,—too often a crown of thorns."

The words were spoken almost as in a reverie, while the priest leaned upon his stick, looking thoughtfully away into the distances of those eternal pine forests clothing the mountain slopes.

"And their dreams," he went on in the same tone, "are too often as the moonshine that lights the dark places of this earth for a moment, and, vanishing, leaves deeper darkness behind."

Cecile listened with a strange gravity upon her young face. There is a dim, lurking fear of the unseen, the unknown, in every human heart. And she felt it, though the sunlight was dancing and glowing about her with the witchery of its morning freshness. Ma'amselle Déry listened too, her rosy face grown grave. She knew—those white hairs upon her head had told her—that what the priest said was true, and that, one way or another, there is ever a deal of tragedy lurking behind the comedy which youth so charmingly plays.

"But," resumed the priest, suddenly pulling himself together, "here am I worse than Victorine herself, setting out for a dismal sort of prophet, when, after all, there is plenty of sunshine, plenty of happiness, in this old earth, if we only go the right way to find it. But I can do a little telling of the future, though I have no bowl of blue nor no pack of cards in my soutane pocket. A letter, said your blue? Well, it has come, my good Victorine; though it is not for Cecile at all, but for her old parish priest.

Now, do you know, my wiseacre, what news this letter brings?"

He said this with so droll a look at Victorine that she was greatly amused and laughed aloud.

"Nor you, my little one? Well, then, I shall tell you both. It announces the speedy arrival in this village of a certain young man. I am on my way now to prepare Antoine Lajoie and his wife for the coming of their son."

He looked away, that he might not appear to notice how very red Cecile had grown at this announcement, and continued genially:

"Now, this young man has inquired in his letter about certain of my parishioners—not the grandmothers, you understand,—and he wants to know if one Cecile Dubue is still unmarried or if she is promised to any one."

Cecile shook her head.

"No? So I thought. Good! I will inform this young man that the said Cecile is free, disengaged, of sound mind and heart, I suppose."

"Oh, as to my heart, Monsieur le Curé," said Cecile, rallying a little, "that is all right, for sure!"

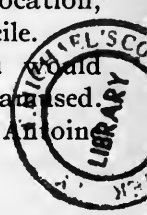
"So much the better," said the priest, with suspicious gravity. "I will add that information to the other."

"Oh, well—but if any one thinks—" began Cecile.

"But no one thinks, my child," said the priest. "And as to that nonsense which I heard our good Victorine telling you about journeys and churches and priests, well, the priest is here, but the rest is all—indigo. Why, my girl, we shall have you going off to the good nuns on the other side of the river."

"What if one has not the vocation, Monsieur le Curé?" faltered Cecile.

"Oh, so it is not there you would go!" cried the pastor, much amused. "That is still another point for Antoine the younger."



"Oh, Antoine is nothing whatever to me!" cried Cecile.

"Indeed! Then it is another whom Victorine has perceived in the blue. Well, I hope he is as good a man; and I shall put on my grand vestments—grander even than Victorine has imagined—to perform the wedding ceremony."

"But there is no other," said Cecile,—
"I mean that there is no one at all."

The priest's smile was very kind as he bade Cecile "good-day," observing to Victorine that he would be back that way later for his formal visit.

"It will be a match, after all, and a good one," he mused. "I want our girls to marry our own young men; and Antoine will come back here, once his father has given him the farm. He has made a little money; he is a good boy, and Cecile is a treasure."

He paused abruptly for a parting shot at Victorine:

"If I but catch you telling fortunes with your blue any more!"

"Yet it is coming true, and your reverence sees it!" cried Victorine, with merry defiance. "I have made many a match with my blue,—many a couple I have sent down to you."

"And some of them wish themselves back again—in the blue," laughed the priest.

"That is not my affair, Monsieur le Curé," said the teller of fortunes.

"I shall have to denounce you some day for an incorrigible witch," the priest called back. He was already trudging forward, his cassock caught up at the back out of reach of the dusty road.

Cecile stood twisting and untwisting her fingers, a very symbol of lovely maidenhood busied with its first life problem.

"Are your fortunes true?" she asked, wistfully.

"True as the sun!" said Ma'amselle, confidently. "Did not the priest himself

bring news of that letter which I saw in the blue? and of a journey, that of Antoine? I knew him at once in the bowl, and sure as the sun you were beside him in a white frock. It will be before the snows, that wedding."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cecile. "Antoine has not even asked me."

"There was a proposal in the blue."

"But you did not tell me."

"Because the arrival of Monsieur le Curé prevented."

"I do not know yet if I shall accept Antoine."

"You would do well," said Victorine, pretending to be deceived; "but if not him, there is Henri Dubois."

Cecile tossed her head.

"And, then, our good Antoine might think of Lucie Prefontaine," ventured the wily woman.

"Oh, she has red hair and a wicked temper!" flared up Cecile. "And Antoine does not care for her."

"She has money," argued Victorine.

"He might have to arrange himself with the rest, since you do not care for him."

"I did not say that. You must not tell him that."

"I will tell him nothing unless he would have his fortune told. And now, my pretty one, go home and let me prepare for the formal visit of our pastor. He will be returning from Lajoies'."

And so he did, some hours later, with the notary, who was to accompany him in his pastoral rounds. This gentleman wore his hair well brushed up on end, a pair of shining spectacles, a black suit, and a professional gravity which did not permit him to smile when the priest observed jocosely to Ma'amselle Déry:

"You did not see our friend the notary in your blue, and yet he must be at the wedding. They can not marry, those two, without him."

The notary looked into his hat as if

he saw a document there, with its great red seal staring him in the face, while Victorine explained:

"You did not give me time to read my blue. You came entirely too soon, Monsieur le Curé."

"Yes, I came too soon,—that often happens," assented the priest.

Presently the notary, who had been meditating, asked in a deep voice:

"If a marriage was probable between the son of Antoine Lajoie, of the mountain village, and the daughter of Elie Dubue, of the same?"

That question was put in so official a tone that it startled the listeners. And it still more startled a young man who was coming up the road with a hand-satchel and who had paused near Ma'amselle's door. It had been one of the familiar places of his childhood. Ma'amselle had given him many a handful of nuts, many a doughnut of her own making. His thought had been to enter and say "Good-day!" to this friend of his youth. The voices within had arrested him on the threshold, and he heard that solemn inquiry.

It amazed him. It was weird almost; for the shadows of the afternoon were gathering. He stood still, half dazed, and looked about on all that familiar scene,—the mountain dominating all. It had seemed so lofty to his boyish eyes, even when he had climbed its rugged sides, with a sense of having accomplished a great feat. He had seen higher hills since then, and had accomplished harder tasks. There was the road, rugged and dusty as ever, running downward to the station, with grassy edges and hedges or fences overrun with greenery; there were the orchards and the honey, the farms and the cottages, all with the kindly sense of home upon them. He recalled the past with a vividness that was painful almost. Why is it indeed that the heart

forever regrets and strives to bring back some distant time to which it attaches itself,—with a feverish desire, perhaps, to arrest that swift, inevitable journey onward?

Antoine's wandering mind came back with a bound to that question which the notary had just then repeated, and to which the priest, desiring to turn the matter into a jest, had replied:

"Oh, as for that! Well, so far that marriage exists only in the indigo of our good Victorine."

"Only in the indigo." The words struck a chill to Antoine's heart. He remembered how the good-natured spinster had been wont to tell their fortunes thus of yore, always declaring her predictions "true as the sun"; and how rarely they were verified, save where she had spoken from previous knowledge. He, nevertheless, felt rather annoyed that the priest should have treated it all as a jest. Surely, stranger things had happened than that he should have come back and married his playmate. Cecile, on his home-comings, had received his attentions favorably. And yet she was beautiful, and must have been told so often in his absence; while he was plain and rough for all his travelling. Indeed, his travelling had made him realize his deficiencies; and he was an honest lad, underrating rather than overrating his advantages.

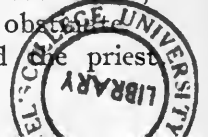
"It is only in the blue," Ma'amselle said; "but you will see it come true as surely as the sun has risen to-day. Yes, you will see."

Antoine blessed her for her confidence. But the good priest rose with a hasty summons to the notary.

"Come, my friend, you will have time and to spare for preparing your deed," he said, pleasantly.

"He will prepare it, nevertheless," said Victorine, whimsically objecting.

"Adieu, Victorine!" said the priest.



"May I find you better occupied when I pass again than striving to weave dreams into realities!"

"It is what we are all doing with our lives,—we of the laity, at least."

The priest did not answer. He was busy helping the notary with the horse. Ma'amselle stood on the threshold to see them off.

"It will come true," she cried gaily, "with all respect to your reverence!"

"It may, in spite of your blue," answered the priest, as he drove away.

Antoine, who had hidden, now walked away, with the red glow from the west in his face. He had to pass Cecile's cottage. She was standing at the gate, in a muslin frock, with rich, blooming flowers all about her. Antoine's heart misgave him. The red glow was still in his eyes. He was strangely agitated, and he spoke out as he would not have done under other circumstances.

"Cecile," he said, abruptly, "there has been some talk; Ma'amselle Déry has been telling our fortunes—yours and mine—in her blue. Tell me, can it come true, Cecile?"

The girl was taken by surprise.

"I do not know," she stammered.

Antoine's voice grew less abrupt. There was a deep tenderness in the words that followed:

"We have known each other long, Cecile; we played together, and my love for you has been growing all the time I was away in that strange country."

She did not answer at once. A faint smile stole over her face. The red glow touched her too, and seemed to enshroud them both.

"They would like it, the parents," she said, in a low voice.

Antoine made an impatient gesture.

"And Monsieur le Curé too would be pleased," Cecile went on.

Antoine was vexed. The girl's half-seriousness puzzled him.

"And you," he cried, almost roughly,— "would it please you, little one?"

"I would like to please them all," said the little coquette, giving Antoine a very sweet smile as she spoke.

"And me,—would you wish to please me?" cried Antoine.

"Yes, you, too, Antoine," she replied; adding with a merry flash of her eyes: "And, of course, Ma'amselle Déry; for her fortune would then be 'true as the sun.'"

A Church Antique and Curious.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

AMONGST the numerous Roman churches dedicated to Our Lady, and perhaps one of the most interesting, is that of Santa Maria della Concezione, adjoining the ancient Cappuccini convent close to the Piazza Barberini. Its surroundings in the present century are a trifle incongruous. The English and Americans have set their seal upon its immediate neighborhood, modern block buildings have been erected in the once lovely gardens of the Villa Ludovisi, and a monster hotel is nearing completion opposite the church. It was founded in 1624 by Cardinal Barberini, himself a Capuchin and the brother of Pope Urban VIII. He was a saintly man, remarkable for his humility and retiring disposition; and on his tomb, just in front of the high altar, is engraved this significant inscription: *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil*,—"Here lieth dust, ashes, nothing."

It was good Cardinal Barberini who extended his patronage to Milton during his visit to Rome in 1638,—an incident which has been quaintly described by one of the poet's biographers. "During his sojourn in Rome Milton enjoyed the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas

Holsteinius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or manuscript, that had passed through his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who, at an entertainment of music performed at his own expense, waited for him at the door, and, taking him by the hand, brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for these civilities; and, by the means of Holsteinius, was again presented to his Eminence and spent some time in conversation with him."

It is a quaint old church, that of the Cappuccini; not beautiful perhaps, strictly speaking, but thronged with memories and rich in artistic treasures. In the first chapel on the left, as one enters the edifice, the visit of Ananias to Saul, a feast of glowing color by Pietro da Cortona, greets the eye; and on the right there is an exquisite fresco by Domenichino representing the death of St. Francis Assisi; also a picture of the Saint in ecstasy, the gift of the painter.

The first chapel on the right contains a souvenir of Gherardo della Notte—Christ in a robe of vivid purple; and over the altar gleams out in radiant splendor the lovely features and golden tresses of Guido Reni's St. Michael. The attitude of the Archangel has been somewhat severely criticised by competent authorities, but the beauty of the face calls for nothing less than unmixed admiration. Masculine power and feminine tenderness are blended in the expression of the lips; serene purity—the purity of one who has never experienced the stain of sin—sits enthroned upon the angel's brow; and there is just a touch of righteous scorn in the poising of the stately head. Crushed by his avenging foot lies a hideous being, half human, half satyr,

whose face is said to be a caricature of Innocent X., against whom, "they say," the artist had a special spite.

A somewhat ghastly legend is told in connection with this celebrated picture. When Guido Reni was painting his masterpiece—the Crucifixion, of world-wide fame, in the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina,—he began to despair of its eventual success. The figure, the coloring, were perfect; but strive as he would he *could* not catch the desired expression—that of a man in extreme agony. Half mad and haunted by the grim spectre of *failure*, he suddenly stabbed his model and painted him while his features were convulsed in the final struggle. The result, in an artistic sense, was eminently desirable; but, fearing the hand of justice, the artist fled for his life to a sanctuary in the church of the Cappuccini; and there during his seclusion painted the picture of St. Michael and the devil, which now adorns its venerable walls.

Under the altar of another chapel a little higher up lies the incorrupt body of a Capuchin lay-brother, now beatified; and nearly opposite a lamp burns before the tomb of St. Felix of Cantalicio. He was also a lay-brother, one of the humblest and most mortified of God's creatures; and now, judging by results, a highly influential personage in the courts of heaven. It was in 1549 that San Felice, as the Italians call him, was sent to the Eternal City from the novitiate at Anticoli, and appointed "quester," or collector of the daily alms, at the Cappuccini convent in Rome.

We are told by one of his biographers that "he walked always barefoot, even without sandals, and chastised his body with incredible austerities; he wore a shirt of iron links and plates studded with rough spikes. When he could do it without too remarkable a singularity, he fasted on bread and water; on

the three last days of Lent he ate nothing at all." We also read that he received an abundance of heavenly favors, and that he was wont to describe himself as "the ass or beast of burden of the community." St. Felix and St. Philip Neri were upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and the latter entertained a high opinion of the humble friar's sanctity.

For forty years San Felice filled the post of quester for his community; and when he was growing old and infirm the cardinal protector, who loved and revered him for his extraordinary virtue, advised his superiors to relieve him of that burden. The saint, however, begged that he might be allowed to retain the office, "lest by receiving earthly favors he should be deprived of those which are heavenly; for the soul grows more sluggish if the body be too much cherished." At seventy-two he foretold his approaching death to some persons, and shortly after fell sick of a fever, consoled on his death-bed by a vision of our Blessed Lady accompanied by angels. He died in May, 1587; was beatified by Pope Urban VIII. in 1625, and canonized by Benedict XIII. in 1724.

On the left of the high altar in this ancient church is the tomb of Prince Alexander Sobieski, son of John III., King of Poland; and in another side chapel hangs a sweet-faced picture of Our Lady of Hope, adorned with votive offerings.

The cemetery of the Cappuccini is unique in its way. It consists of four chambers decorated with human bones, arranged in a variety of patterns, and further ornamented by skeletons attired in the brown habit of the Order. The earth in which the deceased friars are buried is brought from Jerusalem, and contains certain properties which prevent corruption. The whole effect is ghastly in the extreme, and has been

admirably described by Hans Andersen in "The Improvisatore": "I saw round about me skulls upon skulls, so placed one upon another that they formed walls, and therewith several chapels. In these were regular niches in which were seated perfect skeletons of some of the more distinguished of the monks, enveloped in their brown cowls, their cords round their waists, and with a breviary or withered bunch of flowers in their hands. Altars, chandeliers and bas-reliefs of human joints...." On All Souls' Day lamps gleam weirdly amidst the bones, and Masses are celebrated at the altar at the farther end of this long, narrow corridor of the dead.

"All the monks sang Masses for the dead," remarks "The Improvisatore"; "and I, with two other boys of my own age, swung the incense-breathing censer before the great altar of skulls. They had placed lights in the chandeliers made of bones; new garlands were placed around the brows of the skeleton monks, and fresh bouquets in their hands. Many people, as usual, thronged in; they all knelt, and the singers intoned the solemn *Miserere*. I gazed for a long time on the pale yellow skulls and the fumes of the incense which wavered in strange shapes between me and them, and everything began to swim round before my eyes. It was as if I saw everything through a large rainbow; as if a thousand prayer-bells were ringing in my ear. It seemed as if I was borne along a stream; it was unspeakably delicious. More I know not; consciousness left me: I was in a swoon."

Do not put all the best figs at the top of the crate. Have just as good a layer on the bottom also; for there are sometimes evil-minded persons who open the package at that end.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

A Speedy Conversion.

ON April 10 last there occurred at the Grotto of Lourdes an extraordinary cure, the witnessing of which made decidedly short work of banishing a flippant young officer's incredulity. Lieutenant X., who is slightly bald, got off the train at Lourdes on the morning of Easter Wednesday and put up at the T. Hotel. On the subject of the Grotto and the supernatural character of the cures effected there, he protested his disbelief, and added: "As for myself, I'll believe in miracles when the Blessed Virgin cures my baldness and restores my lost hair."

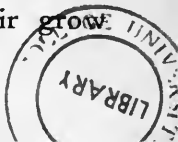
Disbelief in the supernatural, however, is quite consistent with curiosity, and the up-to-date young Frenchman sauntered over to the Grotto to see what was going on. Just as he reached it, he saw a number of porters depositing on the steps of the silver altar a litter whereon was stretched a young woman about twenty years of age. Inquiring of the bystanders, he learned that she was a Miss Ermine Viel, a novice of the Sisters of the Congregation; that she was afflicted with incipient caries of the bones; that her spinal column was bent and one leg shortened; and that an eminent surgeon had assured her superiors of the improbability of her ever recovering, and of the certainty, even if she did regain health, of her remaining permanently a hunchback.

Doubting the efficacy of human art, Miss Viel—whose name in religion is Sister Mary of Jesus—had implored the nuns to take her to Lourdes. They acceded to her request and this was her first visit to the Grotto. The litter had been placed so that the Sister could gaze on the statue of Our Lady; the Rosary was begun, and Mr. L. went to one of the officials to arrange for her taking a bath in the piscina.

In the meantime as Sister Mary was intently gazing on Our Lady's statue, the thought occurred to her that perhaps she was already cured. As she had experienced no change, however, she did not like to try to raise herself. "Shall I get up," she asked herself, "or remain lying down?" Even as the question presented itself, there ran a prickling sensation through her limbs. "'Twas just as if," she explained afterward, "all the warm blood began to circulate rapidly through my body."

Sister Mary immediately detached one of the bandages which strapped her legs to the Bonnet couch on which she had made the journey to Lourdes, and said to the nurse: "I am cured!" She was partially sitting up. "No, no!" said the nurse: "you are not cured,—you only think so. You see well enough that you can not raise yourself."—"Of course I can't," said Sister Mary, "because I'm tied down. Just detach the bandage from my other leg, and I'll show you whether I can't walk." The nurse did as she desired; and the young Sister arose, walked over and kissed the rock on which the Queen of Heaven appeared to Bernadette, and then made the circuit of the Grotto.

The reader can readily imagine the tears of joy shed by the spectators, the jubilant *Magnificat* that was at once intoned, and the other accessories to so patent a miracle. We omit all that, and simply mention the fact that not one of the twenty or thirty persons present was more violently moved than the sapient young officer who had practically challenged Our Lady to cure his baldness. He was still a prey to extreme emotion when he returned to his hotel; and, we are glad to say, had the good sense to declare: "What an idiot I have been!... I believe. There's no necessity for the Blessed Virgin to make my hair grow again."



Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Washington Gladden is the Protestant clergyman most respected by American Catholics; and when the University of Notre Dame made him a Doctor of Laws some years ago the act was greeted by men of all faiths as a graceful and due acknowledgment of the brave and broad Christian charity manifested by him in a day when bigotry was loud and malevolent. Writing in the *North American Review* for June, Dr. Gladden makes pleasant reference to that perfervid time:

During a recent lamentable recrudescence of Protestant bigotry on this continent, the moderation and wisdom of the Roman Catholic clergy and the Roman Catholic people won the grateful recognition of all good men. If they had not behaved much more like Christians than the zealots who filled the air with baseless lies about them, the land would have been deluged with blood.

Other ministers, doubtless, would now be glad to write in similar terms of those days of madness; but it is only men like Dr. Gladden—alas, too few!—who can do so without provoking scorn. Only the silence of shame becomes those ministers who, whether lacking courage or tolerance, were silent then.

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Another passage of Dr. Gladden's essay is interesting for another reason, and requires no comment:

The Protestant principle of the right of private judgment has resulted in the multiplication of sects. Some variety of organization and ritual might well have grown from the sowing of the light; but the variation which would have appeared under normal conditions has been increased by human selfishness and ambition. It may be doubted whether the emphasis which has been placed upon the right of private judgment expresses a sound principle. In no kind of social organization are rights or liberties the primary concern. A family in which it is the first business of every member to assert his own rights or to magnify his liberty will not be a united and happy family. In the organic relations of the family, love and duty are fundamental—not rights and liberties.... By misplacing the emphasis in the same way, Protestantism has introduced

into its life a disintegrating element. Neither the right of private judgment nor any other right can be safely asserted as the foundation of the Christian Church. The foundation of the Church is loyalty to Christ and His kingdom; all rights are to be held and interpreted under that obligation. The failure to do this—the assertion of the individual will as against the common welfare—has rent the Church into fragments and multiplied creeds and organizations far beyond all the needs of varying tastes and intellects.

The attitude of the Church toward education is again attracting the attention of some important American journals. It has always been, and still is, a mystery to us that such exceptionally able men, such logical thinkers as a number of our editors undoubtedly are, fail to see that the forcing of Catholic citizens to contribute to the support of public schools to which they can not conscientiously send their children, is virtually upholding the tyrannical doctrine of taxation without representation. "Educate your own children and I'll educate mine," says the Catholic, and he builds at his own expense and sustains the parochial schools. "Educate your own children if you like, and as you like," rejoins the non-Catholic, "but you've got to help in paying for the education of mine too."

The *Missionary* publishes a letter addressed to the Holy Father by "a prominent non-Catholic," whose name it withholds for the present, and who professes to be a friend and well-wisher of the Church because of the Christian training she imparts to the young, and because of her faithful adherence to the old religious tenets without which civilization can not be. We reprint an interesting passage:

I believe it is almost necessary for the future of my country that the Catholic Church should grow to be a strong power here. The Protestant church in the United States is fast drifting into infidelity. In many of the great theological seminaries of that church open disbelief in some parts of the Bible is taught. Thousands of the ministers of

the Protestant denominations are men who believe that certain parts and books of the Bible need not be accepted. Their position and work have hastened the growth of disbelief in all religion.

Because of my position before the public I feel that I may be forgiven by you for writing you this letter. Many thousands of the strongest men in the United States, made apprehensive by the spreading of Socialism, are turning their eyes toward the Church of which you are the revered Head. The greatest banker in the world, Mr J. Pierpont Morgan of this city, and one of the greatest men of our country, told me recently that he believed the Roman Catholic Church was a necessity for the preservation of our society. I have talked with a very large number of our ablest and best men, who believe as he does on that question; but there is a feeling among the masses of our people that the great authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have feelings of antagonism against the United States of America. If this feeling could be removed, I believe the next ten years would see a very large movement of our best people into your Church.

This "feeling among the masses of our people" is a curious thing, but very real—the result of generations of obscurantism and printed and uttered falsehood. But will our well-intentioned monitor inform us how this feeling is to be dispelled? The prejudiced man, like the hare, is harder to catch than to cook; we can not influence him because we are discredited with him. But it is truth and not ignorance that is eternal; and the Protestant masses have already gone far away from that old-fashioned, triple-plated crust of prejudice against the Catholic clergy which was formerly the chief barrier to the spread of Catholic teaching.

The esteem in which our missionaries are held by native African chiefs was illustrated in a vivid manner a few months ago by Loukyemba, a chieftain in the Nyassa district. The White Fathers had established a mission in Loukyemba's village and had won his fervent friendship. The climate, however, proved so disastrous to their health that they were finally obliged to move their post some eighteen or twenty miles to the south, where a more salu-

bricious site was available. The chief was highly incensed at their quitting him, and manifested his ill-humor, on the occasion of their departure, by proceedings anything but friendly. His anger, however, was short-lived. The Fathers had scarcely become settled in their new home when Loukyemba came to them with presents and begged their pardon. "We can't stop alone, away from the Fathers," he said; "so I'm coming here with all my people to be near the church and to pray with you. Show me a place where I can fix my village." Since then the chief himself and a number of his subjects, of whom there are about a thousand, have installed themselves near the mission, and the new village is growing rapidly.

The cultured Shakspearean scholar and general goodfellow, Mr. W. J. Rolfe, concludes an article on "How to Travel in Europe" in the current *Critic* with this paragraph of good advice:

In short, leave your whims and prejudices at home, but take your common-sense, if you have any, with you, and also your good manners. In the Roman Catholic churches on the Continent there are kneeling worshippers at all hours, even on weekdays; but tourists too often stroll about and chatter among them with the air and manner of visitors to a museum or curiosity shop. Their behavior generally in churches is anything but reverent; and this is not infrequently noticeable at Sunday services in English cathedrals.

The people of whom Mr. Rolfe writes with such gentleness is the class of unfortunates who go abroad to complete an education that was never begun at home,—the sort of people who aspire to have their portraits painted "by the old masters."

It will be remembered that when the prohibition against sending Catholic young men to Oxford and Cambridge was withdrawn, the Bishops of England were directed to form a board of clergy and laity for the purpose of taking measures, by lectures, etc., to safeguard

the religious interests of the Catholic students at each university. Regular courses of conferences on philosophy, history and religion, given by eminent Catholic teachers, have since been maintained; and nothing seems to have been left undone for the instruction of Catholic undergraduates, or to prepare them against false teaching. It is now proposed to enlarge the lecture schemes, and to provide a special chaplain for each institution. Heretofore the Very Rev. Canon Kennard, M. A., has served in this capacity at Oxford; and the Rev. Edward Nolan, B. A., at Cambridge. These zealous priests have done all in their power for the welfare of the young men under their charge, who feel that in enjoying the advantages of university education at Oxford and Cambridge they are running no risk of losing the precious gift of faith.

There appears to be a steady decline in the birth-rate not only in France but also in England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. Politically, this tendency means that these countries are destined to suffer a loss of influence and defensive power; socially, it means, perhaps, that the desire to be unhampered by duties to home and children in the scramble for enjoyment has fostered among women a rebellion against maternity; ethically, it clearly represents the growth of vice and the decay of religion among sects and families affected by it. The *London Telegraph*, meditating this subject, asks:

Does it mean that because we have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge the penalty is death? The primeval parable sometimes seems as if in the first generation after Darwin it were once again to become of immense significance. Have modern enlightenment and skepticism already begun to eat away the vitality of nations? And does science, from the social point of view, spell, after all, slow suicide? This is a practical question, concerning not the origin and end of abstract being, but the continuity and vigor of physical life. It is becoming, in a word,

the most interesting and urgent of secular problems here and now; and it is a remarkable fact that while the Pope has an answer which would be as efficacious as definite if it could be adopted upon the collateral conditions, science as yet has none.

A phrase introduced by modern science, "the struggle for existence," is coming to have a most serious and pathetic significance in modern life. If the downward tendency now so evident continues, it is only a question of time until wars and rumors of wars will cease among civilized nations. If there is any consolation in this we are clearly entitled to it. In countries where there are no cradles there can, of course, be no large armies.

In his address to the graduates of Notre Dame University this year, Bishop Shanley declared that a conservative estimate of the cost of the parochial schools in this country would be \$25,000,000, while the expenses of our colleges and academies would amount to as much more. "Fifty millions a year in addition to our ordinary taxes paid for education!" said the Bishop. "Does not that prove the earnestness of our belief in the necessity of education in its true sense? And ought not this fact alone to silence forever the barking fanatics who call the Catholic Church the foe of knowledge?" Another point emphasized by Mgr. Shanley was the growth among Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians of a sentiment against education divorced from religion.

Nearly 500,000,000 dollars and 16,071 men is what the South African War has cost Great Britain. No wonder there is a growing desire for peace on the part of Englishmen. The Boers are far from being discouraged, and it is thought that the contemplated visit of Kruger to this country will create world-wide sympathy with the patriots of South Africa.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

"Somebody."

BY E. BECK.

THERE is a certain little lad
Who, without right or reason,
Is blamed for wrong and ill-doing sad
In every clime and season;
The children in the nursery,
Their fathers and their mothers,
With "Somebody's" poor name make free,
And also many others.

When toys are broken, dresses stained,
'Tis Somebody that did it;
A study book lost can be explained
By this: "Somebody hid it."
And, worst of all, the tales untrue
So often circulated,
And all the mischief that they do,
With Somebody are mated.

Of slight mistakes, of graver crimes,
He bears the burden heavy
Which old and young at different times
Upon his shoulders levy,
Till one in truthful mood observes
That not in any city
Is there a person more deserves
Than Somebody our pity.

St. Catherine's Visions.

FAR more common in the lives of the saints than accounts of apparitions of the dead—or of ghost stories, if you prefer that term—are narratives of visions with which numerous holy men and women have been favored. Of course there are a good many persons nowadays who ridicule the idea of there being anything supernatural about such visions; but there always have been in this world—as our young friends may yet learn—a very large number of people not half

so clever as they fancied themselves in their own conceit; and those of them who have reached the other world have discovered that there are a great many "more things in heaven and earth" than was dreamt of in their philosophy. As between the opinions of a so-called scientist and those of a saint, on this matter of visions, our young folks will make no very great mistake if they believe the saint.

All this is preliminary to the tale of three visions that are recorded in the life of St. Catherine of Siena. The first occurred when Catherine was only six years old. She was going home one day with her little brother Stephen from a visit she had been paying to her sister's house. All at once, just above the Church of St. Dominic, she saw a throne resplendent with light and glory. Upon the throne was seated our Blessed Lord, looking radiant and beautiful; and He was blessing three personages whom Catherine was sure were the Apostles, Saints Peter, Paul, and John.

At this sight the little girl fell into an ecstasy,—she stood perfectly still, her whole soul in her eyes, and those eyes fixed on the beautiful spectacle in the air. Now, little Steve didn't see the spectacle at all, so he tugged away at her hand, telling her to "Come along! What are you staring at, anyway?" But for some time all his pulling and grumbling were quite useless. At last, however, as though coming out of a deep sleep, Catherine turned to him and said: "O brother, if you saw what I see, you would never want to move out of this spot!" Such an impression did this event make on the innocent Catherine that afterward she seemed

to live no longer on earth and thought only of heaven.

Her second vision occurred when she was a good deal older. One day she was meditating on the blindness and folly of men who run after the false goods of this world and neglect their true interests, when Our Lord showed her this sight. She seemed to be in the country. On her right hand was a fine big tree covered with beautiful blossoms and laden with delicious fruit; on her left was a field of corn, the ears looking nice enough, but crumbling into dust as soon as they were touched. Many people were attracted by the pretty flowers and luscious fruit of the tree; but in order to get to it one had to pass through some thorns and thistles; so they turned away and ate of the ears of corn. This deceptive food not only did not satisfy their hunger but even weakened them and gave them numerous diseases. Some persons, a little braver than these, made their way to the foot of the tree; but seeing how high the branches were and how hard it would be to climb up to the fruit, they got discouraged and went to the corn-field like the first crowd. Finally, a few others, fearing neither the thistles nor fatigue, put their arms around the trunk of the tree and climbed up slowly but surely till they reached the branches, where, seating themselves, they plucked the fruit and ate their fill. The fruit of this tree was simply delicious; it made new people of them, and rendered every other sort of food tasteless and insipid.

Our Lord explained the vision to St. Catherine in this way. The tree that bears the beautiful blossoms and fruit is virtue, but virtue surrounded by obstacles of all kinds raised up by our evil instincts, by the world, or by the enemy of our salvation. These obstacles must be surmounted; but a good many

people haven't even the courage to *try* to surmount them. Some persons do try, but soon get tired and give it up. Only a few persevere until they attain the tree of virtue and satiate themselves with its fruits.

St. Catherine's third vision—but, come to think of it, two stories should be enough for one time; so we will hold the third in reserve for another occasion.

Robbie the Rover and Some Other People.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XXVI.—THE RETURN OF THE ROVER.

Robbie had become famous, not only at Las Rosas and throughout the neighborhood,—his strange adventure was talked about everywhere; the newspapers had given it in full, and not without embellishments. When his letter was received, Juan Mirado had asked that it might be sent to his family to read, with the result that part of it had been published in the *Daily Bee* and in one or two of the weeklies.

None of those at Las Rosas would be likely soon to forget the anguish and depression of the first three weeks that followed his mysterious disappearance. But after their weeping had been turned into joy it seemed to them all that the sun never shone so brightly nor the flowers bloomed so profusely as during that summer. Doña Dolores speedily recovered her good spirits, and there was much coming and going between the two houses.

Robbie's second letter was full of description and praise of the places and persons he had seen, and in particular of Captain Wilde. But the next letter told of his contemplated return.

"Upon my word, that lad is in luck," said Mr. de la Guerra, pleasantly. "His ambition to be a seafaring man is about

to be gratified to the full; at least he is getting a very fair taste of it,—in a genteel way, however. And yet he can get a very fair understanding of the seamy side of the life even as an observer only. This glimpse will either cure or increase his desire to go to sea. It is a blessed experience."

"I think for a time, at least, he will be glad to stay at home," said Mrs. Degler. "My poor, poor boy! until he heard from us he must have had many a sorrowful moment. Thank God and His Holy Mother that we have lived through those dreadful days!"

"How long, cousin George," inquired Genevieve, "until he can be home?"

"Three months, perhaps," said Mr. de la Guerra. "And, then, it may not be so long."

"How kind in everybody to insist on having him for a guest!" said Marie.

"There are some very good people in the world, *chiquita*," replied her father,— "some very good people. But that boy Robbie must be born to luck; for such good fortune would not happen to one in five hundred. Yes, our Blessed Mother, Star of the Sea, has certainly watched over him and disposed all things well."

"How will it be about getting home from Japan?" asked Mrs. Degler, rather anxiously. "I suppose Captain Wilde will give him a letter of credit on some banking firm there."

"Oh, yes! that will all be arranged," replied Señor de la Guerra. "Captain Wilde is a business man, understanding all about those things."

"I wish we could positively tell when to expect him," said Mary.

"That we can not do," answered her cousin. "He has already left Sydney, but we can not tell how long he may remain in Japan. No doubt Captain Holmes will have a choice among his friends who are in command of various ships,—I mean as to whose care he will

place him in. That may cause delay."

Robbie's good fortune was still to continue. Shortly after this a letter came announcing his arrival in Japan after a delightful voyage. They had gone from Yokohama to Tokio. In the latter port Robbie had visited a Japanese man-of-war, the *Hyyea*, which a year previous had been in San Diego, where her officers and crew had been most hospitably received by the citizens.

Robbie was delighted with them; the Japanese could not do enough for an American boy who had come from the city they all remembered so pleasantly. And now he was coming home in charge of the captain of the Oriental Line, which would bring him direct to the port of San Diego.

The people at Las Rosas had supposed he would have taken passage on some ship which would land him in San Francisco, from whence he would have to travel nearly a day by rail.

"Shall we all go down to meet him?" asked Genevieve.

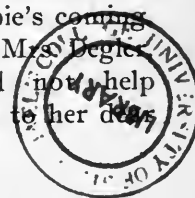
"That depends," answered her mother. "What do you think of it, cousin?"

"I think we shall," he replied. "All the household; even Janet, if she wishes to come. We may as well visit the warship at the same time and remain a day or two in town."

"I'll not go along," said Janet. "What would I want junketing about that way? But I'll stay and help Margarita to make things ready. And wouldn't it be a fine plan to have Doña Dolores over for a day or two?"

"Yes, so it would," responded Señor de la Guerra. "That will be the right thing to do."

Whatever was mooted or accomplished in the household for the next six weeks bore some relation to Robbie's coming. They seemed very long to Mrs. Degler, whose mother-heart could not help feeling some forebodings as to her dear



boy. Still, with the glad anticipation of seeing him, her health improved from day to day.

"The *Algeria* ought to be in by Tuesday or Wednesday," said Mr. de la Guerra one evening. "This is Thursday. What if we go to town on Saturday?"

"Very well,—if you do not think it too soon," said Mrs. Degler.

"It is not too soon," he answered. "There is shopping to do, the Mirados and other cousins to visit. And better too soon than too late, cousin."

"We will be ready, then," she rejoined.

"And while you are gone," said Janet, "we'll fetch over Doña Dolores."

On the following Monday, about six o'clock in the evening, a lady and three girls formed one of a small crowd of worshipers before the altar of St. Ann's Church, brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers for the devotion of the Forty Hours. It was quite dark in the body of the church, as the gas had not yet been lighted. It was a consoling spot and a consoling hour; the silence, the dim light, the fragrant atmosphere, all combined to make the sacred place a fitter abode for Him who waited patiently above the tabernacle to soothe and comfort and counsel the hearts uplifted in fervent prayer.

Presently the inner door swung back on its hinges; a boy of about fourteen years entered, took holy water, made a genuflection, and, rising again, said softly to himself: "It is the Forty Hours'. I will go close up to the altar." Crossing to the side aisle, he walked slowly toward the sanctuary with its beaming circle of lights, his footsteps making no sound on the thick matting.

He was of good height for his age, of a shapely figure; his curly hair had recently been closely clipped; his skin, naturally fair, was deeply tanned, as if by exposure to the salt-water. On

reaching the third pew from the altar, he knelt for some moments with his face in his hands. He was uttering a grateful thanksgiving, his boyish heart filled with emotion. At length he lifted his head to look about him a little; in all his life before he had never seen so many cut flowers piled and massed upon the altar.

Suddenly the boy caught sight of the worshipers kneeling in the first pew of the middle aisle. His whole form trembled and he could scarce keep from uttering an exclamation. The ladies were about to leave the church. Seeing this, he sat down behind a column that effectually screened him from their view. As they passed down the aisle he again knelt for a short moment, then quietly waited. The swinging door opened and closed behind them; the ladies stood for a moment in the vestibule, which was dark. And then the oldest of the four felt a pair of arms about her neck, clinging to her, and a boyish voice, choking with sobs, was saying over and over: "Mother! mother! mother!"

"How beautiful that you should meet in the church!" said Doña Dolores a few days later, as the reunited family were gathered on the piazza after dinner.

"Yes, wasn't it?" rejoined Robbie, who half-leaned, half-sat on the step, between her and his mother. "You see, cousin Dolores, the ship got in two days before she was expected,—the fastest trip on record. I knew there wouldn't be anybody waiting for me then,—at least I thought there wouldn't. I went at once to the Villavencias'."

"And you remembered!" exclaimed Doña Dolores.

"Oh, yes! The pepper-trees were the first things I located from the ship."

"And what did Marta say?"

"Well—she—she—kissed me!"

"She did?"

"Yes, and then begged my pardon, the poor old thing! I asked her where the Mirados lived. I didn't know them, but I knew I should receive a warm welcome there."

"How clever of you to think of going to them!" said Marie.

"Oh, no! I just couldn't stay in a hotel by myself and I was tired of the ship."

"Weren't they good to you?" asked Doña Dolores.

"Good to me? Good is no name for it. Everybody has been good to me from the moment I was dragged up from that dreadful hole. I haven't had a single mishap or one unpleasant experience since."

"And, cousin Dolores, we had such a fine time in town," said Marie. "Captain Theobad of the *Algeria* was so kind and praised Robbie so much. And we went on board the cruiser. They had even heard about it there. But Robbie was in a hurry to get back home to see you."

"Yes, I was," interposed the boy. "After mother, I thought of you most, cousin Dolores. It must have been dreadful for you at first."

"I believe you,—I believe you," she said, in a low voice. "I thought it would kill me. And your mother,—oh, your poor mother!"

"Well," said Mr. de la Guerra in his hearty voice, "it is all past now. Let us be cheerful."

"You will have much to tell of your experiences, Robbie," said Dolores. "And it will be so interesting."

"Yes, indeed. I shall begin to-morrow morning and talk without stopping for six months. I can't think of it all at once, you know. And I've kept a diary nearly all the time; that will help me a good deal. But I never can finish telling you all I've seen. Sometimes I can hardly believe that it all happened.

Just think of it! You and I went in to town on a little business, expecting to be back in two or three days. That was in March, and I never came back till the day before yesterday; and now it's October. Since then I've been in Australia, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands, and have never had to pay one cent for my passage. I brought back three hundred dollars out of the three hundred and fifty that mother sent me. The fifty I spent for some curios and feeding the men on board the ships. Isn't that a good showing?"

"It is wonderful," said Dolores,— "it is wonderful!"

"And I have lots and lots of presents they gave me, principally the Japs," Robbie resumed. "Wait till I open my boxes to-morrow and you'll all see. Miguel hasn't brought them up yet from the station, or I would open them now. You and I could open a curio store, cousin Dolores."

"Well," said De la Guerra, rising and stretching his arms, "we are all fatigued and the dew is beginning to fall heavily. Let us go inside, and, after thanking God and the Blessed Virgin again for returning our boy whom we mourned as dead, it will be time for repose. And this I have to say, my boy, that whether or no you should ever again set foot upon shipboard, your experience during the past six months has well earned for you your old-time playful title of 'Robbie the Rover.'"

(The End.)

Trouble among the Vegetables.

"I BELIEVE my eyes are getting weak,"

The new potato sighed;

"I think a worm is in my ear,"

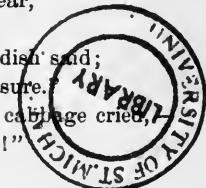
The early corn replied.

"I'm all run down," the radish said;

"I don't know why, I'm sure."

"My head aches hard," the cabbage cried,

"We need the water-cure!"



With Authors and Publishers.

—A new and more compact edition of Père Didon's "Life of Christ," with an introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, is announced.

—The arguments for and against the study of Latin and Greek as a preparation for a professional and business career are ably set forth in a pamphlet by the President of Marquette College. The benefits of a classical training are shown to be many and great.

—It is noted as a curious circumstance that one year ago a young author wrote a novel in which he described the capture of Aguinaldo through the strategy of an American officer. The mode of the capture in the novel was almost identical with that actually adopted by General Funston.

—"Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses," by Bishop Spalding, is finding many appreciative readers in France. The volume was translated by the learned Abbé Klein and retains its original title. It is said that the Bishop of Peoria is becoming more and more the recognized voice of Catholicism in the United States.

—In the list of books compiled by the New York State Library from data furnished by local librarians as to the most popular books of 1900, it is significant to note that *only one* of the fifty named during the year is religious in its aim, and that is Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis' discourses on "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life."

—The Marquis de Vogüé, whose name has just been added to the roll of the Immortals, is well known in this country, which he has visited and of which he has written. He is a man of many interests and talents—an archaeologist, a traveller, an historian, a diplomatist and an agriculturalist. Another new member of the Academy is M. Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon." He is only thirty-four years old.

—A new illustrated edition of "Fabiola" is afforded by P. J. Kenedy. Printing, paper and binding are excellent, but the illustrations would better have been omitted. The price of the "Jubilee Edition" of Cardinal Wiseman's charming tale places it within the reach of everyone. No collection of Catholic stories is complete without "Fabiola," the reading of which creates a lifelong impression for good.

—The *Cornhill Booklet* for June is "Suffolk Tales," by Lady Camilla Gurdon. Mr. Oscar Fay Adams says of the author and her work: "Lady

Camilla may be called a realist in the sense that Miss Wilkins is a realist; but her realism is glorified with such poetry of expression as Miss Wilkins has never reached. She died in 1894, leaving behind her this rich legacy, known as yet to but few readers, which we can not but feel is destined to win enduring fame."

—Charles Felton Pidgin's much-advertised story ought not to be wanting in inventiveness, at least. It was he who devised the self-counting tally sheet used in the census of 1875, and his mechanical device for adding and multiplying was accepted by the United States Government in 1882. The "chip system" invented by him makes it easily possible to add one hundred and forty-four columns of figures simultaneously.

—The editor of the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin is the Captain Kidd of literary pirates. He confiscates all he can whenever an opportunity presents itself; but instead of floating the black flag, he sails under the colors of Ireland and Rome. As steps have been taken to copyright this magazine in England, the man of nerve in Dublin may have occasion to regret recent plundering on our shores. The *Irish Catholic* has the distinction of being the most disputable religious journal in the English language.

—A most readable sketch of Saint Bede (673-735) by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B., is published as a pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. Dom Gasquet shows how the whole life of this great English Doctor of the Church was fixed and centered upon "the imprugnable rock of Holy Scripture." The Bible was the chief study of the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and to them we are indebted for the best and most correct manuscript of the Vulgate—"a scientific achievement of the highest quality."

—An Italian novelist who has won the enthusiastic homage of so exacting a critic as Henry James is Mathilde Serao, the leading woman writer of her country. Of her first successful work the editor of the *Literary Era* speaks in these very appreciative terms:

Since the French *céuacles* have approved Mathilde Serao, this lady has been accepted as the feminine head of Italian literature. It was not, however, until her work had been "consecrated" by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that this feminine Flaubert found her pathway easy in her native land. One would judge from her fiction that she is filling the rôle of priestess of what might be called transcendental realism. Her novel in the *Deux Mondes* was the portraiture

of the miseries that befell the gentle, helpless nuns of one society in Rome, when the untamed and intolerant patriots thrust the Pope under duress and laid summary hands on the thousand years' possessions of the Vatican. One needn't be a Catholic to feel, to the marrow, the harrowing sorrows that fell upon group after group of tender dames suddenly thrust into the glare and horror of a world they had no conception of. One society in Rome, the Sisterhood of the Shroud, had for abbess a duchess of one of the most illustrious families on the Peninsula. In community the company were able to live very frugally and administer infinite tenderness to the needy through countless secular agencies. Madame Serao takes one group and traces the vicissitudes that befell them when turned out into a world they had lost the habit of. One of the Sisters, Jeanne, who gives the title to the story, is despoiled of the small pension paid over to her by the authorities, which has confiscated the communal property. She falls from calling to calling, seeks menial labor at any terms, and, being old and not capable of learning, is found useless wherever she goes. Indeed, compared with the picture of squalid heartlessness in which Sister Jeanne moved, the drama of dispersion that followed the disruption of the Port Royal Sisterhood was compassionate consideration. Madame Serao is not a propagandist, nor does she find herself limited to the realism that takes the shape of art in its current development. Her fiction in the *Nuova Antologia*, the chief Italian review, is of the humor cast, and might be compared with some of George Eliot's earlier efforts in the "Scenes of Clerical Life."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Eucharistic Conferences. *Father Monsabré, O. P.* \$1, net.

Faith and Folly. *Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* 75 cts.

Plain Sermons. *Rev. R. D. Browne.* \$1.60, net.

John Brown. *William Elsey Connelley.* \$1.

The Great Supper of God. *Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J.* \$1.

Biblical Lectures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* \$1.25, net.

The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints as Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VII. *F. S. Ellis.* 50 cts.

The Life of St. Gerlach. *Frederick A. Houck.* 60 cts., net.

Oxford Conferences. Hilary Term. 1900. *Raphael M. Moss, O. P.* 60 cts., net.

A Daughter of New France. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

The Jesuits in England. *Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5, net.

The Wizard's Knot. *William Barry.* \$1.50.

Some Notable Conversations. *Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C.* 80 cts., net.

Come, Holy Ghost! *Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.* \$1.50, net.

The Princess of Poverty (St. Clare of Assisi). *Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.* \$1.50.

Ver Sacrum. *Edith Renouf.* \$1.

The Philippine Archipelago. *Some Fathers of the Society of Jesus.* \$2.

Arrows of the Almighty. *Owen Johnson.* \$1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

Saint Francis of Assisi. *Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Ascension Lilies. *A. F. Thiele.* 75 cts.

Meditations on the Life, Teaching and Passion of Jesus Christ for Every Day of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Augustine Maria Ig, O. S. F. C.* \$3.50, net.

Mary Ward: A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century. *Mother M. Salome.* \$1.35, net.

The Life of Our Lord. *Rev. J. Puisseux.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HRA, xlii, 3.

The following deceased persons are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. P. Luke Wimmer, O. S. B.

Sister M. Louisa, of the Sisters of Charity.

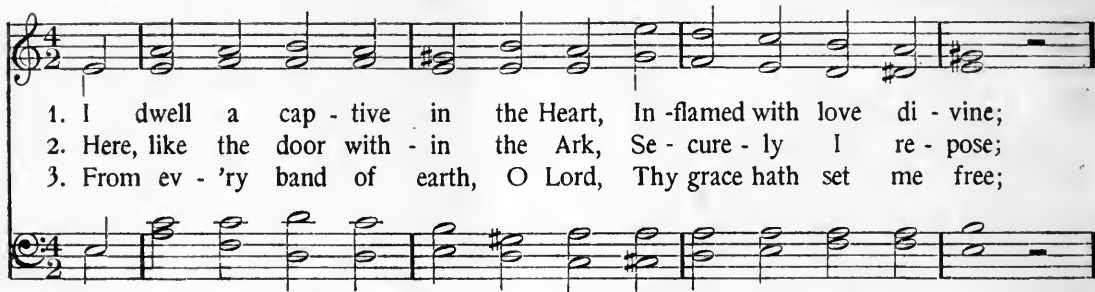
Mr. Henry Bonrion, of Bellefontaine, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Enright, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Francis O'Connor and Mrs. Catherine Brady, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. John Paff, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Charles Kelly and Mrs. Bidget Sheridan, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. William Mayer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas Green, Kansas City, Mo.; Thomas Ryan, Esq., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Mr. P. J. Cotter, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Herman Strub, Iowa City, Iowa; Mr. Thomas Dermody, New York city; Mr. Richard Cunningham, Newbury, Ohio; Mrs. Sarah Drumm, Danbury, Conn.; Mr. Bernard Thayer, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. John Conway, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Rosa Neubert, Canton, Ohio; Mr. M. F. McGrath, Niagara, N. Y.; Miss Mary Vargas, Miss D. McCumisky, and Mr. John Kennedy, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. John Heiser, McKees Rocks, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Carpenter and Mrs. Julia Hickey, Butte, Mont.; Mr. Joseph Murphy, Missoula, Mont.; Mr. Henry Bauer, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. W. B. Lavender, Halifax, N. C.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

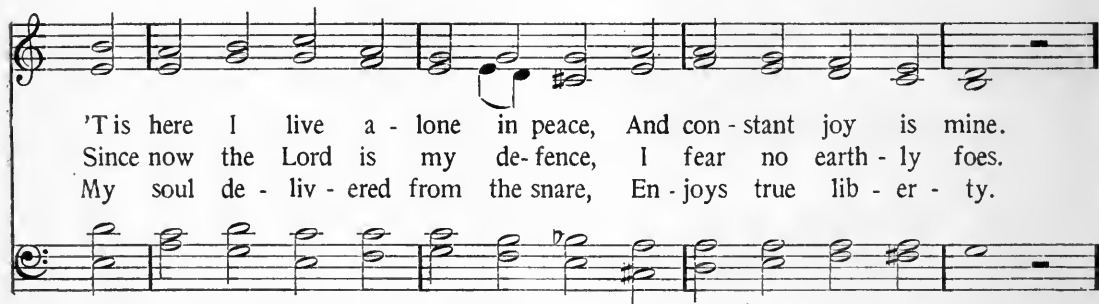
I Dwell a Captive in this Heart.

(Hymn to the Sacred Heart.)

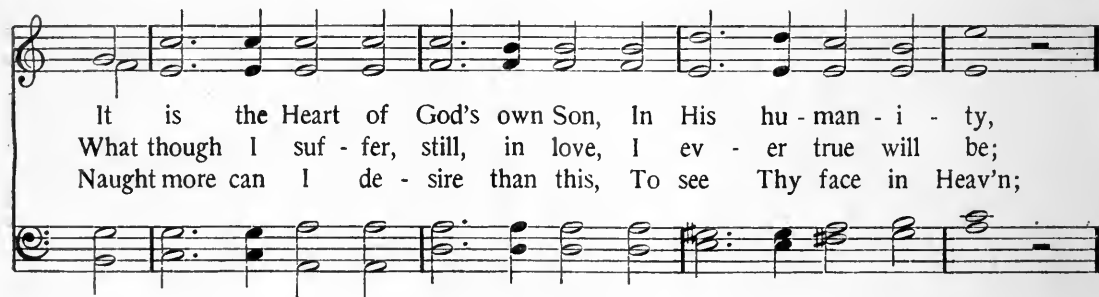
REV. H. G. GANSS.



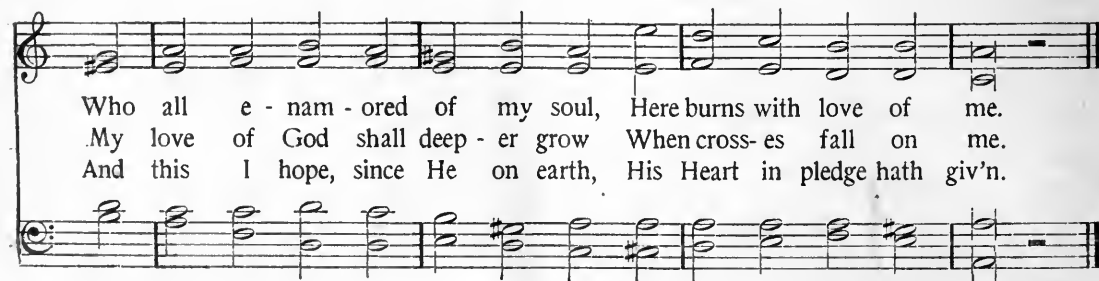
1. I dwell a cap - tive in the Heart, In - flamed with love di - vine;
 2. Here, like the door with - in the Ark, Se - cure - ly I re - pose;
 3. From ev - 'ry band of earth, O Lord, Thy grace hath set me free;



'Tis here I live a - lone in peace, And con - stant joy is mine.
 Since now the Lord is my de - fence, I fear no earth - ly foes.
 My soul de - liv - ered from the snare, En - joys true lib - er - ty.



It is the Heart of God's own Son, In His hu - man - i - ty,
 What though I suf - fer, still, in love, I ev - er true will be;
 Naught more can I de - sire than this, To see Thy face in Heav'n;



Who all e - nam - ored of my soul, Here burns with love of me.
 My love of God shall deep - er grow When cross - es fall on me.
 And this I hope, since He on earth, His Heart in pledge hath giv'n.



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Ave Maria.

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